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THE

Poetical Works

OF

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.R

Including his Translation of

HOMER.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

With the Life of the Author,

BY Dr. JOHNSON.

THE

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OF

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY DR. JOHNSON.

NEW EDITION.

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THE

LIFE

OF

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

ALEXANDER POPE was born in London, May 22, 1688, of parents whose rank or station was never ascertained; we are informed that they were of "gentle blood;" that his father was of a family of which the Earl of Downe was the head; and that his mother was the daughter of William Turner, Esq. of York, who had likewise three sons, one of whom had the honour of being killed, and the other of dying, in the service of Charles the First: the third was made a general officer in Spain, from whom the sister inherited what sequestrations and forfeitures had left in the family.

This, and this only, is told by Pope; who is more willing, as I have heard observed, to show what his father was not, than what he was. It is allowed that he grew rich by trade; but whether in a shop or on the Exchange, was never discovered, till Mr. Tyers told, on the authority of Mrs. Racket, that he was a linen-draper in the Strand. Both parents were papists.

Pope was from his birth of a constitution tender and delicate; but is said to have shown remarkable gentleness and sweetness of disposition. The weakness of his body continued through his life;* but the mildness of his mind perhaps ended with his childhood. His voice, when he was young, was so pleasing, that he was called in fondness "the little Nightingale."

Being not sent early to school, he was taught to read by an aunt; and, when he was seven or eight years old, became a lover of books. He first learned to write by imitating printed books; a species of penmanship in which he retained great excellence through his whole life, though his ordinary hand was not elegant.

When he was about eight, he was placed in Hampshire, under Taverner, a Romish priest, who, by a method very rarely practised, taught him the Greek and Latin rudiments together. He was now first regularly initiated in poetry by the perusal of 'Ogilby's Homer,' and 'Sandys' Ovid.' Ogilby's assistance he never repaid with any praise; but of Sandys' he declared, in his notes to the 'Iliad,' that English poetry owed much of its beauty to his translations. Sandys very rarely attempted original composition.

From the care of Taverner, under whom his proficiency was considerable, he was removed to a school at Twyford, near Winchester, and again to another school about Hyde Park Corner; from which he used sometimes to stroll to the playhouse; and was so delighted with theatrical exhibitions, that he formed a kind of play from 'Ogilby's Iliad,' with some verses of his own intermixed, which he persuaded his school-fellows to act, with the addition of his master's gardner, who personated Ajax.

At the two last schools he used to represent himself as having lost part of what Taverner had taught him; and on his master at Twyford he had already exercised his poetry in a lampoon. Yet under those masters he translated more than a fourth part of the 'Metamorphoses.' If he kept the same proportion in his other exercises, it cannot be thought that his loss was great.

He tells of himself, in his poems, that "he lisp'd in numbers;" and used to say that he could not remember the time when he began to make verses In the style of fiction it might have been said of him as of Pindar, that, when he lay in his cradle, "the bees swarmed about his mouth."

About the time of the Revolution, his father, who was undoubtedly disappointed by the sudden blast of Popish prosperity, quitted his trade, and retired to Binfield, in Windsor Forest, with about twenty thousand pounds; for which, being conscientiously determined not to entrust it to the government, he found no better use than that of locking it up in a chest, and taking from it what his expenses required; and his life was long enough to consume a great part of it, before his son came to the inheritance.

To Binfield, Pope was called by his father when he was about twelve years old; and there he had for a few months the assistance of one Deane, another priest, of whom he learned only to construe a little of 'Tully's Offices.' How Mr. Deane could spend, with a boy who had translated so much of 'Ovid,' some months over a small part of 'Tully's Offices,' it is now vain to inquire.

Of a youth so successfully employed, and so conspicuously improved, a minute account must be naturally desired; but curiosity must be contented with confused, imperfect, and sometimes improbable intelligence. Pope, finding little advantage from external help, resolved thenceforward to direct himself, and at twelve formed a plan of study, which he completed with little other incitement than the desire of excellence.

His primary and principal purpose was to be a

* This weakness was so great that he constantly wore stays. His method of taking the air on the water was to have a sedan chair in the boat, in which he sat with the glasses down.

poet, with which his father accidently concurred, by proposing subjects, and obliging him to correct his performances by many revisals: after which the old gentleman, when he was satisfied, would say, "these are good rhymes."

In his perusal of the English poets he soon distinguished the versification of Dryden, which he considered as the model to be studied, and was impressed with such veneration for his instructer, that he persuaded some friends to take him to the coffee-house which Dryden frequented, and pleased himself with having seen him.

Dryden died May 1, 1701, some days before Pope was twelve; so early must he therefore have felt the power of harmony, and the zeal of genius. Who does not wish that Dryden could have known the value of the homage that was paid him, and foreseen the greatness of his young admirer?

The earliest of Pope's productions is his 'Ode on Solitude,' written before he was twelve, in which there is nothing more than other forward boys have attained, and which is not equal to Cowley's performances at the same age.

His time was now wholly spent in reading and writing. As he read the classics, he amused himself with translating them; and at fourteen made a version of the first book of the 'Thebais,' which, with some revision, he afterwards published. He must have been at this time, if he had no help, a considerable proficient in the Latin tongue.

By Dryden's 'Fables,' which had then been not long published, and were much in the hands of poetical readers, he was tempted to try his own skill in giving Chaucer a more fashionable appearance, and put 'January and May,' and the 'Prologue of the Wife of Bath,' into modern English. He translated likewise the Epistle of 'Sappho to Phaon' from Ovid, to complete the version which was before imperfect; and wrote some other small pieces, which he afterwards printed.

He sometimes imitated the English poets, and professed to have written at fourteen his poem upon 'Silence,' after Rochester's 'Nothing.' He had now formed his versification, and the smoothness of his numbers surpassed his original; but this is a small part of his praise; he discovers such acquaintance both with human and public affairs, as is not easily conceived to have been attainable by a boy of fourteen in Windsor Forest.

Next year he was desirous of opening to himself new sources of knowledge, by making himself acquainted with modern languages; and removed for a time to London, that he might study French and Italian, which, as he desired nothing more than to read them, were by diligent application soon despatched. Of Italian learning he does not appear to have ever made much use in his subsequent studies.

He then returned to Binfield, and delighted himself with his own poetry. He tried all styles and many subjects. He wrote a comedy, a tragedy, an epic poem, with panegyrics on all the princes of Europe; and, as he confesses, "thought himself the greatest genius that ever was." Self-confidence is the first requisite to great undertakings. He, indeed, who forms his opinion of himself in solitude, without knowing the powers of other men, is very liable to error: but it was the felicity of Pope to rate himself at his real value.

Most of his puerile productions were, by his maturer judgment, afterwards destroyed; 'Alcander,' the epic poem, was burned by the persuasion of Atterbury. The tragedy was founded on the legend of St. Genevieve. Of the comedy there is no account.

Concerning his studies, it is related, that he translated Tully on Old Age; and that, besides his books of poetry and criticism, he read Temple's Essays, and Locke on Human Understanding. His reading, though his favourite authors are not known, appears to have been sufficiently extensive and multifarious; for his early pieces show, with sufficient evidence, his knowledge of books.

He that is pleased with himself easily imagines that he shall please others. Sir William Trumball, who had been ambassador at Constantinople, and secretary of state, when he retired from business fixed his residence in the neighbourhood of Binfield. Pope, not yet sixteen, was introduced to the statesman of sixty, and so distinguished himself, that their interviews ended in friendship and correspondence. Pope was, through his whole life, ambitious of splendid acquaintance; and he seems to have wanted neither diligence nor success in attracting the notice of the great; for, from his first entrance into the world, and his entrance was very early, he was admitted to familiarity with those whose rank or station made them most conspicuous.

From the age of sixteen, the life of Pope, as an author, may be properly computed. He now wrote his 'Pastorals,' which were shown to the Poets and critics of that time; as they well deserved, they were read with admiration, and many praises were bestowed upon them and upon the Preface, which is both elegant and learned in a high degree; they were, however, not published till five years afterwards.

Cowley, Milton, and Pope, are distinguished among the English poets by the early exertion of their powers; but the works of Cowley alone were published in his childhood, and therefore of him only can it be certain that his puerile performances received no improvement from his maturer studies.

At this time began his acquaintance with Wycherley, a man who seems to have had among his contemporaries his full share of reputation, to have been esteemed without virtue, and caressed without good humour. Pope was proud of his notice: Wycherley wrote verses in his praise, which he was charged by Dennis with writing to himself; and they agreed, for a while, to flatter one another. It is pleasant to remark how soon Pope learned the cant of an author, and began to treat critics with contempt, though he had yet suffered nothing from them.

But the fondness of Wycherley was too violent to last. His esteem of Pope was such, that he submitted some poems to his revision; and when Pope, perhaps proud of such confidence, was sufficiently bold in his criticisms, and liberal in his alterations, the old scribbler was angry to see his pages defaced, and felt more pain from the detection, than content from the amendment of his faults. They parted; but Pope always considered him with kindness, and visited him a little time before he died.

Another of his early correspondents was Mr. Cromwell, of whom I have learned nothing par-

ticular but that he used to ride a hunting in a tye-wig. He was fond, and perhaps vain, of amusing himself with poetry and criticism: and sometimes sent his performances to Pope, who did not forbear such remarks as were now and then unwelcome. Pope, in his turn, put the juvenile version of 'Statius' into his hands for correction.

Their correspondence afforded the public its first knowledge of Pope's epistolary powers; for his Letters were given by Cromwell to one Mrs. Thomas; and she many years afterwards sold them to Curll, who inserted them in a volume of his 'Miscellanies.'

Walsh, a name yet preserved among the minor poets, was one of his first encouragers. His regard was gained by the 'Pastorals,' and from him Pope received the counsel from which he seems to have regulated his studies. Walsh advised him to correctness, which, as he told him, the English poets had hitherto neglected, and which therefore was left to him as a basis of fame; and being delighted with rural poems, recommended to him to write a pastoral comedy, like those which are read so eagerly in Italy; a design which Pope probably did not approve, as he did not follow it.

Pope had now declared himself a poet; and thinking himself entitled to poetical conversation, began at seventeen to frequent Will's, a coffee-house on the north side of Russel-street, in Covent-garden, where the wits of that time used to assemble, and where Dryden had, when he lived, been accustomed to preside.

During this period of his life he was indefatigably diligent, and insatiably curious: wanting health for violent, and money for expensive pleasures, and having excited in himself very strong desires of intellectual eminence, he spent much of his time over his books; but he read only to store his mind with facts and images, seizing all that his authors presented with undistinguishing voracity, and with an appetite for knowledge too eager to be nice. In a mind like his, however, all the faculties were at once involuntarily improving. Judgment is forced upon us by experience. He that reads many books must compare one opinion or one style with another; and when he compares, must necessarily distinguish, reject, and prefer. But the account given by himself of his studies was, that from fourteen to twenty he read only for amusement, from twenty to twenty-seven for improvement and instruction; that in the first part of this time he desired only to know, and in the second he endeavoured to judge.

The 'Pastorals,' which had been for some time handed about among poets and critics, were at last printed (1709) in Tonson's 'Miscellany,' in a volume which began with the Pastorals of Phillips, and ended with those of Pope.

The same year was written the 'Essay on Criticism;' a work which displays such extent of comprehension, such nicety of distinction, such acquaintance with mankind, and such knowledge both of ancient and modern learning, as are not often attained by the maturest age and longest experience. It was published about two years afterwards; and, being praised by Addison in the 'Spectator' with sufficient liberality, met with so much favour as enraged Dennis, "who," he says, "found himself attacked, without any manner of provocation on his side, and attacked in his person, instead of his writings, by one who was wholly a stranger to him, at a time when all the world knew he was persecuted by fortune; and not only saw that this was attempted in a clandestine manner, with the utmost falsehood and calumny, but found that all this was done by a little affected hypocrite, who had nothing in his mouth at the same time but truth, candour, friendship, good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity."

How the attack was clandestine is not easily perceived, nor how his person is depreciated; but he seems to have known something of Pope's character, in whom may be discovered an appetite to talk too frequently of his own virtues.

The pamphlet is such as rage might be expected to dictate. He supposes himself to be asked two questions; whether the Essay will succeed? and who or what is the author?

Its success he admits to be secured by the false opinions then prevalent; the author he concludes to be "young and raw."

"First, because he discovers a sufficiency beyond his last ability, and hath rashly undertaken a task infinitely above his force. Secondly, while this little author struts, and affects the dictatorian air, he plainly shows, that at the same time he is under the rod: and, while he pretends to give laws to others, is a pedantic slave to authority and opinion. Thirdly, he hath, like school-boys, borrowed both from living and dead. Fourthly, he knows not his own mind, and frequently contradicts himself. Fifthly, he is almost perpetually in the wrong."

All these positions he attempts to prove by quotations and remarks; but his desire to do mischief is greater than his power. He has, however, justly criticised some passages in these lines:

> There are whom Heaven has bless'd with store of wit,
> Yet wants as much again to manage it;
> For Wit and Judgment ever are at strife—

It is apparent that wit has two meanings, and that what is wanted, though called wit, is truly judgment. So far Dennis is undoubtedly right; but not content with argument, he will have a little mirth; and triumphs over the first couplet in terms too elegant to be forgotten. "By the way, what rare numbers are here! Would not one swear that this youngster had espoused some antiquated Muse, who had sued out a divorce on account of impotence from some superannuated sinner; and, having been p—xed by her former spouse, has got the gout in her decrepit age, which makes her hobble so damnably?" This was the man who would reform a nation sinking into barbarity.

In another place Pope himself allowed that Dennis had detected one of those blunders which are called "bulls." The first edition had this line,

> What is this wit—
> Where wanted scorn'd: and envied where acquired?

"How," says the critic, "can wit be scorned where it is not? Is not this a figure frequently employed in Hibernian land? The person that wants this wit may indeed be scorned, but the scorn shows the honour which the contemner has for wit." Of this remark Pope made the proper use, by correcting the passage.

I have preserved, I think, all that is reasonable in Denis's criticism; it remains that justice be done to his delicacy "For his acquaintance," says

Dennis, "he names Mr. Walsh, who had by no means the qualifications which this author reckons necessary to a critic, it being very certain that he was, like this Essayer, a very indifferent poet; he loved to be well dressed; and I remember a young little gentleman whom Mr. Walsh used to take into his company, as a double foil to his person and capacity. Inquire, between Sunning-hill and Oakingham, for a young, short, squab gentleman, the very *Bow* of the God of Love, and tell me whether he be a proper author to make personal reflections?—He may extol the ancients, but he has reason to thank the gods that he was born a modern; for had he been born of Grecian parents, and his father consequently had by law had the absolute disposal of him, his life had been no longer than that of one of his poems, the life of half a day.—Let the person of a gentleman of his parts be never so contemptible, his inward man is ten times more ridiculous; it being impossible that his outward form, though it be that of downright monkey, should differ so much from human shape, as his unthinking, immaterial part, does from human understanding." Thus began the hostility between Pope and Dennis, which, though it was suspended for a short time, never was appeased. Pope seems, at first, to have attacked him wantonly; but though he always professed to despise him, he discovers, by mentioning him very often, that he felt his force or his venom.

Of this 'Essay,' Pope declared, that he did not expect the sale to be quick, because "not one gentleman in sixty, even of a liberal education, could understand it." The gentlemen, and the education, of that time, seem to have been of a lower character than they are of this. He mentioned a thousand copies as a numerous impression.

Dennis was not his only censurer: the zealous Papists thought the monks treated with too much contempt, and Erasmus too studiously praised; but to these objections he had not much regard.

The 'Essay' has been translated into French by Hamilton, author of the 'Comte de Grammont,' whose version was never printed; by Robotham, secretary to the King for Hanover, and by Resnel; and commented by Dr. Warburton, who has discovered in it such order and connexion as was not perceived by Addison, nor, as is said, intended by the author.

Almost every poem, consisting of precepts, is so far arbitrary and immethodical, that many of the paragraphs may change places with no apparent inconvenience; for of two or more positions, depending upon some remote and general principle, there is seldom any cogent reason why one should precede the other. But for the order in which they stand, whatever it be, a little ingenuity may easily give a reason. "It is possible," says Hooker, "that, by long circumduction, from any one truth all truth may be inferred" Of all homogeneous truths, at least of all truths respecting the same general end, in whatever series they may be produced, a concatenation by intermediate ideas may be formed, such as, when it is once shown, shall appear natural; but if this order be reversed, another mode of connexion equally specious may be found or made. Aristotle is praised for naming Fortitude first of the cardinal virtues, as that without which no other virtue can steadily be practised; but he might with equal propriety, have placed Prudence and Justice before it, since without Prudence, Fortitude is mad; without Justice, it is mischievous.

As the end of method is perspicuity, that series is sufficiently regular that avoids obscurity; and where there is no obscurity, it will not be difficult to discover method.

In the 'Spectator' was published the 'Messiah,' which he first submitted to the perusal of Steele, and corrected in compliance with his criticisms.

It is reasonable to infer, from his Letters, that his verses on the 'Unfortunate Lady' were written about the time when his 'Essay' was published. The lady's name and adventures I have sought with fruitless inquiry.*

I can therefore tell no more than I have learned from Mr. Ruffhead, who writes with the confidence of one who could trust his information. She was a woman of eminent rank and large fortune, the ward of an uncle, who, having given her a proper education, expected, like other guardians, that she should make at least an equal match; and such he proposed to her, but found it rejected in favour of a young gentleman of inferior condition.

Having discovered the correspondence between the two lovers, and finding the young lady determined to abide by her own choice, he supposed that separation might do what can rarely be done by argument, and sent her into a foreign country, where she was obliged to converse only with those from whom her uncle had nothing to fear.

Her lover took care to repeat his vows; but his letters were intercepted and carried to her guardian, who directed her to be watched with still greater vigilance, till of this restraint she grew so impatient, that she bribed a woman servant to procure her a sword, which she directed to her heart.

From this account, given with evident intention to raise the lady's character, it does not appear that she had any claim to praise, nor much to compassion. She seems to have been impatient, violent, and ungovernable. Her uncle's power could not have lasted long; the hour of liberty and choice would have come in time. But her desires were too hot for delay, and she liked self-murder better than suspense.

Nor is it discovered that the uncle, whoever he was, is with much justice delivered to posterity as "a false guardian;" he seems to have done only that for which a guardian is appointed; he endeavoured to direct his niece till she should be able to direct herself. Poetry has not often been worse employed than in dignifying the amorous fury of a raving girl.

Not long after, he wrote the 'Rape of the Lock,' the most airy, the most ingenious, and the most delightful of all his compositions, occasioned by a frolic of gallantry, rather too familiar, in which Lord Petre cut off a lock of Mrs. Arabella Fermor's hair. This, whether stealth or violence, was so much resented, that the commerce of the two families, before very friendly, was interrupted. Mr. Caryl, a gentleman who, being secretary to King James's queen, had followed his mistress into France, and who, being the author of 'Sir Solomon Single,' a comedy, and some translations, was en-

* Consult, however, Gent. Mag. vol. ii. p. 314.

titled to the notice of a Wit, solicited Pope to endeavour a reconciliation by a ludicrous poem, which might bring both parties to a better temper. In compliance with Caryl's request, though his name was for a long time marked only by the first and last letter C——l, a poem of two cantos was written (1711,) as is said, in a fortnight, and sent to the offended lady, who liked it well enough to show it; and, with the usual process of literary transactions, the author dreading a surreptitious edition, was forced to publish it.

The event is said to have been such as was desired, the pacification and diversion of all to whom it related, except Sir George Brown, who complained with some bitterness, that in the character of Sir Plume, he was made to talk nonsense. Whether all this be true I have some doubt; for at Paris, a few years ago, a niece of Mrs. Fermor, who presided in an English Convent, mentioned Pope's work with very little gratitude, rather as an insult than an honour; and she may be supposed to have inherited the opinion of her family.

At its first appearance it was termed by Addison "merum sal." Pope, however, saw that it was capable of improvement; and, having luckily contrived to borrow his machinery from the Rosicrucians, imparted the scheme with which his head was teeming to Addison, who told him that his work, as it stood, was "a delicious little thing," and gave him no encouragement to retouch it.

This has been too hastily considered as an instance of Addison's jealousy; for, as he could not guess the conduct of the new design, or the possibilities of pleasure comprised in a fiction of which there had been no examples, he might very reasonably and kindly persuade the author to acquiesce in his own prosperity, and forbear an attempt which he considered as an unnecessary hazard.

Addison's counsel was happily rejected. Pope foresaw the future efflorescence of imagery then budding in his mind, and resolved to spare no art, or industry of cultivation. The soft luxuriance of his fancy was already shooting, and all the gay varieties of diction were ready at his hand to colour and embellish it.

His attempt was justified by its success. The 'Rape of the Lock' stands forward, in the classes of literature, as the most exquisite example of ludicrous poetry. Berkeley congratulated him upon the display of powers more truly poetical than he had shown before: with elegance of description and justness of precepts, he had now exhibited boundless fertility of invention.

He always considered the intermixture of the machinery with the action as his most successful exertion of poetical art. He indeed could never afterwards produce any thing of such unexampled excellence. Those performances, which strike with wonder, are combinations of skilful genius with happy casualty; and it is not likely that any felicity, like the discovery of a new race of preternatural agents, should happen twice to the same man.

Of this poem the author was, I think, allowed to enjoy the praise for a long time without disturbance. Many years afterwards Dennis published some remarks upon it, with very little force, and with no effect; for the opinion of the public was already settled, and it was no longer at the mercy of criticism.

About this time he published the 'Temple of Fame,' which, as he tells Steele in their correspondence, he had written two years before; that is, when he was only twenty-two years old, an early time of life for so much learning, and so much observation as that work exhibits.

On this poem Dennis afterwards published some remarks, of which the most reasonable is, that some of the lines represent Motion as exhibited by Sculpture.

Of the Epistle from 'Eloisa to Abelard,' I do not know the date. His first inclination to attempt a composition of the tender kind arose, as Mr. Savage told me, from his perusal of Prior's 'Nut-brown Maid.' How much he has surpassed Prior's work it is not necessary to mention, when perhaps it may be said with justice, that he excelled every composition of the same kind. The mixture of religious hope and resignation gives an elevation and dignity to disappointed love, which images merely natural cannot bestow. The gloom of a convent strikes the imagination with far greater force than the solitude of a grove.

This piece was, however, not much his favourite in his latter years, though I never heard upon what principle he slighted it.

In the next year (1713) he published 'Windsor Forest:' of which part was, as he relates, written at sixteen, about the same time as his Pastorals; and the latter part was added afterwards; where the addition begins, we are not told. The lines relating to the Peace confess their own date It is dedicated to Lord Lansdowne, who was then in high reputation and influence among the Tories; and it is said, that the conclusion of the poem gave great pain to Addison, both as a poet and a politician. Reports like this are often spread with boldness very disproportionate to their evidence Why should Addison receive any particular disturbance from the last lines of 'Windsor Forest?' If contrariety of opinion could poison a politician, he would not live a day; and as a poet, he must have felt Pope's force of genius much more from many other parts of his works.

The pain that Addison might feel it is not likely that he would confess; and it is certain that he so well suppressed his discontent, that Pope now thought himself his favourite: for, having been consulted in the revisal of 'Cato,' he introduced it by a Prologue; and, when Dennis published his Remarks, undertook, not indeed to vindicate, but to revenge his friend, by a 'Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis.'

There is reason to believe that Addison gave no encouragement to this disingenuous hostility; for, says Pope in a letter to him, "indeed your opinion, that 'tis entirely to be neglected, would be my own in my own case; but I felt more warmth here than I did when I first saw his book against myself (though indeed in two minutes it made me heartily merry.") Addison was not a man on whom such cant of sensibility could make much impression. He left the pamphlet to itself, having disowned it to Dennis, and perhaps did not think Pope to have deserved much by his officiousness.

This year was printed, in the 'Guardian,' the ironical comparison between the Pastorals of Philips and Pope; a composition of artifice, criticism, and literature, to which nothing equal will easily be

found. The superiority of Pope is so ingeniously dissembled, and the feeble lines of Phillips so skilfully preferred, that Steele, being deceived, was unwilling to print the paper, lest Pope should be offended. Addison immediately saw the writer's design; and, it seems, had malice enough to conceal his discovery, and to permit a publication, which, by making his friend Phillips ridiculous, made him for ever an enemy to Pope.

It appears that about this time Pope had a strong inclination to unite the art of Painting with that of Poetry, and put himself under the tuition of Jervas. He was near-sighted, and therefore not formed by nature for a painter: he tried, however, how far he could advance, and sometimes persuaded his friends to sit. A picture of Betterton, supposed to be drawn by him, was in the possession of Lord Mansfield:* if this was taken from life, he must have begun to paint earlier; for Betterton was now dead. Pope's ambition of this new art produced some encomiastic verses to Jervas, which certainly show his power as a poet; but I have been told that they betray his ignorance of painting.

He appears to have regarded Betterton with kindness and esteem; and after his death published, under his name, a version into modern English of Chaucer's Prologues, and one of his Tales, which, as was related by Mr. Harte, were believed to have been the performance of Pope himself by Fenton, who made him a gay offer of five pounds, if he would show them in the hand of Betterton.

The next year (1713) produced a bolder attempt, by which profit was sought as well as praise. The poems which he had hitherto written, however they might have diffused his name, had made very little addition to his fortune. The allowance which his father made him, though proportioned to what he had, it might be liberal, could not be large; his religion hindered him from the occupation of any civil employment; and he complained that he wanted even money to buy books.† He therefore resolved to try how far the favour of the public extended, by soliciting a subscription to a version of the 'Iliad,' with large notes.

To print by subscription was, for some time, a practice peculiar to the English. The first considerable work, for which this expedient was employed, is said to have been Dryden's 'Virgil;'‡ and it had been tried with great success when the 'Tatlers' were collected into volumes.

There was reason to believe that Pope's attempt would be successful. He was in the full bloom of reputation, and was personally known to almost all whom dignity of employment or splendour of reputation had made eminent; he conversed indifferently with both parties, and never disturbed the public with his political opinions; and it might naturally be expected, as each faction then boasted its literary zeal, that the great men, who on other occasions practiced all the violence of opposition, would emulate each other in their encouragement of a poet who delighted all, and by whom none had been offended.

With those hopes, he offered an English 'Iliad' to subscribers, in six volumes in quarto, for six guineas; a sum, according to the value of money at that time, by no means inconsiderable, and greater than I believe to have been ever asked before. His proposal, however, was very favourably received; and the patrons of literature were busy to recommend his undertaking, and promote his interest Lord Oxford, indeed, lamented that such a genius should be wasted upon a work not original; but proposed no means by which he might live without it. Addison recommended caution and moderation, and advised him not to be content with the praise of half the nation, when he might be universally favoured.

The greatness of the design, the popularity of the author, and the attention of the literary world, naturally raised such expectations of the future sale, that the booksellers made their offers with great eagerness; but the highest bidder was Bernard Lintot, who became proprietor on condition of supplying at his own expense, all the copies which were to be delivered to subscribers, or presented to friends, and paying two hundred pounds for every volume.

Of the Quartos it was, I believe, stipulated, that none should be printed but for the author, that the subscription might not be depreciated; but Lintot impressed the same pages upon a small Folio, and paper perhaps a little thinner; and sold exactly at half the price, for half a guinea each volume, books so little inferior to the Quartos, that by a fraud of trade, those Folios, being afterwards shortened by cutting away the top and bottom, were sold as copies printed for the subscribers.

Lintot printed two hundred and fifty on royal paper in Folio, for two guineas a volume; of the small Folio, having printed seventeen hundred and fifty copies of the first volume, he reduced the number in the other volumes to a thousand.

It is unpleasant to relate, that the bookseller, after all his hopes and all his liberality, was, by a very unjust and illegal action, defrauded of his profit. An edition of the English 'Iliad,' was printed in Holland in Duodecimo, and imported clandestinely for the gratification of those who were impatient to read what they could not yet afford to buy. This fraud could only be counteracted by an edition equally cheap and more commodious; and Lintot was compelled to contract his folio at once into a duodecimo, and lose the advantage of an intermediate gradation. The notes, which in the Dutch copies were placed at the end of each book, as they had been in the large volumes, were now subjoined to the text in the same page, and are therefore more easily consulted. Of this edition two thousand five hundred were first printed, and five thousand a few weeks afterwards: but indeed great numbers were necessary to produce considerable profit.

Pope, having now emitted his proposals, and engaged not only his own reputation, but in some degree that of his friends who patronized his subscription, began to be frighted at his own undertaking; and finding himself at first embarrassed with difficulties, which retarded and oppressed him, he was for a time timorous and uneasy, had his nights disturbed by dreams of long journeys through unknown ways, and wished, as he said, "that somebody would hang him."*

* It is still at Caen Wood. † Spence.

‡ Milton's 'Paradise Lost' had been published with great success by subscription in folio. 1688, under the patronage of Mr. (afterwards Lord) Somers.

* Spence.

This misery, however, was not of long continuance; he grew by degrees more acquainted with Homer's images and expression, and practice increased his facility of versification. In a short time he represents himself as despatching regularly fifty verses a day, which would show him by an easy computation the termination of his labour.

His own diffidence was not his only vexation. He that asks subscriptions soon finds that he has enemies. All who do not encourage him, defame him. He that wants money will rather be thought angry than poor: and he that wishes to save his money, conceals his avarice by his malice. Addison had hinted his suspicion that Pope was too much a Tory; and some of the Tories suspected his principles, because he had contributed to the 'Guardian,' which was carried on by Steele.

To those who censured his politics were added enemies yet more dangerous, who called in question his knowledge of Greek, and his qualifications for a translator of Homer. To these he made no public opposition; but in one of his Letters escapes from them as well as he can. At an age like his, for he was not more than twenty-five, with an irregular education, and a course of life of which much seems to have passed in conversation, it is not very likely that he overflowed with Greek. But when he felt himself deficient he sought assistance; and what man of learning would refuse to help him? Minute inquiries into the force of words are less necessary in translating Homer than other poets, because his positions are general, and his representations natural, with very little dependence on local or temporary customs, on those changeable scenes of artificial life, which, by mingling original with accidental notions, and crowding the mind with images which time effaces, produces ambiguity in diction, and obscurity in books. To this open display of unadulterated nature it must be ascribed, that Homer has fewer passages of doubtful meaning than any other poet, either in the learned or in modern languages. I have read of a man, who being, by his ignorance of Greek, compelled to gratify his curiosity with the Latin printed on the opposite page, declared that, from the rude simplicity of the lines literally rendered, he formed nobler ideas of the Homeric majesty, than from the laboured elegance of polished versions.

Those literal translations were always at hand, and from them he could easily obtain his author's sense with sufficient certainty; and among the readers of Homer, the number is very small of those who find much in the Greek more than in the Latin, except the music of the numbers.

If more help was wanting, he had the poetical translation of 'Eobanus Hessus,' an unwearied writer of Latin verses; he had the French Homers of La Valtiere and Dacier, and the English of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. With Chapman, whose work, though now totally neglected, seems to have been popular almost to the end of the last century, he had very frequent consultations, and perhaps never translated any passage till he had read his version, which indeed he has been sometimes suspected of using instead of the original.

Notes were likewise to be provided: for the six volumes would have been very little more than six pamphlets without them. What the mere perusal of the text could suggest, Pope wanted no assistance to collect or methodize; but more was necessary; many pages were to be filled, and learning must supply materials to wit and judgment. Something might be gathered from Dacier; but no man loves to be indebted to his contemporaries, and Dacier was accessible to common readers. Eustathius was therefore necessarily consulted. To read Eustathius, of whose work there was then no Latin version, I suspect Pope, if he had been willing, not to have been able; some other was therefore to be found, who had leisure as well as abilities; and he was doubtless most readily employed who would do much work for little money.

The history of the notes has never been traced. Broome, in his preface to his poems, declares himself the commentator "in part upon the Iliad;" and it appears from Fenton's letter, preserved in the British Museum, that Broome was at first engaged in consulting Eustathius; but that after a time, whatever was the reason, he desisted; another man of Cambridge was then employed, who soon grew weary of the work; and a third, that was recommended by Thirlby, is now discovered to have been Jortin, a man since well known to the learned world, who complained that Pope, having accepted and approved his performance, never testified any curiosity to see him, and who professed to have forgotten the terms on which he worked. The terms which Fenton uses are very mercantile: "I think at first sight that his performance is very commendable, and have sent word for him to finish the 17th book, and to send it with his demands for his trouble. I have here enclosed the specimen; if the rest come before the return, I will keep them till I receive your order."

Broome then offered his service a second time, which was probably accepted, as they had afterwards a closer correspondence. Parnell contributed the Life of Homer, which Pope found so harsh, that he took great pains in correcting it; and by his own diligence, with such help as kindness or money could procure him, in somewhat more than five years he completed his version of the 'Iliad,' with the notes. He began it in 1712, his twenty-fifth year; and concluded it in 1718, his thirtieth year.

When we find him translating fifty lines a day, it is natural to suppose that he would have brought his work to a more speedy conclusion. The 'Iliad,' containing less than sixteen thousand verses, might have been despatched in less than three hundred and twenty days by fifty verses in a day. The notes, compiled with the assistance of his mercenaries, could not be supposed to require more time than the text.

According to this calculation, the progress of Pope may seem to have been slow; but the distance is commonly very great between actual performances and speculative possibility. It is natural to suppose that as much as has been done to-day may be done to-morrow; but on the morrow some difficulty emerges, or some external impediment obstructs. Indolence, interruption, business, and pleasure, all take their turns of retardation; and every long work is lengthened by a thousand causes that can, and ten thousand that cannot, be recounted. Perhaps no extensive and multifarious performance was ever effected within the term originally fixed in the undertaker's mind. He that runs against Time has an antagonist not subject to casualties

The encouragement given to this translation, though report seems to have overrated it, was such as the world has not often seen. The subscribers were five hundred and seventy-five. The copies, for which subscriptions were given, were six hundred and fifty-four; and only six hundred and sixty were printed. For these copies Pope had nothing to pay; he therefore received, including the two hundred pounds a volume, five thousand three hundred and twenty pounds four shillings without deduction, as the books were supplied by Lintot.

By the success of his subscription Pope was relieved from those pecuniary distresses with which, notwithstanding his popularity, he had hitherto struggled. Lord Oxford had often lamented his disqualification for public employment, but never proposed a pension. While the translation of 'Homer' was in its progress, Mr. Craggs, then secretary of state, offered to procure him a pension, which, at least during his ministry, might be enjoyed with secrecy. This was not accepted by Pope, who told him, however, that if he should be pressed with want of money, he would send to him for occasional supplies. Craggs was not long in power, and was never solicited for money by Pope, who disdained to beg what he did not want.

With the product of this subscription, which he had too much discretion to squander, he secured his future life from want, by considerable annuities. The estate of the Duke of Buckingham was found to have been charged with five hundred pounds a year, payable to Pope, which doubtless his translation enabled him to purchase.

It cannot be unwelcome to literary curiosity, that I deduce thus minutely the history of the English 'Iliad.' It is certainly the noblest version of poetry which the world has ever seen; and its publication must therefore be considered as one of the great events in the annals of Learning.

To those who have skill to estimate the excellence and difficulty of this great work, it must be very desirable to know how it was performed, and by what gradations it advanced to correctness. Of such an intellectual process the knowledge has very rarely been attainable; but happily there remains the original copy of the 'Iliad,' which, being obtained by Bolingbroke as a curiosity, descended from him to Mallet, and is now, by the solicitation of the late Dr. Maty, reposited in the Museum.

Between this manuscript, which is written upon accidental fragments of paper, and the printed edition, there must have been an intermediate copy, that was perhaps destroyed as it returned from the press.

From the first copy I have procured a few transcripts, and shall exhibit first the printed lines; then those of the manuscripts, with all their variations. Those words which are given in Italics, are cancelled in the copy, and the words placed under them adopted in their stead.

The beginning of the first book stands thus:

The wrath of Peleus' son, the direful spring
Of all the Grecian woes, O Goddess, sing,
That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain.

The stern Pelides' *rage* O Goddess, sing,
wrath
Of all the woes *of Greece* the fatal spring,
Grecian
That strew'd with *warriors* dead the Phrygian plain,
Heroes
And *peopled the dark hell with heroes* slain;
fill'd the shady hell with chiefs untimely

Whose limbs, unburied on the naked shore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore,
Since great Achilles and Atrides strove;
Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will of Jove.

Whose limbs, unburied on the hostile shore,
Devouring dogs and greedy vultures tore,
Since first Atrides and Achilles strove;
Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will of Jove

Declare, O Muse, in what ill-fated hour
Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended Power?
Latona's son a dire contagion spread,
And heap'd the camp with mountains of the dead;
The King of men his reverend priest defy'd,
And for the King's offence the people dy'd.

Declare, O Goddess, what offended Power
Enflamed their *rage*, in that *ill-omen'd* hour;
anger fatal, hapless
Phœbus himself the *dire* debate procured,
fierce
T' avenge the wrongs his injured priest endured;
For this the God a dire infection spread,
And heap'd the camp with millions of the dead:
The King of Men the Sacred Sire defy'd,
And for the King's offence the people dy'd.

For Chryses sought, with costly gifts, to gain
His captive daughter from the Victor's chain;
Suppliant the venerable Father stands,
Apollo's awful ensigns grace his hands;
By these he begs, and, lowly bending down
Extends the sceptre and the laurel crown.

For Chryses sought by *presents to regain*
costly gifts to gain
His captive daughter from the Victor's chain:
Suppliant the venerable Father stands,
Apollo's awful ensigns grac'd his hands.
By these he begs, and lowly bending down
The golden sceptre, and the laurel crown,
Presents the sceptre
For these are ensigns of his God he bare,
The God that sends his golden shafts afar;
Then low on earth, the venerable man,
Suppliant before the brother kings began.

He sued to all, but chief implor'd for grace,
The brother kings of Atreus' royal race:
Ye kings and warriors, may your vows be crown'd,
And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground:
May Jove restore you, when your toils are o'er,
Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.

To all he sued, but chief implored for grace,
The brother kings of Atreus' royal race:
Ye *sons of Atreus*, may your vows be crown'd,
Kings and warriors
Your labours, by the Gods be all your labours
crown'd;
So may the Gods your arms with conquest bless,
And Troy's proud wall lie level with the ground
Till laid
And crown your labours with deserved success;
May Jove restore you, when your toils are o'er
Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.

But oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain,
And give Chryseis to these arms again;
If mercy fail, yet let my present move,
And dread avenging Phœbus, son of Jove

But oh! relieve a hapless parent's pain,
And give my daughter to these arms again:

Receive my gifts: if mercy fails, yet let my present move,
And fear *the God that deals his darts around.*
avenging Phœbus, son of Jove.

The Greeks, in shouts, their joint assent declare
The priest to reverence, and release the fair.
Not so Atrides; he with kingly pride,
Repulsed the sacred Sire, and thus reply'd.

He said, the Greeks their joint assent declare,
The father said, the gen'rous Greeks relent,
T' accept the ransom, and release the fair,
Revere the priest and speak the joint assent,
Not so *the tyrant*, he with kingly pride,
Atrides
Repulsed the sacred Sire, and thus reply'd.
[Not so the tyrant. DRYDEN.]

Of these lines, and of the whole first book, I am told that there was a former copy, more varied, and more deformed with interlineations.

The beginning of the second book varies very little from the printed page, and is therefore set down without a parallel; the few differences do not require to be elaborately displayed.

Now pleasing sleep had seal'd each mortal eye;
Stretch'd in their tents the Grecian leaders lie;
Th' Immortals slumber'd on their thrones above,
All but the ever-watchful eye of Jove.
To honour Thetis' son he bends his care,
And plunge the Greeks in all the woes of war.
Then bids an empty phantom rise to sight,
And thus *commands* the vision of the night:
directs
Fly hence, delusive dream, and, light as air,
To Agamemnon's royal tent repair;
Bid him in arms draw forth th' embattled train,
March all his legions to the dusty plain.
Now tell the King 'tis given him to destroy
Declare even now
The lofty *walls* of wide extended Troy;
towers
For now no more the Gods with Fate contend;
At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end.
Destruction *hovers* o'er yon devoted wall,
hangs
And nodding Ilium waits th' impending fall.

Invocation to the catalogue of Ships.

Say, Virgins, seated round the throne divine,
All-knowing Goddesses! immortal nine!
Since Earth's wide regions, Heaven's unmeasured height,
And Hell's abyss, hide nothing from your sight,
(We, wretched mortals! lost in doubts below,
But guess by rumour, and but boast we know)
Oh! say what heroes, fired by thirst of fame,
Or urged by wrongs, to Troy's destruction came!
To count them all, demands a thousand tongues,
A throat of brass and adamantine lungs.

Now, Virgin Goddesses, immortal Nine!
That round Olympus' heavenly summit shine,
Who see through Heaven and Earth, and Hell profound,
And all things know, and all things can resound!
Relate what armies sought the Trojan land,
What nations follow'd, and what chiefs command;
(For doubtful fame distracts mankind below,
And nothing can we tell, and nothing know)
Without your aid, to count th' unnumber'd train,
A thousand mouths, a thousand tongues, were vain.

BOOK V. V. 1.

But Pallas now Tydides' soul inspires,
Fills with her force, and warms with all her fires;
Above the Greeks his deathless fame to raise,
And crown her hero with distinguish'd praise.
High on his helm celestial lightnings play,
His beamy shield emits a living ray;
Th' unwearied blaze incessant stream supplies,
Like the red star that fires th' autumnal skies.

But Pallas now Tydides' soul inspires,
Fills with her *rage*, and warms with all her fires;
force,
O'er all the Greeks decrees his fame to raise,
Above the Greeks *her warrior's* fame to raise,
his deathless
And crown her hero with *immortal* praise:
distinguish'd
Bright from his beamy *crest* the lightnings play,
High on helm
From his broad buckler flash'd the living ray;
High on his helm celestial lightnings play,
His beamy shield emits a living ray;
The Goddess with her breath the flame supplies,
Bright as the star whose fires in Autumn rise;
Her breath divine thick streaming flames supplies,
Bright as the star that fires th' autumnal skies:
Th' unwearied blaze incessant streams supplies,
Like the red star that fires th' autumnal skies.

When first he rears his radiant orb to sight,
And, bath'd in Ocean shoots a keener light.
Such glories Pallas on the chief bestow'd,
Such from his arms the fierce effulgence flow'd;
Onward she drives him, furious to engage,
Where the fight burns, and where the thickest rage.

When fresh he rears his radiant orb to sight,
And gilds old Ocean with a blaze of light.
Bright as the star that fires th' autumnal skies,
Fresh from the deep, and gilds the seas and skies,
Such glories Pallas on her chief bestow'd,
Such sparkling rays from his bright armour flow'd;
Such from his arms the fierce effulgence flow'd;
Onward she drives him *headlong* to engage,
furious
Where the *war bleeds*, and where the *fiercest* rage.
fight burns, thickest

The sons of Dares first the combat sought,
A wealthy priest, but rich without a fault;
In Vulcan's fane the father's days were led,
The sons to toils of glorious battle bred;

There lived a Trojan—Dares was his name,
The priest of Vulcan, rich, yet void of blame;
The sons of Dares first the combat sought,
A wealthy priest, but rich without a fault.

CONCLUSION OF BOOK VIII. V. 687.

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies;
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault and bless the useful light.
So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays;
The long reflections of the distant fires
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.
A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whose umber'd arms by fits thick flashes send;
Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,
And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

As when in stillness of the silent night,
As when the moon in all her lustre bright;

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er Heaven's *clear* azure *sheds* her *silver* light;
pure spreads sacred
As still in air the trembling lustre stood,
And o'er its golden border shoots a flood,
When *no loose gale* disturbs the deep serene,
not a breath
And *no dim* cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
not a
Around her silver throne the planets glow,
And stars unnumber'd trembling beams bestow:
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;
Clear gleams of light o'er the dark trees are seen,
o'er the dark trees a yellow sheds,
O'er the dark trees a yellower *green* they shed,
gleam
verdure
And tip with silver all the *mountain* heads
forest
And tip with silver every mountain's head,
The valleys open, and the forests rise,
The vales appear, the rocks in prospect rise,
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
All nature stands reveal'd before our eyes;
A flood of glory burst from all the skies.
The conscious shepherd, joyful at the sight,
Eyes the blue vault, and numbers every light.
The conscious *swains rejoicing at the* sight,
shepherds gazing with delight
Eye the blue vault, and bless the *vivid* ligh
glorious
useful
So many flames before the *navy* blaze,
proud Ilion
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays:
Wide o'er the fields to Troy extend the gleams,
And tip the distant spires with fainter beams;
The long reflections of the distant fires
Gild the high walls, and tremble on the spires;
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.
A thousand fires at distant stations bright,
Gild the dark prospect and dispel the night.

Of these specimens, every man who has cultivated poetry, or who delights to trace the mind from the rudeness of its first conceptions to the elegance of its last, will naturally desire a great number; but most other readers are already tired, and I am not writing only to poets and philosophers.

The 'Iliad' was published volume by volume, as the translation proceeded: the four first books appeared in 1715. The expectation of this work was undoubtedly high, and every man who had connected his name with criticism, or poetry, was desirous of such intelligence as might enable him to talk upon the popular topic. Halifax, who, by having been first a poet, and then a patron of poetry, had acquired the right of being a judge, was willing to hear some books while they were yet unpublished. Of this rehearsal Pope afterwards gave the following account.*

"The famous Lord Halifax was rather a pretender to taste, than really possessed of it.—When I had finished the two or three first books of my translation of the 'Iliad,' that Lord desired to have the pleasure of hearing them read at his house.—Addison, Congreve, and Garth, were there at the reading. In four or five places, Lord Halifax stopt me very civilly, and with a speech each time of much the same kind, 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Pope; but there is something in that passage that does not quite please me. Be so good as to mark the place, and consider it a little at your leisure.—I am sure you can give it a little turn.'—I returned from Lord Halifax's with Dr. Garth, in his chariot; and, as we were going along, was saying to the Doctor, that my Lord had laid me under a great deal of difficulty by such loose and general observations: that I had been thinking over the passages almost ever since, and could not guess at what it was that offended his Lordship in either of them. Garth laughed heartily at my embarrassment; said, I had not been long enough acquainted with Lord Halifax to know his way yet; that I need not puzzle myself about looking those places over and over, when I got home. 'All you need do,' says he, 'is to leave them just as they are; call on Lord Halifax two or three months hence, thank him for his kind observations on those passages, and then read them to him as altered. I have known him much longer than you have, and will be answerable for the event.' I followed his advice; waited on Lord Halifax some time after; said, I hoped he would find his objections to those passages removed; read them to him exactly as they were at first; and his Lordship was extremely pleased with them, and cried out, 'Ay, now they are perfectly right, nothing can be better.'"

It is seldom that the great or the wise suspect that they are despised or cheated. Halifax, thinking this a lucky opportunity of securing immortality, made some advances of favour and some overtures of advantage to Pope, which he seems to have received with sullen coldness. All our knowledge of this transaction is derived from a single letter (Dec. 1, 1715,) in which Pope says, "I am obliged to you, both for the favours you have done me, and those you intend me. I distrust neither your will nor your memory, when it is to do good; and if I ever become troublesome or solicitous, it must not be out of expectation, but out of gratitude. Your Lordship may cause me to live agreeably in the town, or contentedly in the country, which is really all the difference I set between an easy fortune and a small one. It is indeed a high strain of generosity in you to think of making me easy all my life, only because I have been so happy as to divert you some few hours: but, if I may have leave to add, it is because you think me no enemy to my native country, there will appear a better reason; for I must of consequence be very much (as I sincerely am) yours, &c."

These voluntary offers, and this faint acceptance, ended without effect. The patron was not accustomed to such frigid gratitude: and the poet fed his own pride with the dignity of independence. They probably were suspicious of each other. Pope would not dedicate till he saw at what rate his praise was valued; he would be "troublesome out of gratitude, not expectation." Halifax thought himself entitled to confidence; and would give nothing unless he knew what he should receive. Their commerce had its beginning in the hope of praise on one side, and of money on the other, and ended because Pope was less eager of money than Halifax of praise. It is not likely that Halifax had any personal benevolence to Pope; it is evident that Pope looked on Halifax with scorn and hatred.

The reputation of this great work failed of gaining him a patron; but it deprived him of a friend.

*Spence.

Addison and he were now at the head of poetry and criticism; and both in such a state of elevation, that, like the two rivals in the Roman state, one could no longer bear an equal, nor the other a superior. Of the gradual abatement of kindness between friends, the beginning is often scarcely discernible to themselves, and the process is continued by petty provocations, and incivilities sometimes peevishly returned, and sometimes contemptuously neglected, which would escape all attention but that of pride, and drop from any memory but that of resentment. That the quarrel of these two wits should be minutely deduced, is not to be expected from a writer to whom, as Homer says, "nothing but rumour has reached, and who has no personal knowledge."

Pope doubtless approached Addison, when the reputation of their wit first brought them together, with the respect due to a man whose abilities were acknowledged, and who, having attained that eminence to which he was himself aspiring, had in his hands the distribution of literary fame. He paid court with sufficient diligence by his Prologue to 'Cato,' by his abuse of Dennis, and with praise yet more direct, by his poem on the 'Dialogues on Medals,' of which the immediate publication was then intended. In all this, there was no hypocrisy; for he confessed that he found in Addison something more pleasing than in any other man.

It may be supposed, that as Pope saw himself favoured by the world, and more frequently compared his own powers with those of others, his confidence increased, and his submission lessened; and that Addison felt no delight from the advances of a young wit, who might soon contend with him for the highest place. Every great man, of whatever kind be his greatness, has among his friends those who officiously or insidiously quicken his attention to offences, heighten his disgust, and stimulate his resentment. Of such adherents Addison doubtless had many; and Pope was now too high to be without them.

From the emission and reception of the proposals for the 'Iliad,' the kindness of Addison seems to have abated. Jervas the painter once pleased himself (August 20, 1714) with imagining that he had re-established their friendship; and wrote to Pope that Addison once suspected him of too close a confederacy with Swift, but was now satisfied with his conduct. To this Pope answered, a week after, that his engagements to Swift were such as his services in regard to the subscription demanded, and that the Tories never put him under the necessity of asking leave to be grateful. "But," says he, "as Mr. Addison must be the judge in what regards himself, and seems to have no very just one in regard to me, so I must own to you I expect nothing but civility from him." In the same letter he mentions Phillips, as having been busy to kindle animosity between them; but in a letter to Addison, he expresses some consciousness of behaviour, inattentively deficient in respect.

Of Swift's industry in promoting the subscription, there remains the testimony of Kennet, no friend to either him or Pope.

"Nov. 2, 1713, Dr. Swift came into the coffee-house, and had a bow from every body but me, who, I confess, could not but despise him. When I came to the anti-chamber to wait, before prayers, Dr. Swift was the principal man of talk and business, and acted as master of requests.—Then he instructed a young nobleman that the *best Poet in England* was Mr. Pope (a papist,) who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, for which *he must have them all subscribe;* for, says he, the author *shall not* begin to print till *I have* a thousand guineas for him."

About this time it is likely that Steele, who was, with all his political fury, good-natured and officious, procured an interview between these angry rivals, which ended in aggravated malevolence. On this occasion, if the reports be true, Pope made his complaint with frankness and spirit, as a man undeservedly neglected or opposed; and Addison affected a contemptuous unconcern, and, in a calm even voice, reproached Pope with his vanity, and, telling him of the improvements which his early works had received from his own remarks and those of Steele, said, that he, being now engaged in public business, had no longer any care for his poetical reputation, nor had any other desire, with regard to Pope, than that he should not, by too much arrogance, alienate the public.

To this Pope is said to have replied with great keenness and severity, upbraiding Addison with perpetual dependance, and with the abuse of those qualifications which he had obtained at the public cost, and charging him with mean endeavours to obstruct the progress of rising merit. The contest rose so high, that they parted at last without any interchange of civility.

The first volume of 'Homer' was (1715) in time published: and a rival version of the first 'Iliad,' for rivals the time of their appearance inevitably made them, was immediately printed, with the name of Tickell. It was soon perceived that, among the followers of Addison, Tickell had the preference, and the critics and poets divided into factions. "I," says Pope, "have the town, that is, the mob, on my side; but it is not uncommon for the smaller party to supply by industry what it wants in numbers.—I appeal to the people as my rightful judges, and, while they are not inclined to condemn me, shall not fear the high-flyers at Button's." This opposition he immediately imputed to Addison, and complained of it in terms sufficiently resentful to Craggs, their common friend.

When Addison's opinion was asked, he declared the versions to be both good, but Tickell's the best that had ever been written; and sometimes said, that they were both good, but that Tickell had more of 'Homer.'

Pope was now sufficiently irritated; his reputation and his interest were at hazard. He once intended to print together the four versions of Dryden, Maynwaring, Pope, and Tickell, that they might be readily compared, and fairly estimated This design seems to have been defeated by the refusal of Tonson, who was the proprietor of the other three versions.

Pope intended, at another time, a rigorous criticism of Tickell's translation, and had marked a copy, which I have seen, in all places that appeared defective. But, while he was thus meditating defence or revenge, his adversary sunk before him without a blow; the voice of the Public was not long divided, and the preference was universally given to Pope's performance.

He was convinced, by adding one circumstance to another, that the other translation was the work of Addison himself; but, if he knew it in Addison's life-time, it does not appear that he told it. He left his illustrious antagonist to be punished by what has been considered as the most painful of all reflections, the remembrance of a crime perpetrated in vain.

The other circumstances of their quarrel were thus related by Pope.*

"Phillips seemed to have been encouraged to abuse me in coffee-houses and conversations: and Gildon wrote a thing about Wycherley, in which he had abused both me and my relations very grossly. Lord Warwick himself told me one day, that it was in vain for me to endeavour to be well with Mr. Addison; that his jealous temper would never admit of a settled friendship between us: and, to convince me of what he had said, assured me, that Addison had encouraged Gildon to publish those scandals, and had given him ten guineas after they were published. The next day, while I was heated with what I had heard, I wrote a letter to Mr. Addison, to let him know that I was not unacquainted with this behaviour of his; that, if I was to speak severely of him in return for it, it should not be in such a dirty way; that I should rather tell him, himself, fairly of his faults, and allow his good qualities; and that it should be something in the following manner; I then adjoined the first sketch of what has since been called my satire on Addison. Mr. Addison used me very civilly ever after."†

The verses on Addison, when they were sent to Atterbury, were considered by him as the most excellent of Pope's performances; and the writer was advised, since he knew where his strength lay, not to suffer it to remain unemployed.

This year (1715) being, by the subscription, enabled to live more by choice, having persuaded his father to sell their estate at Binfield, he purchased, I think only for his life, that house at Twickenham, to which his residence afterwards procured so much celebration, and removed thither with his father and mother.

Here he planted the vines and the quincunx which his verses mention; and being under the necessity of making a subterraneous passage to a garden on the other side of the road, he adorned it with fossile bodies, and dignified it with the title of a grotto, a place of silence and retreat, from which he endeavoured to persuade his friends and himself that cares and passions could be excluded.

A grotto is not often the wish or pleasure of an Englishman, who has more frequent need to solicit than exclude the sun; but Pope's excavation was requisite as an entrance to his garden, and, as some men try to be proud of their defects, he extracted an ornament from an inconvenience, and vanity produced a grotto where necessity enforced a passage. It may be frequently remarked of the studious and speculative, that they are proud of trifles, and that their amusements seem frivolous and childish; whether it be that men, conscious of great reputation, think themselves above the reach of censure, and safe in the admission of negligent indulgences, or that mankind expect from elevated genius a uniformity of greatness, and watch its degradation with malicious wonder; like him who, having followed with his eye an eagle into the clouds, should lament that she ever descended to a perch.

While the volumes of his 'Homer' were annually published, he collected his former works (1717) into one quarto volume, to which he prefixed a Preface, written with great sprightliness and elegance, which was afterwards reprinted, with some passages subjoined that he at first omitted; other marginal additions of the same kind he made in the latter editions of his poems. Waller remarks, that poets lose half their praise, because the reader knows not what they have blotted. Pope's voracity of fame taught him the art of obtaining the accumulated honour, both of what he had published, and of what he had suppressed.

In this year his father died very suddenly, in his seventy-fifth year, having passed twenty-nine years in privacy. He is not known but by the character which his son has given him. If the money with which he retired was all gotten by himself, he had traded very successfully in times when sudden riches were rarely attainable.

The publication of the 'Iliad' was at last completed in 1720. The splendour and success of this work raised Pope many enemies, that endeavoured to depreciate his abilities. Burnet, who was afterwards a judge of no mean reputation, censured him in a piece called 'Homerides' before it was published. Ducket likewise endeavoured to make him ridiculous. Dennis was the perpetual persecutor of all his studies. But, whoever his critics were, their writings are lost; and the names which are preserved, are preserved in the 'Dunciad.'

In this disastrous year (1720) of national infatuation, where more riches than Peru can boast were expected from the South Sea, when the contagion of avarice tainted every mind, and even poets panted after wealth, Pope was seized with the universal passion, and ventured some of his money. The stock rose in its price; and for a while he thought himself the lord of thousands. But this dream of happiness did not last long; and he seems to have waked soon enough to get clear with the loss of what he once thought himself to have won, and perhaps not wholly of that.

Next year he published some select poems of his friend Dr. Parnell, with a very elegant Dedication to the Earl of Oxford; who, after all his struggles and dangers, then lived in retirement, still under the frown of a victorious faction, who could take no pleasure in hearing his praise.

He gave the same year (1721) an edition of 'Shakspeare.' His name was now of so much authority, that Tonson thought himself entitled by annexing it, to demand a subscription of six guineas for Shakspeare's plays in six quarto volumes; nor did his expectation much deceive him; for of seven hundred and fifty which he printed, he dispersed a great number at the price proposed. The reputation of that edition indeed sunk afterwards so low, that one hundred and forty copies were sold at sixteen shillings each.

On this undertaking, to which Pope was induced by a reward of two hundred and seventeen pounds twelve shillings, he seems never to have reflected

* Spence.

† See, however Life of Addison, in the Biographia Britannica.

afterwards without vexation; for Theobald, a man of heavy diligence, with very slender powers, first, in a book called 'Shakspeare Restored,' and then in a formal edition, detected his deficiencies with all the insolence of victory; and, as he was now high enough to be feared and hated, Theobald had from others all the help that could be supplied, by the desire of humbling a haughty character.

From this time Pope became an enemy to editors, collators, commentators, and verbal critics; and hoped to persuade the world, that he miscarried in this undertaking only by having a mind too great for such minute employment.

Pope, in his edition, undoubtedly did many things wrong, and left many things undone; but let him not be defrauded of his due praise. He was the first that knew, at least the first that told, by what helps the text might be improved. If he inspected the early editions negligently, he taught others to be more accurate. In his Preface he expanded with great skill and elegance the character which had been given of Shakspeare by Dryden; and he drew the public attention upon his works, which, though often mentioned, had been little read.

Soon after the appearance of the 'Iliad,' resolving not to let the general kindness cool, he published proposals for a translation of the 'Odyssey,' in five volumes, for five guineas. He was willing, however, now to have associates in his labour, being either weary with toiling upon another's thoughts, or having heard, as Ruffhead relates, that Fenton and Broome had already begun the work, and liking better to have them confederates than rivals.

In the patent, instead of saying that he had "translated the Odyssey," as he had said of the 'Iliad,' he says, that he had "undertaken" a translation; and in the proposals the subscription is said to be not solely for his own use, but for that of "two of his friends who have assisted him in this work."

In 1723, while he was engaged in this new version, he appeared before the Lords at the memorable trial of Bishop Atterbury, with whom he had lived in great familiarity, and frequent correspondence. Atterbury had honestly recommended to him the study of the Popish controversy, in hope of his conversion; to which Pope answered in a manner that cannot much recommend his principles, or his judgment. In questions and projects of learning, they agreed better. He was called at the trial to give an account of Atterbury's domestic life, and private employment, that it might appear how little time he had left for plots. Pope had but few words to utter, and in those few he made several blunders.

His letters to Atterbury express the utmost esteem, tenderness, and gratitude; "perhaps," says he, "it is not only in this world that I may have cause to remember the Bishop of Rochester." At their last interview in the Tower, Atterbury presented him with a Bible.

Of the 'Odyssey' Pope translated only twelve books; the rest were the work of Broome and Fenton: the notes were written wholly by Broome, who was not over liberally rewarded. The public was carefully kept ignorant of the several shares; and an account was subjoined at the conclusion, which is now known not to be true.

The first copy of Pope's books, with those of Fenton, are to be seen in the Museum. The parts of Pope are less interlined than the 'Iliad;' and the latter books of the 'Iliad' less than the former. He grew dexterous by practice, and every sheet enabled him to write the next with more facility. The books of Fenton have very few alterations by the hand of Pope. Those of Broome have not been found; but Pope complained, as it is reported, that he had much trouble in correcting them.

His contract with Lintot was the same as for the 'Iliad,' except that only one hundred pounds were to be paid him for each volume. The number of subscribers were five hundred and seventy-four, and of copies eight hundred and nineteen; so that his profits, when he had paid his assistants, were still very considerable. The work was finished in 1725; and from that time he resolved to make no more translations.

The sale did not answer Lintot's expectation; and he then pretended to discover something of fraud in Pope, and commenced or threatened a suit in Chancery.

On the English 'Odyssey' a criticism was published by Spence, at that time Prelector of Poetry at Oxford; a man whose learning was not very great, and whose mind was not very powerful. His criticism, however, was commonly just; what he thought, he thought rightly: and his remarks were recommended by his coolness and candour. In him Pope had the first experience of a critic without malevolence, who thought it as much his duty to display beauties as expose faults: who censured with respect, and praised with alacrity.

With this criticism Pope was so little offended, that he sought the acquaintance of the writer, who lived with him from that time in great familiarity, attended him in his last hours, and compiled memorials of his conversation. The regard of Pope recommended him to the great and powerful; and he obtained very valuable preferments in the Church.

Not long after, Pope was returning home from a visit in a friend's coach, which, in passing a bridge, was overturned into the water; the windows were closed, and being unable to force them open, he was in danger of immediate death, when the postillion snatched him out by breaking the glass, of which the fragments cut two of his fingers in such a manner, that he lost their use.

Voltaire, who was then in England, sent him a letter of consolation. He had been entertained by Pope at his table, where he talked with so much grossness, that Mrs. Pope was driven from the room. Pope discovered, by a trick, that he was a spy for the court, and never considered him as a man worthy of confidence.

He soon afterwards (1727) joined with Swift, who was then in England, to publish three volumes of 'Miscellanies,' in which, amongst other things, he inserted the 'Memoirs of a Parish Clerk,' in ridicule of Burnet's importance in his own History, and a 'Debate upon Black and White Horses,' written in all the formalities of a legal process, by the assistance, as is said, of Mr. Fortescue, afterwards Master of the Rolls. Before these 'Miscellanies' is a Preface signed by Swift and Pope, but apparently written by Pope, in which he makes a ridiculous and romantic complaint of the robberies

committed upon authors by the clandestine seizure and sale of their papers. He tells, in tragic strains, how "the cabinets of the Sick and the closets of the Dead have been broken open and ransacked;" as if those violences were often committed for papers of uncertain and accidental value, which are rarely provoked by real treasures; as if epigrams and essays were in danger where gold and diamonds are safe. A cat hunted for his musk is, according to Pope's account, but the emblem of a wit winded by booksellers.

His complaint, however, received some attestation; for the same year the Letters written by him to Mr. Cromwell, in his youth, were sold by Mrs. Thomas to Curll, who printed them.

In these Miscellanies was first published the 'Art of Sinking in Poetry,' which, by such a train of consequences as usually passes in literary quarrels, gave, in a short time, according to Pope's account, occasion to the 'Dunciad.'

In the following year (1728) he began to put Atterbury's advice in practice; and showed his satirical powers by publishing the 'Dunciad,' one of his greatest and most elaborate performances, in which he endeavoured to sink into contempt all the writers by whom he had been attacked, and some others whom he thought unable to defend themselves.

At the head of the Dunces he placed poor Theobald, whom he accused of ingratitude; but whose real crime was supposed to be that of having revised Shakspeare more happily than himself. This satire had the effect which he intended, by blasting the characters which it touched. Ralph, who, unnecessarily interposing in the quarrel, got a place in a subsequent edition, complained that for a time he was in danger of starving, as the booksellers had no longer any confidence in his capacity.

The prevalence of this poem was gradual and slow: the plan, if not wholly new, was little understood by common readers. Many of the allusions required illustration; the names were often expressed only by the initial and final letters, and if they had been printed at length, were such as few had known or recollected. The subject itself had nothing generally interesting; for whom did it concern to know that one or another scribbler was a dunce? If therefore it had been possible for those who were attacked to conceal their pain and their resentment, the 'Dunciad' might have made its way very slowly in the world.

This, however, was not to be expected: every man is of importance to himself, and therefore, in his own opinion, to others; and, supposing the world already acquainted with all his pleasures and his pains, is perhaps the first to publish injuries or misfortunes, which had never been known unless related by himself, and at which those that hear them will only laugh; for no man sympathises with the sorrows of vanity.

The history of the 'Dunciad' is very minutely related by Pope himself, in a Dedication which he wrote to Lord Middlesex in the name of Savage.

"I will relate the 'War of the Dunces' (for so it has been commonly called,) which began in the year 1727, and ended 1730.

"When Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope thought it proper, for reasons specified in the Preface to their Miscellanies, to publish such little pieces of theirs as had casually got abroad, there was added to them the 'Treatise of the Bathos,' or the 'Art of Sinking in Poetry.' It happened that, in one chapter of this piece, the several species of bad poets were ranged in classes, to which were prefixed almost all the letters of the alphabet (the greatest part of them at random;) but such was the number of poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself: all fell into so violent a fury, that, for half a year or more, the common newspapers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise; a liberty no way to be wondered at in those people, and in those papers, that, for many years during the uncontrolled license of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure.

"This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common enemies of mankind; since, to invalidate this universal slander, it sufficed to show what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes, that, by manifesting the dulness of those who had only malice to recommend them, either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the 'Dunciad;' and he thought it a happiness, that by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their names as was necessary to this design.

"On the 12th of March, 1729, at St. James's, that poem was presented to the King and Queen (who had before been pleased to read it) by the right honourable Sir Robert Walpole; and, some days after, the whole impression was taken and dispersed by several noblemen and persons of the first distinction.

"It is certainly a true observation, that no people are so impatient of censure as those who are the greatest slanderers, which was wonderfully exemplified on this occasion. On the day the book was first vended, a crowd of authors besieged the shop; intreaties, advices, threats of law and battery, nay cries of treason, were all employed to hinder the coming out of the 'Dunciad;' on the other side, the booksellers and hawkers made as great efforts to procure it. What could a few poor authors do against so great a majority of the public? There was no stopping a torrent with a finger; so out it came.

"Many ludicrous circumstances attended it. The Dunces (for by this name they were called) held weekly clubs, to consult of hostilities against the author; one wrote a letter to a great minister, assuring him Mr. Pope was the greatest enemy the government had; and another bought his image in clay, to execute him in effigy; with which sad sort of satisfaction the gentlemen were a little comforted.

"Some false editions of the book having an owl in their frontispiece, the true one, to distinguish it, fixed in his stead an ass laden with authors. Then another surreptitious one being printed with the same ass, the new edition in octavo returned, for

distinction, to the owl again. Hence arose a great contest of booksellers against booksellers, and advertisements against advertisements; some recommending the edition of the owl, and others the edition of the ass; by which name they came to be distinguished, to the great honour also of the gentlemen of the 'Dunciad.'"

Pope appears by his narrative to have contemplated his victory over the Dunces with great exultation; and such was his delight in the tumult which he had raised, that for a while his natural sensibility was suspended, and he read reproaches and invectives without emotion, considering them only as the necessary effects of that pain which he rejoiced in having given.

It cannot however be concealed, that, by his own confession, he was the aggressor: for nobody believes that the letters in the 'Bathos' were placed at random: and it may be discovered that when he thinks himself concealed, he indulges the common vanity of common men, and triumphs in those distinctions which he had affected to despise. He is proud that his book was presented to the King and Queen by the right honourable Sir Robert Walpole; he is proud that they had read it before; he is proud that the edition was taken off by the nobility and persons of the first distinction.

The edition of which he speaks was, I believe, that which, by telling in the text the names, and in the notes the characters, of those whom he had satirised, was made intelligible and diverting. The critics had now declared their approbation of the plan, and the common reader began to like it without fear; those who were strangers to petty literature, and therefore unable to decipher initials and blanks, had now names and persons brought within their view; and delighted in the visible effect of those shafts of malice, which they had hitherto contemplated, as shot into the air.

Dennis, upon the fresh provocation now given him, renewed the enmity which had for a time been appeased by mutual civilities; and published remarks, which he had till then suppressed, upon the 'Rape of the Lock.' Many more grumbled in secret, or vented their resentment in the newspapers by epigrams or invectives.

Ducket, indeed, being mentioned as loving Burnet with "pious passion," pretended that his moral character was injured, and for some time declared his resolution to take vengeance with a cudgel. But Pope appeased him, by changing "pious passion" to "cordial friendship;" and by a note, in which he vehemently disclaims the malignity of meaning imputed to the first expression.

Aaron Hill, who was represented as diving for the prize, expostulated with Pope in a manner so much superior to all mean solicitation, that Pope was reduced to sneak and shuffle, sometimes to deny, and sometimes to apologize; he first endeavours to wound, and is then afraid to own that he meant a blow.

The 'Dunciad,' in a complete edition, is addressed to Dr. Swift: of the notes, part were written by Dr. Arbuthnot; and an apologetical Letter was prefixed, signed by Cleland, but supposed to have been written by Pope.

After this general war upon Dulness, he seems to have indulged himself a while in tranquillity; but his subsequent productions prove that he was not idle. He published (1731) a poem on 'Taste,' in which he very particularly and severely criticises the house, the furniture, the gardens, and the entertainments of Timon, a man of great wealth and little taste. By Timon he was universally supposed, and by the Earl of Burlington, to whom the poem is addressed, was privately said, to mean the Duke of Chandos; a man perhaps too much delighted with pomp and show, but of a temper kind and beneficent, and who had consequently the voice of the public in his favour.

A violent outcry was therefore raised against the ingratitude and treachery of Pope, who was said to have been indebted to the patronage of Chandos for a present of a thousand pounds, and who gained the opportunity of insulting him by the kindness of his invitation.

The receipt of the thousand pounds Pope publicly denied; but from the reproach which the attack on a character so amiable brought upon him, he tried all means of escaping. The name of Cleland was again employed in an apology, by which no man was satisfied; and he was at last reduced to shelter his temerity behind dissimulation, and endeavour to make that disbelieved which he never had confidence openly to deny. He wrote an exculpatory letter to the Duke, which was answered with great magnanimity, as by a man who accepted his excuse without believing his professions. He said, that to have ridiculed his taste, or his buildings, had been an indifferent action in another man; but that in Pope, after the reciprocal kindness that had been exchanged between them, it had been less easily excused.

Pope, in one of his Letters, complaining of the treatment which his poem had found, "owns that such critics can intimidate him, nay almost persuade him to write no more, which is a compliment this age deserves." The man who threatens the world is always ridiculous; for the world can easily go on without him, and in a short time will cease to miss him. I have heard of an idiot, who used to revenge his vexations by lying all night upon the bridge. "There is nothing," says Juvenal, "that a man will not believe in his own favour." Pope had been flattered till he thought himself one of the moving powers in the system of life. When he talked of laying down his pen, those who sat round him intreated and implored: and self-love did not suffer him to suspect that they went away and laughed.

The following year deprived him of Gay, a man whom he had known early, and whom he seemed to love with more tenderness than any other of his literary friends. Pope was now forty-four years old; an age at which the mind begins less easily to admit new confidence, and the will to grow less flexible; and when, therefore, the departure of an old friend is very acutely felt.

In the next year he lost his mother, not by an unexpected death, for she had lasted to the age of ninety-three: but she did not die unlamented. The filial piety of Pope was in the highest degree amiable and exemplary; his parents had the happiness of living till he was at the summit of poetical reputation, till he was at ease in his fortune, and without a rival in his fame, and found no diminution of his respect and tenderness. Whatever was his pride, to them he was obedient; and whatever was

his irritability, to them he was gentle. Life has, among its soothing and quiet comforts, few things better to give than such a son.

One of the passages of Pope's life, which seems to deserve some inquiry, was a publication of Letters between him and many of his friends, which falling into the hands of Curll, a rapacious bookseller of no good fame, were by him printed and sold. This volume containing some Letters from noblemen, Pope incited a prosecution against him in the House of Lords for a breach of privilege, and attended himself to stimulate the resentment of his friends. Curll appeared at the bar, and, knowing himself in no great danger, spoke of Pope with very little reverence: "He has," said Curll, "a knack at versifying, but in prose I think myself a match for him." When the orders of the House were examined, none of them appeared to have been infringed; Curll went away triumphant; and Pope was left to seek some other remedy.

Curll's account was, that one evening a man in a clergyman's gown, but with a lawyer's band, brought and offered to sale a number of printed volumes, which he found to be Pope's epistolary correspondence; that he asked no name, and was told none, but gave the price demanded, and thought himself authorised to use his purchase to his own advantage.

That Curll gave a true account of the transaction it is reasonable to believe, because no falsehood was ever detected: and when, some years afterwards, I mentioned it to Lintot, the son of Bernard, he declared his opinion to be, that Pope knew better than any body else how Curll obtained the copies, because another parcel was at the same time sent to himself for which no price had ever been demanded, as he made known his resolution not to pay a porter, and consequently not to deal with a nameless agent.

Such care had been taken to make them public, that they were sent at once to two booksellers: to Curll, who was likely to seize them as a prey; and to Lintot, who might be expected to give Pope information of the seeming injury. Lintot, I believe, did nothing; and Curll did what was expected. That to make them public was the only purpose may be reasonably supposed, because the numbers, offered to sale by the private messengers, showed that hope of gain could not have been the motive of the impression.

It seems that Pope, being desirous of printing his Letters, and not knowing how to do, without imputation of vanity, what has in this country been done very rarely, contrived an appearance of compulsion; that, when he could complain that his Letters were surreptitiously published, he might decently and defensively publish them himself.

Pope's private correspondence, thus promulgated, filled the nation with praises of his candour, tenderness, and benevolence, the purity of his purposes, and the fidelity of his friendship. There were some Letters which a very good or a very wise man would wish suppressed; but as they had been already exposed, it was impracticable now to retract them.

From the perusal of those Letters, Mr. Allen first conceived the desire of knowing him; and with so much zeal did he cultivate the friendship which he had newly formed, that, when Pope told his purpose of vindicating his own property by a genuine edition, he offered to pay the cost.

This however Pope did not accept; but in time solicited a subscription for a Quarto volume, which appeared (1737,) I believe, with sufficient profit. In the preface he tells, that his Letters were reposited in a friend's library, said to be the Earl of Oxford's, and that the copy thence stolen was sent to the press. The story was doubtless received with different degrees of credit. It may be suspected that the Preface to the 'Miscellanies' was written to prepare the public for such an incident; and to strengthen this opinion, James Worsdale, a painter, who was employed in clandestine negotiations, but whose veracity was very doubtful, declared that he was the messenger who carried, by Pope's direction, the books to Curll.

When they were first published and avowed, as they had relation to recent facts, and persons either then living or not yet forgotten, they may be supposed to have found readers; but as the facts were minute, and the characters, being either private or literary, were little known, or little regarded, they awakened no popular kindness or resentment; the book never became much the subject of conversation; some read it as a contemporary history, and some perhaps as a model of epistolary language: but those who read it did not talk of it. Not much therefore was added by it to fame or envy; nor do I remember that it produced either public praise, or public censure.

It had, however, in some degree, the recommendation of novelty. Our language had few Letters, except those of statesmen. Howel, indeed, about a century ago, published his Letters, which are commended by Morhoff, and which alone, of his hundred volumes, continue his memory. Loveday's Letters were printed only once; those of Herbert and Suckling are hardly known. Mrs. Phillips [Orinda's] are equally neglected. And those of Walsh seem written as exercises, and were never sent to any living mistress or friend. Pope's epistolary excellence had an open field; he had no English rival living or dead.

Pope is seen in this collection as connected with the other contemporary wits, and certainly suffers no disgrace in the comparison; but it must be remembered, that he had the power of favouring himself; he might have originally had publication in his mind, and have written with care, or have afterwards selected those which he had most happily conceived, or most diligently laboured; and I know not whether there does not appear something more studied and artificial in his productions than the rest, except one long Letter by Bolingbroke, composed with the skill and industry of a professed author. It is indeed not easy to distinguish affectation from habit; he that has once studiously formed a style rarely writes afterwards with complete ease. Pope may be said to write always with his reputation in his head; Swift, perhaps, like a man who remembered he was writing to Pope; but Arbuthnot, like one who lets thoughts drop from his pen as they rise into his mind.

Before these Letters appeared, he published the first part of what he persuaded himself to think a system of Ethics, under the title of an 'Essay on Man:' which, if his Letter to Swift (of September 14, 1735) be rightly explained by the commentator,

had been eight years under his consideration, and of which he seems to have desired the success with great solicitude. He had now many open, and doubtless many secret enemies. The 'Dunces,' were yet smarting with the war; and the superiority which he publicly arrogated, disposed the world to wish his humiliation.

All this he knew, and against all he provided. His own name, and that of his friend to whom the work is inscribed, were in the first editions carefully suppressed; and the poem, being of a new kind, was ascribed to one or another, as favour determined, or conjecture wandered; it was given, says Warburton, to every man, except him only who could write it. Those who like only when they like the author, and who are under the dominion of a name, condemned it; and those admired it who are willing to scatter praise at random, which, while it is unappropriated, excites no envy. Those friends of Pope, that were trusted with the secret, went about lavishing honours on the new-born poet, and hinting that Pope was never so much in danger from any former rival.

To those authors whom he had personally offended, and to those whose opinion the world considered as decisive, and whom he suspected of envy or malevolence, he sent his Essay as a present before publication, that they might defeat their own enmity by praises which they could not afterwards decently retract.

With these precautions, 1733, was published the first part of the 'Essay on Man.' There had been for some time a report that Pope was busy upon a System of Morality: but this design was not discovered in the new poem, which had a form and a title with which its readers were unacquainted. Its reception was not uniform: some thought it a very imperfect piece, though not without good lines. While the author was unknown, some, as will always happen, favoured him as an adventurer, and some censured him as an intruder; but all thought him above neglect; the sale increased, and editions were multiplied.

The subsequent editions of the first Epistle exhibited two memorable corrections. At first, the poet and his friend

> Expatiate freely o'er this scene of man,
> A mighty maze *of walks without a plan:*

For which he wrote afterwards,

> A mighty maze, *but not without a plan:*

for, if there was no plan, it was in vain to describe or to trace the maze.

The other alteration was of these lines;

> And spite of pride, *and in thy reason's spite,*
> One truth is clear, whatever is, is right:

but having afterwards discovered or been shown, that the "truth" which subsisted "in spite of reason" could not be very "clear," he substituted

> And spite of pride, *in erring reason's spite.*

To such oversights will the most vigorous mind be liable, when it is employed at once upon argument and poetry.

The second and third Epistles were published; and Pope was, I believe, more and more suspected of writing them; at last, in 1734, he avowed the fourth, and claimed the honour of a moral poet.

In the conclusion it is sufficiently acknowledged, that the doctrine of the 'Essay on Man' was received from Bolingbroke, who is said to have ridiculed Pope among those who enjoyed his confidence, as having adopted and advanced principles of which he did not perceive the consequence, and as blindly propagating opinions contrary to his own That those communications had been consolidated into a scheme regularly drawn, and delivered to Pope, from whom it returned only transformed from prose to verse, has been reported, but hardly can be true. The Essay plainly appears the fabric of a poet; what Bolingbroke supplied could only be the first principles: the order, illustration, and embellishments, must all be Pope's.

These principles it is not my business to clear from obscurity, dogmatism, or falsehood; but they were not immediately examined: philosophy and poetry have not often the same readers; and the Essay abounded in splendid amplifications and sparkling sentences, which were read and admired with no great attention to their ultimate purpose: its flowers caught the eye, which did not see what the gay foliage concealed, and for a time flourished in the sunshine of universal approbation. So little was any evil tendency discovered, that, as innocence is unsuspicious, many read it for a manual of piety.

Its reputation soon invited a translator. It was first turned into French prose, and afterwards by Resnel into verse. Both translations fell into the hands of Crousaz, who first, when he had the version in prose, wrote a general censure, and afterwards reprinted Resnel's version, with particular remarks upon every paragraph.

Crousaz was a professor of Switzerland, eminent for his treatise of Logic, and his 'Examen de Pyrrhonisme;' and, however little known or regarded here, was no mean antagonist. His mind was one of those in which philosophy and piety are happily united. He was accustomed to argument and disquisition, and perhaps was grown too desirous of detecting faults; but his intentions were always right, his opinions were solid, and his religion pure.

His incessant vigilance for the promotion of piety disposed him to look with distrust upon all metaphysical systems of Theology, and all schemes of virtue and happiness purely rational: and therefore it was not long before he was persuaded that the positions of Pope, as they terminated for the most part in natural religion, were intended to draw mankind away from revelation, and to represent the whole course of things as a necessary concatenation of indissoluble fatality; and it is undeniable, that in many passages a religious eye may easily discover expressions not very favourable to morals, or to liberty.

About this time Warburton began to make his appearance in the first ranks of learning. He was a man of vigorous faculties, a mind fervent and vehement, supplied by incessant and unlimited inquiry, with wonderful extent and variety of knowledge, which yet had not oppressed his imagination, nor clouded his perspicacity. To every work he brought a memory full fraught, together with a fancy fertile of original combinations, and at once

exerted the powers of the scholar, the reasoner, and the wit. But his knowledge was too multifarious to be always exact, and his pursuits too eager to be always cautious. His abilities gave him a haughty confidence, which he disdained to conceal or mollify: and his impatience of opposition disposed him to treat his adversaries with such contemptuous superiority as made his readers commonly his enemies, and excited against the advocate the wishes of some who favoured the cause. He seems to have adopted the Roman Emperor's determination, *oderint dum metuant;* he used no allurements of gentle language, but wished to compel rather than persuade.

His style is copious without selection, and forcible without neatness; he took the words that presented themselves; his diction is coarse and impure; and his sentences are unmeasured.

He had, in the early part of his life, pleased himself with the notice of inferior wits, and corresponded with the enemies of Pope. A Letter was produced, when he had perhaps himself forgotten it, in which he tells Concanen, "Dryden I observe borrows for want of leisure, and Pope for want of genius; Milton out of pride, and Addison out of modesty." And when Theobald published Shakspeare, in opposition to Pope, the best notes were supplied by Warburton.

But the time was now come when Warburton was to change his opinion; and Pope was to find a defender in him who had contributed so much to the exaltation of his rival.

The arrogance of Warburton excited against him every artifice of offence, and therefore it may be supposed that his union with Pope was censured as hypocritical inconsistency; but surely to think differently, at different times, of poetical merit, may be easily allowed. Such opinions are often admitted, and dismissed, without nice examination. Who is there that has not found reason for changing his mind about questions of great importance?

Warburton, whatever was his motive, undertook, without solicitation, to rescue Pope from the talents of Crousaz, by freeing him from the imputation of favouring fatality, or rejecting revelation; and from month to month continued a vindication of the 'Essay on Man,' in the literary journal of that time called 'The Republic of Letters.'

Pope, who probably began to doubt the tendency of his own work, was glad that the positions, of which he perceived himself not to know the full meaning, could by any mode of interpretation be made to mean well. How much he was pleased with his gratuitous defender the following Letter evidently shows:

"Sir, *April* 11, 1732.

"I have just received from Mr. R. two more of your Letters. It is in the greatest hurry imaginable that I write this; but I cannot help thanking you in particular for your third Letter, which is so extremely clear, short, and full, that I think Mr. Crousaz ought never to have another answer, and deserved not so good a one. I can only say, you do him too much honour, and me too much right, so odd as the expression seems; for you have made my system as clear as I ought to have done, and could not. It is indeed the same system as mine, but illustrated with a ray of your own, as they say our natural body is the same still when it is glorified. I am sure I like it better than I did before, and so will every man else. I know I meant just what you explain; but I did not explain my own meaning so well as you. You understand me as well as I do myself; but you express me better than I could express myself. Pray, accept the sincerest acknowledgments. I cannot but wish these Letters were put together in one Book, and intend (with your leave) to procure a translation of part at least, or of all of them, into French; but I shall not proceed a step without your consent and opinion, &c."

By this fond and eager acceptance of an exculpatory comment, Pope testified that, whatever might be the seeming or real import of the principles which he had received from Bolingbroke, he had not intentionally attacked religion; and Bolingbroke, if he meant to make him, without his own consent, an instrument of mischief, found him now engaged, with his eyes open, on the side of truth.

It is known that Bolingbroke concealed from Pope his real opinions. He once discovered them to Mr. Hooke, who related them again to Pope, and was told by him that he must have mistaken the meaning of what he heard; and Bolingbroke, when Pope's uneasiness incited him to desire an explanation, declared that Hooke had misunderstood him.

Bolingbroke hated Warburton, who had drawn his pupil from him; and a little before Pope's death they had a dispute, from which they parted with mutual aversion.

From this time Pope lived in the closest intimacy with his commentator, and amply rewarded his kindness and zeal; for he introduced him to Mr. Murray, by whose interest he became preacher at Lincoln's Inn; and to Mr. Allen, who gave him his niece and his estate, and by consequence a bishopric. When he died, he left him the property of his works; a legacy which may be reasonably estimated at four thousand pounds.

Pope's fondness for the 'Essay on Man' appeared by his desire of its propagation. Dobson, who had gained reputation by his version of Prior's 'Solomon,' was employed by him to translate it into Latin verse, and was for that purpose some time at Twickenham; but he left his work, whatever was the reason, unfinished; and, by Benson's invitation, undertook the longer task of 'Paradise Lost.' Pope then desired his friend to find a scholar who should turn his Essay into Latin prose; but no such performance has ever appeared.

Pope lived at this time *among the Great*, with that reception and respect to which his works entitled him, and which he had not impaired by any private misconduct or factious partiality. Though Bolingbroke was his friend, Walpole was not his enemy; but treated him with so much consideration, as at his request, to solicit and obtain from the French minister an abbey for Mr. Southcot, whom he considered himself as obliged to reward, by this exertion of his interest, for the benefit which he had received from his attendance in a long illness.

It was said, that, when the Court was at Richmond, Queen Caroline had declared her intention to visit him. This may have been only a careless effusion, thought on no more; the report of such notice, however, was soon in many mouths; and, if I do not forget or misapprehend Savage's account,

Pope, pretending to decline what was not yet offered, left his house for a time, not I suppose for any other reason than lest he should be thought to stay at home in expectation of an honour which would not be conferred. He was therefore angry at Swift, who represents him as "refusing the visits of a Queen," because he knew that what had never been offered had never been refused.

Beside the general system of morality, supposed to be contained in the 'Essay on Man,' it was his intention to write distinct poems upon the different duties or conditions of life; one of which is the Epistle to Lord Bathurst (1733) on the 'Use of Riches,' a piece on which he declared great labour to have been bestowed.*

Into this piece some hints are historically thrown, and some known characters are introduced, with others of which it is difficult to say how far they are real or fictious; but the praise of Kyrl, the Man of Ross, deserves particular examination, who, after a long and pompous enumeration of his public works and private charities, is said to have diffused all those blessings from *five hundred a year*. Wonders are willingly told, and willingly heard. The truth is, that Kyrl was a man of known integrity and active benevolence, by whose solicitation the wealthy were persuaded to pay contributions to his charitable schemes; this influence he obtained by an example of liberality exerted to the utmost extent of his power, and was thus enabled to give more than he had. This account Mr. Victor received from the minister of the place: and I have preserved it, that the praise of a good man, being made more credible, may be more solid. Narrations of romantic and impracticable virtue will be read with wonder, but that which is unattainable is recommended in vain; that good may be endeavoured, it must be shown to be possible.

This is the only piece in which the author has given a hint of his religion, by ridiculing the ceremony of burning the pope, and by mentioning with some indignation the inscription on the Monument.†

When this poem was first published, the dialogue having no letters of direction, was perplexed and obscure. Pope seems to have written with no very distinct idea; for he calls that an 'Epistle to Bathurst,' in which Bathurst is introduced as speaking.

He afterwards (1734) inscribed to Lord Cobham his 'Characters of Men,' written with close attention to the operations of the mind and modifications of life. In this poem he has endeavoured to establish and exemplify his favourite theory of the *Ruling Passion*, by which he means an original direction of desire to some particular object; an innate affection, which gives all action a determinate and invariable tendency, and operates upon the whole system of life, either openly or more secretly, by the intervention of some accidental or subordinate propension.

Of any passion, thus innate and irresistible, the existence may reasonably be doubted. Human characters are by no means constant; men change by change of place, of fortune, of acquaintance; he who is at one time a lover of pleasure, is at another a lover of money. Those indeed who attain any excellence, commonly spend life in one pursuit: for excellence is not often gained upon easier terms. But to the particular species of excellence men are directed, not by an ascendant planet or predominating humour, but by the first book which they read, some early conversation which they heard, or some accident which excited ardour and emulation.

It must at least be allowed that this *Ruling Passion*, antecedent to reason and observation, must have an object independent on human contrivance; for there can be no natural desire of artificial good. No man therefore can be born, in the strict acceptation, a lover of money; for he may be born where money does not exist: nor can he be born, in a moral sense, a lover of his country; for society, politically regulated, is a state contradistinguished from a state of nature; and any attention to that coalition of interests which makes the happiness of a country, is possible only to those whom inquiry and reflection have enabled to comprehend it.

This doctrine is in itself pernicious as well as false; its tendency is to produce the belief of a kind of moral predestination, or overruling principle which cannot be resisted; he that admits it is prepared to comply with every desire that caprice or opportunity shall excite, and to flatter himself that he submits only to the lawful dominion of Nature, in obeying the resistless authority of his *Ruling Passion*.

Pope has formed his theory with so little skill, that in the examples by which he illustrates and confirms it, he has confounded passions, appetites, and habits.

To the 'Characters of Men,' he added soon after, in an Epistle supposed to have been addressed to Martha Blount, but which the last edition has taken from her, the 'Characters of Women.' This poem, which was laboured with great diligence, and, in the author's opinion, with great success, was neglected at its first publication, as the commentator supposes, because the public was informed, by an advertisement, that it contained *no character drawn from the Life;* an assertion which Pope probably did not expect nor wish to have been believed, and which he soon gave his readers sufficient reason to distrust, by telling them in a note that the work was imperfect, because part of his subject was *Vice too high* to be yet exposed.

The time however soon came, in which it was safe to display the Dutchess of Marlborough under the name of *Atossa;* and her character was inserted with no great honour to the writer's gratitude.

He published from time to time (between 1730 and 1740) 'Imitations of different poems of Horace,' generally with his name, and once, as was suspected, without it. What he was upon moral principles ashamed to own, he ought to have suppressed. Of these pieces it is useless to settle the dates, as they seldom had much relation to the times, and perhaps had been long in his hands.

This mode of imitation, in which the ancients are familiarized, by adapting their sentiments to modern topics, by making Horace say of Shakspeare what he originally said of Ennius, and accommodating his satires on Pantolabus and Nomentanus to the flatterers and prodigals of our own time, was first practised in the reign of Charles the

* Spence.

† Erected to commemorate the great Fire of London, on Fish-street Hill.

Second by Oldham and Rochester, at least I remember no instances more ancient. It is a kind of middle composition, between translation and original design, which pleases when the thoughts are unexpectedly applicable, and the parallels lucky. It seems to have been Pope's favourite amusement; for he has carried it further than any former poet.

He published likewise a revival, in smoother numbers, of Dr. Donne's Satires, which was recommended to him by the Duke of Shrewsbury and the Earl of Oxford. They made no great impression on the public. Pope seems to have known their imbecility, and therefore suppressed them while he was yet contending to rise in reputation, but ventured them when he thought their deficiencies more likely to be imputed to Donne than to himself.

The Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, which seems to be derived in its first design from Boileau's Address *à son Esprit*, was published in January 1735, about a month before the death of him to whom it is inscribed. It is to be regretted, that either honour or pleasure should have been missed by Arbuthnot; a man estimable for his learning, amiable for his life, and venerable for his piety.

Arbuthnot was a man of great comprehension, skilful in his profession, versed in the sciences, acquainted with ancient literature, and able to animate his mass of knowledge by a bright and active imagination; a scholar with great brilliance of wit; a wit, who, in the crowd of life, retained and discovered a noble ardour of religious zeal.

In this poem Pope seems to reckon with the public. He vindicates himself from censures; and with dignity, rather than arrogance, enforces his own claims to kindness and respect.

Into this poem are interwoven several paragraphs which had been before printed as a fragment, and among them the satirical lines upon Addison, of which the last couplet has been twice corrected. It was at first,

> Who would not smile if such a man there be?
> Who would not laugh if Addison were he?

Then,

> Who would not grieve if such a man there be?
> Who would not laugh if Addison were he?

At last it is,

> Who but must laugh if such a man there be?
> Who would not weep if Atticus were he?

He was at this time at open war with Lord Hervey, who had distinguished himself as a steady adherent to the ministry; and, being offended with a contemptuous answer to one of his pamphlets,* had summoned Pulteney to a duel. Whether he or Pope made the first attack, perhaps, cannot now be easily known: he had written an invective against Pope, whom he calls, "Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure;" and hints that his father was a *hatter*. To this Pope wrote a reply in verse and prose; the verses are in this poem; and the prose, though it was never sent, is printed among his Letters, but to a cool reader of the present time exhibits nothing but tedious malignity.

His last Satires, of the general kind, were two Dialogues, named, from the year in which they were published, 'Seventeen Hundred and Thirty-eight.' In these poems many are praised, and many reproached. Pope was then entangled in the opposition; a follower of the Prince of Wales, who dined at his house, and the friend of many who obstructed and censured the conduct of the ministers. His political partiality was too plainly shown: he forgot the prudence with which he passed, in his earlier years, uninjured and unoffending, through much more violent conflicts of faction.

In the first Dialogue, having an opportunity of praising Allen of Bath, he asked his leave to mention him as a man not illustrious by any merit of his ancestors, and called him in his verse "low-born Allen." Men are seldom satisfied with praise introduced or followed by any mention of defect. Allen seems not to have taken any pleasure in his epithet, which was afterwards softened into "humble Allen."

In the second Dialogue he took some liberty with one of the Foxes, among others; which Fox, in a reply to Lyttleton, took an opportunity of repaying, by reproaching him with the friendship of a lampooner, who scattered his ink without fear or decency, and against whom he hoped the resentment of the legislature would quickly be discharged.

About this time Paul Whitehead, a small poet, was summoned before the Lords for a poem called 'Manners,' together with Dodsley his publisher. Whitehead, who hung loose upon society, skulked and escaped; but Dodsley's shop and family made his appearance necessary. He was, however, soon dismissed; and the whole process was probably intended rather to intimidate Pope, than to punish Whitehead.

Pope never afterwards attempted to join the patriot with the poet, nor drew his pen upon statesmen. That he desisted from his attempts of reformation, is imputed by his commentator, to his despair of prevailing over the corruption of the time. He was not likely to have been ever of opinion, that the dread of his satire would countervail the love of power or of money; he pleased himself with being important and formidable; and gratified sometimes his pride, and sometimes his resentment; till at last he began to think he should be more safe, if he were less busy.

The 'Memoirs of Scriblerus,' published about this time, extend only to the first book of a work projected in concert by Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot, who used to meet in the time of Queen Anne, and denominated themselves the 'Scriblerus Club.' Their purpose was to censure the abuses of learning by a fictitious Life of an infatuated Scholar. They were dispersed; the design was never completed; and Warburton laments its miscarriage, as an event very disastrous to polite letters.

If the whole may be estimated by this specimen, which seems to be the production of Arbuthnot, with a few touches perhaps by Pope, the want of more will not be much lamented; for the follies which the writer ridicules are so little practised, that they are not known: nor can the satire be understood but by the learned; he raises phantoms of absurdity, and then drives them away. He cures diseases that were never felt

For this reason this joint production of three great

* 'Sedition and Defamation displayed.' 8vo. 1733.

writers has never obtained any notice from mankind; it has been little read, or when read has been forgotten, as no man could be wiser, better, or merrier, by remembering it.

The design cannot boast of much originality; for, besides its general resemblance to Don Quixote, there will be found in it particular imitations of the History of Mr. Ouffle.

Swift carried so much of it into Ireland as supplied him with hints for his Travels; and with those the world might have been contented, though the rest had been suppressed.

Pope had sought for images and sentiments in a region not known to have been explored by many other of the English writers; he had consulted the modern writers of Latin poetry, a class of authors whom Boileau endeavoured to bring into contempt, and who are too generally neglected. Pope, however, was not ashamed of their acquaintance, nor ungrateful for the advantages which he might have derived from it. A small selection from the Italians, who wrote in Latin, had been published at London, about the latter end of the last century, by a man* who concealed his name, but whom his Preface shows to have been qualified for his undertaking. This collection Pope amplified by more than half, and (1740) published it in two volumes, but injuriously omitted his predecessor's Preface. To these books, which had nothing but the mere text, no regard was paid; the authors were still neglected, and the editor was neither praised nor censured.

He did not sink into idleness; he had planned a work which he considered as subsequent to his 'Essay on Man,' of which he has given this account to Dr. Swift:

"*March* 25, 1736.

"If ever I write any more Epistles in verse, one of them shall be addressed to you. I have long concerted it, and begun it; but I would make what bears your name as finished as my last work ought to be; that is to say, more finished than any of the rest. The subject is large, and will divide into four Epistles, which naturally follow the 'Essay on Man;' viz. 1. Of the Extent and Limits of human Reason and Science. 2. A View of the useful and therefore attainable, and of the unuseful and therefore unattainable Arts. 3. Of the Nature, Ends, Application, and Use, of different Capacities. 4. Of the Use of Learning, of the Science of the World, and of Wit. It will conclude with a satire against the Misapplication of all these, exemplified by Pictures, Characters, and Examples."

This work in its full extent, being now afflicted with an asthma, and finding the powers of life gradually declining, he had no longer courage to undertake; but from the materials which he had provided, he added, at Warburton's request, another book to the 'Dunciad,' of which the design is to ridicule such studies as are either hopeless or useless, as either pursue what is unattainable, or what, if it be attained, is of no use.

When this book was printed (1742) the laurel had been for some time upon the head of Cibber; a man whom it cannot be supposed that Pope could regard with much kindness or esteem, though in one of the imitations of Horace he has liberally enough praised the 'Careless Husband.' In the 'Dunciad,' among other worthless scribblers, he had mentioned Cibber; who, in his 'Apology,' complains of the great Poet's unkindness as more injurious, "because," says he, "I never have offended him."

It might have been expected that Pope should have been, in some degree, mollified by this submissive gentleness, but no such consequence appeared. Though he condescended to commend Cibber once, he mentioned him afterwards contemptuously in one of his satires, and again in his Epistle to Arbuthnot; and in the fourth book of the 'Dunciad' attacked him with acrimony, to which the provocation is not easily discoverable. Perhaps he imagined that, in ridiculing the Laureate, he satirized those by whom the laurel had been given, and gratified that ambitious petulance with which he affected to insult the great.

The severity of this satire left Cibber no longer any patience. He had confidence enough in his own powers to believe that he could disturb the quiet of his adversary, and doubtless did not want instigators, who, without any care about the victory, desired to amuse themselves by looking on the contest. He therefore gave the town a pamphlet, in which he declared his resolution from that time never to bear another blow without returning it, and to tire out his adversary by perseverance, if he cannot conquer him by strength.

The incessant and unappeasable malignity of Pope he imputes to a very distant cause. After the 'Three hours after Marriage' had been driven off the stage, by the offence which the mummy and crocodile gave the audience, while the exploded scene was yet fresh in memory, it happened that Cibber played Bayes in the 'Rehearsal;' and, as it had been usual to enliven the part by the mention of any recent theatrical transactions, he said, that he once thought to have introduced his lovers disguised in a mummy and a crocodile. "This," says he, "was received with loud claps, which indicated contempt of the play." Pope, who was behind the scenes, meeting him as he left the stage, attacked him, as he says, with all the virulence of a "Wit out of his senses;" to which he replied, "that he would take no other notice of what was said by so particular a man, than to declare, that as often as he played that part, he would repeat the same provocation."

He shows his opinion to be, that Pope was one of the authors of the play which he so zealously defended; and adds an idle story of Pope's behaviour at a tavern.

The pamphlet was written with little power of thought or language, and, if suffered to remain without notice, would have been very soon forgotten. Pope had now been enough acquainted with human life to know, if his passion had not been too powerful for his understanding, that from a contention like his with Cibber, the world seeks nothing but diversion, which is given at the expense of the higher character. When Cibber lampooned Pope, curiosity was excited; what Pope would say of Cibber nobody inquired, but in hope that Pope's asperity might betray his pain and lessen his dignity.

He should therefore have suffered the pamphlet

* Since discovered to be Atterbury, afterwards Bishop of Rochester.

to flutter and die, without confessing that it stung him. The dishonour of being shown as Cibber's antagonist could never be compensated by the victory. Cibber had nothing to lose; when Pope had exhausted all his malignity upon him, he would rise in the esteem both of his friends and his enemies. Silence only could have made him despicable; the blow which did not appear to be felt would have been struck in vain.

But Pope's irascibility prevailed, and he resolved to tell the whole English world that he was at war with Cibber; and, to show that he thought him no common adversary, he prepared no common vengeance; he published a new edition of the 'Dunciad,' in which he degraded Theobald from his painful pre-eminence, and enthroned Cibber in his stead. Unhappily the two heroes were of opposite characters, and Pope was unwilling to lose what he had already written; he has therefore depraved his poem by giving to Cibber the old books, the old pedantry, and the sluggish pertinacity of Theobald.

Pope was ignorant enough of his own interest, to make another change, and introduced Osborne contending for the prize among the booksellers. Osborne was a man entirely destitute of shame, without sense of any disgrace but that of poverty. He told me, when he was doing that which raised Pope's resentment, that he should be put into the 'Dunciad;' but he had the fate of Cassandra. I gave no credit to his prediction, till in time I saw it accomplished. The shafts of satire were directed equally in vain against Cibber and Osborn; being repelled by the impenetrable impudence of one, and deadened by the impassive dulness of the other. Pope confessed his own pain by his anger; but he gave no pain to those who had provoked him. He was able to hurt none but himself; but transferring the same ridicule from one to another, he reduced himself to the insignificance of his own magpie, who from his cage calls cuckold at a venture.

Cibber, according to his engagement, repaid the 'Dunciad' with another pamphlet, which Pope said, "would be as good as a dose of hartshorn to him;" but his tongue and his heart were at variance. I have heard Mr. Richardson relate, that he attended his father the painter on a visit, when one of Cibber's pamphlets came into the hands of Pope, who said, "These things are my diversion." They sat by him while he perused it, and saw his features writhing with anguish; and young Richardson said to his father when they returned, "that he hoped to be preserved from such diversion as had been that day the lot of Pope."

From this time finding his diseases more oppressive, and his vital powers gradually declining, he no longer strained his faculties with any original composition, nor proposed any other employment for his remaining life, than the revisal and correction of his former works; in which he received advice and assistance from Warburton, whom he appears to have trusted and honoured in the highest degree.

He laid aside his Epic Poem, perhaps without much loss to mankind; for his hero was Brutus the Trojan, who, according to the ridiculous fiction, established a colony in Britain. The subject therefore, was of the fabulous age; the actors were a race upon whom imagination had been exhausted, and attention wearied, and to whom the mind will not easily be recalled, when it is invited in blank verse, which Pope had adopted with great imprudence, and, I think, without due consideration of the nature of our language. The sketch is, at least in part, preserved by Ruffhead; by which it appears, that Pope was thoughtless enough to model the names of his heroes with terminations not consistent with the time or country in which he places them.

He lingered through the next year; but perceived himself, as he expresses it, "going down the hill." He had for at least five years been afflicted with an asthma and other disorders, which his physicians were unable to relieve. Towards the end of his life he consulted Dr. Thomson, a man who had, by large promises, and free censures of the common practice of physic, forced himself up into sudden reputation. Thomson declared his distemper to be a dropsy, and evacuated part of the water by tincture of jalap; but confessed that his belly did not subside. Thomson had many enemies, and Pope was persuaded to dismiss him.

While he was yet capable of amusement and conversation, as he was one day sitting in the air with Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Marchmont, he saw his favourite Martha Blount at the bottom of the terrace, and asked Lord Bolingbroke to go and hand her up. Bolingbroke, not liking his errand, crossed his legs and sat still; but Lord Marchmont, who was younger and less captious, waited on the lady, who, when he came to her, asked—"What, is he not dead yet?" She is said to have neglected him, with shameful unkindness, in the latter time of his decay; yet, of the little which he had to leave, she had a very great part. Their acquaintance began early; the life of each was pictured on the other's mind; their conversation therefore was endearing, for when they met, there was an immediate coalition of congenial notions. Perhaps he considered her unwillingness to approach the chamber of sickness as female weakness, or human frailty; perhaps he was conscious to himself of peevishness and impatience, or, though he was offended by her inattention, might yet consider her merit as overbalancing her fault; and, if he had suffered his heart to be alienated from her, he could have found nothing that might have filled her place; he could have only shrunk within himself; it was too late to transfer his confidence or fondness.

In May, 1744, his death was approaching:* on the sixth, he was all day delirious, which he mentioned four days afterwards as a sufficient humiliation of the vanity of man; he afterwards complained of seeing things as through a curtain, and in false colours; and one day, in the presence of Dodsley, asked what arm it was that came out from the wall. He said that his greatest inconvenience was inability to think.

Bolingbroke sometimes wept over him in this state of helpless decay; and being told by Spence, that Pope, at the intermission of his deliriousness, was always saying something kind either of his present or absent friends, and that his humanity seemed to have survived his understanding, answered, "It has so." And added, "I never in my life knew a man that had so tender a heart for his particular friends, or more general friendship for mankind."

* Spence.

At another time he said, "I have known Pope these thirty years, and value myself more in his friendship than"—His grief then suppressed his voice.

Pope expressed undoubted confidence of a future state. Being asked by his friend Mr. Hooke, a papist, whether he would not die like his father and mother, and whether a priest should not be called, he answered, "I do not think it essential, but it will be very right; and I thank you for putting me in mind of it."

In the morning, after the priest had given him the last sacrament, he said, "There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship, and indeed friendship itself is only a part of virtue."

He died in the evening of the thirtieth day of May, 1744, so placidly, that the attendants did not discern the exact time of his expiration. He was buried at Twickenham, near his father and mother, where a monument has been erected to him by his commentator, the Bishop of Gloucester.

He left the care of his papers to his executors; first to Lord Bolingbroke; and, if he should not be living, to the Earl of Marchmont; undoubtedly expecting them to be proud of the trust, and eager to extend his fame. But let no man dream of influence beyond his life. After a decent time, Dodsley the bookseller went to solicit preference as the publisher, and was told that the parcel had not been yet inspected; and, whatever was the reason, the world has been disappointed of what was "reserved for the next age."

He lost, indeed, the favour of Bolingbroke by a kind of posthumous offence. The political pamphlet called 'The Patriot King' had been put into his hands that he might procure the impression of a very few copies, to be distributed, according to the author's direction, among his friends, and Pope assured him, that no more had been printed than were allowed; but soon after his death the printer brought and resigned a complete edition of fifteen hundred copies, which Pope had ordered him to print, and retain it secret. He kept, as was observed, his engagement to Pope better than Pope had kept it to his friend; and nothing was known of the transaction, till, upon the death of his employer, he thought himself obliged to deliver the book to the right owner, who, with great indignation, made a fire in his yard, and delivered the whole impression to the flames.

Hitherto nothing had been done which was not naturally dictated by resentment of violated faith; resentment more acrimonious, as the violator had been more loved or more trusted. But here the anger might have stopped; the injury was private, and there was little danger from the example.

Bolingbroke, however, was not yet satisfied; his thirst for vengeance excited him to blast the memory of the man over whom he had wept in his last struggles; and he employed Mallet, another friend of Pope, to tell the tale to the public with all its aggravations. Warburton, whose heart was warm with his legacy, and tender by the recent separation, thought it proper for him to interpose; and undertook, not indeed to vindicate the action, for breach of trust has always something criminal, but to extenuate it by an apology. Having advanced what cannot be denied, that moral obliquity is made more or less excusable by the motives that produce it, he inquires what evil purpose could have induced Pope to break his promise. He could not delight his vanity by usurping the work, which, though not sold in shops, had been shown to a number more than sufficient to preserve the author's claim; he could not gratify his avarice, for he could not sell his plunder till Bolingbroke was dead; and even then, if the copy was left to another, his fraud would be defeated, and if left to himself would be useless.

Warburton therefore supposes, with great appearance of reason, that the irregularity of his conduct proceeded wholly from his zeal for Bolingbroke, who might perhaps have destroyed the pamphlet, which Pope thought it his duty to preserve, even without its author's approbation. To this apology an answer was written in "A Letter to the most Impudent Man living."

He brought some reproach upon his own memory by the petulant and contemptuous mention made in his will of Mr. Allen, and an affected repayment of his benefactions. Mrs. Blount, as the known friend and favourite of Pope, had been invited to the house of Allen, where she comported herself with such indecent arrogance, that she parted from Mrs. Allen in a state of irreconcileable dislike, and the door was for ever barred against her. This exclusion she resented with so much bitterness as to refuse any legacy from Pope, unless he left the world with a disavowal of obligation to Allen. Having been long under her dominion, now tottering in the decline of life, and unable to resist the violence of her temper, or perhaps, with the prejudice of a lover, persuaded that she had suffered improper treatment, he complied with her demand, and polluted his will with female resentment. Allen accepted the legacy, which he gave to the Hospital at Bath, observing that "Pope was always a bad accomptant, and that if to £150 he had put a cipher more, he had come nearer to the truth."*

The person of Pope is well known not to have been formed by the nicest model. He has, in his account of the 'Little Club,' compared himself to a spider, and by another is described as protuberant behind and before. He is said to have been beautiful in his infancy; but he was of a constitution originally feeble and weak; and as bodies of a tender frame are easily distorted, his deformity was probably in part the effect of his application. His stature was so low, that, to bring him to a level with common tables, it was necessary to raise his seat. But his face was not displeasing, and his eyes were animated and vivid.

By natural deformity, or accidental distortion, his vital functions were so much disordered, that his life was "long disease." His most frequent assailment was the headach, which he used to relieve by inhaling the steam of coffee, which he very frequently required.

* This account is not so circumstantial as it was in Dr. Johnson's power to have made it.

Upon an invitation (in which Mrs. Blount was included) Mr. Pope made a visit to Mr. Allen at Prior-park, and having occasion to go to Bristol for a few days, left Mrs. Blount behind him. In his absence Mrs. Blount, who was of that persuasion, signified an inclination to go to the Popish chapel at Bath, and desired of Mr. Allen the use of his chariot for the purpose; but he being at that time mayor of the city, suggested the impropriety of having his carriage seen at the door of her place of worship, and desired to be excused. Mrs. Blount resented this refusal, told Pope of it at his return, and so infected him with her rage that they both left the house abruptly.

Most of what can be told concerning his petty peculiarities was communicated by a female domestic of the Earl of Oxford, who knew him perhaps after the middle of life. He was then so weak as to stand in perpetual need of female attendance; extremely sensible of cold, so that he wore a kind of fur doublet, under a shirt of a very coarse warm linen with fine sleeves. When he rose, he was invested in a boddice made of stiff canvas, being scarcely able to hold himself erect till they were laced, and he then put on a flannel waistcoat. One side was contracted. His legs were so slender, that he enlarged their bulk with three pair of stockings, which were drawn on and off by the maid; for he was not able to dress or undress himself, and neither went to bed nor rose without help. His weakness made it very difficult for him to be clean.

His hair had fallen almost all away; and he used to dine sometimes with Lord Oxford, privately, in a velvet cap. His dress of ceremony was black, with a tie-wig, and a little sword.

The indulgence and accommodation which his sickness required, had taught him all the unpleasing and unsocial qualities of a valetudinary man. He expected that every thing should give way to his ease or humour; as a child, whose parents will not hear her cry, has an unresisted dominion in the nursery.

C'est que l'enfant toujours est homme,
C'est que l'homme est toujours enfant.

When he wanted to sleep he "nodded in company;" and once slumbered at his own table while the Prince of Wales was talking of poetry.

The reputation which his friendship gave, procured him many invitations; but he was a very troublesome inmate. He brought no servant, and had so many wants, that a numerous attendance was scarcely able to supply them. Wherever he was he left no room for another, because he exacted the attention, and employed the activity of the whole family. His errands were so frequent and frivolous, that the footmen in time avoided and neglected him; and the earl of Oxford discharged some of the servants for their resolute refusal of his messages. The maids, when they had neglected their business, alleged that they had been employed by Mr. Pope. One of his constant demands was of coffee in the night, and to the woman that waited on him in his chamber he was very burdensome: but he was careful to recompense her for want of sleep; and Lord Oxford's servant declared, that in the house where her business was to answer his call, she would not ask for wages.

He had another fault, easily incident to those who, suffering much pain, think themselves entitled to what pleasures they can snatch. He was too indulgent to his appetite: he loved meat highly seasoned and of strong taste; and, at the intervals of the table, amused himself with biscuits and dry conserves. If he sat down to a variety of dishes, he would oppress his stomach with repletion; and though he seemed angry when a dram was offered him, did not forbear to drink it. His friends, who knew the avenues to his heart, pampered him with presents of luxury, which he did not suffer to stand neglected. The death of great men is not always proportioned to the lustre of their lives. Hannibal, says Juvenal, did not perish by the javelin or the sword; the slaughters of Cannæ were revenged by a ring. The death of Pope was imputed by some of his friends to a silver saucepan, in which it was his delight to heat potted lampreys.

That he loved too well to eat, is certain; but that his sensuality shortened his life will not be hastily concluded, when it is remembered that a conformation so irregular lasted six and fifty years, notwithstanding such pertinacious diligence of study and meditation.

In all his intercourse with mankind, he had great delight in artifice, and endeavoured to attain all his purposes by indirect and unsuspected methods. "He hardly drank tea without a stratagem." If, at the house of friends, he wanted any accommodation, he was not willing to ask for it in plain terms, but would mention it remotely as something convenient; though, when it was procured, he soon made it appear for whose sake it had been recommended. Thus he teased Lord Orery till he obtained a screen. He practised his arts on such small occasions that Lady Bolingbroke used to say, in a French phrase, that "he played the politician about cabbages and turnips." His unjustifiable impression of the 'Patriot King,' as it can be imputed to no particular motive, must have proceeded from his general habit of secrecy and cunning; he caught the opportunity of a sly trick, and pleased himself with the thought of outwitting Bolingbroke.

In familiar or convivial conversation, it does not appear that he excelled. He may be said to have resembled Dryden, as being not one that was distinguished by vivacity in company. It is remarkable, that so near his time, so much should be known of what he has written, and so little of what he has said: traditional memory retains no sallies of raillery, nor sentences of observation; nothing either pointed or solid, either wise or merry. One apophthegm only stands upon record. When an objection, raised against his inscription for Shakspeare, was defended by the authority of 'Patrick,' he replied—"horresco referens"—that "he would allow the publisher of a dictionary to know the meaning of a single word, but not of two words put together."

He was fretful and easily displeased, and allowed himself to be capriciously resentful. He would sometimes leave Lord Oxford silently, no one could tell why, and was to be courted back by more letters and messages than the footmen were willing to carry. The table was indeed *infested* by Lady Mary Wortley, who was the friend of Lady Oxford, and who, knowing his peevishness, could by no entreaties be restrained from contradicting him, till their disputes were sharpened to such asperity, that one or the other quitted the house.

He sometimes condescended to be jocular with servants or inferiors; but by no merriment, either of others or his own, was he ever seen excited to laughter.

Of his domestic character, frugality was a part eminently remarkable. Having determined not to be dependent, he determined not to be in want, and therefore wisely and magnanimously rejected all temptations to expense unsuitable to his fortune. This general care must be universally approved; but it sometimes appeared to petty artifices of parsimony, such as the practice of writing his compo-

sitions on the back of his letters, as may be seen in the remaining copy of the 'Iliad,' by which, perhaps, in five years, five shillings were saved; or in a niggardly reception of his friends, and scantiness of entertainment, as, when he had two guests in his house, he would set at supper a single pint upon the table; and, having himself taken two small glasses, would retire, and say, "Gentlemen, I leave you to your wine." Yet he tells his friends that "he has a heart for all, a house for all, and whatever they may think, a fortune for all."

He sometimes, however, made a splendid dinner, and is said to have wanted no part of the skill or elegance which such performances require. That this magnificence should be often displayed, that obstinate prudence with which he conducted his affairs would not permit: for his revenue, certain and casual, amounted only to about eight hundred pounds a year, of which, however, he declares himself able to assign one hundred to charity.*

Of this fortune, which as it arose from public approbation, was very honourably obtained, his imagination seems to have been too full; it would be hard to find a man, so well entitled to notice by his wit, that ever delighted so much in talking of his money. In his letters, and in his poems, his garden and his grotto, his quincunx and his vines, or some hints of his opulence, are always to be found. The great topic of his ridicule is poverty; the crimes with which he reproaches his antagonists are their debts, their habitation in the Mint, and their want of a dinner. He seems to be of an opinion not very uncommon in the world, that to want money is to want every thing.

Next to the pleasure of contemplating his possessions, seems to be that of enumerating the men of high rank with whom he was acquainted, and whose notice he loudly proclaims not to have been obtained by any practices of meanness or servility: a boast which was never denied to be true, and to which very few poets have ever aspired. Pope never set genius to sale, he never flattered those whom he did not love, or praised those whom he did not esteem.' Savage however remarked, that he began a little to relax his dignity when he wrote a distich for his 'Highness's dog.'

His admiration of the great seems to have increased in the advance of life. He passed over peers and statesmen to inscribe his 'Iliad' to Congreve, with a magnanimity of which the praise had been complete, had his friend's virtue been equal to his wit. Why he was chosen for so great an honour, it is not now possible to know; there is no trace in literary history of any particular intimacy between them. The name of Congreve appears in the Letters among those of his other friends, but without any observable distinction or consequence.

To his latter works, however, he took care to annex names dignified with titles, but was not very happy in his choice: for, except Lord Bathurst, none of his noble friends were such as that a good man would wish to have his intimacy with them known to posterity; he can derive little honour from the notice of Cobham, Burlington, or Bolingbroke.

* Part of it arose from an annuity of two hundred pounds a year, purchased either of the last Duke of Buckingham, or the Dutchess his mother, and charged on some estate of that family

Of his social qualities, if an estimate be made from his Letters, an opinion too favourable cannot easily be formed; they exhibit a perpetual and unclouded effulgence of general benevolence, and particular fondness. There is nothing but liberality, gratitude, constancy, and tenderness. It has been so long said as to be commonly believed, that the true characters of men may be found in their Letters, and that he who writes to his friends lays his heart open before them. But the truth is, that such were the simple friendships of the "Golden Age," and are now the friendships only of children. Very few can boast of hearts which they dare lay open to themselves, and of which, by whatever accident exposed, they do not shun a distinct and continued view; and, certainly, what we hide from ourselves we do not show to our friends. There is, indeed, no transaction which offers stronger temptation to fallacy and sophistication than epistolary intercourse. In the eagerness of conversation the first emotions of the mind often burst out before they are considered; in the tumult of business, interest and passion have their genuine effect; but a friendly Letter is a calm and deliberate performance in the cool of leisure, in the stillness of solitude; and surely no man sits down to depreciate by design his own character.

Friendship has no tendency to secure veracity; for by whom can a man so much wish to be thought better than he is, as by him whose kindness he desires to gain or keep? Even in writing to the world there is less constraint; the author is not confronted with his reader, and takes his chance of approbation among the different dispositions of mankind; but a Letter is addressed to a single mind, of which the prejudices and partialities are known; and must therefore please, if not by favouring them, by forbearing to oppose them.

To charge those favourable representations, which men give of their own minds, with the guilt of hypocritical falsehood, would show more severity than knowledge. The writer commonly believes himself. Almost every man's thoughts, while they are general, are right; and most hearts are pure, while temptation is away. It is easy to awaken generous sentiments in privacy; to despise death when there is no danger; to glow with benevolence when there is nothing to be given. While such ideas are formed they are felt; and self-love does not suspect the gleam of virtue to be the meteor of fancy.

If the letters of Pope are considered merely as compositions, they seem to be premeditated and artificial. It is one thing to write, because there is something which the mind wishes to discharge; and another to solicit the imagination, because ceremony or vanity requires something to be written. Pope confesses his early Letters to be vitiated *with affectation and ambition:* to know whether he disentangled himself from those perverters of epistolary integrity, his book and his life must be set in comparison.

One of his favourite topics is contempt of his own poetry. For this, if it had been real, he would deserve no commendation; and in this he was certainly not sincere, for his high value of himself was sufficiently observed; and of what could he be proud but of his poetry? He writes, he says, when, "he has just nothing else to do;" yet Swift complaint

that he was never at leisure for conversation, because he had "always some poetical scheme in his head." It was punctually required that his writing box should be set upon his bed before he rose; and Lord Oxford's domestic related, that, in the dreadful winter of 1740, she was called from her bed by him four times in one night, to supply him with paper, lest he should lose a thought.

He pretends insensibility to censure and criticism, though it was observed by all who knew him that every pamphlet disturbed his quiet, that his extreme irritability laid him open to perpetual vexation; but he wishes to despise his critics, and therefore hoped that he did despise them.

As he happened to live in two reigns when the Court paid little attention to poetry, he nursed in his mind a foolish disesteem of Kings, and proclaims that "he never sees courts." Yet a little regard shown him by the prince of Wales melted his obduracy; and he had not much to say when he was asked by his Royal Highness, "How he could love a Prince while he disliked Kings?"

He very frequently professes his contempt of the world, and represents himself as looking on mankind sometimes with gay indifference, as on emmets of a hillock, below his serious attention; and sometimes with gloomy indignation, as on monsters more worthy of hatred than of pity. These were dispositions apparently counterfeited. How could he despise those whom he lived by pleasing, and on whose approbation his esteem of himself was superstructed? Why should he hate those to whose favour he owed his honour and his ease? Of things that terminate in human life, the world is the proper judge; to despise its sentence, if it were possible, is not just; and if it were just, is not possible. Pope was far enough from this unreasonable temper: he was sufficiently *a fool to Fame*, and his fault was, that he pretended to neglect it. His levity and his sullenness were only in his Letters; he passed through common life sometimes vexed, and sometimes pleased with the natural emotions of common men.

His scorn of the great is repeated too often to be real; no man thinks much of that which he despises; and as falsehood is always in danger of inconsistency, he makes it his boast at another time that he lives among them.

It is evident that his own importance swells often in his mind. He is afraid of writing, lest the clerks of the Post-office should know his secrets; he has many enemies; he considers himself as surrounded by universal jealousy: "after many deaths, and many dispersions, two or three of us," says he, "may still be brought together, not to plot, but to divert ourselves, and the world too, if it pleases;" and they can live together, and "show what friends wits may be, in spite of all the fools in the world." All this while it was likely that the clerks did not know his hand: he certainly had no more enemies than a public character like his inevitably excites; and with what degree of friendship the wits might live, very few were so much fools as ever to inquire.

Some part of this pretended discontent he learned from Swift, and expresses it, I think, most frequently in his correspondence with him. Swift's resentment was unreasonable, but it was sincere; Pope's was the mere mimickry of his friend, a fictitious part which he began to play before it became him. When he was only twenty-five years old, he related that "a glut of study and retirement had thrown him on the world," and that there was danger lest "a glut of the world should throw him back upon study and retirement." To this Swift answered, with great propriety, that Pope had not yet acted or suffered enough in the world, to have become weary of it. And, indeed, it must have been some very powerful reason that can drive back to solitude him who has once enjoyed the pleasures of society.

In the letters both of Swift and Pope there appears such narrowness of mind, as makes them insensible of any excellence that has not some affinity with their own, and confines their esteem and approbation to so small a number, that whoever should form his opinion of their age from their representation, would suppose them to have lived among ignorance and barbarity, unable to find among their contemporaries either virtue or intelligence, and persecuted by those that could not understand them.

When Pope murmurs at the world, when he professes contempt of fame, when he speaks of riches and poverty, of success and disappointment, with negligent indifference, he certainly does not express his habitual and settled resentments, but either wilfully disguises his own character, or, what is more likely, invests himself with temporory qualities, and sallies out in the colours of the present moment. His hopes and fears, his joys and sorrows, acted strongly upon his mind; and, if he differed from others, it was not by carelessness; he was irritable and resentful; his malignity to Phillips, whom he had first made ridiculous, and then hated for being angry, continued too long. Of his vain desire to make Bentley* contemptible, I never heard any adequate reason. He was sometimes wanton in his attacks; and, before Chandos, Lady Wortley, and Hill, was mean in his retreat.

The virtues which seem to have had most of his affection were liberality and fidelity of friendship, in which it does not appear that he was any other than he describes himself. His fortune did not suffer his charity to be splendid and conspicuous; but he assisted Dodsley with a hundred pounds, that he might open a shop; and, of the subscription of forty pounds a year that he raised for Savage, twenty, were paid by himself. He was accused of loving money; but his love was eagerness to gain, not solicitude to keep it.

In the duties of friendship he was zealous and constant; his early maturity of mind commonly united him with men older than himself, and therefore, without attaining any considerable length of life, he saw many companions of his youth sink into the grave; but it does not appear that he lost a single friend by coldness or by injury; those who loved him once, continued their kindness. His ungrateful mention of Allen in his will, was the effect of his adherence to one whom he had known much longer, and whom he naturally loved with greater fondness. His violation of the trust reposed in him by Bolingbroke could have no motive inconsistent with the warmest affection; he either thought the action so near to indifferent, that he

* See Richard Cumberland's Memoirs of his own Life, for an able Defence of Bentley.

forgot it; or so laudable that he expected his friend to approve it.

It was reported, with such confidence as almost to enforce belief, that in the papers intrusted to his executors was found a defamatory Life of Swift, which he had prepared as an instrument of vengeance, to be used if any provocation should be ever given. About this I inquired of the Earl of Marchmont, who assured me that no such piece was among his remains.

The religion in which he lived and died was that of the Church of Rome, to which, in his correspondence with Racine, he professes himself a sincere adherent. That he was not scrupulously pious in some part of his life, is known by many idle and indecent applications of sentences taken from the Scriptures; a mode of merriment which a good man dreads for its profaneness: and a witty man disdains for its easiness and vulgarity. But to whatever levities he has been betrayed, it does not appear that his principles were ever corrupted, or that he ever lost his belief of Revelation. The positions which he transmitted from Bolingbroke he seems not to have understood, and was pleased with an interpretation that made them orthodox.

A man of such exalted superiority, and so little moderation, would naturally have all his delinquencies observed and aggravated; those who could not deny that he was excellent, would rejoice to find that he was not perfect.

Perhaps it may be imputed to the unwillingness with which the same man is allowed to possess many advantages, that his learning has been depreciated. He certainly was, in his early life, a man of great literary curiosity; and, when he wrote his 'Essay on Criticism,' had, for his age, a very wide acquaintance with books. When he entered into the living world, it seems to have happened to him as to many others, that he was less attentive to dead masters; he studied in the academy of Paracelsus, and made the universe his favourite volume. He gathered his notions fresh from reality; not from the copies of authors, but the originals of nature. Yet there is no reason to believe that literature ever lost his esteem; he always professed to love reading; and Dobson, who spent some time at his house translating his 'Essay on Man,' when I asked him what learning he found him to possess, answered, "More than I expected." His frequent references to history, his allusions to various kinds of knowledge, and his images selected from art and nature, with his observations on the operations of the mind and the modes of life, show an intelligence perpetually on the wing, excursive, vigorous, and diligent, eager to pursue knowledge, and attentive to retain it.

From this curiosity arose the desire of travelling, to which he alludes in his verse to Jervas, and which, though he never found an opportunity to gratify it, did not leave him till his life declined.

Of his intellectual character, the constituent and fundamental principle was good sense, a prompt and intuitive perception of consonance and propriety. He saw immediately, of his own conceptions what was to be chosen, and what to be rejected; and, in the works of others, what was to be shunned, and what was to be copied.

But good sense alone is a sedate and quiescent quality, which manages its possessions well, but does not increase them; it collects few materials for its own operations, and preserves safety, but never gains supremacy. Pope had likewise genius; a mind active, ambitious, and adventurous, always investigating, always aspiring; in its widest searches still longing to go forward, in its highest flights still wishing to be higher; always imagining something greater than it knows, always endeavouring more than it can do.

To assist these powers, he is said to have had great strength and exactness of memory. That which he had heard or read was not easily lost; and he had before him not only what his own meditations suggested, but what he had found in other writers that might be accommodated to his present purpose.

These benefits of nature he improved by incessant and unwearied diligence; he had recourse to every source of intelligence, and lost no opportunity of information; he consulted the living as well as the dead; he read his compositions to his friends, and was never content with mediocrity, when excellence could be attained. He considered poetry as the business of his life; and, however he might seem to lament his occupation, he followed it with constancy; to make verses was his first labour, and to mend them was his last.

From his attention to poetry he was never diverted. If conversation offered any thing that could be improved, he committed it to paper; if a thought, or perhaps an expression more happy than was common, rose to his mind, he was careful to write it; an independent distich was preserved for an opportunity of insertion; and some little fragments have been found containing lines, or parts of lines, to be wrought upon at some other time.

He was one of those few whose labour is their pleasure: he was never elevated to negligence, nor wearied to impatience; he never passed a fault unamended by indifference, nor quitted it by despair. He laboured his works first to gain reputation, and afterwards to keep it.

Of composition there are different methods. Some employ at once memory and invention, and, with little intermediate use of the pen, form and polish large masses by continued meditation, and write their productions only when, in their own opinion, they have completed them. It is related of Virgil, that his custom was to pour out a great number of verses in the morning, and pass the day in retrenching exuberances, and correcting inaccuracies. The method of Pope, as may be collected from his translation, was to write his first thoughts in his first words, and gradually to amplify, decorate, rectify, and refine them.

With such faculties, and such dispositions, he excelled every other writer in poetical prudence: he wrote in such a manner as might expose him to few hazards. He used almost always the same fabric of verse: and, indeed, by those few essays which he made of any other, he did not enlarge his reputation. Of this uniformity the certain consequence was readiness and dexterity. By perpetual practice, language had, in his mind, a systematical arrangement; having always the same use for words, he had words so selected and combined as to be ready at his call. This increase of facility he confessed himself to have perceived in the progress of his translation.

But what was yet of more importance, his effusions were always voluntary, and his subjects chosen by himself. His independence secured him from drudging at a task, and labouring upon a barren topic; he never exchanged praise for money, nor opened a shop of condolence or congratulation. His poems, therefore, were scarcely ever temporary. He suffered coronations and royal marriages to pass without a song; and derived no opportunities from recent events, nor any popularity from the accidental disposition of his readers. He was never reduced to the necessity of soliciting the sun to shine upon a birth-day, of calling the Graces and Virtues to a wedding, or of saying what multitudes have said before him. When he could produce nothing new, he was at liberty to be silent.

His publications were, for the same reason, never hasty. He is said to have sent nothing to the press till it had lain two years under his inspection; it is at least certain, that he ventured nothing without nice examination. He suffered the tumult of imagination to subside, and the novelties of invention to grow familiar. He knew that the mind is always enamoured of its own productions, and did not trust his first fondness. He consulted his friends, and listened with great willingness to criticism; and, what was of more importance, he consulted himself, and let nothing pass against his own judgment.

He professed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whole life with unvaried liberality; and perhaps his character may receive some illustration, if he be compared with his master.

Integrity of understanding and nicety of discernment were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shown by the dismission of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never designed to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people; and when he pleased others, he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent powers; he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor often, to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration; when occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment happened to supply, and, when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind; for, when he had no pecuniary interest, he had no further solicitude.

Pope was not content to satisfy; he desired to excel, and therefore always endeavoured to do his best; he did not court the candour, but dared the judgment of his reader, and expecting no indulgence from others, he showed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.

For this reason he kept his pieces very long in his hands, while he considered and reconsidered them. The only poems which can be supposed to have been written with such regard to the times as might hasten their publication, were the two satires of 'Thirty-eight;' of which Dodsley told me that they were brought to him by the author, that they might be fairly copied. "Almost every line," he said, "was then written twice over; I gave him a clean transcript, which he sent some time afterwards to me for the press, with almost every line written twice over a second time."

His declaration, that his care for his works ceased at their publication, was not strictly true. His parental attention never abandoned them; what he found amiss in the first edition, he silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised the 'Iliad,' and freed it from some of its imperfections; and the 'Essay on Criticism' received many improvements after its first appearance. It will seldom be found that he altered without adding clearness, elegance, or vigour. Pope had perhaps the judgment of Dryden; but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.

In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation; and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either; for both excelled likewise in prose: but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden observes the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller.

Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet; that quality without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates, the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred, that of this poetical vigour Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said, that, if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden therefore are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never

falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

This parallel will, I hope, when it is well considered, be found just; and if the reader should suspect me, as I suspect myself, of some partial fondness for the memory of Dryden, let him not too hastily condemn me; for meditation and inquiry may, perhaps, show him the reasonableness of my determination.

The works of Pope are now to be distinctly examined, not so much with attention to slight faults, or petty beauties, as to the general character and effect of each performance.

It seems natural for a young poet to initiate himself by Pastorals, which not professing to imitate real life, require no experience; and exhibiting only the simple operation of unmingled passions, admit no subtile reasoning or deep inquiry. Pope's 'Pastorals' are not, however, composed but with close thought; they have reference to the times of the day, the seasons of the year, and the periods of human life. The last, that which turns the attention upon age and death, was the author's favourite. To tell of disappointment and misery, to thicken the darkness of futurity, and perplex the labyrinth of uncertainty, has been always a delicious employment of the poets. His preference was probably just. I wish, however, that his fondness had not overlooked a line in which the *Zephyrs* are made *to lament in silence*.

To charge these Pastorals with want of invention, is to require what was never intended. The imitations are so ambitiously frequent, that the writer evidently means rather to show his literature than his wit. It is surely sufficient for an author of sixteen, not only to be able to copy the poems of antiquity with judicious selection, but to have obtained sufficient power of language, and skill in metre, to exhibit a series of versification, which had in English poetry no precedent, nor has since had an imitation.

The design of 'Windsor Forest' is evidently derived from 'Cooper's Hill,' with some attention to Waller's poem on 'The Park;' but Pope cannot be denied to excel his masters in variety and elegance, and the art of interchanging description, narrative, and morality. The objection made by Dennis is the want of plan, of a regular subordination of parts terminating in the principal and original design. There is this want in most descriptive poems, because as the scenes, which they must exhibit successively, are all subsisting at the same time, the order in which they are shown must by necessity be arbitrary, and more is not to be expected from the last part than from the first. The attention, therefore, which cannot be detained by suspense, must be excited by diversity, such as his poem offers to its reader.

But the desire of diversity may be too much indulged; the parts of 'Windsor Forest' which deserve least praise, are those which were added to enliven the stillness of the scene, the appearance of Father Thames, and the transformation of *Lodona*. Addison had in his 'Campaign' derided the Rivers that "rise from their oozy beds" to tell stories of heroes; and it is therefore strange that Pope should adopt a fiction not only unnatural but lately censured. The story of *Lodona* is told with sweetness; but a new metamorphosis is a ready and puerile expedient; nothing is easier than to tell how a flower was once a blooming virgin, or a rock an obdurate tyrant.

The 'Temple of Fame,' has, as Steele warmly declared, "a thousand beauties." Every part is splendid; there is a great luxuriance of ornaments; the original vision of Chaucer was never denied to be much improved, the allegory is very skilfully continued, the imagery is properly selected, and learnedly displayed: yet, with all this comprehension of excellence, as its scene is laid in remote ages, and its sentiments, if the concluding paragraph be excepted, have little relation to general manners or common life, it never obtained much notice, but is turned silently over, and seldom quoted or mentioned with either praise or blame.

That the 'Messiah' excels the 'Pollio' is no great praise, if it be considered from what original the improvements are derived.

The 'Verses on the unfortunate Lady' have drawn much attention by the illaudable singularity of treating suicide with respect; and they must be allowed to be written in some parts with vigorous animation, and in some others with gentle tenderness, nor has Pope produced any poem in which the sense predominates more over the diction. But the tale is not skilfully told; it is not easy to discover the character of either the Lady or her Guardian. History relates that she was about to disparage herself by a marriage to an inferior; Pope praises her for the dignity of ambition, and yet condemns the uncle to detestation for his pride; the ambitious love of a niece may be opposed by the interest, malice, or envy of an uncle, but never by his pride. On such an occasion a poet may be allowed to be obscure, but inconsistency never can be right.*

The 'Ode for St. Cecilia's day' was undertaken at the desire of Steele; in this the author is generally confessed to have miscarried, yet has miscarried only as compared with Dryden; for he has far outgone other competitors. Dryden's plan is better chosen; history will always take stronger hold of the attention than fable: the passions excited by Dryden are the pleasures and pains of real life; the scene of Pope is laid in imaginary existence. Pope is read with calm acquiescence, Dryden with turbulent delight; Pope hangs upon the ear, and Dryden finds the passes of the mind.

Both the odes want the essential constituent of metrical compositions, the stated recurrence of settled numbers: it may be alleged, that Pindar is said by Horace to have written *numeris lege solutis:* but as no such lax performances have been transmitted to us, the meaning of that expression cannot be fixed; and perhaps the like return might properly be made to a modern Pindarist, as Mr. Cobb received from Bentley, who, when he found his criticisms upon a Greek Exercise, which Cobb

* There was a letter in the possession of Dr. Johnson, containing the name of the Lady; and a reference to a gentleman well known in the literary world for her history. From a memorandum of some particulars communicated to this gentleman by a lady of quality, it appears, that the unfortunate lady's name was Withinbury; that she was in love with Pope, and would have married him; that her guardian, though she was deformed in person, looking upon such a match as beneath her, sent her to a convent; and that by a noose, and not a sword, her life was terminated.

had presented, refuted one after another by Pindar's authority, cried out at last, "Pindar was a bold fellow, but thou art an impudent one."

If Pope's ode be particularly inspected, it will be found that the first stanza consists of sounds well chosen indeed, but only sounds.

The second consists of hyperbolical commonplaces, easily to be found, and perhaps without much difficulty to be as well expressed.

In the third, however, there are numbers, images, harmony, and vigour, not unworthy the antagonist of Dryden. Had all been like this—but every part cannot be the best.

The next stanzas place and detain us in the dark and dismal regions of mythology, where neither hope nor fear, neither joy nor sorrow, can be found: the poet, however, faithfully attends us: we have all that can be performed by elegance of diction, or sweetness of versification; but what can form avail without better matter?

The last stanza recurs again to common-places. The conclusion is too evidently modelled by that of Dryden; and it may be remarked that both end with the same fault; the comparison of each is literal on one side, and metaphorical on the other.

Poets do not always express their own thoughts: Pope with all this labour in the praise of Music, was ignorant of its principles, and insensible of its effects.

One of his greatest, though of his earliest works, is the 'Essay on Criticism,' which, if he had written nothing else, would have placed him among the first critics and the first poets, as it exhibits every mode of excellence that can embellish or dignify didactic composition, selection of matter, novelty of arrangement, justness of precept, splendour of illustration, and propriety of digression. I know not whether it be pleasing to consider that he produced this piece at twenty, and never afterwards excelled it; he that delights himself with observing that such powers may be soon attained, cannot but grieve to think that life was ever after at a stand.

To mention the particular beauties of the Essay would be unprofitably tedious; but I cannot forbear to observe, that the comparison of a student's progress in the sciences with the journey of a traveller in the Alps, is perhaps the best that English poetry can show. A simile, to be perfect, must both illustrate and ennoble the subject; must show it to the understanding in a clear view, and display it to the fancy with greater dignity, but either of these qualities may be sufficient to recommend it. In didactic poetry, of which the great purpose is instruction, a simile may be praised which illustrates, though it does not ennoble; in heroics, that may be admitted which ennobles, though it does not illustrate. That it may be complete, it is required to exhibit, independently of its references, a pleasing image: for a simile is said to be a short episode. To this antiquity was so attentive, that circumstances were sometimes added, which, having no parallels, served only to fill the imagination, and produced what Perrault ludicrously called, "comparisons with a long tail." In their similies the greatest writers have sometimes failed; the ship-race, compared with the chariot-race, is neither illustrated nor aggrandised; land and water make all the difference: when Apollo, running after Daphne, is likened to a greyhound chasing a a hare, there is nothing gained; the ideas of pursuit and flight are too plain to be made plainer; and a god and the daughter of a god are not represented much to their advantage by a hare and dog. The simile of the Alps has no useless parts, yet affords a striking picture by itself; it makes the foregoing position better understood, and enables it to take faster hold on the attention: it assists the apprehension, and elevates the fancy.

Let me likewise dwell a little on the celebrated paragraph, in which it is directed that "the sound should seem an echo to the sense;" a precept which Pope is allowed to have observed beyond any other English poet.

This notion of representative metre, and the desire of discovering frequent adaptations of the sound to the sense, have produced, in my opinion, many wild conceits and imaginary beauties. All that can furnish this representation are the sounds of the words considered singly, and the time in which they are pronounced. Every language has some words framed to exhibit the noises which they express, as *thump*, *rattle*, *growl*, *hiss*. These, however, are but few, and the poet cannot make them more, nor can they be of any use but when sound is to be mentioned. The time of pronunciation was in the dactylic measures of the learned languages capable of considerable variety; but that variety could be accommodated only to motion or duration; and different degrees of motion were perhaps expressed by verses rapid or slow, without much attention of the writer, when the image had full possession of his fancy; but our language having little flexibility, our verses can differ very little in their cadence. The fancied resemblances, I fear, arise sometimes merely from the ambiguity of words; there is supposed to be some relation between a *soft* line and *soft* couch, or between *hard* syllables and *hard* fortune.

Motion, however, may be in some sort exemplified: and yet it may be suspected that in such resemblances the mind often governs the ear, and the sounds are estimated by their meaning. One of their most successful attempts has been to describe the labour of Sysiphus:

> With many a weary step, and many a groan,
> Up a high hill he heaves a huge round stone;
> The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
> Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the ground

Who does not perceive the stone to move slowly upward, and roll violently back? But set the same numbers to another sense:

> While many a merry tale, and many a song,
> Cheer'd the rough road, we wish'd the rough road long.
> The rough road then, returning in a round,
> Mock'd our impatient steps, for all was fairy ground.

We have now surely lost much of the delay, and much of the rapidity.

But to show how little the greatest master of numbers can fix the principles of representative harmony, it will be sufficient to remark that the poet, who tells us, that,

> When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
> The line too labours, and the words move slow:
> Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
> Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main:

when he had enjoyed for about thirty years the praise of Camilla's lightness of foot, he tried another experiment upon *sound* and *time*, and produced this memorable triplet;

> Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
> The varying verse, the full resounding line,
> The long majestic march, and energy divine.

Here are the swiftness of the rapid race, and the march of slow-paced majesty, exhibited by the same poet in the same sequence of syllables, except that the exact prosodist will find the line of *swiftness* by one time longer than that of *tardiness*.

Beauties of this kind are commonly fancied; and, when real, are technical and nugatory, not to be rejected, and not to be solicited.

To the praises which have been accumulated on the 'Rape of the Lock' by readers of every class, from the critic to the waiting-maid, it is difficult to make any addition. Of that which is universally allowed to be the most attractive of all ludicrous compositions, let it rather be now inquired from what sources the power of pleasing is derived.

Dr. Warburton, who excelled in critical perspicacity, has remarked, that the preturnatural agents are very happily adapted to the purposes of the poem. The Heathen deities can no longer gain attention: we should have turned away from the contest between Venus and Diana. The employment of allegorical persons always excites conviction of its own absurdity: they may produce effects, but cannot conduct actions: when the phantom is put in motion, it dissolves: thus *Discord* may raise a mutiny; but *Discord* cannot conduct a march, nor besiege a town. Pope brought in view a new race of beings, with powers and passions proportionate to their operation. The Sylphs and Gnomes act, at the toilet and the tea-table, what more terrific and more powerful phantoms perform on the stormy ocean, or the field of battle; they give their proper help, and do their proper mischief.

Pope is said, by an objector, not to have been the inventor of this petty nation; a charge which might with more justice have been brought against the author of the 'Iliad,' who doubtless adopted the religious system of his country; for what is there, but the names of his agents, which Pope has not invented? Has he not assigned them characters and operations never heard of before? Has he not at least, given them their first poetical existence? If this is not sufficient to denominate his work original, nothing original can ever be written.

In this work are exhibited, in a very high degree, the two most engaging powers of an author. New things are made familiar, and familiar things are made new. A race of aerial people, never heard of before, is presented to us in a manner so clear and easy, that the reader seeks for no further information, but immediately mingles with his new acquaintance, adopts their interests, and attends their pursuits, loves a Sylph, and detests a Gnome.

That familiar things are made new, every paragraph will prove. The subject of the poem is an event below the common incidents of common life; nothing real is introduced that is not seen so often as to be no longer regarded; yet the whole detail of a female day is here brought before us, invested with so much art of decoration, that though nothing is disguised, every thing is striking, and we feel all the appetite of curiosity for that from which we have a thousand times turned fastidiously away.

The purpose of the poet is, as he tells us, to laugh at "the little unguarded follies of the female sex." It is therefore without justice that Dennis charges the 'Rape of the Lock,' with the want of a moral, and for that reason sets it below the 'Lutrin,' which exposes the pride and discord of the clergy. Perhaps neither Pope nor Boileau has made the world much better than they found it; but if they had both succeeded, it were easy to tell who would have deserved most from public gratitude. The freaks, and humours, and spleen, and vanity of women, as they embroil families in discord, and fill houses with disquiet, do more to obstruct the happiness of life in a year than the ambition of the clergy in many centuries. It has been well observed, that the misery of man proceeds not from any single rush of overwhelming evil, but from small vexations continually repeated.

It is remarked by Dennis likewise that the machinery is superfluous; that, by all the bustle of preturnatural operation, the main event is neither hastened nor retarded. To this charge an efficacious answer is not easily made. The Sylphs cannot be said to help or to oppose; and it must be allowed to imply some want of art, that their power has not been sufficiently intermingled with the action. Other parts may likewise be charged with want of connection: the game at *ombre* might be spared; but, if the Lady had lost her hair while she was intent upon her cards, it might have been inferred that those who are too fond of play will be in danger of neglecting more important interests. Those perhaps are faults; but what are such faults to much excellence!

The Epistle of 'Eloise to Abelard' is one of the most happy productions of human wit: the subject is so judiciously chosen, that it would be difficult, in turning over the annals of the world, to find another which so many circumstances concur to recommend. We regularly interest ourselves most in the fortune of those who most deserve our notice. Abelard and Eloise were conspicuous in their days for eminence of merit. The heart naturally loves truth. The adventures and misfortunes of this illustrious pair are known from undisputed history. Their fate does not leave the mind in hopeless dejection; for they both found quiet and consolation in retirement and piety. So new and so affecting is their story, that it supersedes invention; and imagination ranges at full liberty without straggling into scenes of fable.

The story, thus skilfully adopted, has been diligently improved. Pope has left nothing behind him, which seems the effect of more studious perseverance and laborious revisal. Here is particularly observable the *curiosa felicitas*, a fruitful soil and careful cultivation. Here is no crudeness of sense, nor asperity of language.

The sources from which sentiments, which have so much vigour and efficacy, have been drawn, are shown to be the mystic writers, by the learned author of the 'Essay on the Life and Writings of Pope;' a book which teaches how the brow of Criticism may be smoothed, and how she may be enabled, with all her severity, to attract and to delight.

The train of my disquisition has now conducted me to that poetical wonder, the translation of the

'Iliad,' a performance which no age or nation can pretend to equal. To the Greeks translation was almost unknown; it was totally unknown to the inhabitants of Greece. They had no recourse to the Barbarians for poetical beauties, but sought for every thing in Homer, where, indeed, there is but little tha they might not find.

The Italians have been very diligent translators; but I can hear of no version, unless perhaps Anguilara's Ovid may be excepted, which is read with eagerness. The Iliad of Salvini every reader may discover to be punctiliously exact; but it seems to be the work of a linguist skilfully pedantic; and his countrymen, the proper judges of its power to please, reject it with disgust.

Their predecessors the Romans, have left some specimens of translation behind them, and that employment must have had some credit in which Tully and Germanicus engaged; but, unless we suppose, what is perhaps true, that the plays of Terence were versions of Menander, nothing translated seems ever to have risen to high reputation. The French, in the meridian hour of their learning, were very laudably industrious to enrich their own language with the wisdom of the ancients; but found themselves reduced, by whatever necessity, to turn the Greek and Roman poetry into prose. Whoever could read an author, could translate him. From such rivals little can be feared.

The chief help of Pope in this audacious undertaking was drawn from the versions of Dryden. Virgil had borrowed much of his imagery from Homer, and part of the debt was now paid by his translator. Pope searched the pages of Dryden for happy combination of heroic diction; but it will not be denied, that he added much to what he found. He cultivated our language with so much diligence and art, that he has left in his 'Homer' a treasure of poetical elegances to posterity. His version may be said to have tuned the English tongue; for since its appearance, no writer, however deficient in other powers, has wanted melody. Such a series of lines, so elaborately corrected, and so sweetly modulated, took possession of the public ear: the vulgar were enamoured of the poem, and the learned wondered at the translation.

But in the most general applause discordant voices will always be heard. It has been objected by some, who wished to be numbered among the sons of learning, that Pope's version of Homer is not Homerical: that it exhibits no resemblance of the original and characteristic manner of the Father of poetry, as it wants his artless grandeur, his unaffected majesty.* This cannot be totally denied; but it must be remembered that *necessitas quod cogit defendit;* "that may be lawfully done which cannot be forborne." Time and place will always enforce regard. In estimating this translation, consideration must be had of the nature of our language, the form of our metre, and, above all, the change which two thousand years have made in the modes of life and the habits of thought. Virgil wrote in a language of the same general fabric with that of Homer, in verses of the same measure, and in an age nearer to Homer's time by eighteen hundred years: yet he found, even then, the state of the world so much altered, and the demand for elegance so much increased, that mere nature would be endured no longer; and perhaps in the multitude of borrowed passages, very few can be shown which he had not embellished.

There is a time when nations, emerging from barbarity, and falling into regular subordination, gain leisure to grow wise, and feel the shame of ignorance and the craving pain of unsatisfied curiosity. To this hunger of the mind plain sense is grateful; that which fills the void removes uneasiness, and to be free from pain awhile is pleasure; but repletion generates fastidiousness; a saturated intellect soon becomes luxurious, and knowledge finds no willing reception till it is recommended by artificial diction. Thus it will be found, in the progress of learning, that in all nations the first writers are simple, and that every age improves in elegance.—One refinement always makes way for another; and what was expedient to Virgil was necessary to Pope.

I suppose many readers of the English 'Iliad,' when they have been touched with some unexpected beauty of the lighter kind, have tried to enjoy it in the original, where, alas! it was not to be found. Homer doubtless owes to his translator many Ovidian graces not exactly suitable to his character; but to have added can be no great crime, if nothing be taken away. Elegance is surely to be desired, if it be not gained at the expense of dignity. A hero would wish to be loved, as well as to be reverenced.

To a thousand cavils one answer is sufficient; the purpose of a writer is to be read, and the criticism which would destroy the power of pleasing must be blown aside. Pope wrote for his own age and his own nation: he knew that it was necessary to colour the images, and point the sentiments of his author; he therefore made him graceful, but lost him some of his sublimity.

The copious notes with which the version is accompanied, and by which it is recommended to many readers, though they were undoubtedly written to swell the volumes, ought not to pass without praise; commentaries which attract the reader by the pleasure of perusal have not often appeared; the notes of others are read to clear difficulties, those of Pope to vary entertainment.

It has however been objected, with sufficient reason, that there is in the commentary too much of unseasonable levity and affected gaiety; that too many appeals are made to the Ladies, and the ease which is so carefully preserved is sometimes the ease of a trifler. Every art has its terms, and every kind of instruction its proper style; the gravity of common critics may be tedious, but is less despicable than childish merriment.

Of the 'Odyssey' nothing remains to be observed: the same general praise may be given to both translations, and a particular examination of either would require a large volume. The notes were written by Broome, who endeavoured, not unsuccessfully, to imitate his master.

Of the 'Dunciad' the hint is confessedly taken

* Bentley was one of these. Pope, desirous of his opinion of the translation, addressed him thus: "Dr. Bentley, I ordered my bookseller to send you your books, I hope you received them." Bentley pretended not to understand him, and asked, "Books! books! what books?"—"My Homer," replied Pope, "which you did me the honour to subscribe for."—"Oh," said Bentley, "ay, now I recollect—your translation:—it is a pretty poem, Mr. Pope; but you must not call it Homer."

from Dryden's 'Mac Flecnoe;' but the plan is so enlarged and diversified as justly to claim the praise of an original, and affords the best specimen that has yet appeared of personal satire ludicrously pompous.

That the design was moral, whatever the author might tell either his readers or himself, I am not convinced. The first motive was the desire of revenging the contempt with which Theobald had treated his 'Shakspeare,' and regaining the honour which he had lost, by crushing his opponent. Theobald was not of bulk enough to fill a poem, and therefore it was necessary to find other enemies with other names, at whose expense he might divert the public.

In this design there was petulance and malignity enough; but I cannot think it very criminal. An author places himself uncalled before the tribunal of Criticism, and solicits fame at the hazard of disgrace. Dulness or deformity are not culpable in themselves, but may be very justly reproached when they pretend to the honour of wit or the influence of beauty. If bad writers were to pass without reprehension, what should restrain them? *impune diem consumpserit ingens Telephus;* and upon bad writers only will censure have much effect. The satire, which brought Theobald and Moore into contempt, dropped impotently from Bentley, like the javelin of Priam.

All truth is valuable, and satirical criticism may be considered as useful when it rectifies error and improves judgment; he that refines the public taste is a public benefactor.

The beauties of this poem are well known; its chief fault is the grossness of its images. Pope and Swift had an unnatural delight in ideas physically impure, such as every tongue utters with unwillingness, and of which every ear shrinks from the mention.

But even this fault, offensive as it is, may be forgiven for the excellence of other passages; such as the formation and dissolution of Moore, the account of the Traveller, the misfortune of the Florist, and the crowded thoughts and stately numbers which dignify the concluding paragraph.

The alterations which have been made in the 'Dunciad,' not always for the better, require that it should be published, as in the present collection, with all its variations.

The 'Essay on Man' was a work of great labour and long consideration, but certainly not the happiest of Pope's performances. The subject is perhaps not very proper for poetry, and the poet was not sufficiently master of his subject; metaphysical morality was to him a new study; he was proud of his acquisitions, and, supposing himself master of great secrets, was in haste to teach what he had not learned. Thus he tells us, in the first epistle, that from the nature of the Supreme Being may be deduced an order of beings such as mankind, because Infinite Excellence can do only what is best. He finds out that these beings must be "somewhere;" and that "all the question is, whether man be in a wrong place." Surely if, according to the poet's Leibnitian reasoning, we may infer that man ought to be, only because he is, we may allow that his place is the right place, because he has it. Supreme Wisdom is not less infallible in disposing than in creating. But what is meant by *somewhere* and *place*, and *wrong place*, it had been vain to ask Pope, who probably had never asked himself.

Having exalted himself into the chair of wisdom, he tells us much that every man knows, and much that he does not know himself; that we see but little, and that the order of the universe is beyond our comprehension; an opinion not very uncommon; and that there is a chain of subordinate beings "from infinite to nothing," of which himself and his readers are equally ignorant. But he gives us one comfort, which without his help he supposes unattainable, in the position "that though we are fools, yet God is wise."

This Essay affords an egregious instance of the predominance of genius, the dazzling splendour of imagery, and the seductive powers of eloquence. Never was penury of knowledge and vulgarity of sentiment so happily disguised. The reader feels his mind full, though he learns nothing; and, when he meets it in its new array, no longer knows the talk of his mother and his nurse. When these wonder-working sounds sink into sense, and the doctrine of the Essay, disrobed of its ornaments, is left to the powers of its naked excellence, what shall we discover? That we are, in comparison with our Creator, very weak and ignorant; that we do not uphold the chain of existence; and that we could not make one another with more skill than we are made. We may learn yet more: that the arts of human life were copied from the instinctive operations of other animals; that, if the world be made for man, it may be said that man was made for geese. To these profound principles of natural knowledge are added some moral instructions equally new; that self-interest well understood, will produce social concord; that men are mutual gainers by mutual benefits; that evil is sometimes balanced by good; that human advantages are unstable and fallacious, of uncertain duration and doubtful effect; that our true honour is, not to have a great part, but to act it well; that virtue only is our own; and that happiness is always in our power.

Surely a man of no very comprehensive search may venture to say that he has heard all this before; but it was never till now recommended by such a blaze of embellishments, or such sweetness of melody. The vigorous contraction of some thoughts, the luxuriant amplification of others, the incidental illustrations, and sometimes the dignity, sometimes the softness of the verses, enchain philosophy, suspend criticism, and oppress judgment by overpowering pleasure.

This is true of many paragraphs; yet, if I had undertaken to exemplify Pope's felicity of composition before a rigid critic, I should not select the 'Essay on Man;' for it contains more lines unsuccessfully laboured, more harshness of diction, more thoughts imperfectly expressed, more levity without elegance, and more heaviness without strength, than will easily be found in all his other works.

The 'Characters of Men and Women' are the product of diligent speculation upon human life; much labour has been bestowed upon them, and Pope very seldom laboured in vain. That his excellence may be properly estimated, I recommend a comparison of his 'Characters of Women,' with Boileau's Satire; it will then be seen with how much more perspicacity female nature is investigated, and female excellence selected; and he

surely is no mean writer to whom Boileau should be found inferior. The 'Characters of Men,' however, are written with more, if not with deeper thought, and exhibit many passages exquisitely beautiful. The 'Gem and the Flower' will not easily be equalled. In the women's part are some defects; the character of Atossa is not so neatly finished as that of Clodio; and some of the female characters may be found perhaps more frequently among men; what is said of Philomede was true of Prior.

In the Epistles of Lord Bathurst and Lord Burlington, Dr. Warburton has endeavoured to find a train of thought which was never in the writer's head, and, to support his hypothesis, has printed that first which was published last. In one, the most valuable passage is perhaps the Elegy on 'Good Sense;' and the other, the 'End of the Duke of Buckingham.'

The Epistle to Arbuthnot, not arbitrarily called the 'Prologue to the Satires,' is a performance consisting, as it seems, of many fragments wrought into one design, which by this union of scattered beauties contains more striking paragraphs than could probably have been brought together into an occasional work. As there is no stronger motive to exertion than self-defence, no part has more elegance, spirit, or dignity, than the poet's vindication of his own character. The meanest passage, is the satire upon Sporus.

Of the two poems which derived their names from the year, and which are called the 'Epilogue to the Satires,' it was very justly remarked by Savage, that the second was in the whole more strongly conceived, and more equally supported, but that it had no single passages equal to the contention in the first for the dignity of Vice, and the celebration of the triumph of Corruption.

"The 'Imitations of Horace' seem to have been written as relaxations of his genius. This employment became his favourite by its facility; the plan was ready to his hand, and nothing was required but to accommodate as he could the sentiments of an old author to recent facts or familiar images; but what is easy is seldom excellent; such imitations cannot give pleasure to common readers; the man of learning may be sometimes surprised and delighted by an unexpected parallel; but the comparison requires knowledge of the original, which will likewise often detect strained applications. Between Roman images and English manners, there will be an irreconcileable dissimilitude, and the works will be generally uncouth and party-coloured: neither original nor translated, neither ancient nor modern.*

Pope had, in proportions very nicely adjusted to each other, all the qualities that constitute genius He had *Invention*, by which new trains of events are formed, and new scenes of imagery displayed, as in the 'Rape of the Lock;' and by which extrinsic and adventitious embellishments and illustrations are connected with a known subject, as in the 'Essay on Criticism.' He had *Imagination*, which strongly impresses on the writer's mind, and enables him to convey to the reader, the various forms of nature, incidents of life, and energies of passion, as in his 'Eloisa,' 'Windsor Forest,' and 'Ethic Epistles.' He had *Judgment*, which selects from life or nature what the present purpose requires, and, by separating the essence of things from its concomitants, often makes the representation more powerful than the reality: and he had colours of language always before him, ready to decorate his matter with every grace of elegant expression, as when he accommodates his diction to the wonderful multiplicity of Homer's sentiments and descriptions.

Poetical expression includes sound as well as meaning: "Music," says Dryden, "is inarticulate poetry;" among the excellences of Pope, therefore, must be mentioned the melody of his metre. By perusing the works of Dryden, he discovered the most perfect fabric of English verse, and habituated himself to that only which he found the best; in consequence of which restraint, his poetry has been censured as too uniformly musical, and as glutting the ear with unvaried sweetness. I suspect this objection to be the cant of those who judge by principles rather than perception; and who would even themselves have less pleasure in his works, if he had tried to relieve attention by studied discords, or affected to break his lines and vary his pauses.

But though he was thus careful of his versification, he did not oppress his powers with superfluous rigour. He seems to have thought with Boileau, that the practice of writing might be refined till the difficulty should overbalance the advantage. The construction of his language is not always strictly grammatical; with those rhymes which prescription had conjoined, he contented himself, without regard to Swift's remonstrances, though there was no striking consonance; nor was he very careful to vary his terminations, or to refuse admission, at a small distance, to the same rhymes.

To Swift's edict for the exclusion of Alexandrines and Triplets he paid little regard; he admitted them, but, in the opinion of Fenton, too rarely; he uses them more liberally in his translation than in his poems.

He has a few double rhymes: and always, I think, unsuccessfully, except once in the 'Rape of the Lock.'

Expletives he very early ejected from his verses; but he now and then admits an epithet rather commodious than important. Each of the first six lines of the 'Iliad' might lose two syllables with very little diminution of the meaning; and sometimes, after all his art and labour, one verse seems to be made for the sake of another. In his latter pro-

* In one of these poems is a couplet, to which belongs a story related by the Rev. Dr. Ridley:

> Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage:
> Hard words, or hanging, if your judge be ****

Sir Francis Page conceiving that his name was meant to fill up the blank, sent his clerk to complain of the insult. Pope told the young man, that the blank might be supplied by many monosyllables other than the judge's name:—"But, Sir, the judge says that no other word will make sense of the passage."—"So then it seems," says Pope, "your master is not only a judge but a poet: as that is the case, the odds are against me. Give my respects to the judge, and tell him, I will not contend with one that has the advantage of me, and he may fill up the blank as he pleases." Judge Page probably owed this distinction to the unjustifiable insolence he displayed on the memorable trial of Savage, of whom Pope was the sincere friend.

ductions the diction is sometimes vitiated by French idioms, with which Bolingbroke had perhaps infected him.

I have been told that the couplet by which he declared his own ear to be most gratified was this:

> Lo, where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
> The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows.

But the reason of this preference I cannot discover.

It is remarked by Watts, that there is scarcely a happy combination of words, or a phrase poetically elegant in the English language, which Pope has not inserted into his version of Homer. How he obtained possession of so many beauties of speech, it were desirable to know. That he gleaned from authors, obscure as well as eminent, what he thought brilliant or useful, and preserved it all in a regular collection, is not unlikely. When, in his last years, Hall's Satires were shown him, he wished that he had seen them sooner.

New sentiments and new images others may produce; but to attempt any further improvement of versification will be dangerous. Art and diligence have now done their best, and what shall be added will be the effort of tedious toil and needless curiosity.

After all this, it is surely superfluous to answer the question that has once been asked, Whether Pope was a poet? otherwise than by asking in return, If Pope be not a poet, where is poetry to be found? To circumscribe poetry by a definition, will only show the narrowness of the definer; though a definition which shall exclude Pope will not easily be made. Let us look round upon the present time, and back upon the past; let us inquire to whom the voice of mankind has decreed the wreath of poetry; let their productions be examined and their claims stated, and the pretensions of Pope will be no more disputed. Had he given the world only his version, the name of poet must have been allowed him: if the writer of the 'Iliad' were to class his successors, he would assign a very high place to his translator, without requiring any other evidence of genius.

The following Letter, of which the original is in the hands of Lord Hardwicke, was communicated to me by the kindness of Mr. Jodrell.

"To Mr. Bridges, *at the Bishop of London's at Fulham.*

"Sir,

"The favour of your Letter, with your Remarks, can never be enough acknowledged; and the speed with which you discharged so troublesome a task doubles the obligation.

"I must own that you have pleased me very much by the commendations so ill bestowed upon me; but I assure you, much more by the frankness of your censure, which I ought to take the more kindly of the two, as it is more advantage to a scribbler to be improved in his judgment than to be soothed in his vanity. The greater part of those deviations from the Greeks, which you have observed, I was led into by Chapman and Hobbs; who are, it seems, as much celebrated for their knowledge of the original, as they are decried for the badness of their translations. Chapman pretends to have restored the genuine sense of the author, from the mistakes of all former explainers, in several hundred places; and the Cambridge editors of the large Homer, in Greek and Latin, attributed so much to Hobbs, that they confess they have corrected the old Latin interpretation very often by his version. For my part, I generally took the author's meaning to be as you have explained it; yet their authority, joined to the knowledge of my own imperfectness in the language, overruled me. However, Sir, you may be confident I think you in the right, because you happen to be of my opinion: for, men (let them say what they will) never approve any other's sense, but as it squares with their own. But you have made me much more proud of, and much more positive in my judgment, since it is strengthened by yours. I think your criticisms, which regard the expression, very just, and shall make my profit of them: to give you some proof that I am in earnest, I will alter three verses on your bare objection, though I have Mr. Dryden's example for each of them. And this, I hope, you will account no small piece of obedience from one who values the authority of one true poet above that of twenty critics or commentators. But, though I speak thus of commentators, I will continue to read carefully all I can procure, to make up, that way, for my own want of critical understanding in the original beauties of Homer. Though the greatest of them are certainly those of Invention and Design, which are not at all confined to the language: for the distinguishing excellences of Homer are (by the consent of the best critics of all nations) first in the manners (which include all the speeches, as being no other than the representations of each person's manners by his words;) and then in that rapture and fire, which carries you away with him, with that wonderful force, that no man who has a true poetical spirit is master of himself while he reads him. Homer makes you interested and concerned before you are aware, all at once, whereas Virgil does it by soft degrees. This, I believe, is what a translator of Homer ought principally to imitate; and it is very hard for any translator to come up to it, because the chief reason why all translations fall short of their originals is, that the very constraint they are obliged to, renders them heavy and dispirited.

"The great beauty of Homer's language, as I take it, consists in that noble simplicity which runs through all his works; (and yet his diction, contrary to what one would imagine consistent with simplicity, is at the same time very copious.) I don't know how I have run into this pedantry in a Letter, but I find I have said too much, as well as spoken too inconsiderately: what farther thoughts I have spoken upon this subject, I shall be glad to communicate to you (for my own improvement) when we meet; which is a happiness I very earnestly desire, as I do likewise some opportunity of proving how much I think myself obliged to your friendship, and how truly I am, Sir,

"Your most faithful, humble servant,

"A. POPE."

The Criticism upon Pope's Epitaphs, which was printed in 'The Universal Visitor,' is placed here, being too minute and particular to be inserted in the Life.

Every art is best taught by example. Nothing

contributes more to the cultivation of propriety, than remarks on the works of those who have most excelled. I shall therefore endeavour, at this *visit*, to entertain the young students in poetry with an examination of Pope's Epitaphs.

To define an Epitaph is useless; every one knows that it is an inscription on a Tomb. An epitaph, therefore, implies no particular character of writing, but may be composed in verse or prose. It is indeed commonly panegyrical; because we are seldom distinguished with a stone but by our friends; but it has no rule to restrain or mollify it, except this, that it ought not to be longer than common beholders may be expected to have leisure and patience to peruse.

ON

CHARLES EARL OF DORSET.

In the Church of Wythyham in Sussex.

Dorset, the grace of courts, the Muse's pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of nature, died.
The scourge of pride, though sanctified or great,
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state;
Yet soft in nature, though severe his lay,
His anger moral, and his wisdom gay.
Blest satirist! who touch'd the means so true,
As show'd, Vice had his hate and pity too.
Blest courtier! who could king and country please,
Yet sacred kept his friendships, and his ease.
Blest peer! his great forefather's every grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his race;
Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets shine,
And patriots still, or poets, deck the line.

The first distich of this epitaph contains a kind of information which few would want, that the man for whom the tomb was erected, *died*. There are indeed some qualities worthy of praise ascribed to the dead, but none that were likely to exempt him from the lot of man, or incline us much to wonder that he should die. What is meant by "judge of nature," is not easy to say. Nature is not the object of human judgment; for it is vain to judge where we cannot alter. If by nature is meant what is commonly called *nature* by the critics, a just representation of things really existing, and actions really performed, nature cannot be properly opposed to *art;* nature being, in this sense, only the best effect of *art*.

The scourge of pride—

Of this couplet, the second line is not, what is intended, an illustration of the former. *Pride*, in the *Great*, is indeed well enough connected with knaves in state, though *knaves* is a word rather too ludicrous and light; but the mention of *sanctified* pride will not lead the thoughts to *fops in learning*, but rather to some species of tyranny or oppression, something more gloomy and more formidable than foppery.

Yet soft his nature—

This is a high compliment, but was not first bestowed on Dorset by Pope. The next verse is extremely beautiful.

Blest satirist!—

In this distich is another line of which Pope was not the author. I do not mean to blame these imitations with much harshness; in long performances they are scarcely to be avoided; and in shorter they may be indulged, because the train of the composition may naturally involve them, or the scantiness of the subject allow little choice. However, what is borrowed is not to be enjoyed as our own; and it is the business of critical justice to give every bird of the Muses his proper feather.

Blest courtier!—

Whether a courtier can properly be commended for keeping his *ease sacred*, may perhaps be disputable. To please king and country, without sacrificing friendship to any change of times, was a very uncommon instance of prudence or felicity, and deserved to be kept separate from so poor a commendation as care of his ease. I wish our poets would attend a little more accurately to the use of the word *sacred*, which surely should never be applied in a serious composition, but where some reference may be made to a higher Being, or where some duty is exacted or implied. A man may keep his friendship sacred, because promises of friendship are very awful ties; but methinks he cannot, but in a burlesque sense, be said to keep his ease *sacred*.

Blest peer!

The blessing ascribed to the *peer* has no connexion with his peerage; they might happen to any other man whose posterity were likely to be regarded.

I know not whether this epitaph be worthy either of the writer or the man entombed.

ON

SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL,

One of the principal Secretaries of State to King William III. who, having resigned his place, died in retirement at Easthampstead in Berkshire, 1716.

A pleasing form; a firm, yet cautious mind;
Sincere, though prudent; constant, yet resign'd;
Honour unchanged, a principle profest,
Fix'd to one side, but moderate to the rest;
An honest courtier, yet a patriot too;
Just to his prince, and to his country true;
Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
A generous faith, from superstition free;
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny;
Such this man was; who now, from earth removed,
At length enjoys that liberty he loved.

In this epitaph, as in many others, there appears, at the first view, a fault which I think scarcely any beauty can compensate. The name is omitted. The end of an epitaph is to convey some account of the dead; and to what purpose is any thing told of him whose name is concealed? An epitaph, and a history of a nameless hero, are equally absurd, since the virtues and qualities so recounted in either are scattered at the mercy of fortune to be appropriated by guess. The name, it is true, may be read upon the stone; but what obligation has it to the poet, whose verses may wander over the earth, and leave their subject behind them, and who is forced, like an unskilful painter, to make his purpose known by adventitious help?

This epitaph is wholly without elevation, and contains nothing striking or particular; but the poet is not to be blamed for the defects of his subject. He said perhaps the best that could be said. There are, however, some defects which were not made necessary by the character in which he was employed. There is no opposition between an *honest courtier* and a *patriot;* for, an *honest courtier* cannot but be a *patriot.*

It was unsuitable to the nicety required in short compositions, to close his verse with the word *too;* every rhyme should be a word of emphasis; nor can this rule be safely neglected, except where the length of the poem makes slight inaccuracies excusable, or allows room for beauties sufficient to overpower the effects of petty faults.

At the beginning of the seventh line the word *filled* is weak and prosaic, having no particular adaptation to any of the words that follow it.

The thought in the last line is impertinent, having no connexion with the foregoing character, nor with the condition of the man described. Had the epitaph been written on the poor conspirator* who died lately in prison, after a confinement of more than forty years, without any crime proved against him, the sentiment had been just and pathetical; but why should Trumbal be congratulated upon his liberty, who had never known restraint?

ON THE

HON. SIMON HARCOURT,

Only Son of the Lord Chancellor Harcourt, at the Church of Stanton-Harcourt, in Oxfordshire, 1720.

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near,
Here lies the friend most loved, the son most dear;
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,
Or, gave his father grief but when he died.
How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what HARCOURT cannot speak.
Oh, let thy once loved friend inscribe thy stone,
And with a father's sorrows mix his own.

This epitaph is principally remarkable for the artful introduction of the name, which is inserted with a peculiar felicity, to which chance must concur with genius, which no man can hope to attain twice, and which cannot be copied but with servile imitation.

I cannot but wish that, of this inscription, the two last lines had been omitted, as they take away from the energy what they do not add to the sense.

ON

JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

In Westminster Abbey.

JACOBUS CRAGGS,
REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS
ET CONSILIIS SANCTORIBUS
PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIÆ
VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR,
ANNOS HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.
OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere:
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promise, served no private end
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
Praised, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse he loved.

The lines on Craggs were not originally intended for an epitaph; and therefore some faults are to be imputed to the violence with which they are torn from the poem that first contained them. We may, however, observe some defects. There is a redundancy of words in the first couplet: it is superfluous to tell of him, who was *sincere, true,* and *faithful,* that he was *in honour clear.*

There seems to be an opposition intended in the fourth line, which is not very obvious: where is the relation between the two positions, that he *gained no title* and *lost no friend?*

It may be proper here to remark the absurdity of joining, in the same inscription, Latin and English, or verse and prose. If either language be preferable to the other, let that only be used; for, no reason can be given why part of the information should be given in one tongue, and part in another, on a tomb, more than in any other place, or on any other occasion; and to tell all that can be conveniently told in verse, and then to call in the help of prose, has always the appearance of a very artless expedient, or of an attempt unaccomplished. Such an epitaph resembles the conversation of a foreigner, who tells part of his meaning by words, and conveys part by signs.

INTENDED FOR MR. ROWE.

In Westminster Abbey.

Thy relics, Rowe, to this fair urn we trust,
And sacred place by Dryden's awful dust;
Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
Blest in thy genius; in thy love too, blest!
One grateful woman to thy fame supplies
What a whole thankless land to his denies.

Of this inscription the chief fault is, that it belongs less to Rowe, for whom it was written, than to Dryden, who was buried near him; and indeed gives very little information concerning either.

To wish *Peace to thy shade* is too mythological to be admitted into a Christian temple: the ancient worship has infected almost all our other compositions, and might therefore be contented to spare our epitaphs. Let fiction, at least, cease with life, and let us be serious over the grave.

ON

MRS. CORBET,

*Who died of a Cancer in her Breast.**

Here rests a woman, good without pretence,
Blest with plain reason, and with sober sense;
No conquest she, but o'er herself, desired;
No arts essay'd, but not to be admired.
Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
Convinced that virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, so composed a mind,
So firm, yet soft, so strong, yet so refined,
Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures tried;
The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died.

I have always considered this as the most valuable of all Pope's epitaphs; the subject of it is a

* Major Bernardi, who died in Newgate, Sept. 20, 1736.

* In the North aisle of the parish church of St. Margaret, Westminster.

character not discriminated by any shining or eminent peculiarities; yet that which really makes, though not the splendour, the felicity of life, and that which every wise man will choose for his final, and lasting companion in the languor of age, in the quiet of privacy, when he departs weary and disgusted from the ostentatious, the volatile, and the vain. Of such a character, which the dull overlook, and the gay despise, it was fit that the value should be made known, and the dignity established. Domestic virtue, as it is exerted without great occasions, or conspicuous consequences, in an even unnoted tenor, required the genius of Pope to display it in such a manner as might attract regard, and enforce reverence. Who can forbear to lament that this amiable woman has no name in the verses?

If the particular lines of this inscription be examined, it will appear less faulty than the rest. There is scarcely one line taken from commonplaces, unless it be that in which *only Virtue* is said to be *our own*. I once heard a Lady of great beauty and excellence object to the fourth line, that it contained an unnatural and incredible panegyric. Of this, let the ladies judge.

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE

HON. ROBERT DIGBY AND OF HIS SISTER MARY,

Erected by their Father the Lord Digby, in the Church of Sherborne in Dorsetshire, 1727.

Go! fair example of untainted youth,
Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth;
Composed in sufferings, and in joy sedate,
Good without noise, without pretension great.
Just of thy word, in every thought sincere,
Who knew no wish but what the world might hear:
Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind.
Go, live! for heaven's eternal year is thine,
Go, and exalt thy mortal to divine.
And thou, blest maid! attendant on his doom,
Pensive has follow'd to the silent tomb,
Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go, then, where only bliss sincere is known!
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!
Yet take these tears; mortality's relief,
And, till we share your joys, forgive our grief:
These little rites, a stone, a verse receive,
'Tis all a father, all a friend can give!

This epitaph contains of the brother only a general indiscriminate character, and of the sister tells nothing but that she died. The difficulty in writing epitaphs is to give a particular and appropriate praise. This, however, is not always to be performed, whatever be the diligence or ability of the writer; for, the greater part of mankind *have no character at all*, have little that distinguishes them from others equally good or bad, and therefore nothing can be said of them which may not be applied with equal propriety to a thousand more. It is indeed no great panegyric, that there is inclosed in this tomb one who was born in one year, and died in another; yet many useful and amiable lives have been spent, which leave little materials for any other memorial. These are however not the proper subjects of poetry; and whenever friendship, or any other motive, obliges a poet to write on such subjects, he must be forgiven if he sometimes wanders in generalities, and utters the same praises over different tombs.

The scantiness of human praises can scarcely be made more apparent, than by remarking how often Pope has, in the few epitaphs which he composed, found it necessary to borrow from himself. The fourteen epitaphs which he has written, comprise about a hundred and forty lines, in which there are more repetitions than will easily be found in all the rest of his works. In the eight lines which make the character of Digby, there is scarce any thought, or word, which may not be found in the other epitaphs.

The ninth line, which is far the strongest and most elegant, is borrowed from Dryden. The conclusion is the same with that on Harcourt, but is here more elegant and better connected.

ON

SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

In Westminster Abbey, 1723.

Kneller! by Heaven, and not a master taught,
Whose art was nature, and whose pictures thought;
Now for two ages, having snatch'd from fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
Lies crown'd with Princes' honours, Poets' lays,
Due to his merit and brave thirst of praise.
Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and dying, fears herself may die.

Of this epitaph the first couplet is good, the second not bad, the third is deformed with a broken metaphor, the word *crowned* not being appliacable to the *honours* or *lays;* and the fourth is not only borrowed from the epitaph on Raphael, but of a very harsh construction.

ON

GENERAL HENRY WITHERS,

In Westminster Abbey, 1729.

Here, Withers, rest! thou bravest, gentlest mind,
Thy country's friend, but more of human kind.
O! born to arms! O! worth in youth approved!
O! soft humanity in age beloved!
For thee the hardy veteran drops a tear,
And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.
Withers, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial spirit, or thy social love!
Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave some ancient virtues to our age:
Nor let us say (those English glories gone,)
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

The epitaph on Withers affords another instance of common-places, though somewhat diversified, by mingled qualities, and the peculiarity of a profession.

The second couplet is abrupt, general, and unpleasing; exclamation seldom succeeds in our language, and, I think, it may be observed that the particle O! used at the beginning of the sentence, always offends.

The third couplet is more happy; the value expressed for him by different sorts of men, raises him to esteem; there is yet something of the common cant of superficial satirists, who suppose that the insincerity of a courtier destroys all his sensa

tions, and that he is equally a dissembler to the living and the dead.

At the third couplet I should wish the epitaph to close, but that I should be unwilling to lose the two next lines, which yet are dearly bought if they cannot be retained without the four that follow them.

ON

MR. ELIJAH FENTON,

At Easthamstead in Berkshire, 1730.

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, 'Here lies an honest man!'
A Poet, blest beyond the poet's fate,
Whom heaven kept sacred from the Proud and Great;
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace.
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temperate feast rose satisfied,
Thank'd heaven that he lived, and that he died.

The first couplet of this epitaph is borrowed from Crashaw. The four next lines contain a species of praise peculiar, original, and just. Here, therefore, the inscription should have ended, the latter part containing nothing but what is common to every man who is wise and good. The character of Fenton was so amiable that I cannot forbear to wish for some poet or biographer to display it more fully for the advantage of posterity. If he did not stand in the first rank of genius, he may claim a place in the second; and, whatever criticism may object to his writings, censure could find very little to blame in his life.

ON

MR. GAY,

In Westminster Abbey, 1732.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit, a man; simplicity, a child;
With native humour tempering virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age;
Above temptation, in a low estate,
And uncorrupted, even among the Great:
A safe companion and an easy friend,
Unblamed through life, lamented in thy end.
These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust!
But that the Worthy and the Good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies Gay!

As Gay was the favourite of our author, this epitaph was probably written with an uncommon degree of attention; yet it is not more successfully executed than the rest, for it will not always happen that the success of a poet is proportionate to his labour. The same observation may be extended to all works of imagination, which are often influenced by causes wholly out of the performer's power, by hints of which he perceives not the origin, by sudden elevations of mind which he cannot produce in himself, and which sometimes rise when he expects them least.

The two parts of the first line are only echoes of each other; *gentle manners* and *mild affections*, if they mean any thing, must mean the same.

That Gay was a *man in wit* is a very frigid commendation; to have the wit of a man is not much for a poet. The *wit of man*, and the *simplicity of a child*, make a poor and vulgar contrast, and raise no ideas of excellence either intellectual or moral.

In the next couplet *rage* is less properly introduced after the mention of *mildness* and *gentleness*, which are made the constituents of his character; for a man so *mild* and *gentle* to *temper* his *rage*, was not difficult.

The next line is inharmonious in its sound, and mean in its conception; the opposition is obvious, and the word *lash* used absolutely, and without any modification, is gross and improper.

To be *above temptation* in poverty, and *free from corruption among the Great*, is indeed such a peculiarity as deserved notice. But to be a *safe companion*, is a praise merely negative, arising not from possession of virtue, but the absence of vice, and that one of the most odious.

As little can be added to his character, by asserting that he was *lamented in his end*. Every man that dies is, at least by the writer of his epitaph, supposed to be lamented; and therefore this general lamentation does no honour to Gay.

The first eight lines have no grammar; the adjectives are without any substantives and the epithets without a subject.

The thought in the last line, that Gay is buried in the bosoms of the *worthy* and the *good*, who are distinguished only to lengthen the line, is so dark that few understand it; and so harsh, when it is explained, that still fewer approve.

INTENDED FOR

SIR ISAAC NEWTON,

In Westminster Abbey.

ISAACUS NEWTONIUS:
Quem Immortalem
Testantus, Tempus, Natur, Cœlum:
Mortalem
Hoc marmoe fatetur.

Nature, and Nature's laws, lay hid in night:
God said, *Let Newton be!* And all was light.

Of this epitaph, short as it is, the faults seem not to be very few. Why part should be Latin, and part English, is not easy to discover. In the Latin the opposition of *Immortalis* and *Mortalis*, is a mere sound, or a mere quibble; he is not *immortal* in any sense contrary to that in which he is *mortal*.

In the verses the thought is obvious, and the words *night* and *light* are too nearly allied.

ON

EDMUND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Who died in the 19th Year of his Age, 1735

If modest youth, with cool reflection crown'd,
And every opening virtue blooming round,
Could save a parent's justest pride from fate,
Or add one patriot to a sinking state;
This weeping marble had not ask'd thy tear,
Or sadly told how many hopes lie here!
The living virtue now had shone approved,
The senate heard him, and his country loved
Yet softer honours, and less noisy fame,
Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham:
In whom a race, for courage famed, and art,
Ends in the milder merit of the heart:
And, chiefs or sages, long to Britain given,
Pays the last tribute of a saint to Heaven.

This epitaph Mr. Warburton prefers to the rest; but I know not for what reason. To *crown* with *reflection*, is surely a mode of speech approaching to nonsense. *Opening virtues blooming round*, is something like tautology: the six following lines are poor and prosaic. *Art* is in another couplet used for *arts*, that a rhyme may be had to *heart*. The six last lines are the best, but not excellent.

The rest of his sepulchral performances hardly deserve the notice of criticism. The contemptible 'Dialogue' between He and She should have been suppressed for the author's sake.

In his last epitaph on himself, in which he attempts to be jocular upon one of the few things that make wise men serious, he confounds the living man with the dead:

> Under this stone, or under this sill,
> Or under this turf, &c.

When a man is once buried, the question, under what he is buried, is easily decided. He forgot, that though he wrote the epitaph in a state of uncertainty, yet it could not be laid over him till his grave was made. Such is the folly of wit when it is ill employed.

The world has but little new; even this wretchedness seems to have been borrowed from the following tuneless lines;

> Ludovici Areosti humantur ossa
> Sub hoc marmore, vel sub hac humo,
> Sub quicquid voluit benignus hæres,
> Sive hærede benignior comes, seu
> Opportunius incidens Viator:
> Nam scire haud potuit futura, sed nec
> Tanti erat vacuum sibi cadaver
> Ut utnam cuperet parare vivens,
> Vivens ista tamen sibi caravit,
> Quæ inscribi voluit suo sepulchro
> Olim siquod haberetis sepulchrum.

Surely Ariosto did not venture to expect that his trifle would have ever had such an illustrious imitator.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE.

PREFACE.

I AM inclined to think that both the writers of books, and the readers of them, are generally not a little unreasonable in their expectations. The first seem to fancy that the world must approve whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to please them at any rate. Methinks, as on the one hand no single man is born with a right of controlling the opinions of all the rest, so, on the other, the world has no title to demand that the whole care and time of any particular person should be sacrificed to its entertainment; therefore I cannot but believe that writers and readers are under equal obligations, for as much fame or pleasure as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man; and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted, by the judgment commonly passed upon poems. A critic supposes he has done his part, if he proves a writer to have failed in an expression, or erred in any particular point; and can it then be wondered at, if the poets in general seem resolved not to own themselves in any error? For as long as one side will make no allowances, the other will be brought to no acknowledgments.

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both sides is ill-placed; Poetry and Criticism being by no means the universal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their closets, and of idle men who read there.

Yet sure, upon the whole, a bad author deserves better usage than a bad critic; for a writer's endeavour, for the most part, is to please his readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill-judgment; but such a critic's is to put them out of humour: a design he could never go upon without both that and an ill-temper.

I think a good deal may be said to extenuate the faults of bad poets. What we call a Genius is hard to be distinguished by a man himself from a strong inclination; and if his genius be ever so great, he cannot at first discover it in any other way, than by giving way to that prevalent propensity which renders him the more liable to be mistaken. The only method he has, is to make the experiment by writing, and appealing to the judgment of others. Now, if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no sin in itself,) he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I wish we had the humanity to reflect, that even the worst authors might, in their endeavour to please us, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them but for their obstinacy in persisting to write; and this, too, may admit of alleviating circumstances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant or insincere; and the rest of the world in general is too well bred to shock them with a truth which generally their booksellers are the first that inform them of. This happens not till they have spent too much of their time to apply to any profession which might better fit their talents, and till such talents as they have are so far discredited as to be of but small service to them. For (what is the hardest case imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the first step he makes in the world: and people will establish their opinion of us from what we do at that season when we have least judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good poet no sooner communicates his works with the same desire of information, but it is imagined he is a vain young creature, given up to the ambition of fame, when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous. If he is made to hope he may please the world, he falls under very unlucky circumstances; for, from the moment he prints, he must expect to hear no more truth than if he were a prince or a beauty. If he has not very good sense, (and indeed there are twenty men of wit for one man of sense,) his living thus in a course of flattery may put him in no small danger of becoming a coxcomb; if he has, he will, consequently, have so much diffidence as not to reap any great satisfaction from his praise; since, if it be given to his face, it can scarce be distinguished from flattery; and if in his absence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he sure to be commended by the best and most knowing, he is as sure of being envied by the worst and most ignorant, which are the majority; for it is with a fine genius as with a fine fashion; all those are displeased at it who are not able to follow it; and it is to be feared that esteem will seldom do any man so much good as ill-will does him harm. Then there is a third class of people, who make the largest part of mankind, those of ordinary or indifferent capacities, and these, to a man, will hate or suspect him; a hundred honest

gentlemen will dread him as a wit, and a hundred innocent women as a satirist. In a word, whatever be his fate in poetry, it is ten to one but he must give up all the reasonable aims of life for it. There are, indeed, some advantages accruing from a genius to poetry, and they are all I can think of; the agreeable power of self-amusement when a man is idle or alone; the privilege of being admitted into the best company; and the freedom of saying as many careless things as other people, without being so severely remarked upon.

I believe if any one, early in his life, should contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would scarce be of their number on any consideration. The life of a wit is a warfare upon earth; and the present spirit of the learned world is such, that to attempt to serve it, any way, one must have the constancy of a martyr, and a resolution to suffer for its sake. I could wish people would believe, what I am pretty certain they will not, that I have been much less concerned about fame than I durst declare till this occasion, when, methinks, I should find more credit than I could heretofore, since my writings have had their fate already, and it is too late to think of prepossessing the reader in their favour. I would plead it as some merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for these trifles by prefaces, biassed by recommendation, dazzled with the names of great patrons, wheedled with fine reasons and pretences, or troubled with excuses. I confess it was want of consideration that made me an author; I writ, because it amused me; I corrected, because it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write; and I published, because I was told I might please such as it was a credit to please. To what degree I have done this I am really ignorant: I had too much fondness for my productions to judge of them at first, and too much judgment to be pleased with them at last; but I have reason to think they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deserves to do so; for they have always fallen short, not only of what I read of others, but even of my own ideas of poetry.

If any one should imagine I am not in earnest, I desire him to reflect, that the Ancients (to say the least of them) had as much genius as we; and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more complete pieces. They constantly applied themselves not only to that art, but to that single branch of an art to which their talent was most powerfully bent; and it was the business of their lives to correct and finish their works for posterity. If we can pretend to have used the same industry, let us expect the same immortality; though, if we took the same care, we should still lie under a further misfortune; they writ in languages that became universal and everlasting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent and in duration. A mighty foundation for our pride! when the utmost we can hope is but to be read in one island, and to be thrown aside at the end of one age.

All that is left us is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the Ancients: and it will be found true, that, in every age, the highest character for sense and learning has been obtained by those who have been most indebted to them. For, to say truth, whatever is very good sense, must have been common sense in all times; and what we call Learning, is but the knowledge of the sense of our predecessors. Therefore they who say our thoughts are not our own, because they resemble the Ancients, may as well say our faces are not our own, because they are like our fathers; and indeed it is very unreasonable that people should expect us to be scholars, and yet be angry to find us so.

I fairly confess that I have served myself all I could by reading; that I made use of the judgment of authors dead and living; that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors, both by my friends and enemies: but the true reason these pieces are not more correct, is owing to the consideration how short a time they and I have to live: one may be ashamed to consume half one's days in bringing sense and rhyme together; and what critic can be so unreasonable, as not to leave a man time enough for any more serious employment, or more agreeable amusement?

The only plea I shall use for the favour of the public is, that I have as great a respect for it as most authors have for themselves; and that I have sacrificed much of my own self-love for its sake, in preventing not only many mean things from seeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable. I would not be like those authors who forgive themselves some particular lines for the sake of a whole poem, and, *vice versa*, a whole poem for the sake of some particular lines. I believe no one qualification is so likely to make a good writer as the power of rejecting his own thoughts; and it must be this, if any thing, that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have published, I can only hope to be pardoned; but for what I have burned, I deserve to be praised. On this account the world is under some obligation to me, and owes me the justice, in return, to look upon no verses as mine that are not inserted in this Collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really so, but to avoid the imputation of so many dull and immoral things as, partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been ascribed to me. I must further acquit myself of the presumption of having lent my name to recommend any miscellanies or works of other men; a thing I never thought becoming a person who has hardly credit enough to answer for his own.

In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain whether to look upon myself as a man building a monument, or burying the dead.

If time shall make it the former, may these poems, as long as they last, remain as a testimony that their author never made his talents subservient to the mean and unworthy ends of party or self-interest; the gratification of public prejudices or private passions; the flattery of the undeserving, or the insult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be considered, that it is what no man can do without good sense, a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquisition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this publication be only a more solemn funeral of my remains, I desire it may be known that I die in charity, and in my senses; without any murmurs against the justice of this age, or any mad appeals to posterity. I declare, I shall think the world in the right, and quietly submit to every truth which time

shall discover to the prejudice of these writings; not so much as wishing so irrational a thing, as that every body should be deceived merely for my credit. However, I desire it may therein be considered, that there are very few things in this Collection which were not written under the age of five and twenty; so that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in executions) a case of compassion; that I never was so concerned about my works as to vindicate them in print, believing, if any thing was good, it would defend itself, and what was bad could never be defended; that I used no artifice to raise or continue a reputation, depreciated no dead author I was obliged to, bribed no living one with unjust praise, insulted no adversary with ill language; or, when I could not attack a rival's works, encouraged reports against his morals. To conclude, if this volume perish, let it serve as a warning to the critics not to take too much pains for the future to destroy such things as will die of themselves; and a *memento mori* to some of my vain contemporaries the poets, to teach them, that, when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favoured by the public in general.

Nov. 10, 1716.

PASTORALS.

A DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1704.

Rura mihi, et rigui, placeant in vallibus amnes;
Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius! VIRGIL.

The Pastorals were written at the age of sixteen, and then passed through the hands of Mr. Walsh, Mr. Wycherley, G. Granville, (afterwards lord Lansdowne) Sir William Trumbal, Dr. Garth, lord Halifax, lord Somers, Mr. Maynwaring, and others. All these gave our author the greatest encouragement, and particularly Mr. Walsh, whom Mr. Dryden, in his Postscript to Virgil, calls the best critic of his age. "The author, (says he) seems to have a particular genius for this kind of poetry, and a judgment which much exceeds his years. He has taken very freely from the ancients; but what he has mixed of his own with theirs, is no way inferior to what he has taken from them. It is not flattery at all to say, that Virgil had written nothing so good at his age. His Preface is very judicious and learned." *Letter to Mr. Wycherley, April*, 1705. The lord Lansdowne about the same time, mentioning the youth of our Poet, says, (in a printed Letter of the Character of Mr. Wycherley) "that if he goes on as he has begun in his Pastoral way, as Virgil first tried his strength, we may hope to see English poetry vie with the Roman," &c. Notwithstanding the early time of their production, the author esteemed these as the most correct in the versification, and musical in the numbers, of all his works. The reason for his labouring them into so much softness, was, doubtless, that this sort of poetry derives almost its whole beauty from a natural ease of thought, and smoothness of verse; whereas that of most other kinds consists in the strength and fulness of both. In a letter of his to Mr. Walsh about this time, we find an enumeration of several niceties in versification, which perhaps have never been strictly observed in any English poem except in these Pastorals. They were not printed till 1709.

A DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL POETRY.*

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any sort of verses, than of those which are called Pastorals, nor a smaller than those which are truly so. It therefore seems necessary to give some account of this kind of poem; and it is my design to comprise in this short paper the substance of those numerous dissertations the critics have made on the subject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour. You will also find some points reconciled, about which they seem to differ; and a few remarks, which, I think, have escaped their observation.

The original of poetry is ascribed to that age which succeeded the creation of the world; and as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most ancient sort of poetry was probably pastoral. It is natural to imagine, that the leisure of those ancient shepherds admitting and inviting some diversion, none was so proper to that solitary and sedentary life as singing; and that in their songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which, by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the present. And since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the poets chose to introduce their persons, from whom it received the name of Pastoral.

A pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both; the fable simple, the manners not too polite, nor too rustic: the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing: the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expressions, are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

The complete character of this poem consists in simplicity, brevity, and delicacy; the two first of which render an eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

If we could copy nature, it may be useful to take this idea along with us, that pastoral is an image of what they call the Golden Age. So that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been, when the best of men followed the employment. To carry this resemblance yet further, it would not be amiss to give these shepherds some skill in astronomy, as far as it may be useful to that sort of life. And an air of piety to the gods should

* Written at sixteen years of age.

shine through the poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity; and it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing: the connection should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short, and the periods concise: yet it is not sufficient that the sentences only be brief; the whole eclogue should be so too: for we cannot suppose poetry in those days to have been the business of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But with respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make these composures natural, than when some knowledge in rural affairs is discovered. This may be made to appear rather done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shown by inference; lest by too much study to seem natural, we destroy that easy simplicity from whence arises the delight: for what is inviting in this sort of poetry proceeds not so much from the idea of that business, as the tranquillity of a country life.

We must therefore use some illusion to render a pastoral delightful; and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries. Nor is it enough to introduce shepherds discoursing together in a natural way; but a regard must be had to the subject, that it contain some particular beauty in itself, and that it be different in every eclogue. Besides, in each of them a designed scene or prospect is to be presented to our view, which should likewise have its variety. This variety is obtained in a great degree by frequent comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digressions, but those short; sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances; and, lastly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves, though they are properly of the heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing imaginable.

It is by rules like these that we ought to judge of pastoral. And since the instructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they must of necessity be derived from those in whom it is acknowledged so to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil (the only undisputed authors of pastoral,) that the critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excels all others in nature and simplicity. The subjects of his Idyllia are purely pastoral; but he is not so exact in his persons, having introduced reapers and fishermen as well as shepherds. He is apt to be too long in his descriptions, of which that of the cup in the first pastoral is a remarkable instance. In the manners he seems a little defective, for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity; for instance, in his fourth and fifth Idyllia. But it is enough that all others learned their excellence from him, and that his dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original; and in all points, where judgment is principally concerned, he is much superior to his master. Though some of his subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such, they have a wonderful variety in them, which the Greek was a stranger to. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity and propriety of style; the first of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the last of his language.

Among the moderns, their success has been greatest who have most endeavoured to make these ancients their pattern. The most considerable genius appears in the famous Tasso and our Spenser. Tasso in his Aminta has as far excelled all the pastoral writers, as in his Gierusalemme he has outdone the epic poets of his country. But as his piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem, the pastoral comedy, in Italy, it cannot so well be considered as a copy of the ancients. Spenser's Calendar, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever since the time of Virgil; not but that he may be thought imperfect in some few points. His eclogues are somewhat too long if we compare them with the ancients. He is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a pastoral style, as the Mantuan had done before him. He has employed the lyric measure, which is contrary to the practice of the old poets. His stanza is not still the same, nor always well chosen. This last may be the reason his expression is sometimes not concise enough; for the tetrastic has obliged him to extend his sense to the length of four lines, which would have been more closely confined in the couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himself; though, notwithstanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his dialect; for the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was used in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greatest persons: whereas the old English and country phrases of Spenser were either entirely obsolete, or spoken only by people of the lowest condition. As there is a difference betwixt simplicity and rusticity, so the expression of simple thoughts should be plain but not clownish. The addition he has made of a calendar to his eclogues, is very beautiful; since by this, besides the general moral of innocence and simplicity, which is common to other authors of pastoral, he has one peculiar to himself: he compares human life to the several seasons, and at once exposes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aspects. Yet the scrupulous division of his pastorals into months, has obliged him either to repeat the same description in other words, for three months together; or, when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it: whence it comes to pass that some of his eclogues (as the sixth, eighth, and tenth, for example) have nothing but their titles to distinguish them. The reason is evident, because the year has not that variety in it to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season.

Of the following eclogues I shall only say, that these four comprehend all the subjects which the critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for pastoral: that they have as much variety of description, in respect of the several seasons, as Spenser's: that, in order to add to this variety, the several times of the day are observed, the rural employments in each season or time of day, and the rural scenes or places proper to such employments; not without some regard to the several ages of man, and the different passions proper to each age.

But after all, if they have any merit, it is to be at-

tributed to some good old authors, whose works as I had leisure to study, so, I hope, I have not wanted care to imitate.

PASTORALS.

SPRING.

THE FIRST PASTORAL; OR, DAMON.

To Sir William Trumbal.

FIRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains:
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian muses sing;
Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play,
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.
You that, too wise for pride, too good for power,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And, carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost;
O let my muse her slender reed inspire,
Till in your native shades you tune the lyre.
So when the nightingale to rest removes,
The thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,
But charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,
And all the aërial audience clap their wings.
Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
Two swains, whom love kept wakeful, and the muse,
Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair:
The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus replied:

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on every bloomy spray,
With joyous music wake the dawning day!
Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing,
When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?
Why sit we sad, when Phosphor shines so clear,
And lavish Nature paints the purple year.

STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
While yon slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain.
Here the bright crocus and blue violet glow,
Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
I'll stake yon lamb, that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines:
Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various seasons of the rolling year;
And what is that which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie?

DAMON.

Then sing by turns, by turns the muses sing:
Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,
Now leaves the trees, and flowers adorn the ground:
Begin, the vales shall every note resound.

STREPHON.

Inspire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praise,
With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays!
A milk-white bull shall at your altar stand,
That threats a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

DAPHNIS.

O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes;
No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green;
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen:
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
Blest Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield.
Feed here, my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

DAPHNIS.

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves;
If Windsor shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor-shade.

STREPHON.

All Nature mourns, the skies relent in showers,
Hush'd are the birds, and closed the drooping flowers,
If Delia smile, the flowers begin to spring,
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

DAPHNIS.

All Nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;
If Sylvia smile, new glories gild the shore,
And vanquish'd Nature seems to charm no more

STREPHON.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But Delia always; absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day:
E'en spring displeases when she shines not here;
But, bless'd with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears,
A wondrous tree that sacred monarchs bears:
Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.—

DAPHNIS.

Nay, tell me first, in what more happy fields
The thistle springs, to which the lily yields:
And then a nobler prize I will resign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

DAMON.

Cease to contend; for, Daphnis, I decree,
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee.
Blest swains, whose nymphs in every grace excel;
Blest nymphs, whose swains those graces sing so well!
Now rise and haste to yonder woodbine bowers,
A soft retreat from sudden vernal showers:
The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
While opening blooms diffuse their sweets around.
For see! the gathering flocks to shelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful showers descend.

SUMMER.

THE SECOND PASTORAL; OR, ALEXIS.

To Dr. Garth.

A SHEPHERD'S boy (he seeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quivering shade.
Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
The Naiads wept in every watery bower,
And Jove consented in a silent shower.
Accept, O Garth, the muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays;
Hear what from love unpractised hearts endure,
From love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn; nor to the deaf I sing;
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay:
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee.
The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

Where stray ye, muses, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides,
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?
As in the chrystal spring I view my face,
Fresh rising blushes paint the watery glass;
But since those graces please thine eyes no more,
I shun the fountains which I sought before.
Once I was skill'd in every herb that grew,
And every plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah, wretched shepherd! what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!

Let other swains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces shear:
But nigh yon mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inspired when living, and bequeathed in death:
He said: 'Alexis, take this pipe, the same
That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name.'
But now the reed shall hang on yonder tree,
For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.
O! were I made by some transforming power,
The captive bird that sings within thy bower!
Then might my voice thy listening ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song:
The nymphs forsaking every cave and spring,
Their early fruit and milk-white turtles bring;
Each amorous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all bestow'd again:
For you the swains the fairest flowers design,
And in one garland all their beauties join;
Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
In whom all beauties are comprised in one.

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
Descending gods have found Elysium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
And chaste Diana haunts the forest shade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
When swains from shearing seek their nightly bowers
When weary reapers quit the sultry field,
And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres yield.
This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
But your Alexis knows no sweets but you.
O deign to visit our forsaken seats,
The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade;
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade;
Where'er you tread, the blushing flowers shall rise,
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.
O! how I long with you to pass my days,
Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!
Your praise the birds shall chant in every grove,
And winds shall waft it to the powers above.
But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
The wondering forests soon should dance again,
The moving mountains hear the powerful call,
And headlong streams hang listening in their fall!

But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat,
The lowing herds to murmuring brooks retreat,
To closer shades the panting flocks remove.
Ye gods! and is there no relief for love?
But soon the sun with milder rays descends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends:
On me Love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

AUTUMN.

THE THIRD PASTORAL; OR, HYLAS AND ÆGON.

To Mr. Wycherley.

BENEATH the shade a spreading beech displays,
Hylas and Ægon sang their rural lays:
This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent love;
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove.
Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succours bring;
Hylas' and Ægon's rural lays I sing.

Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inspire,
The art of Terence and Menander's fire;
Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms!
Oh! skill'd in nature! see the hearts of swains,
Their artless passions, and their tender pains.

Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas, with melodious moan,
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
As some sad turtle his lost love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores;
Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpitied, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song:
For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny:
For her the lilies hang their heads and die.
Ye flowers that droop, forsaken by the spring,
Ye birds, that left by summer cease to sing,
Ye trees that fade when autumn heats remove,
Say, is not absence death to those who love?

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Cursed be the fields that cause my Delia's stay;
Fade every blossom, wither every tree,
Die every flower, and perish all, but she;
What have I said? Where'er my Delia flies,
Let spring attend, and sudden flowers arise!
Let opening roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from every thorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
The birds shall cease to tune their evening song,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to labourers faint with pain,
Not showers to larks, or sunshine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
Through rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds;
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye powers, what pleasing frenzy soothes my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
She comes, my Delia comes! Now cease my lay,
And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!
Next Ægon sang, while Windsor groves admired:
Rehearse, ye muses, what yourselves inspired.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Of perjured Doris, dying I complain:
Here where the mountains, lessening as they rise,
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies;
While labouring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat;
While curling smokes from village tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon poplar oft we pass'd the day:
Oft on the rind I carved her amorous vows,
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs;
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away:
So dies my love, and so my hopes decay.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain;
Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove.
Just gods! shall all things yield returns but love?
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay;
The shepherds cry, 'Thy flocks are left a prey.'
Ah! what avails it me the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart while I preserved my sheep?
Pan came, and ask'd, what magic caused my smart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
What eyes but hers, alas, have power to move?
And is there magic but what dwells in love?
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains!
I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flowery plains.
From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forsake mankind, and all the world but love;
I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred;
Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed:
Thou wert from Etna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Farewell, ye woods; adieu, the light of day;
One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains.
No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains.
Thus sang the shepherds till the approach of night,
The skies yet blushing with departed light,
When falling dews with spangles deck the glade,
And the low sun had lengthen'd every shade.

WINTER.

THE FOURTH PASTORAL; OR, DAPHNE

To the Memory of Mrs. Tempest.

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS, the music of that murmuring spring
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing:
Nor rivers winding through the vales below,
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.
Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie,
The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,
While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
O sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost:
Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
That call'd the listening Dryads to the plain:
Thames heard the numbers as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving song.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
And swell the future harvest of the field.
Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And said, 'Ye shepherds, sing around my grave:'
Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn.

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle muses, leave your chrystal spring,
Let nymphs and sylvans cypress garlands bring:
Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows as when Adonis died;
And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone;
'Let Nature change, let heaven and earth deplore;
Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more!'
'Tis done, and Nature's various charms decay:
See gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day:
Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.
See where, on earth, the flowery glories lie;
With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.
Ah! what avail the beauties nature wore;
Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!
For her the flocks refuse their verdant food;
The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood:
The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
In notes more sad than when they sing their own:
In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies,
Silent, or only to her name replies:
Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore:
Now Daphne's dead, and pleasure is no more!
No grateful dews descend from evening skies,
Nor morning odours from the flowers arise;
No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.
The balmy Zephyrs, silent since her death,
Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath;
The industrious bees neglect their golden store:
Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more!
No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
Shall, listening in mid air, suspend their wings;

No more the birds shall imitate her lays,
Or, hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays:
No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
A sweeter music than their own to hear;
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more!
Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
The trembling trees, in every plain and wood,
Her fate remurmur to the silver flood;
The silver flood, so lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;
The winds, and trees, and floods, her death deplore,
Daphne our grief, our glory now no more!
But see! where Daphne wondering mounts on high,
Above the clouds, above the starry sky!
Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
There, while you rest in amaranthine bowers,
Or from those meads select unfading flowers,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
Daphne, our goddess, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things listen, while thy muse complains!
Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
In some still evening, when the whispering breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed.
While plants their shade, or flowers their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise, shall live!

THYRSIS.

But see! Orion sheds unwholesome dews;
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams, and groves;
Adieu, ye shepherd's rural lays and loves;
Adieu, my flocks; farewell, ye sylvan crew:
Daphne, farewell! and all the world, adieu!

MESSIAH.

A sacred Eclogue in Imitation of Virgil's Pollio.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In reading several passages of the prophet Isaiah, which foretell the coming of Christ, and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and those in the Pollio of Virgil. This will not seem surprising when we reflect, that the eclogue was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line for line; but selected such ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner which served most to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the same in this imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the prophet are superior to those of the poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of Isaiah, and those of Virgil, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation.

YE nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O Thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's[1] root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye heavens![2] from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick[3] and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storm a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail;
Returning Justice[4] lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand, extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon[5] his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfume the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way![6] A God, a God appears!

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 8. A Virgin shall conceive—All crimes shall cease, &c.] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 6.

Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna,
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.
Te duce, si qua maneant sceleris vestigia nostri,
Irrita perpetuâ solvent formidine terras—
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

'Now the virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn returns, now a new progeny is sent down from high heaven. By means of thee, whatever reliques of our crimes remain, shall be wiped away, and free the world from perpetual fears. He shall govern the earth in peace, with the virtues of his father.'

Isaiah, ch. vii. ver. 14.—Behold a Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son. Chap. ix. ver 6, 7.—Unto us a Child is born; unto us a Son is given; the Prince of Peace: of the increase of his government, and of his peace, there shall be no end: upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order and to establish it, with judgment and with justice, for ever and ever.'

Ver. 23. See, Nature hastes, &c.] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 18.

At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,
Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus
Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho—
Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.

'For thee, O child, shall the earth, without being tilled, produce her early offerings; winding ivy, mixed with baccar, and colocassia with smiling acanthus. Thy cradle shall pour forth pleasing flowers about thee.'

Isaiah, ch. xxxv. ver. 1.—'The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.' Ch. lx. ver. 13.—'The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of thy sanctuary.'

Ver. 29. Hark! a glad voice, &c.] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 46.

Aggredere ô magnos (aderit jam tempus) honores,
Cara Deûm soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum!

Ecl. v. ver. 62.

Ipsi lætitiâ voces ad sidera jactant
Intonsi montes, ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipsa sonant arbusta, Deus, Deus ille, Menalca!

'O come and receive the mighty honours: the time draws nigh, O beloved offspring of the gods! O great increase of Jove! The uncultivated mountains send shouts of joy to the stars; the very rocks sing in verse; the very shrubs cry out, A God, a God!'

1 Isa. xi. ver. 1.
2 Ch. xlv. ver. 8.
3 Ch. xxv. ver 4.
4 Ch. ix. ver. 7.
5 Ch. xxxv. ver. 2.
6 Ch. xl. ver. 3, 4.

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A God, a God! the vocal hills reply;
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains; and ye valleys, rise!
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks! ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf! and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear:
The dumb[1] shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting, like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear;
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamantine[2] chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
As the good shepherd[3] tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air;
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms:
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised father[4] of the future age.
No more shall nation[5] against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plough-share end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son[6]
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts[7] with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys,[8] once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.

The lambs[1] with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead.
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents[2] lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem,[3] rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race[4] thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations[5] at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabean[6] springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow:
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon them in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun[7] shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas[8] shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

IMITATIONS.

Isaiah, ch. xl. ver. 3, 4.—'The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord! make straight in the desert a highway for our God! Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain.' Ch. xliv. ver. 23.—'Break forth into singing, ye mountains; O forest, and every tree therein; for the Lord hath redeemed Israel.'

Ver. 67. The swain in barren deserts.] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 28.

> Molli paulatim flavescet campus aristâ,
> Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,
> Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella.

'The fields shall grow yellow with ripened ears, and the red grape shall hang upon the wild brambles, and the hard oaks shall distil honey like dew.'

Isaiah, ch. xxxv. ver. 7.—'The parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water; in the habitations where dragons lay, shall be grass, and reeds, and rushes. Ch. lv. ver. 13.—'Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree.'

Ver. 77. The lambs with wolves, &c.] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 21.

> Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ
> Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones—
> Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni
> Occidet—

'The goats shall bear to the fold their udders distended with milk; nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest lions. The serpent shall die, and the herb that conceals poison shall die.

Isaiah, ch. xi. ver. 6, &c. 'The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion, and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the den of the cockatrice.'

Ver. 85. Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!] The thoughts of Isaiah, which compose the latter part of the poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above those general exclamations of Virgil, which make the loftiest parts of his Pollio.

> Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo!
> —toto surget gens aurea mundo!
> —Incipient magni procedere menses!
> Aspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia sæcle! &c.

The reader needs only to turn to the passages of Isaiah, here cited.

1 Ch. xliii. ver. 18. and ch. xxxv. ver. 5, 6.
2 Ch. xxv. ver. 8.
3 Ch. xi. ver. 11.
4 Ch. ix. ver. 6.
5 Ch. ii. ver. 4.
6 Ch. lxv. ver. 21, 22.
7 Ch. xxxv. ver. 1, 7.
8 Ch. xli. ver. 19. and ch. lv. ver. 13.

1 Ch. xi. ver. 6, 7, 8.
2 Ch. lxv. ver. 25.
3 Ch. lx. ver. 1.
4 Ch. lx. ver. 4.
5 Ch. lx. ver. 3.
6 Ch. lx. ver 6
7 Ch. lx. ver. 19, 20.
8 Ch. li. ver. 6, and ch. liv. ver. 10.

WINDSOR FOREST.

To the Right Honourable George Lord Lansdowne.

Non injussa cano: te nostræ, Vare, myricæ.
Te nemus omne canet; nec Phœbo gratior ulla est,
Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.
VIRGIL.

THY forest, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muses' seats,
Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids!
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
Granville commands; your aid, O muses, bring!
What muse for Granville can refuse to sing?
The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song;
These, were my breast inspired with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again;
Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruised,
But, as the world, harmoniously confused;
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address,
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
There, interspersed in lawns and opening glades,
Thin trees arise that sun each other's shades.
Here in full light the russet plains extend;
There, wrapt in clouds, the blueish hills ascend.
E'en the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And 'midst the desert, fruitful fields arise,
That, crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.
Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber, or the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
Though gods assembled grace his towering height.
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their blessings, all those gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
Here blushing Flora paints the enamell'd ground,
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand;
Rich industry sits smiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell, a Stuart reigns.
Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,
To savage beasts and savage laws a prey,
And kings more furious and severe than they;
Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves
(For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves.)
What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
And e'en the elements a tyrant sway'd?
In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain;
Soft showers distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain;
The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields,
And, famish'd, dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?
Both, doom'd alike, for sportive tyrants bled,
But, while the subject starved, the beast was fed.
Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man.
Our haughty Norman boasts that barbarous name,
And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
The fields are ravish'd from the industrious swains,
From men their cities, and from gods their fanes:
The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
The hollow winds through naked temples roar;
Round broken columns clasping ivy twined;
O'er heaps of ruins stalk'd the stately hind;
The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
Awed by his nobles, by his commons curst,
The oppressor ruled tyrannic where he durst,
Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod,
And serv'd alike his vassals and his God.
Whom e'en the Saxon spared, and bloody Dane,
The wanton victims of his sport remain.
But see, the man who spacious regions gave
A waste for beasts, himself denied a grave:
Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,
At once the chaser, and at once the prey:
Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.
Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects' cries,
Nor saw displeased the peaceful cottage rise.
Then gathering flocks on unknown mountains fed,
O'er sandy wilds where yellow harvests spread,
The forests wonder'd at the unusual grain,
And secret transports touch'd the conscious swain.
Fair Liberty, Britannia's goddess, rears
Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.
Ye vigorous swains! while youth ferments your blood,
And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset,
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds;
Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;
But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey:
Secure they trust the unfaithful field beset,
Till hovering o'er them sweeps the swelling net.
Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
When Albion sends her eager sons to war,
Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty bless'd,
Near and more near, the closing lines invest;
Sudden they seize the amazed, defenceless prize,
And high in air Britannia's standard flies.
See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy, he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avails his glossy, varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?
Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.
To plains with well-breathed beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare:
(Beasts, urged by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo:)
With slaughtering guns the unwearied fowler roves,
When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;

Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the watery glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye:
Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky:
Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clamorous lapwings feel the leaden death;
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quivering shade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand;
With looks unmoved, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.
Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
The bright-eyed perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in scales bedropp'd with gold,
Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains,
And pikes, the tyrants of the watery plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car:
The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
Rouse the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound.
The impatient courser pants in every vein,
And, pawing, seems to beat the distant plain:
Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,
And, ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
See the bold youth strain up the threatening steep,
Rush through the thickets, down the valleys sweep,
Hang o'er their coursers' heads with eager speed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
The immortal huntress, and her virgin train,
Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
As bright a goddess, and as chaste a queen;
Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan reign,
The earth's fair light, and empress of the main.

Here, too, 'tis sung, of old, Diana stray'd,
And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade;
Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;
Here, arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
Her buskin'd virgins traced the dewy lawn.

Above the rest a rural nymph was famed,
Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona named:
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
The muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.)
Scarce could the goddess from her nymph be known,
But by the crescent, and the golden zone.
She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;
A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
It chanced, as eager of the chase, the maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
Pan saw and loved, and burning with desire
Pursued her flight; her flight increased his fire.
Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
As from the god she flew with furious pace,
Or as the god, more furious, urged the chace.
Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears;
And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injured maid.
Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain:
'Ah, Cynthia! ah—though banish'd from thy train,
Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
My native shades! there weep, and murmur there!
She said, and, melting as in tears she lay,
In a soft silver stream dissolved away.
The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
Still bears the name the helpless virgin bore,
And bathes the forest where she ranged before
In her chaste current oft the goddess laves,
And with celestial tears augments the waves.
Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
The headlong mountains and the downward skies,
The watery landscape of the pendant woods,
And absent trees that tremble in the floods;
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
And floating forests paint the waves with green;
Through the fair scene roll slow the lingering streams.
Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames.

Thou, too, great father of the British floods!
With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods;
Where towering oaks their growing honours rear,
And future navies on thy shores appear.
Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives
A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives.
No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.
Nor Po so swells the fabling poet's lays,
While led along the skies his current strays,
As thine, which visits Windsor's famed abodes,
To grace the mansion of our earthly gods;
Nor all his stars above a lustre show,
Like the bright beauties on thy banks below:
Where Jove, subdued by mortal passion still,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright court approves,
His sovereign favours, and his country loves:
Happy next him, who to these shades retires,
Whom nature charms, and whom the muse inspires,
Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
Successive study, exercise and ease.
He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields;
With chemic art exalts the mineral powers,
And draws the aromatic souls of flowers:
Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high;
O'er figured worlds now travels with his eye;
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er:
Or wandering thoughtful in the silent wood,
Attends the duties of the wise and good,
T' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
To follow Nature, and regard his end,
Or looks on Heaven with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
Survey the region, and confess her home!
Such was the life great Scipio once admired,
Thus Atticus, and Trumbull thus retired.

Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,
Bear me, O bear me to sequester'd scenes,
The bowery mazes, and surrounding greens;

To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye, Muses, sport on Cooper's Hill;
(On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow:)
I seem through consecrated walks to rove,
I hear soft music die along the grove:
Led by the sound I roam from shade to shade,
By godlike poets venerable made:
Here his first lays majestic Denham sung:
There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.
O early lost! what tears the river shed,
When the sad pomp along his banks was led!
His drooping swans on every note expire,
And on his willows hung each muse's lyre.
Since fate relentless stopp'd their heavenly voice,
No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;
Who now shall charm the shades where Cowley strung
His living harp, and lofty Denham sung?
But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!
Are these revived? or is it Granville sings?
'Tis yours, my lord, to bless our soft retreats,
And call the muses to their ancient seats;
To paint anew the flowery sylvan scenes,
To crown the forest with immortal greens,
Make Windsor hills in lofty numbers rise,
And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;
To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
And add new lustre to her silver star.
Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,
Surrey, the Granville of a former age:
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance;
In the same shades the Cupids tuned his lyre,
To the same notes of love and soft desire:
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heavenly Mira now.
Oh, wouldst thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
What kings first breathed upon her winding shore!
Or raise old warriors, whose adored remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!
With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down through every age;
Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious field,
The lilies blazing on the regal shield!
Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall,
Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.
Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flourish round his urn:
Here o'er the martyr-king the marble weeps,
And, fast beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps:
Whom not the extended Albion could contain,
From old Belerium to the northern main,
The grave unites; where e'en the great find rest
And blended lie the oppressor and the oppress'd!
Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known
(Obscure the place, and uninscribed the stone:)
Oh fact accursed! what tears has Albion shed?
Heavens, what new wounds! and how her old have bled!
She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,
Her sacred domes involved in rolling fire,
A dreadful series of intestine wars,
Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest scars.
At length great Anna said, 'Let discord cease!'
She said, the world obey'd, and all was peace.

In that blest moment from his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanced his reverend head;
His tresses dropp'd with dews, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffused a golden gleam:
Graved on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
His swelling waters and alternate tides;
The figured streams in waves of silver roll'd,
And on their banks Augusta rose in gold:
Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
Who swell with tributary urns his flood.
First the famed authors of his ancient name,
The winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame:
The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd;
The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crown'd:
Cole, whose dark streams his flowery islands lave;
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:
The blue, transparent Vandalis appears;
The gulfy Lee his sedgy tresses rears;
And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;
And silent Darent stain'd with Danish blood.
High in the midst, upon his urn reclined
(His sea-green mantle waving with the wind,)
The god appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes
Where Windsor-domes and pompous turrets rise;
Then bow'd, and spoke; the winds forget to roar,
And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore:
'Hail, sacred peace! hail, long expected days,
That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise;
Though Tiber's streams immortal Rome behold,
Though foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
From heaven itself though sevenfold Nilus flows,
And harvests on a hundred realms bestows;
These now no more shall be the muses' themes,
Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine;
Let barbarous Ganges arm a servile train,
Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
No more my sons shall dye with British blood
Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood:
Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain:
The shady empire shall retain no trace
Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chace:
The trumpet sleep, while cheerful horns are blown,
And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
Behold! the ascending villas on my side,
Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide.
Behold! Augusta's glittering spires increase,
And temples rise, the beauteous works of peace.
I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend!
There mighty nations shall inquire their doom,
The world's great oracle in times to come;
There kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
Once more to bend before a British queen.
'Thy trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave their woods
And half thy forests rush into the floods;
Bear Britain's thunder, and her cross display,
To the bright regions of the rising day;
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole;
Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales!
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly shell its lucid globe unfold,
And Phœbus warm the ripening ore to gold.

The time shall come, when free as seas or wind,
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide;
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to seek the old
Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
And feather'd people crowd my wealthy side,
And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire!
Oh, stretch thy reign, fair peace! from shore to shore,
Till conquest cease, and slavery be no more;
Till the freed Indians in their native groves
Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves;
Peru once more a race of kings behold,
And other Mexicos be roofft'd with gold.
Exiled by thee from earth to deepest hell,
In brazen bonds shall barbarous discord dwell:
Gigantic pride, pale terror, gloomy care,
And mad ambition shall attend her there:
There purple vengeance bathed in gore retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
There hateful envy her own snakes shall feel,
And persecution mourn her broken wheel:
There faction roar, rebellion bite her chain,
And gasping furies thirst for blood in vain.'
Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days;
The thoughts of gods let Granville's verse recite,
And bring the scenes of opening fate to light;
My humble muse, in unambitious strains,
Paints the green forests and the flowery plains,
Where peace descending, bids her olive spring,
And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.
E'en I more sweetly pass my careless days,
Pleased in the silent shade with empty praise;
Enough for me, that to the listening swains
First in these fields I sang the sylvan strains.

ODE

ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY,

MDCCVIII.

And other Pieces for Music.

DESCEND, ye Nine: descend and sing:
The breathing instruments inspire;
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain;
Let the loud trumpet sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound:
While, in more lengthen'd notes and slow
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies;
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes
In broken air trembling, the wild music floats,
Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

By music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds,
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Listening envy drops her snakes,
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions bear away their rage.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms
How martial music every bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dared the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian raised his strain
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main.
Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Inflamed with glory's charms:
Each chief his sevenfold shield display'd
And half unsheathed the shining blade:
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms!
But when through all the infernal bounds,
Which flaming Plegethon surrounds,
Love, strong as death, the poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coasts!
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires, that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortured ghosts:
But, hark! he strikes the golden lyre:
And see! the tortured ghosts respire.
See, shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance!
The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang listening round their heads.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er the Elysian flowers;
By those happy souls, who dwell
In yellow meads of asphodel,
Or amaranthine bowers!
By the hero's armed shades,
Glittering through the gloomy glades;
By the youths that died for love,
Wandering in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice to life:
Oh take the husband, or return the wife!
He sung, and hell consented
To hear the poet's prayer;
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death and o'er hell;

A conquest how hard and how glorious!
Though fate had fast bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.
But soon, too soon the lover turns his eyes:
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains
Beside the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan,
And calls her ghost,
For ever, ever, ever, lost!
Now with furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's snows:
See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries—
Ah see, he dies!
Yet e'en in death Eurydice he sung:
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue:
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And Fate's severest rage disarm;
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confined the sound,
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
The immortal powers incline their ear:
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
And angels lean from heaven to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell:
To bright Cecilia greater power is given:
His numbers raised a shade from hell,
Hers lift the soul to heaven.

TWO CHORUSSES

TO THE TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS,

Altered from Shakspeare by the Duke of Buckingham: at whose desire these two Chorusses were composed, to supply as many wanting in his Play. They were set many years afterwards by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham house.

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS.

Strophe 1.

Ye shades, where sacred truth is sought;
Groves, where immortal sages taught;
Where heavenly visions Plato fired,
And Epicurus lay inspired!
In vain your guiltless laurels stood
Unspotted long with human blood.
War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
And steel now glitters in the muses' shades.

Antistrophe 1.

Oh heaven-born sisters! source of art!
Who charm the sense, or mend the heart;
Who lead fair virtue's train along,
Moral truth and mystic song!
To what new clime, what distant sky,
Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore?
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

Strophe 2.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
When wild barbarians spurn her dust!
Perhaps e'en Britain's utmost shore
Shall cease to blush with stranger's gore:
See arts her savage sons controul,
And Athens rising near the pole!
Till some new tyrant lifts his purple hand,
And civil madness tears them from the land

Antistrophe 2.

Ye gods! what justice rules the ball?
Freedom and arts together fall;
Fools grant, whate'er ambition craves,
And men once ignorant are slaves.
O cursed effects of civil hate,
In every age, in every state!
Still, when the lust of tyrant power succeeds,
Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

Semichorus.

Oh tyrant Love! hast thou possess'd
The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast?
Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,
And arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
Love, soft intruder, enters here,
But entering learns to be sincere.
Marcus, with blushes owns he loves,
And Brutus tenderly reproves.
Why, virtue, dost thou blame desire,
Which nature hath impress'd?
Why, nature, dost thou soonest fire
The mild and generous breast?

Chorus.

Love's purer flames the gods approve;
The gods and Brutus bend to love:
Brutus for absent Porcia sighs,
And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.
What is loose love? a transient gust,
Spent in a sudden storm of lust;
A vapour fed from wild desire;
A wandering, self-consuming fire.
But Hymen's kinder flames unite,
And burn for ever one;
Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
Productive as the sun.

Semichorus.

Oh source of every social tie,
United wish, and mutual joy!
What various joys on one attend,
As son, as father, brother, husband, friend.
Whether his hoary sire he spies,
While thousand grateful thoughts arise;
Or meets his spouse's fonder eye;
Or views his smiling progeny;
What tender passions take their turns.
What home-felt raptures move!
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
With reverence, hope, and love.

Chorus.

Hence, guilty joys, distates, surmises;
Hence, false tears, deceits, disguises,
Dangers, doubts, delays, surprises,
Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine:
Purest Love's unwasting treasure,
Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure;
Days of ease, and nights of pleasure,
Sacred Hymen! these are thine.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

Written when the Author was about twelve Years old.

Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.
Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.
Bless'd, who can unconcernedly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.
Sound sleep by night: study and ease,
Together mix'd; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.
Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented, let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

ODE.

The dying Christian to his Soul.

Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper: angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly?
Oh grave! where is thy victory?
Oh death! where is thy sting?

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

Written in the Year 1709.

PART I.

Introduction. That it is as great a fault to judge ill, as to write ill, and a more dangerous one to the public, ver. 1. That a true taste is as rare to be found as a true genius, ver. 9 to 18. That most men are born with some taste, but spoiled by false education, ver 19 to 25. The multitude of critics, and causes of them, ver. 26 to 45. That we are to study our own taste, and know the limits of it, ver. 46 to 67. Nature the best guide of judgment, ver. 68 to 87. Improved by art and rules, which are but methodized nature, ver. 88. Rules derived from the practice of ancient poets, ver. 88 to 110. That therefore the ancients are necessary to be studied by a critic, particularly Homer and Virgil, ver. 120 to 138. Of licenses, and the use of them by the ancients, ver. 140 to 180. Reverence due to the ancients, and praise of them, ver. 181, &c.

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing, or in judging ill;
But of the two, less dangerous is the offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this;
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
A fool might once himself alone expose;
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share;
Both must alike from Heaven derive their light;
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely, who have written well:
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true;
But are not critics to their judgment too?
Yet, if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at least a glimmering light;
The lines, though touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the slightest sketch, if justly traced,
Is by ill-colouring but the more disgraced,
So by false learning is good sense defaced:
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs nature meant but fools.
In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
Or with a rival's or an eunuch's spite.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
There are who judge still worse than he can write.
Some have at first for wits, then poets pass'd;
Turn'd critics next, and proved plain fools at last.
Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
Those half-learn'd witlings, numerous in our isle,
As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;
Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal:
To tell them would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.
But you, who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning, go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.
Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit:
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;
Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
The solid power of understanding fails;

Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away.
One science only will one genius fit;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in those confined to single parts.
Like kings, we lose the conquests gain'd before,
By vain ambition still to make them more:
Each might his several province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same:
Unerring nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of art;
Art from that fund each just supply provides;
Works without show, and without pomp presides:
In some fair body thus the informing soul
With spirit feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and every nerve sustains;
Itself unseen, but in the effects remains.
Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more, to turn it to its use;
For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide, than spur the muse's steed;
Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed:
The winged courser, like a generous horse,
Shows most true mettle when you check his course.

Those rules of old discover'd, not devised,
Are nature still, but nature methodized:
Nature, like liberty, is but restrain'd
By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
When to repress, and when indulge our flights:
High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod;
Held from afar, aloft, the immortal prize,
And urged the rest by equal steps to rise.
Just precepts thus from great examples given,
She drew from them what they derived from Heaven.
The generous critic fann'd the poet's fire,
And taught the world with reason to admire.
Then criticism the muse's handmaid proved,
To dress her charms, and make her more beloved:
But following wits from that intention stray'd;
Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid;
Against the poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
By doctor's bills to play the doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they:
Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
These leave the sense, their learning to display,
And those explain the meaning quite away.

You then, whose judgment the right course would steer,
Know well each ancient's proper character;
His fable, subject, scope in every page;
Religion, country, genius of his age:
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticise.

Be Homer's works your study and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night:
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the muses upward to their spring:
Still with itself compared, his text peruse;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.

When first young Maro, in his boundless mind
A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,
Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,
And but from nature's fountains scorn'd to draw:
But when to examine every part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.
Convinced, amazed, he checks the bold design,
And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
As if the Stagyrite o'erlooked each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem,
To copy nature, is to copy them.

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happiness as well as care.
Music resembles poetry; in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend
(Since rules were made but to promote their end,)
Some lucky license answer to the full
The intent proposed, that license is a rule.
Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track;
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which, without passing through the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its ends at once attains.
In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,
Which out of nature's common order rise,
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend.
But though the ancients thus their rules invade
(As kings dispense with laws themselves have made,)
Moderns, beware! or, if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end
Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need;
And have, at least, their precedent to plead
The critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
Those freer beauties, e'en in them, seem faults,
Some figures monstrous and mis-shaped appear,
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display
His powers in equal ranks, and fair array,
But with the occasion, and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.
Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive war, and all-involving age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
Hear, in all tongues consenting Pæans ring!
In praise so just let every voice be join'd,
And fill the general chorus of mankind.
Hail! bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of universal praise!

Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
O may some spark of your celestial fire,
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
(That, on weak wings, from far pursues your flights;
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes,)
To teach vain wits a science little known,
To admire superior sense, and doubt their own!

PART II.

Causes hindering a true judgment. 1. Pride, ver. 201. 2. Imperfect learning, ver. 215. 3. Judging by parts, and not by the whole, ver. 233 to 288. Critics in wit, language, versification, only, 288, 305, 339, &c. 4. Being too hard to please, or too apt to admire, ver. 384. 5. Partiality—too much love to a sect—to the ancients or moderns, ver. 394. 6. Prejudice or prevention, ver. 408. 7. Singularity, ver. 424. 8. Inconstancy, ver. 430. 9. Party spirit, ver. 452, &c. 10. Envy, ver. 466. Against envy, and in praise of good-nature, ver. 502, &c. When severity is chiefly to be used by the critics, ver. 526, &c.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride; the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride!
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind:
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but, your defects to know,
Make use of every friend—and every foe.
A little learning is a dangerous thing!
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fired at first sight with what the muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the height of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But more advanced, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So, pleased at first, the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky!
The eternal snows appear already pass'd,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way:
The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ:
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The generous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
But, in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That, shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep;
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not the exactness of peculiar parts;
'Tis not the lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
(The world's just wonder, and e'en thine, oh Rome!
No single parts unequally surprise;
All comes united to the admiring eyes:
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear:
The whole at once is bold, and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
To avoid great errors, must the less commit;
Neglect the rule each verbal critic lays;
For not to know some trifles, is a praise.
Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one loved folly sacrifice.

Once on a time, La Mancha's knight, they say,
A certain bard encountering on the way,
Discoursed in terms as just, with looks as sage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage;
Concluding all were desperate sots and fools,
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
Our author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produced his play, and begg'd the knight's advice;
Made him observe the subject, and the plot,
The manners, passions, unities; what not?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a combat in the lists left out.
'What! leave the combat out?' exclaims the knight.
'Yes, or we must renounce the Stagyrite.'—
'Not so, by heaven! (he answers in a rage)
'Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage.'
'So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.'—
'Then build a new, or act it on a plain.'

Thus critics of less judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,
Form short ideas; and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
And glittering thoughts struck out at every line;
Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets, like painters, thus unskill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;
Something, whose truth convinced at sight we find;
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit;
For works may have more wit than does them good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress:
Their praise is still,—the style is excellent;
The sense, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on every place;

The face of nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true expression, like the unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon:
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent as more suitable:
A vile conceit in pompous words express'd,
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd;
For different styles with different subjects sort,
As several garbs, with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;
Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze the unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
Unlucky, as Fungosa in the play,
These sparks with awkward vanity display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;
And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandsires in their doublets dress'd.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic, if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the whole aside.
But most by numbers judge a poet's song;
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:
In the bright muse though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
Where'er you find 'the cooling western breeze,'
In the next line it 'whispers through the trees:'
If crystal streams 'with pleasing murmurs creep,'
The reader's threatened (not in vain) with 'sleep:'
Then at the last, and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;
And praise the easy vigour of a line,
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow:
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love:
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdued by sound!
The power of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.
Avoid extremes; and shun the fault of such
Who still are pleased too little or too much.
At every trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shows great pride, or little sense:
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move:
For fools admire, but men of sense approve:
As things seem large which we through mists descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.
Some foreign writers, some our own despise;
The ancients only, or the moderns prize:
Thus wit, like faith, by each man is applied
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;
Though each may feel increases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.
Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town;
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with quality;
A constant critic at the great man's board
To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord.
What woeful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starved hackney'd sonnetteer, or me!
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
Before his sacred name flies every fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought!
The vulgar thus through imitation err;
As oft the learn'd by being singular;
So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right they purposely go wrong:
So schismatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
Some praise at morning what they blame at night,
But always think the last opinion right.
A muse by these is like a mistress used,
This hour she's idolized, the next abused;
While their weak heads, like towns unfortified,
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
Ask them the cause; they're wiser still they say;
And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
Once school-divines this zealous isle o'erspread;
Who knew most sentences was deepest read:
Faith, Gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed,
And none had sense enough to be confuted:
Scotists and Thomists, now in peace remain,
Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane.

If faith itself has different dresses worn,
What wonder modes in wit should take their turn?
Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit;
And authors think their reputation safe,
Which lives as long as fools are pleased to laugh.
Some, valuing those of their own side or mind,
Still make themselves the measure of mankind:
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praise ourselves in other men.
Parties in wit attend on those of state,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, malice, folly, against Dryden rose,
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux:
But sense survived, when merry jests were past;
For rising merit will buoy up at last.
Might he return and bless once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise;
Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
But, like a shadow, proves the substance true:
For envied wit, like Sol eclipsed, makes known
The opposing body's grossness, not its own.
When first that sun too powerful beams displays,
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;
But e'en those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.
Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost who stays till all commend.
Short is the date, alas! of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When patriarch-wits survived a thousand years:
Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,
And bare threescore is all e'en that can boast;
Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has design'd
Some bright idea of the master's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure just begins to live;
The treacherous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!
Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings;
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
But soon the short-lived vanity is lost;
Like some fair flower the early spring supplies,
That gaily blooms, but e'en in blooming dies.
What is this wit, which must our cares employ?
The owner's wife that other men enjoy;
Then most our trouble still when most admired,
And still the more we give, the more required:
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,
Sure some to vex, but never all to please;
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun;
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!
If wit so much from ignorance undergo,
Ah, let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old, those met rewards who could excel,
And such were praised who but endeavour'd well;
Though triumphs were to generals only due,
Crowns were reserved to grace the soldiers too.
Now they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools:
But still the worst with most regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.
To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urged through sacred lust of praise!
Ah, ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the critic let the man be lost.
Good nature and good sense must ever join;
To err, is human; to forgive, divine.
But if in noble minds some dregs remain,
Not yet purged off, of spleen and sour disdain;
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
No pardon vile obscenity should find,
Though wit and art conspire to move your mind;
But dulness with obscenity must prove
As shameful sure as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
Sprang the rank weed, and thrived with large increase:
When love was all an easy monarch's care;
Seldom at council, never in a war:
Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ:
Nay, wits had pensions, and young lords had wit:
The fair sat panting at a courtier's play,
And not a mask went unimproved away;
The modest fan was lifted up no more,
And virgins smiled at what they blush'd before.
The following licence of a foreign reign,
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;
Where Heaven's free subjects might their rights dispute,
Lest God himself should seem too absolute;
Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
And vice admired to find a flatterer there!
Encouraged thus, wit's Titans braved the skies,
And the press groan'd with licensed blasphemies.
These monsters, critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!
Yet shun their fault, who scandalously nice
Will needs mistake an author into vice;
All seems infected, that the infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.

PART III.

Rules for the conduct of manners in a critic. 1. Candour, ver. 563. Modesty, ver. 566. Good-breeding, ver. 572. Sincerity and freedom of advice, ver. 578. 2. When one's counsel is to be restrained, ver. 584. Character of an incorrigible poet, ver. 600; and of an impertinent critic, ver. 610, &c. Character of a good critic, ver. 629. The history of criticism, and characters of the best critics: Aristotle, ver. 645. Horace, 653. Dionysius, ver. 665. Petronius, ver. 667. Quintilian, ver. 670. Longinus, ver. 675. Of the decay of criticism, and its revival: Erasmus, ver. 693. Vida, ver. 705. Boileau, ver. 714. Lord Roscommon, &c. ver. 725. Conclusion.

Learn then what moral critics ought to show,
For 'tis but half a judge's task to know.
'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning join;
In all you speak, let truth and candour shine;

That not alone what to your sense is due
All may allow, but seek your friendship too.
Be silent always, when you doubt your sense,
And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence:
Some positive, persisting fops we know,
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so:
But you, with pleasure, own your errors past,
And make each day a critique on the last.
'Tis not enough your counsel still be true:
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do;
Men must be taught, as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot.
Without good breeding truth is disapproved:
That only makes superior sense beloved.
Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
With mean complacence, ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.
'Twere well might critics still this freedom take:
But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous, with a threatening eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.
Fear most to tax an honourable fool,
Whose right it is, uncensured, to be dull:
Such, without wit, are poets when they please,
As without learning they can take degrees.
Leave dangerous truths to unsuccessful satires,
And flattery to fulsome dedicators,
Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more
Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain;
Your silence there is better than your spite:
For who can rail so long as they can write?
Still humming on, their drowsy course they keep,
And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
False steps but help them to renew the race,
As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
E'en to the dregs, and squeezings of the brain;
Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence!
Such shameless bards we have: and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd critics too.
The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always listening to himself appears.
All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales:
With him most authors steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend,
Nay, show'd his faults—but when would poets mend?
No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's churchyard:
Nay, fly to altars, there they'll talk you dead;
For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks,
And, never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
Bursts out, resistless, with a thundering tide.

But where's the man who counsel can bestow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbiass'd, or by favour, or by spite;
Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right;
Though learn'd, well-bred; and, though well-bred, sincere;
Modestly bold and humanly severe:
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe;
Bless'd with a taste exact, yet unconfined;
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Generous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
And love to praise, with reason on his side?
Such once were critics; such the happy few
Athens and Rome in better ages knew:
The mighty Stagyrite first left the shore,
Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore:
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian star.
Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
Received his laws, and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd nature, should preside o'er wit.
Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense:
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.
He who, supreme in judgment as in wit,
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ;
Yet judged with coolness, though he sung with fire:
His precepts teach but what his works inspire.
Our critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm:
Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.
See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from every line!
Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
The scholar's learning with the courtier's ease.
In grave Quintilian's copious work we find
The justest rules and clearest method join'd:
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All ranged with order, and dispos'd with grace,
But less to please the eye than arm the hand,
Still fit for use, and ready at command.
Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire,
And bless their critic with a poet's fire:
An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;
Whose own example strengthens all his laws,
And is himself that great sublime he draws.
Thus long succeeding critics justly reign'd,
Licence repress'd and useful laws ordain'd:
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,
And arts still follow'd where her eagles flew;
From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,
And the same age saw learning fall, and Rome.
With tyranny then superstition join'd,
As that the body, this enslaved the mind;
Much was believed but little understood,
And to be dull was construed to be good:
A second deluge learning thus o'erran
And the monks finish'd what the Goths began.
At length Erasmus, that great injured name,
(The glory of the priesthood, and the shame!)
Stemm'd the wild torrent of a barbarous age,
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

But see! each muse, in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays;
Rome's ancient genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his reverend head.
Then sculpture and her sister-arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live:
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.
Immortal Vida! on whose honour'd brow
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!
But soon by impious arms from Latium chased,
Their ancient bounds the banish'd muses pass'd:
Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But critic-learning flourish'd most in France:
The rules a nation born to serve obeys,
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd,
And kept unconquer'd and unciviliz'd;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defied the Romans, as of old.
Yet some there were among the sounder few
Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restor'd wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the muse, whose rule and practice tell,
'Nature's chief master-piece is writing well.'
Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,
With manners generous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And every author's merit but his own.
Such late was Walsh, the muse's judge and friend,
Who justly knew to blame or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
This humble praise, lamented shade! receive,
This praise at least a grateful muse may give:
The muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing.
(Her guide now lost,) no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries;
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame:
Averse alike to flatter or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

THE

RAPE OF THE LOCK.

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

Written in the Year 1712.

TO MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

It will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to you; yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a bookseller, you had the good nature for my sake to consent to the publication of one more correct. This I was forced to, before I had executed half my design; for the machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The machinery, madam, is a term invented by the critics, to signify that part which the deities, angels, or demons, are made to act in a poem: for the ancient poets are, in one respect, like many modern ladies: let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrusian doctrine of spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a lady; but it is so much the concern of a poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book called Le Compte de Gabalis, which, both in its title and size, is so like a novel, that many of the fair sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these gentlemen, the four elements are inhabited by spirits, which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, and Salamanders. The Gnomes, or demons of earth, delight in mischief; but the Sylphs, whose habitation is in the air, are the best conditioned creatures imaginable; for they say, any mortal may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true adepts—an inviolate preservation of chastity.

As to the following cantos, all the passages of them are as fabulous as the vision at the beginning, or the transformation at the end (except the loss of your hair, which I always mention with reverence.) The human persons are as fictitious as the airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, resembles you in nothing but in beauty.

If this poem had as many graces as there are in your person or in your mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so uncensured as you have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough to have given me this occasion of assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem,

Madam,

Your most obedient humble servant,

A. POPE.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis. MART.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing;—this verse to Caryl, Muse! is due:
This e'en Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.
Say what strange motive, goddess! could compel
A well-bred lord to assault a gentle belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplored,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?
In tasks so bold, can little men engage?
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray,
And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day:
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
Thrice rang the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow press'd,
Her guardian Sylph prolong'd the balmy rest:
'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head.
A youth more glittering than a birth-night beau
(That e'en in slumber caused her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say:
'Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one vision touch'd thy infant thought,
Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught:
Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by angel-powers,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly flowers;
Hear, and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To maids alone and children are reveal'd.
What, though no credit doubting wits may give,
The fair and innocent shall still believe.
Know then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower sky:
These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once enclosed in woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a soft transition we repair,
From earthly vehicles to those of air.
Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead:
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of ombre, after death survive.
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire:
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a Salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver prude sinks downward to a Gnome,
In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
The light coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.
'Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embraced:
For, spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
What guards the purity of melting maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their Sylph, the wise celestials know,
Though honour is the word with men below.
'Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
For life predestined to the Gnomes' embrace,
These swell their prospects, and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain'd, and love denied:
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
And in soft sounds, 'your grace' salutes their ear.
'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant cheeks a hidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.
'Oft when the world imagine women stray,
The Sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way,
Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new;
What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from every part,
They shift the moving toy-shop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots strive,
Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals levity may call;
Oh, blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.
'Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I ranged the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend;
But Heaven reveals not what, or how, or where
Warn'd by thy Sylph, oh pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of man!'
He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too long,
Leap'd up, and waked his mistress with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux;
Wounds, charms, and ardour, were no sooner read,
But all the vision vanish'd from thy head.
And now unveil'd the toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face:
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care:
These set the head, and those divide the hair;

Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown;
And Betty's praised for labours not her own.

CANTO II.

Not with more glories, in the ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver'd Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-dress'd youths around her shone,
But every eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those:
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray;
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey;
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

The adventurous baron the bright locks admired;
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspired.
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implored
Propitious Heaven and every power adored;
But chiefly Love; to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves.
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:
The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer;
The rest the winds dispersed in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the water die;
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay;
All but the Sylph: with careful thoughts oppress'd,
The impending woe sat heavy on his breast:
He summons straight his denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light.

Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipp'd in the richest tinctures of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
Where every beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings
Amid the circle on the gilded mast
Superior by the head, was Ariel placed;
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He raised his azure wand, and thus begun:
'Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear.
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Demons, hear;
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to the aërial kind.
Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;
Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky;
Some, less refined, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
Others on earth, o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.

'Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let the imprison'd essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers;
To steal from rainbows, 'ere they drop in showers,
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs:
Nay, oft in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce or add a furbelow.

'This day, black omens threat the brightest fair
That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care:
Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight;
But what, or where, the Fates have wrapp'd in night
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law
Or some frail china jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade,
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart or necklace at a ball;
Or whether Heaven has doom'd that Shock must fall
Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge repair;
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

'To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
We trust the important charge, the petticoat:
Oft have we known that sevenfold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale.
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

'Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins;
Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye;
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain;

Or alum styptics, with contracting power,
Shrink his thin essence like a shrivel'd flower:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!'
He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious and trembling for the birth of fate.

CANTO III.

Close by those meads, for ever crown'd with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its name;
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.
Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;
In various talk the instructive hours they pass'd,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of a British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.
Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray:
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine;
The merchant from the Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, the aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore:
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
Behold, four kings in majesty revered,
With hoary whiskers, and a forky beard;
And four fair queens, whose hands sustain a flower,
The expressive emblem of their softer power;
Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band:
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The skilful nymph reviews her force with care:
'Let spades be trumps!' she said, and trumps they were.
Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillo first, unconquerable lord,
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more Manillio forced to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard,
Gain'd but one trump, and one plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary majesty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,
The rest his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
E'en mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Loo,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the baron Fate inclines the field.
His warlike amazon her host invades,
The imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs only grasps the globe?
The baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
The embroider'd king who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent queen with powers combined,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strew the level green.
Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye.
The pierced battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the queen of Hearts
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at the approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin and Codille.
And now, (as oft in some distemper'd state)
On one nice trick depends the general fate,
An ace of Hearts steps forth: the king unseen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive queen:
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.
O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate;
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And cursed for ever this victorious day.
For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round:
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide;
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd;
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)

Sent up in vapours to the baron's brain
New stratagems the radiant lock to gain
Ah cease, rash youth; desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly paid for Nisus' injured hair!
But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then, Clarissa drew, with tempting grace,
A two-edged weapon from her shining case;
So ladies, in romance, assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bent her head.
Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair!
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought;
As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
He watch'd the ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retired.
The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
To enclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.
E'en then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interposed;
Fate urged the shears, and cut the Sylph in twain;
(But airy substance soon unites again;)
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever,
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!
Then flash'd the livid lightning from her eyes,
And streams of horror rend the affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last!
Or when rich china vessels, fallen from high,
In glittering dust, and painted fragments lie.
'Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine!
(The victor cried;) the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair;
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed;
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze:
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live!
What time would spare from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate:
Steel could the labour of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust the imperial towers of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel
The conquering force of unresisted steel?'

CANTO IV.

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,
And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seized alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refused a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her mantua's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd hair.
For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sullied the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.
Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreadful east is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.
Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But differing far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
With store of prayers, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd: her bosom with lampoons.
There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practised to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapp'd in a gown, for sickness and for show
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.
A constant vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids;
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.
Unnumber'd throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies changed to various forms by Spleen.
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout;
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod walks;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie talks;
Men prove with child, as powerful fancy works,
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.
Safe pass'd the Gnome through this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleen-wort in his hand.
Then thus address'd the power; 'Hail, wayward queen,
Who rule the sex from fifty to fifteen:
Parent of vapours, and of female wit,
Who give the hysteric, or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays:
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is, that all thy power disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace
Or raise a pimple in a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters, matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,

Or caused suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discomposed the head-dress of a prude,
Or e'er to costive lap-dogs gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin:
That single act gives half the world the spleen.'
The goddess with a discontented air
Seems to reject him, though she grants his prayer.
A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.
Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the furies issued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
'O wretched maid!' she spread her hands, and cried,
(While Hampton's echoes, 'wretched maid!' replied,)
'Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound?
For this with torturing irons wreathed around?
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare?
Honour forbid! at whose unrivall'd shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honour in a whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your hapless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, the inestimable prize,
Exposed through crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow!
Sooner let air, earth, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!'
She said; then raging to sir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs:
(Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane:)
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
And thus broke out:—'My Lord, why, what the devil?
Z——ds! damn the lock: 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
Plague on't, 'tis past a jest—nay pr'ythee, pox!
Give her the hair.'—He spoke, and rapp'd his box.
'It grieves me much (replied the peer again)
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain;
But by this lock, this sacred lock, I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours shall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.'
He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honours of her head.

But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears;
On her heaved bosom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a sigh, she raised; and thus she said:
'For ever cursed be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my favourite curl away.
Happy! ah, ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen!
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid
By love of courts to numerous ills betray'd.
Oh had I rather unadmired remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn ombre, none ere taste bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What moved my mind with youthful lords to roam?
Oh had I staid, and said my prayers at home!
'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell;
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell:
The tottering china shook without a wind,
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate,
In mystic visions, now believed too late!
See the poor remnant of these slighted hairs!
My hand shall rend what e'en thy rapine spares:
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal shears demands,
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands,
Oh, hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!'

CANTO V.

She said; the pitying audience melt in tears;
But fate and Jove had stopp'd the baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd, and Dido raged in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful waved her fan;
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began:
'Say, why are beauties praised and honour'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford?
Why angels call'd, and angel-like adored?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-gloved beaux?
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
That men may say, when we the front box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night and dress all day,
Charm'd the small-pox, or chased old age away,
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay ogle, may become a saint;
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay;
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to gray;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man must die a maid;

What then remains but well our power to use,
And keep good-humour still, whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear! good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.'

So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued:
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her prude.
'To arms, to arms!' the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies:
All side in parties, and begin the attack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confusedly rise,
And base and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found;
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heavenly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
Jove's thunder roars, heaven trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound,
Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!

Triumphant Umbriel, on a sconce's height,
Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight:
Propp'd on their bodkin-spears, the sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enraged Thalestris flies
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling perish'd in the throng,
One died in metaphor, and one in song.

O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance sir Fopling upwards cast:
'Those eyes are made so killing—' was his last.
Thus on Meander's flowery margin lies
The expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She smiled to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the beau revived again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce Belinda on the baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the chief the unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The Gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

'Now meet thy fate,' incensed Belinda cried,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side;
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin graced her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

'Boast not my fall,' he cried, 'insulting foe!
Thou by some other shall be laid as low.
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.'

'Restore the lock,' she cries; and all around,
'Restore the lock!' the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caused his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In every place is sought, but sought in vain:
With such a prize no mortal must be bless'd:
So Heaven decrees! with Heaven who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasured there:
There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,
And beaus' in snuff-boxes and tweezer cases:
There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound;
The courtier's promises, and sick man's prayers,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the muse—she saw it upward rise,
Though mark'd by none but quick poetic eyes;
(So Rome's great founder to the heavens withdrew
To Proculus alone confess'd in view:)
A sudden star it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
The heavens bespangling with dishevell'd light.
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleased pursue its progress through the skies.

This the beau-monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray.
This the bless'd lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks through Galileo's eyes;
And hence the egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.

Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd hair
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This lock the muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

ELEGY

TO THE

MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY

What beckoning ghost, along the moonlight shade,
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gored?
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart?
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?

Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye else, ye powers! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your bless'd abodes;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age;
Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage;
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like eastern kings, a lazy state they keep,
And, close confined to their own palace, sleep.
From these perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And separate from their kindred dregs below:
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.
But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death!
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates:
There passengers shall stand, and pointing, say,
(While the long funerals blacken all the way,)
Lo! these were they, whose souls the furies steel'd,
And cursed with hearts unknowing how to yield.'
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.
What can atone (oh ever injured shade!)
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier:
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd and by strangers mourn'd!
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show?
What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground now sacred by thy reliques made.
So, peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How loved, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee:
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!
Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung;
Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue:
E'en he whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart!
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The muse forgot, and thou beloved no more!

PROLOGUE

To Mr. Addison's Tragedy of Cato.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age:
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying love, we but our weakness show,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws;
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
E'en when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;
As her dead father's reverend image pass'd,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
The triumph ceased, tears gush'd from every eye;
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by:
Her last good man dejected Rome adored,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.
Britons, attend: be worth like this approved,
And show, you have the virtue to be moved.
With honest scorn the first famed Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdued
Your scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation and Italian song:
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:
Such plays alone should win a British ear
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

EPILOGUE

TO MR. ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

Designed for Mrs. Oldfield.

Prodigious this! the frail-one of our play
From her own sex should mercy find to-day!
You might have held the pretty head aside,
Peep'd in your fans, been serious, thus, and cried,

'The play may pass—but that strange creature Shore
I can't—indeed now—I so hate a whore!'—
Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
And thanks his stars he was not born a fool;
So from a sister sinner you shall hear,
'How strangely you expose yourself my dear!'
But let me die, all raillery apart,
Our sex are still forgiving at their heart;
And did not wicked custom so contrive,
We'd be the best, good-natured things alive.
There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale,
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
Such rage without betrays the fire within;
In some close corner of the soul, they sin;
Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,
Amidst their virtues a reserve of vice.
The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,
Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams:
Would you enjoy soft nights and solid dinners?
Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with sinners.
Well, if our author in the wife offends,
He has a husband that will make amends:
He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving,
And sure such kind good creatures may be living
In days of old they pardon'd breach of vows;
Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse:
Plu—Plutarch, what's his name, that writes his life?
Tells us, that Cato dearly loved his wife:
Yet if a friend, a night or so, should need her,
He'd recommend her as a special breeder.
To lend a wife, few here would scruple make;
But, pray, which of you all would take her back?
Though with the stoic chief our stage may ring,
The stoic husband was the glorious thing.
The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,
And loved his country—but what's that to you?
Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
But the kind cuckold might instruct the city.
There many an honest man may copy Cato,
Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.
If, after all, you think it a disgrace,
That Edward's miss thus perks it in your face;
To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,
In all the rest so impudently good;
Faith, let the modest matrons of the town
Come here in crowds, and stare the strumpet down.

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

From the fifteenth of Ovid's Epistles.

ARGUMENT.

Phaon, a youth of exquisite beauty, was deeply enamoured of Sappho, a lady of Lesbos, from whom he met with the tenderest returns of passion: but his affection afterwards decaying, he left her and sailed for Sicily. She, unable to bear the loss of her lover, hearkened to all the mad suggestions of despair; and seeing no other remedy for her present miseries, resolved to throw herself into the sea, from Leucate, a promontory of Epirus, which was thought a cure in cases of obstinate love, and therefore had obtained the name of the Lover's Leap. But before she ventured upon this last step, entertaining still some fond hopes that she might reclaim her inconstant, she wrote him this epistle, in which she gives him a strong picture of her distress and misery, occasioned by his absence: and endeavours by all the artful insinuations and moving expressions she is mistress of, to sooth him to softness and mutual feeling. (Anon.)

Say, lovely youth, that dost my heart command,
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
Must then her name the wretched writer prove,
To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love?
Ask not the cause that I new numbers choose,
The lute neglected, and the Lyric Muse.
Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,
And tuned my heart to elegies of woe.
I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn
By driving winds the spreading flames are borne.
Phaon to Etna's scorching fields retires,
While I consume with more than Etna's fires!
No more my soul a charm in music finds,
Music has charms alone for peaceful minds:
Soft scenes of solitude no more can please,
Love enters there, and I'm my own disease.
No more the Lesbian dames my passion move,
Once the dear objects of my guilty love;
All other loves are lost in only thine,
Ah, youth ungrateful to a flame like mine!
Whom would not all those blooming charms surprise,
Those heavenly looks, and dear deluding eyes?
The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear:
Would you with ivy wreathe your flowing hair,
Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare:
Yet Phœbus loved, and Bacchus felt the flame,
One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame;
Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,
Than e'en those gods contend in charms with thee
The muses teach me all their softest lays,
And the wide world resounds with Sappho's praise
Though great Alcæus more sublimely sings,
And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,
No less renown attends the moving lyre,
Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inspire;
To me what nature has in charms denied,
Is well by wit's more lasting flames supplied.
Though short my stature, yet my name extends
To heaven itself, and earth's remotest ends.
Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inspired young Perseus with a generous flame;
Turtles and doves of different hues unite,
And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign,
But such as merit, such as equal thine,
By none, alas! by none thou canst be moved:
Phaon alone by Phaon must be loved!
Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ;
Once in her arms you centred all your joy:
No time the dear remembrance can remove,
For, oh! how vast a memory has love!
My music, then you could for ever hear,
And all my words were music to your ear.
You stopp'd with kisses my enchanting tongue,
And found my kisses sweeter than my song.
In all I pleased, but most in what was best;
And the last joy was dearer than the rest.
Then with each word, each glance, each motion fired,
You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desired,
Till all dissolving in the trance we lay,
And in tumultuous raptures died away.
The fair Sicilians now thy soul inflame:
Why was I born, ye gods! a Lesbian dame?
But ah, beware, Sicilian nymphs! nor boast
That wandering heart which I so lately lost;
Nor be with all those tempting words abused,
Those tempting words were all to Sappho used.

And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
Have pity, Venus, on your poet's pains!
Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,
And still increase the woes so soon begun?
Inured to sorrow from my tender years,
My parent's ashes drank my early tears:
My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,
Ignobly burn'd in a destructive flame;
An infant daughter late my griefs increased,
And all a mother's cares distract my breast.
Alas! what more could fate itself impose,
But thee, the last and greatest of my woes?
No more my robes in waving purple flow,
Nor on my hand the sparkling diamonds glow;
No more my locks, in ringlets curl'd, diffuse
The costly sweetness of Arabian dews;
Nor braids of gold the varied tresses bind,
That fly disordered with the wanton wind:
For whom should Sappho use such arts as these?
He's gone, whom only she desired to please!
Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move,
Still is there cause for Sappho still to love:
So from my birth the Sisters fixed my doom,
And gave to Venus all my life to come;
Or, while my muse in melting notes complains,
My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains.
By charms like thine, which all my soul have won,
Who might not—ah! who would not be undone?
For those Aurora Cephalus might scorn,
And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn:
For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,
And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep:
Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies,
But Mars on thee might look with Venus eyes.
O scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy!
O useful time for lovers to employ!
Pride of thy age and glory of thy race,
Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace!
The vows you never will return, receive;
And take at least the love you will not give.
See, while I write, my words are lost in tears!
The less my sense, the more my love appears.
Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu;
(At least to feign was never hard to you!)
'Farewell, my Lesbian love,' you might have said;
Or coldly thus, 'Farewell, oh Lesbian maid!'
No tear did you, no parting kiss receive,
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
And wrongs and woes were all you left with her,
No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
But this, 'Be mindful of your loves, and live.'
Now by the Nine, those powers adored by me,
And Love, the god that ever waits on thee,
When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
Like some sad statue, speechless, pale I stood,
Grief chill'd my breast, and stopp'd my freezing blood;
No sigh to rise, no tear had power to flow,
Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of wo:
But when its way the impetuous passion found,
I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound;
I rave; then weep; I curse, and then complain;
Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again.
Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,
Whose first-born infant feeds the funeral flame.
My scornful brother with a smile appears,
Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears:
His hated image ever haunts my eyes;
'And why this grief? thy daughter lives,' he cries
Stung with my love, and furious with despair,
All torn my garments, and my bosom bare,
My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim:
Such inconsistent things are love and shame!
'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
My daily longing, and my dream by night.
O night, more pleasing than the brightest day,
When fancy gives what absence takes away,
And dress'd in all its visionary charms,
Restores my fair deserter to my arms!
Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine;
Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine:
A thousand tender words I hear and speak;
A thousand melting kisses give and take:
Then fiercer joys: I blush to mention these,
Yet, while I blush, confess how much they please.
But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly,
And all things wake to life and joy, but I;
As if once more forsaken, I complain,
And close my eyes to dream of you again;
Then frantic rise, and like some fury rove
Through lonely plains, and through the silent grove:
As if the silent grove, and lonely plains,
That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains.
I view the grotto, once the scene of love,
The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
That charm'd me more, with native moss o'ergrown,
Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian stone.
I find the shades that veil'd our joys before!
But, Phaon gone, those shades delight no more.
Here the press'd herbs with bending tops betray
Where oft entwined in amorous folds we lay;
I kiss that earth which once was pressed by you,
And all with tears the withering herbs bedew.
For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
And birds defer their songs till thy return:
Night shades the grove, and all in silence lie,
All but the mournful Philomel and I:
With mournful Philomel I join my strain,
Of Tereus she, of Phaon I complain.

A spring there is, whose silver waters show,
Clear as a glass, the shining sands below;
A flowery lotos spreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove:
Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
Watch'd by the sylvan genius of the place.
Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood,
Before my sight a watery virgin stood:
She stood and cried, 'O you that love in vain:
Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main:
There stands a rock, from whose impending steep
Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep;
There injured lovers, leaping from above,
Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.
Deucalion once with hopeless fury burn'd,
In vain he loved: relentless Pyrrha scorn'd:
But when from hence he plunged into the main,
Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha loved in vain.
Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw
Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below!'

She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice—I rise,
And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes
I go, ye nymphs! those rocks and seas to prove;
How much I fear, but ah, how much I love!
I go, ye nymphs! where furious love inspires;
Let female fears submit to female fires.

To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate,
And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.
Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
And softly lay me on the waves below!
And thou, kind Love, my sinking limbs sustain,
Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood profane!
On Phœbus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow,
And this inscription shall be plac'd below;
'Here she who sung, to him who did inspire,
Sappho to Phœbus consecrates her lyre;
What suits with Sappho, Phœbus, suits with thee,
The gift, the giver, and the god agree.'
But why, alas! relentless youth, ah why
To distant seas must tender Sappho fly?
Thy charms than those may far more powerful be,
And Phœbus' self is less a god to me.
Ah! canst thou doom me to the rocks and sea,
O far more faithless, and more hard than they?
Ah! canst thou rather see this tender breast
Dash'd on these rocks, than to thy bosom press'd?
This breast, which once, in vain! you liked so well;
Where the loves play'd, and where the muses dwell?
Alas! the muses now no more inspire;
Untuned my lute, and silent is my lyre;
My languid numbers have forgot to flow,
And fancy sinks beneath a weight of wo.
Ye Lesbian virgins, and ye Lesbian dames,
Themes of my verse, and objects of my flames,
No more your groves with my glad songs shall ring,
No more these hands shall touch the trembling string:
(My Phaon 's fled, and I those arts resign,
Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine!)
Return, fair youth, return, and bring along
Joy to my soul, and vigour to my song:
Absent from thee, the poet's flame expires;
But ah! how fiercely burn the lover's fires!
Gods! can no prayers, no sighs, no numbers move
One savage heart, or teach it how to love?
The winds my prayers, my sighs, my numbers bear,
The flying winds have lost them all in air!
Oh when, alas! shall more auspicious gales
To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails?
If you return—ah, why these long delays?
Poor Sappho dies while careless Phaon stays.
O, launch thy bark, nor fear the watery plain;
Venus for thee shall smooth her native main.
O, launch thy bark, secure of prosperous gales;
Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.
If you will fly—(yet ah! what cause can be,
Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me?)
If not from Phaon I must hope for ease,
Ah let me seek it from the raging seas:
To raging seas unpitied I'll remove,
And either cease to live, or cease to love!

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

ARGUMENT.

Abelard and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth century: they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly-pensive contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing melancholy reigns,
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.
Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips, in holy silence seal'd:
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where, mix'd with God's, his loved idea lies:
O, write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays;
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.
Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn;
Shrines! where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep;
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep;
Though cold like you, unmoved and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not Heaven's while Abelard has part:
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes;
Oh, name for ever sad! for ever dear!
Still breathed in sighs, still ushered with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a sad variety of wo:
Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
There stern religion quench'd the unwilling flame;
There died the best of passions, love and fame.
Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this power away;
And is my Abelard less kind than they?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare;
Love but demands what else were shed in prayer;
No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.
Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief:
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief.
Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole!
Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When love approach'd me under friendship's name.

My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of the All-beauteous Mind,
Those smiling eyes, attempering every ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gazed: Heaven listen'd while you sung,
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an angel whom I loved a man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see,
Nor envy them that heaven I lose for thee.

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said;
Curse on all laws but those which love has made!
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove;
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to love?
The jealous god, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn them all:
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love.
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
Oh, happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law;
All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
No craving void left aching in the breast:
E'en thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be)
And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas, how changed! what sudden horrors rise!
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloïse? her voice, her hand,
Her poniard had opposed the dire command.
Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain:
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress'd,
Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale;
Heaven scarce believed the conquest it survey'd,
And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call;
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
Come, with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
Ah, no! instruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes:
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

Ah! think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy prayer.
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led,
You raised these hallow'd walls; the desert smiled
And paradise was open'd in the wild.
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No silver saints, by dying misers given,
Here bribe the rage of ill-requited Heaven;
But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
In these lone walls (their days eternal bound)
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light,
Thy eyes diffused a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day:
But now no face divine contentment wears;
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
See how the force of others' prayers I try,
(Oh pious fraud of amorous charity!)
But why should I on others' prayers depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love!
The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclined,
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind.
The wandering streams that shine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid:
But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,
Black melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose;
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the lasting chain;
And here, e'en then, shall my cold dust remain;
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah, wretch! believed the spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the slave of love and man.
Assist me, Heaven! but whence arose that prayer?
Sprung it from piety, or from despair?
E'en here, where frozen chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;
Now turn'd to heaven, I weep my past offence,
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!
How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love the offender, yet detest the offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how distinguish penitence from love?
Unequal task! a passion to resign,
For hearts so touch'd, so pierced, so lost as mine!

Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate!
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain—do all things but forget!
But let heaven seize it, all at once 'tis fired:
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspired!
Oh come! oh teach me nature to subdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you.
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot;
The world forgetting, by the world forgot!
Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind;
Each prayer accepted, and each wish resign'd;
Labour and rest that equal periods keep;
'Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;'
Desires composed, affections ever even;
Tears that delight and sighs that waft to heaven.
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whispering angels prompt her golden dreams;
For her the unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes;
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring;
For her white virgins hymenæals sing;
To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures of unholy joy:
When, at the close of each sad sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
O curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking demons all restraint remove,
And stir within me every source of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I say:
I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more, I close my willing eyes:
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise!
Alas, no more! methinks we wandering go
Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round some mouldering tower pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the Fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain;
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose;
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirit bade the waters flow;
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiven,
And mild as opening gleams of promised heaven

Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature stands check'd; religion disapproves;
E'en thou art cold—yet Eloïsa loves.
Ah, hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm the unfruitful urn.
What scenes appear where'er I turn my view!
The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God and me;
Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear,
With every bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops just gathering in my eye,
While, praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is opening on my soul:
Come, if thou darest, all-charming as thou art;
Oppose thyself to Heaven; dispute my heart;
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the skies;
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears
Take back my fruitless penitence and prayers;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode,
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!

No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole;
Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll:
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long loved, adored ideas, all adieu!
O grace serene! O virtue heavenly fair!
Divine oblivion of low thoughted care!
Fresh-blooming hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amiable guest;
Receive and wrap me in eternal rest!

See in her cell sad Eloïsa spread,
Propp'd on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead,
In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamp around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound:
'Come, sister, come!' it said, or seem'd to say,
'Thy place is here; sad sister, come away!
Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid:
But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep:
E'en superstition loses every fear;
For God, not man, absolves our frailties here.

I come, I come! prepare your roseate bowers,
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flowers:
Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refined in breasts seraphic glow:
Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,
And smooth my passage to the realms of day;
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!
Ah, no—in sacred vestments mayst thou stand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Present the cross before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah, then thy once-loved Eloïsa see!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
See the last sparkle languish in my eye!

Till every motion, pulse, and breath be o'er;
And e'en my Abelard be loved no more.
O Death all eloquent! you only prove
What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love.
Then too, when Fate shall thy fair frame destroy
(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy,)
In trance ecstatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round;
From opening skies may streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee with a love like mine.
May one kind grave unite each hapless name!
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more,
If ever chance two wandering lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other sheds;
Then sadly say, with mutual pity moved,
'O, may we never love as these have loved!'
From the full choir, when loud hosannas rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
Amid that scene if some relenting eye
Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heaven,
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiven.
And sure if Fate some future bard shall join
In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more;
Such, if there be, who loves so long, so well,
Let him our sad, our tender story tell!
The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost;
He best can paint them who shall feel them most!

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

Written in the Year 1711.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's House of Fame. The design is in a manner entirely altered, the descriptions and most of the particular thoughts my own; yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his third book of Fame, there being nothing in the first two books that answers to their title.

The poem is introduced in the manner of the *Provencal* poets, whose works were for the most part visions, or pieces of imagination, and constantly descriptive. From these, Petrarch and Chaucer frequently borrowed the idea of their poems. See the Trionfi of the former, and the Dream, Flower and the Leaf, &c. of the latter. The author of this, therefore, chose the same sort of exordium.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

In that soft season, when descending showers
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flowers;
When opening buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting, feels the genial ray;
As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,
And love itself was banish'd from my breast,
(What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings,)
A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
And join'd, this intellectual scene compose.

I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies;
The whole creation open to my eyes:
In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow:
Here naked rocks, and empty wastes were seen,
There towering cities, and the forests green;
Here sailing ships delight the wandering eyes;
There trees and intermingled temples rise:
Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
The transient landscape now in clouds decays.
O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
Or billows murmuring on the hollow shore:
Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whose towering summit ambient clouds conceal'd.
High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
Steep its ascent, and slippery was the way:
The wond'rous rock like Parian marble shone,
And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone.
Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
The greater part by hostile time subdued;
Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
And poets once had promis'd they should last.
Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of wits renown'd;
I look' again, nor could their trace be found.
Critics I saw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labour, in their place:
Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.
Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
But felt the approaches of too warm a sun;
For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by envy than excess of praise.
Yet part no injuries of heav'n could feel,
Like crystal faithful to the graven steel:
The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
Their names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past,
From time's first birth, with time itself shall last;
These ever new, nor subject to decays,
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.
So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on the impassive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky;
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thousand years.
On this foundation Fame's high temple stands;
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or Artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
Four faces had the dome, and every face
Of various structure, but of equal grace:
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the different quarters of the sky.
Here fabled chiefs, in darker ages born,
Or worthies old, which arms or arts adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race,
The walls in venerable order grace:
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And legislators seem to think in stone.
Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mould,
And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.

In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield;
There great Alcides, stooping with his toil,
Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoil:
Here Orpheus sings; trees moving to the sound
Start from their roots, and form a shade around:
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and beholds a sudden Thebes aspire!
Cythæron's echoes answer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall:
There might you see the lengthening spires ascend,
The domes swell up, the widening arches bend,
The growing tow'rs, like exhalations, rise,
And the huge columns heave into the skies.
The eastern front was glorious to behold,
With diamond flaming, and barbaric gold.
There Ninus shone, who spread the Assyrian fame,
And the great founder of the Persian name:
There in long robes the royal magi stand,
Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand:
The sage Chaldæans rob'd in white appear'd,
And Brachmans, deep in desert woods rever'd.
These stopp'd the moon, and call'd th' unbodied shades
To midnight banquets in the glimmering glades;
Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
And airy spectres skim before their eyes;
Of talismans and sigils knew the power,
And careful watch'd the planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
Who taught that useful science—to be good.
But on the south, a long majestic race
Of Egypt's priests the gilded niches grace,
Who measured earth, described the starry spheres,
And traced the long records of lunar years.
High on his car Sesostris struck my view,
Whom scepter'd slaves in golden harness drew:
His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold:
His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
Between the statues obelisks were placed,
And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics graced.
Of Gothic structure was the northern side,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barbarous pride.
There huge Colosses rose, with trophies crown'd,
And Runic characters were graved around.
There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood;
Druids and Bards (their once loud harps unstrung)
And youths that died to be by poets sung.
These and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables give a lasting name,
In ranks adorn'd the temple's outward face;
The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
Which, o'er each object casting various dyes,
Enlarges some, and others multiplies:
Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall,
For thus romantic Fame increases all.
The temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold:
Raised on a thousand pillars wreathed around
With laurel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd:
Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,
The friezes gold, and gold the capitals:
As heaven with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
Full in the passage of each spacious gate,
The sage historians in white garments wait;
Graved o'er their seats the form of Time was found,
His scythe reversed, and both his pinions bound.
Within stood heroes, who through loud alarms.
In bloody fields pursued renown in arms.
High on a throne with trophies charged I view'd
The youth that all things but himself subdued;
His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,
And his horn'd head belied the Lybian god.
There Cæsar, graced with both Minervas, shone;
Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own;
Unmoved, superior still in every state,
And scarce detested in his country's fate.
But chief were those, who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's safety bought:
High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state,
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind
With boundless power unbounded virtue join'd,
His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.
Much-suffering heroes next their honours claim,
Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame,
Fair virtue's silent train: supreme of these
Here ever shines the godlike Socrates;
He whom ungrateful Athens could expel,
At all times just, but when he sign'd the shell:
Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
With Agis, not the last of Spartan names:
Unconquer'd Cato shows the wound he tore,
And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.
But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire;
Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command
High on the first, the mighty Homer shone;
Eternal adamant composed his throne;
Father of verse! in holy fillets dress'd,
His silver beard waved gently o'er his breast;
Though blind, a boldness in his looks appears;
In years he seem'd but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen;
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen;
Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.
Motion and life did every part inspire,
Bold was the work, and proved the master's fire;
A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,
And here and there disclosed a brave neglect.
A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;
Finish'd the whole, and labour'd every part,
With patient touches of unwearied art;
The Mantuan there in sober triumph sate,
Composed his posture, and his look sedate;
On Homer still he fix'd a reverent eye,
Great without pride, in modest majesty.
In living sculpture on the sides were spread
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
Eliza stretch'd upon the funeral pyre;
Æneas bending with his aged sire;
Troy, flamed in burning gold, and o'er the throne
'Arms and the man' in golden cyphers shone.
Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
With heads advanced, and pinions stretch'd for flight:
Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And seem'd to labour with the inspiring god.

Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
The figured games of Greece the column grace,
Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone:
The champions in distorted postures threat;
And all appear'd irregularly great.
Here happy Horace tuned the Ausonian lyre
To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire;
Pleased with Alcæus' manly rage to infuse
The softer spirit of the Sapphic muse.
The polish'd pillar different sculptures grace;
A work outlasting monumental brass.
Here smiling loves and Bacchanals appear
The Julian star and great Augustus here.
The doves that round the infant poet spread
Myrtles and bays, hung hovering o'er his head.
Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
Sate fix'd in thought the mighty Stagyrite:
His sacred head a radiant zodiac crown'd,
And various animals his sides surround;
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all nature through.
With equal rays immortal Tully shone,
The Roman rostra deck'd the consul's throne:
Gathering his flowing robe he seem'd to stand
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
Behind, Rome's Genius waits with civic crowns,
And the great father of his country owns.
These massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies;
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
With jewels blazed, magnificently great:
The vivid emeralds there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies show their sanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne;
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
When on the goddess first I cast my sight,
Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height;
But swell'd to larger size the more I gazed,
Till to the roof her towering front she raised.
With her, the temple every moment grew,
And ampler vistas open'd to my view:
Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
And arches widen, and long aisles extend.
Such was her form, as ancient bards have told,
Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold;
A thousand busy tongues the goddess bears,
A thousand open eyes, and thousand listening ears.
Beneath, in order ranged, the tuneful Nine
(Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine,
With eyes on Fame, for ever fix'd, they sing;
For Fame they raise their voice, and tune the string;
With time's first birth began the heavenly lays,
And last, eternal, through the length of days.
Around these wonders as I cast a look,
The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook,
And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
From different quarters fill'd the crowded hall:
Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard;
In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd;
Thick as the bees that with the spring renew,
Their flowery toils, and sip the fragrant dew:
When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,
Or, settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
And all degrees before the goddess bend:
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,
And boasting youth, and narrative old age.
Their pleas were different, their request the same:
For good and bad alike are fond of fame.
Some she disgraced, and some with honours crown'd;
Unlike successes equal merits found.
Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And undiscerning scatters crowns and chains.
First at the shrine the learned world appear,
And to the goddess thus prefer their prayer:
'Long have we sought to instruct and please mankind;
With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy superior throne:
On wit and learning the just prize bestow,
For fame is all we must expect below.'
The goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
The golden trumpet of eternal praise:
From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
That fills the circuit of the world around;
Not all at once as thunder breaks the cloud;
The notes at first were rather sweet than loud:
By just degrees they every moment rise,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
At every breath were balmy odours shed,
Which still grew sweeter, as they wider spread:
Less fragrant scents the unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.
Next these the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address the sacred fane:
'Since living virtue is with envy cursed,
And the best men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just goddess, call our merits forth,
And give each deed the exact intrinsic worth.'
'Not with bare justice shall your acts be crown'd
Said Fame, 'but high above desert renown'd:
Let fuller notes the applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praise.'
This band dismiss'd, behold another crowd
Preferr'd the same request, and lowly bow'd:
The constant tenour of whose well-spent days
No less deserved a just return of praise.
But straight the direful trump of slander sounds;
Through the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
The dire report through every region flies,
In every ear incessant rumours rung,
And gathering scandals grew on every tongue.
From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
Sulphureous flames and clouds of rolling smoke;
The poisonous vapour blots the purple skies,
And withers all before it as it flies.
A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
'For thee,' they cried, 'amidst alarms and strife,
We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life;
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And swam to empire through the purple flood.

Those ills we dared, thy inspiration own;
What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.'
'Ambitious fools!' the queen replied, and frown'd,
'Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd;
There sleep forgot with mighty tyrants gone,
Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown!'
A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my sight,
And each majestic phantom sunk in night.
Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen:
Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.
'Great idol of mankind; we neither claim
The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame!
But, safe in deserts from the applause of men,
Would die unheard-of as we lived unseen.
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
Those acts of goodness which themselves requite.
O let us still the secret joys partake,
To follow virtue e'en for virtue's sake.'
'And live there men, who slight immortal Fame?
Who then with incense shall adore our name?
But mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride,
To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.
Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath;
These must not sleep in darkness and in death.'
She said: in air the trembling music floats,
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
So soft, though high, so loud, and yet so clear,
E'en listening angels lean from heaven to hear;
To farthest shores the ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.
Next these a youthful train their vows express'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroidery dress'd:
'Hither,' they cried, 'direct your eyes, and see
The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;
Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays;
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
To pay due visits, and address the fair:
In fact, 'tis true, no nymphs we could persuade,
But still in fancy vanquish'd every maid;
Of unknown dutchesses lewd tales we tell,
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
The joy let others have, and we the name,
And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.
The queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,
And at each blast a lady's honour dies.
Pleased with the same success, vast numbers press'd
Around the shrine, and made the same request:
'What you,' she cried, 'unlearn'd in arts to please,
Slaves to yourselves, and e'en fatigued with ease,
Who lose a length of undeserving days,
Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?
To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,
The people's fable, and the scorn of all.'
Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round;
Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses run through all the crowd.
Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne;
Or who their glory's dire foundation laid
On sovereigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
Calm thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counsels and dark politics:
Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
And beg to make the immortal treasons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With sparks that seem'd to set the world on fire.
At the dread sound, pale mortals stood aghast,
And startled nature trembled with the blast.
This having heard and seen, some power unknown
Straight changed the scene, and snatch'd me from the throne.
Before my view appear'd a structure fair,
Its site uncertain, if in earth or air:
With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;
With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound:
Not less in number were the spacious doors,
Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores;
Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open every way.
As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the sea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
Hither, as to their proper place, arise
All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear;
Nor ever silence, rest, or peace, is here.
As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
The sinking stone at first a circle makes;
The trembling surface, by the motion stirr'd,
Spreads in a second circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the watery plain, and to the margin dance:
Thus every voice and sound, when first they break,
On neighbouring air a soft impression make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That, in its turn, impels the next above;
Through undulating air the sounds are sent,
And spread o'er all the fluid element.
There various news I heard of love and strife,
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life,
Of loss and gain, of famine and of store,
Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,
Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,
The falls of favourites, projects of the great,
Of old mismanagements, taxations new;
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.
Above, below, without, within, around,
Confused, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away;
Hosts raised by fear, and phantoms of a day:
Astrologers, that future fates foreshow,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
And priests, and party zealots, numerous bands,
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands;
Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,
And wild impatience stared in every face.
The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too;
In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew.
Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
News travell'd with increase from mouth to mouth.
So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,
With gathering force the quickening flames advance;
Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
And towers and temples sink in floods of fire.
When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
Through thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
And rush in millions on the world below,

Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
Their date determines, and prescribes their force:
Some to remain, and some to perish soon;
Or wane and wax alternate with the moon.
Around, a thousand winged wonders fly,
Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd through the sky.
There, at one passage, oft you might survey
A lie and truth contending for the way;
And long 'twas doubtful, though so closely pent,
Which first should issue through the narrow vent
At last agreed, together out they fly,
Inseparable now the truth and lie;
The strict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.
While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear:
'What could thus high thy rash ambition raise?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise?'
''Tis true,' said I; 'not void of hopes I came;
For who so fond as youthful bards of Fame?
But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
How vain that second life in others' breath,
The estate which wits inherit after death!
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,
(Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!)
The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,
Be envied, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor;
All luckless wits their enemies profess'd,
And all successful, jealous friends at best:
Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd-for, if she comes at all.
But if the purchase cost so dear a price,
As soothing folly, or exalting vice,
Oh! if the muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where fortune leads the way;
Or if no basis bear my rising name,
But the fallen ruins of another's fame;
Then, teach me, Heaven! to scorn the guilty bays;
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise:
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
Oh, grant an honest fame, or grant me none!'

JANUARY AND MAY;

OR,

THE MERCHANT'S TALE.

FROM CHAUCER.

THERE lived in Lombardy, as authors write,
In days of old, a wise and worthy knight,
Of gentle manners, as of generous race,
Bless'd with much sense, more riches, and some grace;
Yet, led astray by Venus' soft delights,
He scarce could rule some idle appetites:
For long ago, let priests say what they could,
Weak sinful laymen were but flesh and blood.
But in due time, when sixty years were o'er,
He vow'd to lead this vicious life no more:
Whether pure holiness inspired his mind,
Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find:
But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
And try the pleasures of a lawful bed.
This was his nightly dream, his daily care,
And to the heavenly powers his constant prayer,
Once ere he died, to taste the blissful life
Of a kind husband and a loving wife.
These thoughts he fortified with reasons still,
(For none want reasons to confirm their will.)
Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,
That honest wedlock is a glorious thing:
But depth of judgment most in him appears,
Who wisely weds in his maturer years.
Then let him choose a damsel young and fair,
To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir:
To soothe his cares, and, free from noise and strife,
Conduct him gently to the verge of life.
Let sinful bachelors their woes deplore,
Full well they merit all they feel, and more:
Unawed by precepts human or divine,
Like birds and beasts promiscuously they join:
Nor know to make the present blessing last,
To hope the future, or esteem the past:
But vainly boast the joys they never tried,
And find divulged the secrets they would hide.
The married man may bear his yoke with ease,
Secure at once himself and Heaven to please;
And pass his inoffensive hours away,
In bliss all night, and innocence all day:
Though fortune change, his constant spouse remains,
Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.
But what so pure, which envious tongues will spare?
Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.
With matchless impudence they style a wife,
The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life;
A bosom-serpent, a domestic evil,
A night-invasion, and a mid-day devil.
Let not the wise these slanderous words regard,
But curse the bones of every lying bard.
All other goods by fortune's hand are given;
A wife is the peculiar gift of Heaven.
Vain fortune's favours, never at a stay,
Like empty shadows, pass, and glide away;
One solid comfort, our eternal wife,
Abundantly supplies us all our life:
This blessing lasts (if those who try say true)
As long as heart can wish—and longer too.
Our grandsire Adam, ere of Eve possess'd,
Alone, and e'en in Paradise unbless'd,
With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,
And wander'd in the solitary shade:
The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
Woman, the last, the best reserved of God.
A wife! ah gentle deities, can he
That has a wife, e'er feel adversity?
Would men but follow what the sex advise,
All things would prosper; all the world grow wise
'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
His father's blessing from an elder son:
Abusive Nabal owed his forfeit life
To the wise conduct of a prudent wife:
Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews show,
Preserved the Jews, and slew the Assyrian foe:
At Esther's suit, the persecuting sword
Was sheathed, and Israel lived to bless the Lord.
These weighty motives, January the sage
Maturely ponder'd in his riper age;
And, charm'd with virtuous joys and sober life,
Would try that Christian comfort, call'd a wife.
His friends were summon'd on a point so nice,
To pass their judgment, and to give advice;
But fix'd before, and well resolved was he;
(As men that ask advice are wont to be.)

'My friends,' he cried, (and cast a mournful look
Around the room, and sigh'd before he spoke:)
'Beneath the weight of threescore years I bend,
And worn with cares and hastening to my end;
How I have lived, alas! you know too well,
In worldly follies, which I blush to tell;
But gracious Heaven has ope'd my eyes at last,
With due regret I view my vices past,
And, as the precept of the Church decrees,
Will take a wife, and live in holy ease.
But, since by counsel all things should be done,
And many heads are wiser still than one;
Choose you for me, who best shall be content
When my desire 's approved by your consent.
'One caution yet is needful to be told,
To guide your choice; this wife must not be old.
There goes a saying, and 'twas shrewdly said,
Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed.
My soul abhors the tasteless, dry embrace
Of a stale virgin with a winter face:
In that cold season Love but treats his guest
With bean-straw, and tough forage at the best.
No crafty widows shall approach my bed;
Those are too wise for bachelors to wed;
As subtle clerks, by many schools are made,
Twice-married dames are mistresses of the trade;
But young and tender virgins, ruled with ease,
We form like wax, and mould them as we please.
'Conceive me, sirs, nor take my sense amiss;
'Tis what concerns my soul's eternal bliss:
Since if I found no pleasure in my spouse,
As flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows?
Then should I live in lewd adultery,
And sink downright to Satan when I die.
Or were I cursed with an unfruitful bed,
The righteous end were lost for which I wed;
To raise up seed to bless the powers above,
And not for pleasure only, or for love.
Think not I dote; 'tis time to take a wife,
When vigorous blood forbids a chaster life:
Those that are bless'd with store of grace divine,
May live like saints, by Heaven's consent and mine.
'And since I speak of wedlock, let me say,
(As thank my stars, in modest truth I may,)
My limbs are active, still I'm sound at heart,
And a new vigour springs in every part.
Think not my virtue lost, though time has shed
These reverend honours on my hoary head;
Thus trees are crown'd with blossoms white as snow,
The vital sap then rising from below:
Old as I am, my lusty limbs appear
Like winter greens, that flourish all the year.
Now, sirs, you know to what I stand inclined,
Let every friend with freedom speak his mind.'
He said; the rest in different parts divide;
The knotty point was urged on either side:
Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,
Some praised with wit, and some with reason blamed;
Till what with proofs, objections, and replies,
Each wondrous positive, and wondrous wise,
There fell between his brothers a debate;
Placebo this was call'd, and Justin that.
First to the knight Placebo thus begun
Mild were his looks, and pleasing was his tone:)
Such prudence, sir, in all your words appears,
As plainly proves, experience dwells with years!
Yet you pursue sage Solomon's advice,
To work by counsel when affairs are nice:

But, with the wise man's leave, I must protest,
So may my soul arrive at ease and rest,
As still I hold your own advice the best.
'Sir, I have lived a courtier all my days,
And studied men, their manners, and their ways;
And have observed this useful maxim still,
To let my betters always have their will.
Nay, if my lord affirm that black was white,
My word was this: 'Your honour's in the right.'
The assuming wit, who deems himself so wise,
As his mistaken patron to advise,
Let him not dare to vent his dangerous thought:
A noble fool was never in a fault.
This, sir, affects not you, whose every word
Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a lord:
Your will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
Pleasing to God, and should be so to man!
At least your courage all the world must praise,
Who dare to wed in your declining days.
Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
And let gray folks be indolently good,
Who, past all pleasure, damn the joys of sense,
With reverend dulness, and grave impotence.'
Justin, who silent sat, and heard the man,
Thus, with a philosophic frown, began;
'A heathen author of the first degree
(Who though not faith, had sense as well as we,)
Bids us be certain our concerns to trust
To those of generous principles, and just.
The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
To give your person, than your goods away:
And therefore, sir, as you regard your rest,
First learn your lady's qualities at least:
Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or civil,
Meek as a saint, or haughty as the devil;
Whether an easy, fond familiar fool,
Or such a wit as no man e'er can rule.
'Tis true, perfection none must hope to find
In all this world, much less in womankind;
But, if her virtues prove the larger share,
Bless the kind Fates, and think your fortune rare.
Ah, gentle sir, take warning of a friend,
Who knows too well the state you thus commend;
And, spite of all his praises, must declare,
All he can find is bondage, cost, and care.
Heaven knows, I shed full many a private tear,
And sigh in silence, lest the world should hear!
While all my friends applaud my blissful life,
And swear no mortal's happier in a wife;
Demure and chaste as any vestal nun,
The meekest creature that beholds the sun!
But, by the immortal powers, I feel the pain,
And he that smarts has reason to complain.
Do what you list, for me; you must be sage,
And cautious sure; for wisdom is in age;
But at these years, to venture on the fair!
By him who made the ocean, earth, and air,
To please a wife, when her occasions call,
Would busy the most vigorous of us all.
And trust me, sir, the chastest you can choose
Will ask observance, and exact her dues.
If what I speak my noble lord offend,
My tedious sermon here is at an end.'
''Tis well, 'tis wondrous well,' the knight replies,
'Most worthy kinsman; 'faith you're mighty wise!
We, sirs, are fools; and must resign the cause
To heathenish authors, proverbs, and old saws.'

He spoke with scorn, and turn'd another way:—
'What does my friend, my dear Placebo, say?'
'I say,' quoth he, 'by Heaven the man's to blame,
To slander wives, and wedlock's holy name.
At this the council rose, without delay;
Each, in his own opinion, went his way;
With full consent, that, all disputes appeased,
The knight should marry, when and where he pleased.
Who now but January exults with joy:
The charms of wedlock all his soul employ;
Each nymph by turns his wavering mind possess'd,
And reign'd the short-lived tyrant of his breast;
While fancy pictured every lively part,
And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.
Thus, in some public forum fix'd on high,
A mirror shows the figures moving by;
Still one by one, in swift succession, pass
The gliding shadows o'er the polish'd glass.
This lady's charms the nicest could not blame,
But vile suspicions had aspersed her fame:
That was with sense, but not with virtue bless'd;
And one had grace, that wanted all the rest.
Thus doubting long what nymph he should obey,
He fix'd at last upon the youthful May.
Her faults he knew not, Love is always blind,
But every charm revolved within his mind:
Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
Her easy motion, her attractive air,
Her sweet behaviour, her enchanting face,
Her moving softness and majestic grace.
Much in his prudence did our knight rejoice,
And thought no mortal could dispute his choice;
Once more in haste he summon'd every friend,
And told them all, their pains were at an end.
'Heaven that (said he) inspired me first to wed,
Provides a consort worthy of my bed:
Let none oppose the election, since on this
Depends my quiet, and my future bliss.
'A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
Young, beauteous, artless, innocent, and wise;
Chaste, though not rich; and, though not nobly born,
Of honest parents, and may serve my turn.
Her will I wed, if gracious Heaven so please,
To pass my age in sanctity and ease:
And thank the powers, I may possess alone
The lovely prize, and share my bliss with none!
If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
My joys are full, my happiness is sure.
'One only doubt remains: full oft I've heard,
By casuists grave, and deep divines averr'd,
That 'tis too much for human race to know
The bliss of heaven above, and earth below:
Now should the nuptial pleasures prove so great,
To match the blessings of the future state,
Those endless joys were ill-exchanged for these.
Then clear this doubt, and set my mind at ease.'
This Justin heard, nor could his spleen control,
Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the soul.
'Sir knight,' he cried, 'if this be all you dread,
Heaven put it past your doubt, whene'er you wed;
And to my fervent prayers so far consent,
That, ere the rites are o'er you may repent!
Good Heaven, no doubt, the nuptial state approves
Since it chastises still what best it loves.
Then be not, sir, abandon'd to despair;
Seek, and perhaps you'll find among the fair,
One that may do your business to a hair:
Not e'en in wish, your happiness delay,
But prove the scourge to lash you on your way:
Then to the skies your mounting soul shall go,
Swift as an arrow soaring from the bow!
Provided still, you moderate your joy,
Nor in your pleasures all your might employ.
Let reason's rule your strong desires abate,
Nor please too lavishly your gentle mate.
Old wives there are, of judgment most acute,
Who solve these questions beyond all dispute;
Consult with those, and be of better cheer;
Marry, do penance, and dismiss your fear.'
So said, they rose, nor more the work delay'd;
The match was offered, the proposals made.
The parents, you may think, would soon comply;
The old have interest ever in their eye.
Nor was it hard to move the lady's mind;
When fortune favours, still the fair are kind.
I pass each previous settlement and deed,
Too long for me to write, or you to read;
Nor will with quaint impertinence display
The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
The time approach'd, to church the parties went,
At once with carnal and devout intent:
Forth came the priest, and bade the obedient wife,
Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life;
Then pray'd the powers the fruitful bed to bless,
And made all sure enough with holiness.
And now the palace gates are open'd wide,
The guests appear in order, side by side,
And placed in state the bridegroom and the bride.
The breathing flute's soft notes are heard around,
And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound;
The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring,
These touch the vocal stops, and those the trembling string.
Not thus Amphion tuned the warbling lyre,
Nor Joab the sounding clarion could inspire,
Nor fierce Theodamus, whose sprightly strain
Could swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial train.
Bacchus himself, the nuptial feast to grace,
(So poets sing) was present on the place:
And lovely Venus, goddess of delight,
Shook high her flaming torch in open sight.
And danced around, and smiled on every knight:
Pleased her best servant would his courage try,
No less in wedlock, than in liberty.
Full many an age old Hymen had not spied
So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride.
Ye bards! renown'd among the tuneful throng
For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial song,
Think not your softest numbers can display
The matchless glories of the blissful day:
The joys are such as far transcend your rage,
When tender youth has wedded stooping age.
The beauteous dame sat smiling at the board,
And darted amorous glances at her lord.
Not Esther's self, whose charms the Hebrews sing,
E'er look'd so lovely on her Persian king.
Bright as the rising sun in summer's day,
And fresh and blooming as the month of May!
The joyful knight survey'd her by his side;
Nor envied Paris with the Spartan bride:
Still as his mind revolved with vast delight
The entrancing raptures of the approaching night,
Restless he sate, invoking every power
To speed his bliss, and haste the happy hour.

Meantime the vigorous dancers beat the ground,
And songs were sung, and flowing bowls went round;
With odorous spices they perfumed the place,
And mirth and pleasure shone in every face.
Damian alone of all the menial train,
Sad in the midst of triumphs, sigh'd for pain;
Damian alone, the knight's obsequious 'squire,
Consumed at heart, and fed a secret fire.
His lovely mistress all his soul possess'd;
He look'd, he languish'd, and could take no rest:
His task perform'd, he sadly went his way,
Fell on his bed, and loathed the light of day.
There let him lie, till his relenting dame
Weep in her turn, and waste in equal flame.
The wearied sun, as learned poets write,
Forsook the horizon, and roll'd down the light;
While glittering stars his absent beams supply,
And night's dark mantle overspread the sky.
Then rose the guests: and, as the time required,
Each paid his thanks, and decently retired.
The foe once gone, our knight prepared to undress,
So keen he was, and eager to possess:
But first thought fit the assistance to receive,
Which grave physicians scruple not to give:
Satyrion near, with hot eringos stood,
Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,
Whose use old bards describe in luscious rhymes,
And critics learn'd explain to modern times.
By this the sheets were spread, the bride undress'd,
The room was sprinkled, and the bed was bless'd.
What next ensued beseems not me to say;
'Tis sung, he labour'd till the dawning day,
Then briskly sprung from bed, with heart so light,
As all were nothing he had done by night;
And sipp'd his cordial as he sat upright.
He kiss'd his balmy spouse with wanton play,
And feebly sung a lusty roundelay:
Then on the couch his weary limbs he cast:
For every labour must have rest at last.
But anxious cares the pensive 'squire oppress'd,
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forsook his breast:
The raging flames that in his bosom dwell,
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell;
Yet hoping time the occasion might betray,
Composed a sonnet to the lovely May;
Which, writ and folded with the nicest art,
He wrapp'd in silk, and laid upon his heart.
When now the fourth revolving day was run,
('Twas June, and Cancer had received the sun,)
Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride;
The good old knight moved slowly by her side.
High mass was sung; they feasted in the hall;
The servants round stood ready at their call.
The 'squire alone was absent from the board,
And much his sickness grieved his worthy lord,
Who pray'd his spouse, attended with her train,
To visit Damian, and divert his pain.
The obliging dames obey'd with one consent:
They left the hall, and to his lodging went.
The female tribe surround him as he lay,
And close beside him sate the gentle May:
Where, as she tried his pulse, he softly drew
A heaving sigh, and cast a mournful view!
Then gave his bill, and bribed the powers divine
With secret vows, to favour his design.

Who studies now but discontented May?
On her soft couch uneasily she lay;
The lumpish husband snored away the night,
Till coughs awaked him near the morning light.
What then he did, I'll not presume to tell,
Nor if she thought herself in heaven or hell;
Honest and dull in nuptial bed they lay,
Till the bell toll'd, and all arose to pray.
Were it by forceful destiny decreed,
Or did from chance, or nature's power proceed;
Or that some star, with aspect kind to love,
Shed its selectest influence from above;
Whatever was the cause, the tender dame
Felt the first motions of an infant flame;
Received the impressions of the love-sick 'squire,
And wasted in the soft infectious fire.
Ye fair, draw near, let May's example move
Your gentle minds to pity those who love!
Had some fierce tyrant, in her stead been found,
The poor adorer sure had hang'd or drown'd:
But she, your sex's mirror, free from pride,
Was much too meek to prove a homicide.
But to my tale: Some sages have defined,
Pleasure the sovereign bliss of human-kind:
Our knight (who studied much, we may suppose,)
Derived his high philosophy from those!
For, like a prince, he bore the vast expense
Of lavish pomp, and proud magnificence:
His house was stately, his retinue gay;
Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.
His spacious garden, made to yield to none,
Was compass'd round with walls of solid stone;
Priapus could not half describe the grace
(Though god of gardens) of this charming place;
A place to tire the rambling wits of France
In long descriptions, and exceed romance;
Enough to shame the gentlest bard that sings
Of painted meadows, and of purling springs.
Full in the centre of the flowery ground,
A crystal fountain spread its streams around
The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd;
About this spring (if ancient fame say true)
The dapper elves their moon-light sports pursue;
Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
In circling dances gambol'd on the green,
While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,
And airy music warbled through the shade.
Hither the noble knight would oft repair
(His scene of pleasure, and peculiar care,)
For this he held it dear, and always bore
The silver key that lock'd the garden door.
To this sweet place, in summer's sultry heat,
He used from noise and business to retreat;
And here in dalliance spend the live-long day
Solus cum sola, with his sprightly May:
For whate'er work was undischarged a-bed,
The duteous knight in this fair garden sped.
But ah! what mortal lives of bliss secure?
How short a space our worldly joys endure!
O Fortune, fair, like all thy treacherous kind,
But faithless still, and wavering as the wind!
O painted monster, form'd mankind to cheat
With pleasing poison, and with soft deceit!
This rich, this amorous, venerable knight,
Amidst his ease, his solace, and delight,
Struck blind by thee, resigns his days to grief,
And calls on death, the wretch's last relief.

The rage of jealousy then seized his mind,
For much he fear'd the faith of womankind.
His wife, not suffered from his side to stray,
Was captive kept; he watch'd her night and day,
Abridged her pleasures, and confin'd her sway.
Full oft in tears did hapless May complain,
And sigh'd full oft; but sigh'd and wept in vain:
She look'd on Damian with a lover's eye;
For, oh! 'twas fix'd, she must possess or die!
Nor less impatience vex'd her amorous 'squire,
Wild with delay, and burning with desire.
Watch'd as she was, yet could he not refrain
By secret writing to disclose his pain:
The dame by sighs reveal'd her kind intent,
Till both were conscious what each other meant.
Ah! gentle knight, what could thy eyes avail,
Though they could see as far as ships can sail?
'Tis better, sure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
Than be deluded when a man can see!
Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,
Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes:
So many an honest husband may, 'tis known,
Who, wisely, never thinks the case his own.
The dame at last, by diligence and care,
Procured the key her knight was wont to bear:
She took the wards in wax before the fire,
And gave the impression to the trusty 'squire.
By means of this, some wonder shall appear,
Which, in due place and season, you may hear.
Well sung sweet Ovid, in the days of yore,
What slight is that which love will not explore?
And Pyramus and Thisbe plainly show
The feats true lovers, when they list, can do:
Though watch'd and captive, yet in spite of all,
They found the art of kissing through a wall.
But now no longer from our tale to stray:
It happ'd, that once upon a summer's day,
Our reverend knight was urged to amorous play:
He raised his spouse ere matin bell was rung,
And thus his morning canticle he sung;
'Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes:
Arise, my wife, my beauteous lady, rise!
Hear how the doves with pensive notes complain,
And in soft murmurs tell the trees their pain;
The winter 's past; the clouds and tempests fly;
The sun adorns the fields, and brightens all the sky.
Fair without spot, whose every charming part
My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart;
Come, and in mutual pleasures let 's engage,
Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.'
This heard, to Damian straight a sign she made,
To haste before; the gentle 'squire obey'd:
Secret and undescried, he took his way,
And ambush'd close behind an arbour lay.
It was not long ere January came,
And hand in hand with him his lovely dame;
Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,
He turn'd the key, and made the gate secure.
'Here let us walk,' he said, 'observed by none,
Conscious of pleasures to the world unknown;
So may my soul have joy, as thou, my wife,
Art far the dearest solace of my life;
And rather would I choose, by Heaven above,
To die this instant, than to lose thy love.
Reflect what truth was in my passion shown,
When unendow'd I took thee for my own,
And sought no treasure but thy heart alone.
Old as I am, and now deprived of sight,
Whilst thou art faithful to thy own true knight,
Nor age nor blindness rob me of delight.
Each other loss with patience I can bear:
The loss of thee is what I only fear.
'Consider then, my lady, and my wife,
The solid comforts of a virtuous life.
As, first, the love of Christ himself you gain;
Next, your own honour undefiled maintain;
And lastly, that which sure your mind must move,
My whole estate shall gratify your love:
Make your own terms, and ere to-morrow's sun
Displays his light, by Heaven, it shall be done.
I seal the contract with a holy kiss,
And will perform, by this—my dear, and this—
Have comfort, spouse, nor think thy lord unkind;
'Tis love, not jealousy, that fires my mind.
For when thy charms my sober thoughts engage,
And join'd to them my own unequal age,
From thy dear side I have no power to part,
Such secret transports warm my melting heart.
For who, that once possess'd those heavenly charms,
Could live one moment absent from thy arms?'
He ceas'd, and May with modest grace replied,
(Weak was her voice, as while she spoke she cried,)
'Heaven knows,' with that a tender sigh she drew,
'I have a soul to save as well as you;
And, what no less you to my charge commend,
My dearest honour, will to death defend.
To you in holy church I gave my hand,
And joined my heart in wedlock's sacred band!
Yet, after this, if you distrust my care,
Then hear, my lord, and witness what I swear:
'First may the yawning earth her bosom rend,
And let me hence to hell alive descend;
Or die the death I dread no less than hell,
Sew'd in a sack, and plung'd into a well,
Ere I my fame by one lewd act disgrace,
Or once renounce the honour of my race:
For know, sir knight, of gentle blood I came;
I loath a whore, and startle at the name.
But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
And learn from hence their ladies to suspect:
Else why these needless cautions, sir, to me?
These doubts and fears of female constancy?
This chime still rings in every lady's ear,
The only strain a wife must hope to hear.'
Thus while she spoke a sidelong glance she cast,
Where Damian, kneeling, worshipp'd as she pass'd.
She saw him watch the motions of her eye,
And singled out a pear-tree planted nigh:
'Twas charged with fruit that made a goodly show,
And hung with dangling pears was every bough.
Thither the obsequious 'squire address'd his pace,
And, climbing, in the summit took his place;
The knight and lady walk'd beneath in view,
Where let us leave them, and our tale pursue.
'Twas now the season when the glorious sun
His heavenly progress through the Twins had run;
And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields,
To glad the glebe, and paint the flowery fields.
Clear was the day, and Phœbus, rising bright,
Had streak'd the azure firmament with light:
He pierced the glittering clouds with golden streams,
And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.
It so befell, in that fair morning-tide,
The fairies sported on the garden-side,
And in the midst their monarch and his bride.

So featly tripp'd the light-foot ladies round,
The knights so nimbly o'er the greensward bound,
That scarce they bent the flowers, or touch'd the ground.
The dances ended, all the fairy train
For pinks and daisies search'd the flowery plain;
While, on a bank reclined of rising green,
Thus, with a frown, the king bespoke his queen:
'"Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
The treachery you women use to man:
A thousand authors have this truth made out,
And sad experience leaves no room for doubt.
'Heaven rest thy spirit, noble Solomon,
A wiser monarch never saw the sun;
All wealth, all honours, the supreme degree
Of earthly bliss, was well bestow'd on thee!
For sagely hast thou said: "Of all mankind,
One only just and righteous hope to find:
But shouldst thou search the spacious world around,
Yet one good woman is not to be found."
'Thus says the king who knew your wickedness:
The son of Sirach testifies no less.
So may some wildfire on your bodies fall,
Or some devouring plague consume you all;
As well you view the lecher in the tree,
And well this honourable knight you see:
But since he's blind and old (a helpless case,)
His squire shall cuckold him before your face.
'Now, by my own dread majesty I swear,
And by this awful sceptre which I bear,
No impious wretch shall 'scape unpunish'd long,
That in my presence offers such a wrong.
I will this instant undeceive the knight,
And in the very act restore his sight;
And set the strumpet here in open view,
A warning to these ladies, and to you,
And all the faithless sex, for ever to be true.'
'And will you so,' replied the queen, 'indeed?
Now, by mother's soul, it is decreed,
She shall not want an answer at her need.
For her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,
And all the sex in each succeeding age!
Art shall be theirs, to varnish an offence,
And fortify their crime with confidence.
Nay, were they taken in a strict embrace,
Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place;
All they shall need is to protest and swear,
Breathe a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear;
Till their wise husbands, gull'd by arts like these,
Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geese.
'What though this slanderous Jew, this Solomon,
Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one;
The wiser wits of later times declare,
How constant, chaste, and virtuous, women are:
Witness the martyrs, who resign'd their breath,
Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death,
And witness next what Roman authors tell,
How Arria, Portia, and Lucretia fell.
'But, since the sacred leaves to all are free,
And men interpret texts, why should not we?
By this no more was meant, than to have shown,
That sovereign goodness dwells in him alone
Who only is, and is but only One.
But grant the worst; shall women then be weigh'd
By every word that Solomon has said?
What though this king (as ancient story boasts)
Built a fair temple to the Lord of Hosts;
He ceased at last his Maker to adore,
And did as much for idol-gods, or more.
Beware what lavish praises you confer
On a rank lecher and idolater;
Whose reign, indulgent God, says holy writ,
Did but for David's righteous sake permit;
David, the monarch after Heaven's own mind,
Who loved our sex, and honour'd all our kind.
'Well, I'm a woman, and as such must speak;
Silence would swell me, and my heart would break:
Know then, I scorn your dull authorities,
Your idle wits, and all their learned lies.
By Heaven, those authors are our sex's foes,
Whom, in our right, I must and will oppose.'
'Nay,' quoth the king, 'dear madam, be not wroth;
I yield it up; but since I gave my oath,
That this much-injured knight again should see,
It must be done—I am a king,' said he,
'And one, whose faith has ever sacred been.
'And so has mine,' said she,—'I am a queen;
Her answer she shall have, I undertake;
And thus an end of all dispute I make.
Try when you list; and you shall find, my lord,
It is not in our sex to break our word.'
We leave them here in this heroic strain,
And to the knight our story turns again;
Who in the garden, with his lovely May,
Sung merrier than the cuckow or the jay:
This was his song; 'Oh, kind and constant be,
Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee.'
Thus singing as he went, at last he drew
By easy steps, to where the pear-tree grew:
The longing dame look'd up, and spied her love
Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above.
She stopp'd and sighing: 'Oh, good gods!' she cried,
'What pangs, what sudden shoots, distend my side!
O for that tempting fruit, so fresh, so green:
Help, for the love of heaven's immortal queen!
Help, dearest lord, and save at once the life
Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife!'
Sore sigh'd the knight to hear his lady's cry,
But could not climb, and had no servant nigh:
Old as he was, and void of eye-sight too,
What could, alas! a helpless husband do?
'And must I languish then,' she said, 'and die,
Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?
At least, kind sir, for charity's sweet sake,
Vouchsafe the trunk between your arms to take,
Then from your back I might ascend the tree;
Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me.'
'With all my soul,' he thus replied again:
'I'd spend my dearest blood to ease thy pain.'
With that, his back against the trunk he bent,
She seized a twig, and up the tree she went.
Now prove your patience, gentle ladies all!
Nor let on me your heavy anger fall:
'Tis truth I tell, though not in phrase refined;
Though blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind.
What feats the lady in the tree might do,
I pass, as gambols never known to you;
But sure it was a merrier fit, she swore,
Than in her life she ever felt before.
In that nice moment, lo! the wondering knight
Look'd out, and stood restored to sudden sight.
Straight on the tree his eager eyes he bent,
As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent;
But when he saw his bosom-wife so dress'd,
His rage was such as cannot be express'd

Not frantic mothers, when their infants die,
With louder clamours rend the vaulted sky:
He cried, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his hair:
'Death! hell! and furies! what dost thou do there?'
'What ails my lord?' the trembling dame replied;
'I thought your patience had been better tried:
Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind,
This my reward for having cured the blind?
Why was I taught to make my husband see,
By struggling with a man upon a tree?
Did I for this the power of magic prove?
Unhappy wife, whose crime was too much love!'
'If this be struggling, by his holy light,
'Tis struggling with a vengeance,' quoth the knight;
'So Heaven preserve the sight it has restored,
As with these eyes I plainly saw thee whored;
Whored by my slave—perfidious wretch! may hell
As surely seize thee, as I saw too well!'
'Guard me, good angels!' cried the gentle May,
'Pray Heaven, this magic work the proper way!
Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you see,
You ne'er had used these killing words to me:
So help me, Fates, as 'tis no perfect sight,
But some faint glimmering of a doubtful light.'
'What I have said,' quoth he, 'I must maintain,
For by the immortal powers it seem'd too plain.'—
'By all those powers, some frenzy seized your mind,'
Replied the dame: 'are these the thanks I find?
Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind,'
She said: a rising sigh express'd her woe,
The ready tears apace began to flow,
And, as they fell, she wiped from either eye,
The drops; (for women, when they list, can cry.)
The knight was touch'd, and in his looks appear'd
Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he cheer'd:
'Madam, 'tis pass'd, and my short anger o'er;
Come down, and vex your tender heart no more:
Excuse me, dear, if aught amiss was said,
For, on my soul, amends shall soon be made:
Let my repentance your forgiveness draw.
By Heaven, I swore but what I thought I saw.'
'Ah, my loved lord! 'twas much unkind,' she cried,
'On bare suspicion thus to treat your bride.
But, till your sight 's establish'd, for a while,
Imperfect objects may your sense beguile.
Thus when from sleep we first our eyes display,
The balls are wounded with the piercing ray,
And dusky vapours rise, and intercept the day.
So, just recovering from the shades of night,
Your swimming eyes are drunk with sudden light,
Strange phantoms dance around, and skim before your sight:
Then, sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem.
Heaven knows how seldom things are what they seem!
Consult your reason, and you soon shall find
'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind:
Jove ne'er spoke oracle more true than this,
None judge so wrong as those who think amiss.'
With that she leap'd into her lord's embrace,
With well-dissembled virtue in her face.
He hugg'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,
Disturb'd with doubts and jealousies no more:
Both, pleased and bless'd, renew'd their mutual vows,
A fruitful wife, and a believing spouse.
Thus ends our tale; whose moral next to make,
Let all wise husbands hence example take:
And pray, to crown the pleasure of their lives,
To be so well deluded by their wives.

THE WIFE OF BATH.

HER PROLOGUE.

FROM CHAUCER.

Behold the woes of matrimonial life,
And hear with reverence an experienced wife.
To dear-bought wisdom give the credit due,
And think for once a woman tells you true.
In all these trials I have borne a part,
I was myself the scourge that caused the smart,
For, since fifteen, in triumph have I led
Five captive husbands from the church to bed.
Christ saw a wedding once, the Scripture says,
And saw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days:
Whence some infer, whose conscience is too nice,
No pious Christian ought to marry twice.
But let them read, and solve me, if they can,
The words address'd to the Samaritan:
Five times in lawful wedlock she was join'd;
And sure the certain stint was ne'er defined.
'Increase and multiply,' was Heaven's command;
And that's a text I clearly understand.
This too, 'Let men their sires and mothers leave,
And to their dearer wives for ever cleave.'
More wives than one by Solomon were tried,
Or else the wisest of mankind 's belied.
I've had myself full many a merry fit,
And trust in heaven, I may have many yet;
For when my transitory spouse, unkind,
Shall die, and leave his woful wife behind,
I'll take the next good Christian I can find.
Paul, knowing one could never serve our turn,
Declared 'twas better far to wed than burn.
There's danger in assembling fire and tow;
I grant them that, and what it means you know.
The same apostle too has elsewhere own'd,
No precept for virginity he found:
'Tis but a counsel—and we women still
Take which we like, the counsel, or our will.
I envy not their bliss, if he or she
Think fit to live in perfect chastity.
Pure let them be, and free from taint of vice;
I, for a few slight spots, am not so nice.
Heaven calls us different ways, on these bestows
One proper gift, another grants to those:
Not every man's obliged to sell his store,
And give up all his substance to the poor;
Such as are perfect may, I can't deny;
But, by your leaves, divines, so am not I.
Full many a saint, since first the world began,
Lived an unspotted maid, in spite of man:
Let such (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
And let us honest wives eat barley bread.
For me, I'll keep the post assign'd by Heaven,
And use the copious talent it has given:
Let my good spouse pay tribute, do me right,
And keep an equal reckoning every night.
His proper body is not his, but mine;
For so said Paul, and Paul's a sound divine.
Know then, of those five husbands I have had,
Three were just tolerable, two were bad:
The three were old, but rich and fond beside,
And toil'd most piteously to please their bride:
But since their wealth (the best they had) was mine,
The rest, without much loss, I could resign.

Sure to be loved, I took no pains to please,
Yet had more pleasure far than they had ease.
Presents flow'd in apace: with showers of gold,
They made their court, like Jupiter of old.
If I but smiled, a sudden youth they found,
And a new palsy seized them when I frown'd.
Ye sovereign wives! give ear and understand,
Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command.
For never was it given to mortal man,
To lie so boldly as we women can;
Forswear the fact, though seen with both his eyes,
And call your maids to witness how he lies.
'Hark, old sir Paul!' 'twas thus I used to say,
'Whence is our neighbour's wife so rich and gay?
Treated, caress'd where'er she's pleased to roam—
I sit in tatters, and immured at home.
Why to her house dost thou so oft repair?
Art thou so amorous? and is she so fair?
If I but see a cousin or a friend,
Lord! how you swell, and rage like any fiend!
But you reel home, a drunken beastly bear,
Then preach till midnight in your easy chair;
Cry, wives are false, and every woman evil,
And give up all that's female to the devil.
'If poor (you say) she drains her husband's purse;
If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse;
If highly born, intolerably vain,
Vapours and pride by turns possess her brain,
Now gaily mad, now sourly splenetic;
Freakish when well, and fretful when she's sick.
If fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,
By pressing youth attack'd on every side;
If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures,
Or else her wit some fool-gallant procures,
Or else she dances with becoming grace,
Or shape excuses the defects of face.
There swims no goose so gray, but, soon or late,
She finds some honest gander for her mate.
'Horses (thou say'st) and asses men may try,
And ring suspected vessels ere they buy:
But wives, a random choice, untried they take,
They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake:
Then, nor till then, the veil's removed away,
And all the woman glares in open day.
'You tell me, to preserve your wife's good grace,
Your eyes must always languish on my face,
Your tongue with constant flatteries feed my ear,
And tag each sentence with, My life! My dear!
If by strange chance, a modest blush be raised,
Be sure my fine complexion must be praised.
My garments always must be new and gay,
And feasts still kept upon my wedding-day.
Then must my nurse be pleased, and favourite maid,
And endless treats, and endless visits paid,
To a long train of kindred friends, allies.
All this thou say'st, and all thou say'st are lies.
'On Jenkin too you cast a squinting eye;
What! can your 'prentice raise your jealousy?
Fresh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair,
And like the burnish'd gold his curling hair.
But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy sorrow,
I'd scorn your 'prentice, should you die to-morrow.
'Why are thy chests all lock'd? on what design?
Are not thy worldly goods and treasure mine?
Sir, I'm no fool; nor shall you, by St. John,
Have goods and body to yourself alone.
One you shall quit, in spite of both your eyes—
I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the spies.
If you had wit, you'd say, 'Go where you will,
Dear spouse, I credit not the tales they tell:
Take all the freedoms of a married life;
I know thee for a virtuous, faithful wife.'
'Lord! when you have enough, what need you care
How merrily soever others fare?
Though all the day I give and take delight,
Doubt not, sufficient will be left at night.
'Tis but a just and rational desire,
To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.
'There's danger too, you think, in rich array,
And none can long be modest that are gay.
The cat, if you but singe her tabby skin,
The chimney keeps, and sits content within;
But once grown sleek, will from her corner run,
Sport with her tail, and wanton in the sun;
She licks her fair round face, and frisks abroad,
To show her fur, and to be catterwaw'd.'
Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my desires
These three right ancient venerable sires.
I told them, thus you say, and thus you do,
And told them false, but Jenkin swore 'twas true.
I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,
And first complain'd, whene'er the guilt was mine
I tax'd them oft with wenching and amours,
When their weak legs scarce dragg'd them out of doors;
And swore the rambles that I took by night,
Were all to spy what damsels they bedight.
That colour brought me many hours of mirth;
For all this wit is given us from our birth.
Heaven gave to women the peculiar grace,
To spin, to weep, and cully human race.
By this nice conduct, and this prudent course,
By murmuring, wheedling, stratagem, and force,
I still prevail'd, and would be in the right,
Or curtain-lectures made a restless night.
If once my husband's arm was o'er my side,
'What! so familiar with your spouse?' I cried
I levied first a tax upon his need;
Then let him—'twas a nicety indeed!
Let all mankind this certain maxim hold,
Marry who will, our sex is to be sold.
With empty hands no tassels you can lure,
But fulsome love for gain we can endure:
For gold we love the impotent and old,
And heave, and pant, and kiss, and cling, for gold
Yet with embraces, curses oft I mix'd,
Then kiss'd again, and chid, and rail'd betwixt.
Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,
For not one word in man's arrears am I.
To drop a dear dispute I was unable,
E'en though the Pope himself had sat at table.
But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke:
'Billy, my dear, how sheepishly you look!
Approach, my spouse, and let me kiss thy cheek,
Thou shouldst be always thus, resign'd and meek
Of Job's great patience since so oft you preach,
Well should you practice, who so well can teach.
'Tis difficult to do, I must allow,
But I, my dearest, will instruct you how.
Great is the blessing of a prudent wife,
Who puts a period to domestic strife.
One of us two must rule, and one obey,
And since in man right reason bears the sway,
Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way
The wives of all my family have ruled
Their tender husbands, and their passions cool'd,

Fie, 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan:
What! would you have me to yourself alone?
Why take me, love! take all and every part!
Here's your revenge! you love it at your heart.
Would I vouchsafe to sell what nature gave,
You little think what custom I could have.
But see! I'm all your own—nay hold—for shame
What means my dear—indeed—you are to blame.
Thus with my first three lords I passed my life,
A very woman and a very wife.
What sums from these old spouses I could raise,
Procured young husbands in my riper days.
Though past my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,
Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pie.
In country dances still I bore the bell,
And sung as sweet as evening Philomel.
To clear my quailpipe, and refresh my soul,
Full oft I drain'd the spicy nut-brown bowl;
Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve,
And warm the swelling veins to feats of love:
For 'tis as sure, as cold engenders hail,
A liquorish mouth must have a lecherous tail:
Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
As all true gamesters by experience know.
But oh, good gods! whene'er a thought I cast
On all the joys of youth and beauty pass'd,
To find in pleasures I have had my part,
Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
This wicked world was once my dear delight;
Now, all my conquests, all my charms, good night!
The flour consumed, the best that now I can,
Is e'en to make my market of the bran.
My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true;
He kept, 'twas thought, a private miss or two;
But all that score I paid—as how? you'll say,
Not with my body in a filthy way:
But I so dress'd, and danced, and drank, and dined,
And view'd a friend with eyes so very kind,
As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry
With burning rage, and frantic jealousy.
His soul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
For here on earth I was his purgatory.
Oft, when his shoe the most severely wrung,
He put on careless airs, and sate and sung.
How sore I gall'd him, only Heaven could know,
And he that felt, and I that caused the woe.
He died, when last from pilgrimage I came,
With other gossips, from Jerusalem;
And now lies buried underneath a rood,
Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest wood:
A tomb indeed, with fewer sculptures graced
Than that Mausolus' pious widow placed,
Or where inshrined the great Darius lay;
But cost on graves is merely thrown away.
The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er;
So bless the good man's soul, I'll say no more.
Now for my fifth loved lord, the last and best,
(Kind Heaven afford him everlasting rest!)
Full hearty was his love, and I can show
The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;
Yet, with a knack, my heart he could have won,
While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.
How quaint an appetite in women reigns!
Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs us pains:
Let men avoid us, and on them we leap;
A glutted market makes provision cheap.
In pure good-will I took this jovial spark,
Of Oxford he, a most egregious clerk.
He boarded with a widow in the town,
A trusty gossip, one dame Alison.
Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,
Better than e'er our parish priest could do.
To her I told whatever could befall:
Had but my husband piss'd against the wall,
Or done a thing that might have cost his life,
She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,
Had known it all: what most he would conceal,
To these I made no scruple to reveal.
Oft has he blush'd from ear to ear for shame,
That e'er he told a secret to his dame.
It so befell, in holy time of Lent,
That oft a day I to this gossip went.
(My husband, thank my stars, was out of town;)
From house to house we rambled up and down,
This clerk, myself, and my good neighbour Alse,
To see, be seen, to tell and gather tales.
Visits to every church we daily paid,
And march'd in every holy masquerade,
The stations duly and the vigils kept;
Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.
At sermons too I shone in scarlet gay;
The wasting moth ne'er spoil'd my best array;
The cause was this, I wore it every day.
'Twas when fresh May her early blossoms yields,
This clerk and I were walking in the fields,
We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,
I pawn'd my honour, and engaged my vow,
If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,
That he, and only he, should serve my turn.
We straight struck hands, the bargain was agreed;
I still have shifts against a time of need:
The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouse of any soul.
I vow'd I scarce could sleep since first I knew him,
And durst be sworn he had bewitch'd me to him;
If e'er I slept, I dream'd of him alone,
And dreams foretell, as learned men have shown;
All this I said; but dreams, sirs, I had none:
I follow'd but my crafty crony's lore,
Who bid me tell this lie—and twenty more.
Thus day by day, and month by month we pass'd,
It pleased the Lord to take my spouse at last.
I tore my gown, I soil'd my locks with dust,
And beat my breast as wretched widows—must.
Before my face my handkerchief I spread,
To hide the flood of tears I did—not shed.
The good man's coffin to the church was borne:
Around, the neighbours, and my clerk too, mourn.
But as he march'd, good gods! he show'd a pair
Of legs and feet, so clean, so strong, so fair!
Of twenty winters' age he seem'd to be,
I (to say truth) was twenty more than he:
But vigorous still, a lively buxom dame;
And had a wondrous gift to quench a flame.
A conjuror once, that deeply could divine,
Assured me, Mars in Taurus was my sign.
As the stars order'd, such my life has been:
Alas, alas, that ever love was sin!
Fair Venus gave me fire and sprightly grace,
And Mars assurance and a dauntless face.
By virtue of this powerful constellation,
I follow'd always my own inclination.
But to my tale: A month scarce pass'd away,
With dance and song we kept the nuptial day;
All I possess'd I gave to his command,
My goods and chattels, money, house, and land:

But oft repented, and repent it still:
He proved a rebel to my sovereign will:
Nay once, by Heaven, he struck me on the face;
Hear but the fact, and judge yourselves the case.
Stubborn as any lioness was I,
And knew full well to raise my voice on high;
As true a rambler as I was before,
And would be so, in spite of all he swore.
He against this right sagely would advise,
And old examples set before my eyes;
Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,
Of Gracchus' mother, and Duilius' wife;
And close the sermon, as beseem'd his wit,
With some grave sentence out of holy writ.
Oft would he say, 'Who builds his house on sands,
Pricks his blind horse across the fallow lands;
Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
Deserves a fool's-cap, and long ears at home.'
All this avail'd not; for whoe'er he be
That tells my faults, I hate him mortally:
And so do numbers more, I boldly say,
Men, women, clergy, regular and lay.
My spouse (who was, you know, to learning bred)
A certain treatise oft at evening read,
Where divers authors (whom the devil confound
For all their lies!) were in one volume bound.
Valerius, whole; and of St. Jerome, part;
Chrysippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art,
Solomon's Proverbs, Eloïsa's loves;
And many more than sure the church approves.
More legions were there here of wicked wives,
Than good in all the Bible and saints' lives.
Who drew the lion vanquish'd? 'twas a man.
But could we women write as scholars can,
Men should stand marked with far more wickedness
Than all the sons of Adam could redress.
Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise.
Those play the scholars, who can't play the men,
And use that weapon which they have, their pen;
When old, and past the relish of delight,
Then down they sit, and in their dotage write,
That not one woman keeps her marriage vow.
(This by the way; but to my purpose now.)
It chanced my husband on a winter's night,
Read in this book, aloud, with strange delight,
How the first female (as the Scriptures show)
Brought her own spouse and all his race to woe.
How Samson fell; and he whom Dejanire
Wrapp'd in the envenom'd shirt, and set on fire.
How cursed Eriphyle her lord betray'd,
And the dire ambush Clytemnestra laid.
But what most pleased him was the Cretan Dame,
And Husband bull—oh monstrous! fie, for shame!
He had by heart the whole detail of woe
Xantippe made her good man undergo;
How oft she scolded in a day he knew,
How many piss-pots on the sage she threw,
Who took it patiently and wiped his head;
'Rain follows thunder,'—that was all he said.
He read, how Arius to his friend complain'd,
A fatal tree was growing in his land,
On which three wives successively had twined
A sliding noose, and waver'd in the wind.
'Where grows this plant,' replied the friend, 'oh where?
For better fruit did never orchard bear:
Give me some slip of this most blissful tree,
And in my garden planted shall it be.'

Then how two wives their lords' destruction prove,
Through hatred one, and one through too much love;
That for her husband mix'd a poisonous draught,
And this for lust an amorous philtre bought:
The nimble juice soon seized his giddy head,
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.
How some with swords their sleeping lords have slain,
And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,
And some have drench'd them with a deadly potion;
All this he read, and read with great devotion.
Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd, and frown'd:
But when no end to these vile tales I found,
When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,
And half the night was thus consumed in vain;
Provoked to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,
And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.
With that my husband in a fury rose,
And down he settled me with hearty blows.
I groan'd, and lay extended on my side;
'Oh! thou hast slain me for my wealth,' I cried.
'Yet I forgive thee—take my last embrace—'
He wept, kind soul! and stoop'd to kiss my face:
I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,
Then sigh'd, and cried, 'Adieu, my dear, adieu!'
But after many a hearty struggle pass'd,
I condescended to be pleased at last.
Soon as he said, 'My mistress and my wife,
Do what you list, the term of all your life;
I took to heart the merits of the cause,
And stood content to rule by wholesome laws;
Received the reins of absolute command,
With all the government of house and land,
And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand.
As for the volume that reviled the dames,
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.
Now, Heaven, on all my husbands gone, bestow
Pleasures above for tortures felt below.
That rest they wish'd for, grant them in the grave,
And bless those souls my conduct help'd to save!

THE FIRST BOOK OF

STATIUS HIS THEBAIS.

Translated in the Year 1703.

ARGUMENT.

Œdipus, king of Thebes, having by mistake slain his father Laïus, and married his mother Jocasta, put out his own eyes, and resigned the realm to his sons, Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the fury Tisiphone, to sow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at last to reign singly, each a year by turns, and the first lot is obtained by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the gods, declares his resolution of punishing the Thebans, and Argives also, by means of a marriage between Polynices and one of the daughters of Adrastus, king of Argos. Juno opposes, but to no effect; and Mercury is sent on a message to the Shades, to the ghost of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices in the mean time departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a storm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having killed his brother. Adrastus entertains them, having received an oracle from Apollo, that his daughter should be married to a boar and a lion, which he understands to be meant of these

strangers, by whom the hides of those beasts were worn, and who arrived at the time when he kept an annual feast in honour of that god. The rise of this solemnity he relates to his guests, the loves of Phœbus and Psamathe, and the story of Chorœbus. He inquires, and is made acquainted with their descent and quality. The sacrifice is renewed, and the book concludes with a hymn to Apollo.

The translator hopes he need not apologize for his choice of this piece, which was made almost in his childhood: but, finding the version better than he expected, he gave it some correction a few years afterwards.

STATIUS HIS THEBAIS.

FRATERNAL rage the guilty Thebes alarms,
The alternate reign destroy'd by impious arms,
Demand our song; a sacred fury fires
My ravish'd breast, and all the muse inspires.
O goddess! say, shall I deduce my rhymes
From the dire nation in its early times,
Europa's rape, Agenor's stern decree,
And Cadmus searching round the spacious sea?
How with the serpent's teeth he sowed the soil,
And reap'd an iron harvest of his toil?
Or how from joining stones the city sprung,
While to his harp divine Amphion sung?
Or shall I Juno's hate to Thebes resound,
Whose fatal rage the unhappy monarch found?
The sire against the son his arrows drew,
O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,
And while her arms a second hope contain,
Sprung from the rocks, and plunged into the main.
But wave whate'er to Cadmus may belong,
And fix, O Muse! the barrier of thy song
At Œdipus—from his disasters trace
The long confusions of his guilty race:
Nor yet attempt to stretch thy older wing,
And mighty Cæsar's conquering eagles sing:
How twice he tamed proud Ister's rapid flood,
While Dacian mountains stream'd with barbarous blood:
Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,
And stretch'd his empire to the frozen pole:
Or long before, with early valour, strove
In youthful arms to assert the cause of Jove.
And thou, great heir of all thy father's fame,
Increase of glory to the Latian name,
O bless thy Rome with an eternal reign,
Nor let desiring worlds entreat in vain!
What though the stars contract their heavenly space,
And crowd their shining ranks to yield thee place;
Though all the skies, ambitious of thy sway,
Conspire to court thee from our world away;
Though Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more serenely shine;
Though Jove himself no less content would be
To part his throne, and share his heaven with thee;
Yet stay, great Cæsar! and vouchsafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watery main;
Resign to Jove his empire of the skies,
And people heaven with Roman deities.
The time will come, when a diviner flame
Shall warm my breast to sing of Cæsar's fame:
Meanwhile permit, that my preluding muse
In Theban wars a humbler theme may chuse:
Of furious hate, surviving death, she sings,
A fatal throne to two contending kings,
And funeral flames, that parting wide in air,
Express the discord of the souls they bear:
Of towns dispeopled, and the wandering ghosts
Of kings unburied in the wasted coasts;
When Dirce's fountain blush'd with Grecian blood,
And Thetis, near Ismenos' swelling flood,
With dread beheld the rolling surges sweep,
In heaps, her slaughter'd sons into the deep.
What hero, Clio! wilt thou first relate?
The rage of Tydeus, or the prophet's fate?
Or how, with hills of slain on every side,
Hippomedon repell'd the hostile tide?
Or how the youth, with every grace adorn'd,
Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?
Then to fierce Capaneus thy verse extend,
And sing with horror his prodigious end.
Now wretched Œdipus, deprived of sight,
Led a long death in everlasting night;
But while he dwells where not a cheerful ray
Can pierce the darkness, and abhors the day;
The clear reflecting mind presents his sin
In frightful views, and makes it day within;
Returning thoughts in endless circles roll,
And thousand furies haunt his guilty soul;
The wretch then lifted to the unpitying skies,
Those empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,
Whose wounds, yet fresh, with bloody hand he strook,
While from his breast these dreadful accents broke:
'Ye gods! that o'er the gloomy regions reign,
Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain;
Thou, sable Styx! whose livid streams are roll'd
Through dreary coasts, which I, though blind, behold:
Tissiphone, that oft hast heard my prayer,
Assist, if Œdipus deserve thy care!
If you received me from Jocasta's womb,
And nursed the hope of mischiefs yet to come:
If, leaving Polybus, I took my way
To Cyrrha's temple, on that fatal day,
When by the son the trembling father died,
Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide:
If I the Sphinx's riddles durst explain,
Taught by thyself to win the promised reign;
If wretched I, by baleful Furies led,
With monstrous mixture stain'd my mother's bed,
For hell and thee begot an impious brood,
And with full lust those horrid joys renew'd;
Then self-condemn'd to shades of endless night,
Forced from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight;
O hear, and aid the vengeance I require,
If worthy thee, and what thou mightst inspire!
My sons their old unhappy sire despise,
Spoil'd of his kingdom, and deprived of eyes;
Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn,
While these exalt their sceptres o'er my urn;
These sons, ye gods! who, with flagitious pride,
Insult my darkness, and my groans deride.
Art thou a father, unregarding Jove!
And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above?
Thou Fury, then, some lasting curse entail,
Which o'er their children's children shall prevail:
Place on their heads that crown distain'd with gore,
Which these dire hands from my slain father tore;
Go, and a parent's heavy curses bear;
Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare
Their kindred souls to mutual hate and war.
Give them to dare, what I might wish to see,
Blind as I am, some glorious villany!
Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,
Their ready guilt preventing thy commands:

Couldst thou some great, proportion'd mischief frame,
They 'd prove the father from whose loins they came.'
The Fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink
Her snakes, untied, sulphureous waters drink;
But at the summons roll'd her eyes around,
And snatch'd the starting serpents from the ground.
Not half so swiftly shoots along the air,
The gliding lightning, or descending star.
Through crowds of airy shades she wing'd her flight,
And dark dominions of the silent night;
Swift as she pass'd, the flitting ghosts withdrew,
And the pale spectres trembled at her view:
To the iron gates of Tænarus she flies,
There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies.
The day beheld, and, sickening at the sight,
Veil'd her fair glories in the shades of night.
Affrighted Atlas, on the distant shore,
Trembled, and shook the heavens and gods he bore.
Now from beneath Malea's airy height
Aloft she sprung, and steer'd to Thebes her flight;
With eager speed the well-known journey took,
Nor here regrets the hell she late forsook.
A hundred snakes her gloomy visage shade,
A hundred serpents guard her horrid head;
In her sunk eye-balls dreadful meteors glow:
Such rays from Phœbe's bloody circles flow,
When, labouring with strong charms, she shoots from high,
A fiery gleam, and reddens all the sky.
Blood stain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there came
Blue steaming poisons, and a length of flame.
From every blast of her contagious breath,
Famine and drought proceed, and plagues and death.
A robe obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A dress by Fates and Furies worn alone.
She toss'd her meagre arms: her better hand
In waving circles whirl'd a funeral brand:
A serpent from her left was seen to rear
His flaming crest, and lash the yielding air.
But when the Fury took her stand on high,
Where vast Cithæron's top salutes the sky,
A hiss from all the snaky tire went round;
The dreadful signal all the rocks rebound,
And through the Achaian cities send the sound.
Œte, with high Parnassus, heard the voice;
Eurotus' banks remurmur'd to the noise;
Again Leucothoë shook at these alarms,
And press'd Palæmon closer in her arms.
Headlong from thence the glowing Fury springs,
And o'er the Theban palace spreads her wings,
Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds
Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.
Straight with the rage of all their race possess'd,
Stung to the soul, the brothers start from rest,
And all their furies wake within their breast.
Their tortured minds repining envy tears,
And hate engender'd by suspicious fears;
And sacred thirst of sway; and all the ties
Of nature broke; and royal perjuries;
And impotent desire to reign alone,
That scorns the dull reversion of a throne;
Each would the sweets of sovereign rule devour,
While discord waits upon divided power.
As stubborn steers by brawny plowmen broke,
And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke,
Alike disdain with servile necks to bear
The unwonted weight, or drag the crooked share,
But rend the reins, and bound a different way,
And all the furrows in confusion lay;
Such was the discord of the royal pair,
Whom fury drove precipitate to war.
In vain the chiefs contrived a specious way,
To govern Thebes by their alternate sway:
Unjust decree! while this enjoys the state,
That mourns in exile his unequal fate,
And the short monarch of a hasty year
Foresees with anguish his returning heir.
Thus did the league their impious arms restrain,
But scarce subsisted to the second reign.
Yet then no proud aspiring piles were raised,
No fretted roof with polish'd metals blazed;
No labour'd columns in long order placed,
No Grecian stone the pompous arches grac'd;
No nightly bands in glittering armour wait
Before the sleepless tyrant's guarded gate;
No chargers then were wrought in burnish'd gold,
Nor silver vases took the forming mould;
Nor gems on bowls emboss'd were seen to shine,
Blaze on the brims, and sparkle in the wine—
Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage?
Say, to what end your impious arms engage?
Not all bright Phœbus views in early morn,
Or when his evening beams the west adorn,
When the south glows with his meridian ray,
And the cold north receives a fainter day;
For crimes like these, not all those realms suffice,
Were all those realms the guilty victor's prize!
But Fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown:
What joys, oh tyrant! swell'd thy soul that day,
When all were slaves thou couldst around survey,
Pleased to behold unbounded power thy own,
And singly fill a fear'd and envied throne!
But the vile vulgar, ever discontent,
Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent;
Still prone to change, though still the slaves of state,
And sure the monarch whom they have, to hate:
New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
And softly curse the tyrants whom they fear.
And one of those who groan beneath the sway
Of kings imposed, and grudgingly obey,
(Whom envy to the great, and vulgar spite
With scandal arm'd, the ignoble mind's delight,)
Exclaim'd—'O Thebes! for thee what fates remain!
What woes attend this inauspicious reign!
Must we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare,
Each haughty master's yoke by turns to bear,
And still to change whom changed we still must fear?
These now control a wretched people's fate,
These can divide, and these reverse the state:
E'en fortune rules no more:—O servile land,
Where exil'd tyrants still by turns command.
Thou sire of gods and men, imperial Jove!
Is this the eternal doom decreed above?
On thy own offspring hast thou fix'd this fate,
From the first birth of our unhappy state;
When banish'd Cadmus, wandering o'er the main,
For lost Europa search'd the world in vain,
And, fated in Bœotian fields to found
A rising empire on a foreign ground,
First raised our walls on that ill-omen'd plain,
Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain?
What lofty looks the unrivall'd monarch bears!
How all the tyrant in his face appears;

What sudden fury clouds his scornful brow!
Gods! how his eyes with threatening ardour glow!
Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
Quit all his state, descend, and serve again?
Yet who, before, more popularly bow'd?
Who more propitious to the suppliant crowd?
Patient of right, familiar in the throne?
What wonder then? he was not then alone.
O wretched we, a vile submissive train,
Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in every reign!
'As when two winds with rival force contend,
This way and that, the wavering sails they bend,
While freezing Boreas and black Eurus blow,
Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw:
Thus on each side, alas! our tottering state
Feels all the fury of resistless fate;
And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,
While that prince threatens, and while this commands.'
And now the almighty father of the gods
Convenes a council in the bless'd abodes:
Far in the bright recesses of the skies,
High o'er the rolling heavens, a mansion lies,
Whence, far below, the gods at once survey,
The realms of rising and declining day,
And all the extended space of earth, and air, and sea.
Full in the midst, and on a starry throne,
The majesty of heaven superior shone:
Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,
And all the trembling spheres confess'd the god.
At Jove's assent, the deities around
In solemn state the consistory crown'd.
Next a long order of inferior powers
Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bowers;
Those from whose urns the rolling rivers flow;
And those that give the wandering winds to blow;
Here all their rage, and e'en their murmurs cease,
And sacred silence reigns, and universal peace.
A shining synod of majestic gods
Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes;
Heaven seems improved with a superior ray,
And the bright arch reflects a double day.
The monarch then his solemn silence broke,
The still creation listen'd while he spoke;
Each sacred accent bears eternal weight,
And each irrevocable word is fate.
'How long shall man the wrath of heaven defy,
And force unwilling vengeance from the sky!
Oh race confederate into crimes, that prove
Triumphant o'er the eluded rage of Jove!
This wearied arm can scarce the bolt sustain,
And unregarded thunder rolls in vain;
The o'erlabour'd Cyclop from his task retires;
The Æolian forge exhausted of its fires.
For this I suffer'd Phœbus' steeds to stray,
And the mad ruler to misguide the day,
When the wide earth to heaps of ashes turn'd,
And heaven itself the wandering chariot burn'd.
For this, my brother of the watery reign,
Released the impetuous sluices of the main:
But flames consumed, and billows raged in vain.
Two races now, allied to Jove, offend:
To punish these, see Jove himself descend.
The Theban kings their line from Cadmus trace,
From godlike Perseus those of Argive race.
Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know,
And the long series of succeeding wo?
How oft the Furies, from the deeps of night,
Arose, and mix'd with men in mortal fight:
The exulting mother, stain'd with filial blood;
The savage hunter, and the haunted wood?
The direful banquet why should I proclaim,
And crimes that grieve the trembling gods to name?
Ere I recount the sins of these profane,
The sun would sink into the western main,
And rising gild the radiant east again.
Have we not seen (the blood of Laïus shed)
The murdering son ascend his parent's bed,
Through violated nature force his way,
And stain the sacred womb where once he lay?
Yet now in darkness and despair he groans,
And for the crimes of guilty fate atones;
His sons with scorn their eyeless father view,
Insult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.
Thy curse, oh Œdipus, just Heaven alarms,
And sets the avenging Thunderer in arms.
I from the root thy guilty race will tear,
And give the nations to the waste of war.
Adrastus soon, with gods averse, shall join
In dire alliance with the Theban line:
Hence strife shall rise, and mortal war succeed;
The guilty realms of Tantalus shall bleed:
Fix'd is their doom; this all-remembering breast
Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feast.'
He said: and thus the queen of heaven return'd,
(With sudden grief her labouring bosom burn'd;)
'Must I, whose cares Phoroneus' towers defend,
Must I, oh Jove, in bloody wars contend?
Thou know'st those regions my protection claim,
Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame:
Though there the fair Egyptian heifer fed,
And there deluded Argus slept, and bled;
Though there the brazen tower was storm'd of old,
When Jove descended in almighty gold,
Yet I can pardon those obscurer rapes,
Those bashful crimes disguised in borrow'd shapes;
But Thebes, where, shining in celestial charms,
Thou camest triumphant to a mortal's arms,
When all my glories o'er her limbs were spread,
And blazing lightnings danced around her bed;
Cursed Thebes the vengeance it deserves may prove.
Ah, why should Argos feel the rage of Jove?
Yet, since thou wilt thy sister queen control,
Since still the lust of discord fires thy soul,
Go, raze my Samos, let Mycene fall,
And level with the dust the Spartan wall;
No more let mortals Juno's power invoke,
Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke,
Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke:
But to your Isis all my rights transfer,
Let altars blaze, and temples smoke for her;
For her, through Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd,
Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel sound.
But if thou must reform the stubborn times,
Avenging on the sons the father's crimes,
And from the long records of distant age,
Derive incitements to renew thy rage;
Say, from what period then has Jove design'd
To date his vengeance; to what bounds confined?
Begin from thence, where first Alpheus hides
His wandering stream, and through the briny tides
Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides.
Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,
Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name
Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood
Of fierce Œnomäus defil'd with blood;

Where once his steeds their savage banquet found,
And human bones yet whiten all the ground.
Say, can those honours please? and canst thou love
Presumptuous Crete, that boasts the tomb of Jove!
And shall not Tantalus's kingdom share
Thy wife and sister's tutelary care?
Reverse, O Jove, thy too severe decree,
Nor doom to war a race derived from thee:
On impious realms and barbarous kings impose
Thy plagues, and curse them with such sons as those.'
Thus, in reproach and prayer, the queen express'd,
The rage and grief contending in her breast;
Unmoved remain'd the ruler of the sky,
And from his throne return'd this stern reply:
"'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear
The dire, though just, revenge which I prepare
Against a nation thy peculiar care.
No less Dione might for Thebes contend,
Nor Bacchus less his native town defend;
Yet these in silence see the fates fulfil
Their work, and reverence our superior will.
For, by the black infernal Styx I swear,
(That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer,)
'Tis fix'd; the irrevocable doom of Jove;
No force can bend me, no persuasion move.
Haste then, Cyllenius, through the liquid air;
Go mount the winds, and to the shades repair;
Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,
And give up Laius to the realms of day:
Whose ghost yet shivering on Cocytus' sand,
Expects its passage to the farther strand;
Let the pale sire revisit Thebes, and bear
These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear;
That, from his exil'd brother, swell'd with pride
Of foreign forces, and his Argive bride,
Almighty Jove commands him to detain
The promised empire, and alternate reign;
Be this the cause of more than mortal hate:
The rest succeeding times shall ripen into fate.'
The god obeys, and to his feet applies
Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies.
His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread,
And veil'd the starry glories of his head.
He seized the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;
That drives the dead to dark Tartarian coasts,
Or back to life compels the wandering ghosts.
Thus, through the parting clouds, the son of May
Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way;
Now smoothly steers through air his equal flight,
Now springs aloft, and towers the ethereal height;
Then wheeling, down the steep of heaven he flies,
And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.
Meantime the banish'd Polynices roves
(His Thebes abandon'd) through the Aonian groves,
While future realms his wandering thoughts delight,
His daily vision, and his dream by night;
Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
From whence he sees his absent brother fly;
With transport views the airy rule his own,
And swells on an imaginary throne.
Fain would he cast a tedious age away
And live out all in one triumphant day:
He chides the lazy progress of the sun,
And bids the year with swifter motion run.
With anxious hopes his craving mind is toss'd,
And all his joys in length of wishes lost
The hero then resolves his course to bend,
Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,
And famed Mycene's lofty towers ascend,
(Where late the sun did Atreus' crimes detest,
And disappear'd in horror of the feast.)
And now, by chance, by fate, or furies led,
From Bacchus' consecrated caves he fled,
Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons sound,
And Pentheus' blood enrich'd the rising ground.
Then sees Cithæron towering o'er the plain,
And thence declining gently to the main.
Next to the bounds of Nisus' realm repairs,
Where treacherous Scylla cut the purple hairs:
The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores,
And hears the murmurs of the different shores:
Passes the strait that parts the foaming seas,
And stately Corinth's pleasing site surveys.
'Twas now the time when Phœbus yields to night,
And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light:
Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew
Her airy chariot, hung with pearly dew;
All birds and beasts lie hush'd: Sleep steals away
The wild desires of men, and toils of day,
And brings, descending through the silent air,
A sweet forgetfulness of human care.
Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay
Promise the skies the bright return of day;
No faint reflections of the distant light
Streak with long gleams the scattering shades of night;
From the damp earth impervious vapours rise,
Increase the darkness, and involve the skies.
At once the rushing winds with roaring sound
Burst from the Æolian caves, and rend the ground,
With equal rage their airy quarrel try,
And win by turns the kingdom of the sky;
But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds
The heavens, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,
From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,
Which the cold North congeals to haily showers.
From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,
And broken lightnings flash from every cloud.
Now smokes with showers the misty mountain-ground,
And floated fields lie undistinguish'd round,
The Inachian streams with headlong fury run,
And Erasinus rolls a deluge on:
The foaming Lerna swells above its bounds,
And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds:
Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,
Rush through the mounds, and bear the dams away.
Old limbs of trees from crackling forests torn,
Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are borne:
The storm the dark Lycæan groves display'd,
And first to light exposed the sacred shade.
The intrepid Theban hears the bursting sky,
Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly,
And views astonish'd from the hills afar,
The floods descending, and the watery war,
That, driven by storms, and pouring o'er the plain,
Swept herds, and hinds, and houses to the main.
Through the brown horrors of the night he fled,
Nor knows, amazed, what doubtful path to tread;
His brother's image to his mind appears,
Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with fears.
So fares a sailor on the stormy main,
When clouds conceal Böotes' golden wain;
When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,
Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps;

He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,
While thunder roars, and lightning round him flies.
Thus strove the chief, on every side distress'd,
Thus still his courage with his toils increased;
With his broad shield opposed, he forced his way
Through thickest woods, and roused the beasts of prey,
Till he beheld, where from Larissa's height
The shelving walls reflect a glancing light:
Thither with haste the Theban hero flies;
On this side Lerna's poisonous water lies,
On that Prosymna's grove and temple rise:
He pass'd the gates, which then unguarded lay,
And to the regal palace bent his way;
On the cold marble, spent with toil, he lies,
And waits till pleasing slumbers seal his eyes.
Adrastus here his happy people sways,
Bless'd with calm peace in his declining days.
By both his parents of descent divine,
Great Jove and Phœbus graced his noble line:
Heaven had not crown'd his wishes with a son,
But two fair daughters heir'd his state and throne.
To him Apollo (wondrous to relate!
But who can pierce into the depths of Fate?)
Had sung—'Expect thy sons on Argos' shore,
A yellow lion, and a bristly boar.'
This, long revolved in his paternal breast,
Sate heavy on his heart, and broke his rest;
This, great Amphiarus, lay hid from thee,
Though skill'd in fate, and dark futurity.
The father's care and prophet's art were vain:
For thus did the predicting god ordain.
Lo, hapless Tydeus, whose ill-fated hand
Had slain his brother, leaves his native land,
And, seized with horror, in the shades of night,
Through the thick deserts headlong urged his flight.
Now by the fury of the tempest driven,
He seeks a shelter from the inclement heaven,
Till, led by fate, the Theban's steps he treads,
And to fair Argos' open court succeeds.
When thus the chiefs from different lands resort
To Adrastus' realms, and hospitable court;
The king surveys his guests with curious eyes,
And views their arms and habit with surprise.
A lion's yellow skin the Theban wears,
Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs:
Such once employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,
Ere yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful spoils.
A boar's stiff hide, of Calydonian breed,
Œnides' manly shoulders overspread:
Oblique his tusks, erect his bristles stood:
Alive, the pride and terror of the wood.
Struck with the sight, and fix'd in deep amaze,
The king the accomplish'd oracle surveys;
Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
The guiding godhead, and his future sons.
O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,
And a glad horror shoots through every vein.
To heaven he lifts his hands, erect his sight,
And thus invokes the silent queen of night:
'Goddess of shades, beneath whose gloomy reign
Yon spangled arch glows with the starry train;
You, who the cares of heaven and earth allay,
Till nature, quicken'd by the inspiring ray,
Wakes to new vigour with the rising day:
O thou, who freest me from my doubtful state,
Long lost and wilder'd in the maze of fate!
Be present still: oh goddess! in our aid
Proceed, and 'firm those omens thou hast made.
We to thy name our annual rites will pay,
And on thy altars sacrifices lay;
The sable flock shall fall beneath the stroke,
And fill thy temples with a graceful smoke.
Hail, faithful Tripos! hail, ye dark abodes
Of awful Phœbus: I confess the gods!'
Thus, seized with sacred fear, the monarch pray'd,
Then to his inner court the guests convey'd:
Where yet thin fumes from dying sparks arise,
And dust yet white upon each altar lies,
The relics of a former sacrifice.
The king once more the solemn rites requires,
And bids renew the feasts, and wake the fires.
His train obey, while all the courts around
With noisy care and various tumult sound.
Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds;
This slave the floor, and that the table spreads;
A third dispels the darkness of the night;
And fills depending lamps with beams of light;
Here loaves in canisters are piled on high,
And there in flames the slaughter'd victims fry.
Sublime in regal state Adrastus shone,
Stretch'd on rich carpets on his ivory throne;
A lofty couch receives each princely guest;
Around, at awful distance, wait the rest.
And now the king, his royal feast to grace,
Acestis calls, the guardian of his race,
Who first their youth in arts of virtue train'd,
And their ripe years in modest grace maintain'd;
Then softly whisper'd in her faithful ear,
And bade his daughters at the rites appear.
When from the close apartments of the night,
The royal nymphs approach divinely bright;
Such was Diana's, such Minerva's face;
Nor shine their beauties with superior grace,
But that in these a milder charm endears,
And less of terror in their looks appears.
As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,
O'er their fair cheeks the glowing blushes rise,
Their downcast looks a decent shame confess'd,
Then on their father's reverend features rest.
The banquet done, the monarch gives the sign
To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine,
Which Danaus used in sacred rites of old,
With sculpture graced, and rough with rising gold.
Here to the clouds victorious Perseus flies,
Medusa seems to move her languid eyes,
And e'en in gold, turns paler as she dies.
There from the chase Jove's towering eagle bears,
On golden wings, the Phrygian to the stars;
Still as he rises in the ethereal height,
His native mountains lessen to his sight;
While all his sad companions upward gaze,
Fix'd on the glorious scene in wild amaze;
And the swift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
Run to the shade, and bark against the skies.
This golden bowl with generous juice was crown'd,
The first libation sprinkled on the ground:
By turns on each celestial power they call,
With Phœbus' name resounds the vaulted hall.
The courtly train, the strangers, and the rest,
Crown'd with chaste laurel, and with garlands dress'd,
While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,
Salute the god in numerous hymns of praise.
Then thus the king: 'Perhaps, my noble guests,
These honour'd altars, and these annual feasts
To bright Apollo's awful name design'd,
Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.

Great was the cause; our old solemnities
From no blind zeal or fond tradition rise;
But, saved from death, our Argives yearly pay
These grateful honours to the god of day.

'When by a thousand darts the Python slain,
With orbs unroll'd, lay covering all the plain,
(Transfix'd as o'er Castalia's streams he hung,
And suck'd new poison with his triple tongue,)
To Argo's realms the victor god resorts,
And enters old Crotopus' humble courts.
This rural prince one only daughter bless'd,
That all the charms of blooming youth possess'd:
Fair was her face, and spotless was her mind,
Where filial love with virgin sweetness join'd.
Happy! and happy still she might have proved,
Were she less beautiful, or less beloved!
But Phœbus loved, and on the flowery side
Of Nemea's stream the yielding fair enjoy'd:
Now, ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,
The illustrious offspring of the god was born;
The nymph, her father's anger to evade,
Retires from Argos to the sylvan shade;
To woods and wilds the pleasing burthen bears,
And trusts her infant to a shepherd's cares.

'How mean a fate, unhappy child is thine!
Ah, how unworthy those of race divine!
On flowery herbs in some green covert laid,
His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,
He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
While the rude swain his rural music tries,
To call soft slumbers on his infant eyes.
Yet e'en in those obscure abodes to live,
Was more, alas! than cruel fate would give;
For on the grassy verdure as he lay,
And breathed the freshness of the early day,
Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore,
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.
The astonish'd mother, when the rumour came,
Forgets her father, and neglects her fame,
With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,
And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair;
Then wild with anguish to her sire she flies,
Demands the sentence, and contented dies.

'But, touch'd with sorrow for the dead too late,
The raging god prepares to avenge her fate.
He sends a monster, horrible and fell,
Begot by furies in the depths of hell.
The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears;
High on a crown a rising snake appears,
Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs;
About the realm she walks her dreadful round,
When night with sable wings o'erspreads the ground,
Devours young babes before their parents' eyes,
And feeds and thrives on public miseries.

'But generous rage the bold Chorœbus warms,
Chorœbus, famed for virtue, as for arms;
Some few like him, inspired with martial flame,
Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.
These, where two ways in equal parts divide,
The direful monster from afar descried,
Two bleeding babes depending at her side,
Whose panting vitals, warm with life, she draws,
And in their hearts imbrues her cruel claws.
The youths surround her with extended spears;
But brave Chorœbus in the front appears,
Deep in her breast he plunged his shining sword,
And hell's dire monster back to hell restored.

The Inachians view the slain with vast surprise,
Her twisting volumes, and her rolling eyes,
Her spotted breast, and gaping womb imbrued
With livid poison, and our children's blood.
The crowd in stupid wonder fix'd appear,
Pale e'en in joy, nor yet forget to fear.
Some with vast beams the squalid corpse engage,
And weary all the wild efforts of rage.
The birds obscene, that nightly flock'd to taste,
With hollow screeches fled the dire repast;
And ravenous dogs, allured by scented blood,
And starving wolves ran howling to the wood.

'But, fired with rage, from cleft Parnassus' brow
Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow,
And hissing flew the feather'd fates below:
A night of sultry clouds involved around
The towers, the fields, and the devoted ground;
And now a thousand lives together fled,
Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread,
And a whole province in his triumph led.
But Phœbus, ask'd why noxious fires appear,
And raging Sirius blasts the sickly year,
Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,
And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to hell.

'Bless'd be thy dust, and let eternal fame
Attend thy manes, and preserve thy name,
Undaunted hero! who, divinely brave,
In such a cause disdain'd thy life to save;
But view'd the shrine with a superior look,
And its upbraided godhead thus bespoke:

'With piety, the soul's securest guard,
And conscious virtue, still its own reward,
Willing I come, unknowing how to fear;
Nor shalt thou, Phœbus, find a suppliant here.
Thy monster's death to me was owed alone,
And 'tis a deed too glorious to disown.
Behold him here, for whom, so many days,
Impervious clouds conceal'd thy sullen rays;
For whom, as man no longer claim'd thy care,
Such numbers fell by pestilential air!
But if the abandon'd race of human kind
From gods above no more compassion find;
If such inclemency in heaven can dwell,
Yet why must unoffending Argos feel
The vengeance due to this unlucky steel?
On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,
Nor err from me, since I deserve it all:
Unless our desert cities please thy sight,
Or funeral flames reflect a grateful light,
Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,
And to the shades a ghost triumphant send;
But for my country let my fate atone,
Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.'

'Merit distress'd, impartial Heaven relieves:
Unwelcome life relenting Phœbus gives:
For not the vengeful power, that glow'd with rage,
With such amazing virtue durst engage.
The clouds dispersed, Apollo's wrath expired,
And from the wondering god the unwilling youth retired.
Thence we these altars in his temple raise,
And offer annual honours, feasts, and praise;
Those solemn feasts propitious Phœbus please;
These honours still renew'd, his ancient wrath appease.

'But say, illustrious guest!' adjoin'd the king,
'What name you bear, from what high race you spring?'
The noble Tydeus stands confess'd, and known
Our neighbour prince, and heir of Calydon.

Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
And silent hours to various talk invite.'
The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes,
Confused, and sadly thus at length replies:
'Before these altars how shall I proclaim
(Oh generous prince!) my nation or my name,
Or through what veins our ancient blood has roll'd?
Let the sad tale for ever rest untold!
Yet if, propitious to a wretch unknown,
You seek to share in sorrows not your own;
Know then, from Cadmus I derive my race,
Jocasta's son, and Thebes my native place.'
To whom the king (who felt his generous breast
Touch'd with concern for his unhappy guest)
Replies:—'Ah, why forbears the son to name
His wretched father, known too well by fame?
Fame, that delights around the world to stray,
Scorns not to take our Argos in her way.
E'en those who dwell where suns at distance roll,
In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole;
And those who tread the burning Libyan lands,
The faithless Syrtes, and the moving sands;
Who view the western sea's extremest bounds,
Or drink of Ganges in their eastern grounds;
All these the woes of Œdipus have known,
Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town
If on the sons the parents' crimes descend,
What prince from those his lineage can defend?
Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine to efface
With virtuous acts thy ancestor's disgrace,
And be thyself the honour of thy race.
But see! the stars begin to steal away,
And shine more faintly at approaching day.
Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays
Once more resound the great Apollo's praise.'
Oh, father Phœbus! whether Lycia's coast
And snowy mountains thy bright presence boast;
Whether to sweet Castalia thou repair,
And bathe in silver dews thy yellow hair;
Or, pleased to find fair Delos float no more,
Delight in Cynthus, and the shady shore;
Or choose thy seat in Ilion's proud abodes,
The shining structures raised by labouring gods;
By thee the bow and mortal shafts are borne;
Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn:
Skill'd in the laws of secret fate above,
And the dark counsels of almighty Jove,
'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know,
The change of sceptres, and impending woe;
When direful meteors spread through glowing air
Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair.
Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durst aspire
To excel the music of thy heavenly lyre;
Thy shafts avenged lewd Tityus' guilty flame,
The immortal victim of thy mother's fame;
Thy hand slew Python, and the dame who lost
Her numerous offspring for a fatal boast.
In Phlegyas' doom thy just revenge appears,
Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears:
He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
The mouldering rock, that trembles from on high.

Propitious hear our prayer, O power divine!
And on thy hospitable Argos shine,
Whether the style of Titan please thee more,
Whose purple rays the Achæmenes adore;
Or great Osiris, who first taught the swain
In Pharian field to sow the golden grain;
Or Mithra, to whose beams the Persian bows,
And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows;
Mithra, whose head the blaze of light adorns,
Who grasps the struggling heifer's lunar horns

THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.

FROM

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES,

Book 9.

She said, and for her lost Galanthis sighs,
When the fair consort of her son replies:
Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,
And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own;
Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate
A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate.
No nymph of all Œchalia could compare
For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,
Her tender mother's only hope and pride
(Myself the offspring of a second bride.)
This nymph, compress'd by him who rules the day,
Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,
Andræmon loved; and, bless'd in all those charms
That pleased a god, succeeded to her arms.
A lake there was, with shelving banks around,
Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
These shades, unknowing of the fates, she sought,
And to the Naiads flowery garlands brought;
Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she press'd
Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast.
Not distant far, a watery lotos grows;
The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs
Adorn'd with blossoms, promised fruits that vie
In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye:
Of these she cropp'd to please her infant son;
And I myself the same rash act had done:
But lo! I saw (as near her side I stood)
The violated blossoms drop with blood.
Upon the tree I cast a frightful look;
The trembling tree with sudden horror shook.
Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true,)
As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,
Forsook her form; and, fixing here, became
A flowery plant, which still preserves her name.
This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight,
My trembling sister strove to urge her flight:
And first the pardon of the nymphs implored,
And those offended sylvan powers adored:
But when she backward would have fled, she found
Her stiffening feet were rooted in the ground:
In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,
And, as she struggles, only moves above;
She feels the encroaching bark around her grow
By quick degrees, and cover all below:
Surprised at this, her trembling hand she heaves
To rend her hair: her hand is fill'd with leaves:
Where late was hair, the shooting leaves are seen
To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.
The child Amphissus, to her bosom press'd,
Perceived a colder and a harder breast,
And found the springs, that ne'er till then denied
Their milky moisture, on a sudden dried.
I saw, unhappy! what I now relate,
And stood the helpless witness of thy fate,
Embraced thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd,
There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade

Behold Adræmon and the unhappy sire
Appear, and for their Dryope inquire;
A springing tree for Dryope they find,
And print warm kisses on the panting rind;
Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
And close embrace as to the roots they grew.
The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree;
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,
From every leaf distils a trickling tear,
And straight a voice, while yet a voice remains,
Thus through the trembling boughs in sighs complains:
'If to the wretched any faith be given,
I swear by all the unpitying powers of heaven,
No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred;
In mutual innocence our lives we led:
If this be false, let these new greens decay,
Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,
And crackling flames on all my honours prey!
But from my branching arms this infant bear,
Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care:
And to his mother let him oft be led,
Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed;
Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame
Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,
To hail this tree; and say with weeping eyes,
Within this plant my hapless parent lies:
And when in youth he seeks the shady woods
Oh, let him fly the crystal lakes and floods,
Nor touch the fatal flowers; but, warn'd by me,
Believe a goddess shrined in every tree.
My sire, my sister, and my spouse farewell!
If in your breast or love or pity dwell,
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel
The browsing cattle, or the piercing steel.
Farewell! and since I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.
My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,
While yet thy mother has a kiss to give.
I can no more; the creeping rind invades
My closing lips, and hides my head in shades:
Remove your hands; the bark shall soon suffice
Without their aid to seal these dying eyes.'
She ceased at once to speak, and ceased to be;
And all the nymph was lost within the tree;
Yet latent life through her new branches reign'd,
And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

FROM

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES,

Book 4.

The fair Pomona flourish'd in his reign:
Of all the virgins of the sylvan train,
None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
Or more improved the vegetable care.
To her the shady grove, the flowery field,
The streams and fountains, no delights could yield;
'Twas all her joy the ripening fruits to tend,
And see the boughs with happy burthens bend.
The hook she bore instead of Cynthia's spear,
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year,
To decent form the lawless shoots to bring,
And teach the obedient branches where to spring.

Now the cleft rind inserted graffs receives,
And yields an offspring more than nature gives;
Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew,
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.
These cares alone her virgin breast employ,
Averse from Venus and the nuptial joy.
Her private orchards, wall'd on every side,
To lawless sylvans all access denied.
How oft the satyrs and the wanton fauns,
Who haunt the forests, or frequent the lawns,
The god whose ensigns scares the birds of prey,
And old Silenus, youthful in decay,
Employ'd their wiles and unavailing care,
To pass the fences, and surprise the fair!
Like these, Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,
Like these, rejected by the scornful dame.
To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears;
And first a reaper from the field appears,
Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain.
Oft o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,
And wreaths of hay his sun-burnt temples shade;
Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears,
Like one who late unyoked the sweating steers.
Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,
And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines.
Now gathering what the bounteous year allows,
He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs.
A soldier now, he with his sword appears;
A fisher next, his trembling angle bears.
Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,
On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.
A female form at last Vertumnus wears,
With all the marks of reverend age appears,
His temples thinly spread with silver hairs:
Propp'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,
A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.
The god, in this decrepit form array'd,
The gardens entered, and the fruit survey'd;
And 'Happy you!' he thus address'd the maid,
'Whose charms as far all other nymphs out-shine,
As other gardens are excell'd by thine!'
Then kiss'd the fair (his kisses warmer grow
Than such as women on their sex bestow;)
Then, placed beside her on the flowery ground,
Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd
An elm was near, to whose embraces led,
The curling vine her swelling clusters spread:
He view'd her twining branches with delight,
And praised the beauty of the pleasing sight.
'Yet this tall elm, but for his vine,' he said,
'Had stood neglected, and a barren shade;
And this fair vine, but that her arms surround
Her married elm, had crept along the ground.
Ah beauteous maid! let this example move
Your mind, averse from all the joys of love.
Deign to be loved, and every heart subdue:
What nymph could e'er attract such crowds as you
Not she whose beauty urged the Centaur's arms,
Ulysses' queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.
E'en now, when silent scorn is all they gain,
A thousand court you, though they court in vain
A thousand sylvans, demigods, and gods,
That haunt our mountains, and our Alban woods
But if you'll prosper, mark what I advise,
Whom age and long experience render wise,
And one whose tender care is far above
All that these lovers ever felt for love;

(Far more than e'er can by yourself be guess'd ;)
Fix on Vertumnus and reject the rest.
For his firm faith I dare engage my own ;
Scarce to himself, himself is better known.
To distant lands Vertumnus never roves ;
Like you, contented with his native groves ;
Nor at first sight, like most, admires the fair ;
For you he lives : and you alone shall share
His last affection, as his early care.
Besides, he's lovely far above the rest,
With youth immortal, and with beauty bless'd.
Add, that he varies every shape with ease,
And tries all forms that may Pomona please.
But what should most excite a mutual flame,
Your rural cares and pleasures are the same :
To him your orchard's early fruit are due,
(A pleasing offering when 'tis made by you,)
He values these : but yet, alas ! complains,
That still the best and dearest gift remains.
Not the fair fruit that on yon branches glows
With that ripe red the autumnal sun bestows ;
Nor tasteful herbs that in these gardens rise,
Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies :
You, only you, can move the god's desire :
Oh, crown so constant and so pure a fire !
Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind ;
Think, 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind :
So may no frost, when early buds appear,
Destroy the promise of the youthful year ;
Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows,
Shake the light blossoms from their blasted boughs.
This when the various god had urged in vain,
He straight assumed his native form again ;
Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,
As when through clouds the emerging sun appears,
And, thence exerting his refulgent ray,
Dispels the darkness, and reveals the day.
Force he prepared, but check'd the rash design ;
For when, appearing in a form divine,
The nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace
Of charming features, and a youthful face ;
In her soft breast consenting passions move,
And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.

IMITATIONS
OF ENGLISH POETS.

Done by the Author in his Youth.

CHAUCER.

Women ben full of ragerie,
Yet swinken nat sans secresie.
Thilka moral shall ye understond,
From schoole-boy's tale of fayre Irelond :
Which to the fennes hath him betake,
To filch the gray ducke fro the lake.
Right then, there passen by the way
His aunt, and eke her daughters tway.
Ducke in his trowsers hath he hent,
Not to be spied of ladies gent.
'But ho ! our nephew,' crieth one,
'Ho ! quoth another, 'cozen John ;'
And stoppen, and lough, and callen out,—
This silly clerke full low doth lout :
They asken that, and talken this,
'Lo ! here is coz, and here is miss.'
But as he glozeth with speeches soote,
The ducke sore tickleth his erse roote ;
Fore-piece and buttons all to-brest,
Forth thrust a white neck, and red crest.
'Te-he,' cried ladies ; clerke nought spake ;
Miss stared, and gray ducke cryeth, 'Quaake.
'O moder, moder,' quoth the daughter,
'Be thilke same thing maids longen a'ter ?
Bette is to pine on coals and chalke,
Then trust on mon, whose yerde can talke.

SPENSER.

THE ALLEY.

In every town where Thamis rolls his tyde,
A narrow pass there is with houses low ;
Where, ever and anon, the stream is eyed,
And many a boat, soft sliding to and fro.
There oft are heard the notes of infant woe,
The short thick sob, loud scream, and shriller squall :
How can ye, mothers, vex your children so ?
Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,
And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

And on the broken pavement, here and there,
Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie ;
A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by ;
And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry.
At every door are sun-burnt matrons seen,
Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry,
Now singing shrill, and scolding oft between ;
Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds ; bad neighbourhood I ween.

The snappish cur (the passengers' annoy)
Close at my heel with yelping treble flies ;
The whimpering girl, and hoarser screaming boy,
Join to the yelping treble, shrilling cries ;
The scolding quean to louder notes doth rise,
And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound ;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies ;
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And curs, girls, boys, and scolds, in the deep base are drown'd.

Hard by a sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days
Baskets of fish at Billingsgate did watch,
Cod, whiting, oyster, mackrel, sprat, or plaice :
There learn'd she speech from tongues that never cease.
Slander beside her, like a magpie, chatters,
With Envy (spitting cat,) dread foe to peace ;
Like a cursed cur, Malice before her clatters,
And, vexing every wight, tears clothes and all to tatters.

Her dugs were mark'd by every collier's hand,
Her mouth was black as bull dog's at the stall ;
She scratch'd, bit, and spared ne lace ne band,
And bitch and rogue her answer was to all ;
Nay, e'en the parts of shame by name would call ;
Yea, when she passed by or lane or nook,
Would greet the man who turn'd him to the wall,
And by his hand obscene the porter took,
Nor ever did askance like modest virgin look.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch :

Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown;
And Twickenham such, which fairer scenes enrich,
Grots, statues, urns, and Jo—n's dog and bitch,
Ne village is without, on either side,
All up the silver Thames, or all adown;
Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are eyed
Vales, spires, meandering streams, and Windsor's
towery pride.

WALLER.

OF A LADY SINGING TO HER LUTE.

Fair charmer, cease, nor make your voice's prize,
A heart resign'd, the conquest of your eyes:
Well might, alas! that threaten'd vessel fail,
Which winds and lightning both at once assail.
We were too bless'd with these enchanting lays,
Which must be heavenly when an angel plays:
But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
Lest heavenly music should be heard alive.
Orpheus could charm the trees: but thus a tree,
Taught by your hand, can charm no less than he:
A poet made the silent wood pursue,
This vocal wood had drawn the poet too.

ON A FAN OF THE AUTHOR'S DESIGN.

In which was painted the Story of Cephalus and Procris, with the Motto, 'Aura veni.'

Come, gentle air!' the Æolian shepherd said,
While Procris panted in the secret shade;
'Come, gentle air,' the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her swain expiring lies.
Lo, the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play!
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fatal dart more surely wound:
Both gifts destructive to the givers prove;
Alike both lovers fall by those they love.
Yet guiltless too the bright destroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound she gives;
She views the story with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

COWLEY.

THE GARDEN.

Fain would my muse the flowery treasure sing,
And humble glories of the youthful spring:
Where opening roses breathing sweets diffuse,
And soft carnations shower their balmy dews;
Where lilies smile in virgin robes of white,
The thin undress of superficial light,
And varied tulips show so dazzling gay,
Blushing in bright diversities of day.
Each painted floweret in the lake below
Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow;
And pale Narcissus, on the bank, in vain
Transformed, gazes on himself again.
Here aged trees cathedral walks compose,
And mount the hill in venerable rows;
There the green infants in their beds are laid,
The garden's hope, and its expected shade.
Here orange trees with blooms and pendants shine,
And vernal honours to their autumn join;
Exceed their promise in their ripen'd store,
Yet in the rising blossom promise more.
There in bright drops the crystal fountains play,
By laurels shielded from the piercing day;
Where Daphne, now a tree, as once a maid,
Still from Apollo vindicates her shade,
Still turns her beauties from the invading beam,
Nor seeks in vain for succour to the stream;
The stream at once preserves her virgin leaves,
At once a shelter from her boughs receives,
Where summer's beauty midst of winter stays,
And winter's coolness spite of summer's rays.

WEEPING.

While Celia's tears make sorrow bright,
Proud grief sits swelling in her eyes:
The sun, next those the fairest light,
Thus from the ocean first did rise;
And thus through mists we see the sun,
Which else we durst not gaze upon.

These silver drops, like morning dew,
Foretell the fervor of the day:
So from one cloud soft showers we view,
And blasting lightnings burst away.
The stars that fall from Celia's eye,
Declare our doom is drawing nigh.

The baby in that sunny sphere
So like a Phaëton appears,
That heaven, the threaten'd world to spare,
Thought fit to drown him in her tears:
Else might the ambitious nymph aspire
To set, like him, heaven too on fire.

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

ON SILENCE.

Silence! coeval with eternity,
Thou wert, ere nature's self began to be;
'Twas one vast nothing, all, and all slept fast in thee

Thine was the sway, ere heav'n was formed, or earth:
Ere fruitful thought conceived creation's birth,
Or midwife word gave aid, and spoke the infant forth.

The various elements against thee join'd
In one more various animal combined,
And framed the clamorous race of busy human-kind.

The tongue moved gently first, and speech was low,
Till wrangling science taught it noise and show,
And wicked wit arose, thy most abusive foe.

But rebel wit deserts thee oft in vain;
Lost in the maze of words he turns again,
And seeks a surer state, and courts thy gentle reign.

Afflicted sense thou kindly dost set free,
Oppress'd with argumental tyranny,
And routed reason finds a safe retreat in thee.

With thee in private modest dulness lies,
And in thy bosom lurks in thought's disguise;
Thou varnisher of fools, and cheat of all the wise!

Yet thy indulgence is by both confess'd;
Folly by thee lies sleeping in the breast,
And 'tis in thee at last that wisdom seeks for rest.

Silence, the knave's repute, the whore's good name,
The only honour of the wishing dame;
Thy very want of tongue makes thee a kind of fame.

But couldst thou seize some tongues that now are free,
How church and state should be obliged to thee;
At senate, and at bar, how welcome wouldst thou be!

Yet speech e'en there submissively withdraws,
From rights of subjects, and the poor man's cause:
Then pompous Silence reigns, and stills the noisy laws.

Past services of friends, good deeds of foes,
What favourites gain, and what the nation owes,
Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repose.

The country wit, religion of the town,
The courtier's learning, policy of the gown,
Are best by thee express'd; and shine in thee alone.

The parson's cant, the lawyer's sophistry,
Lord's quibble, critic's jest, all end in thee,
All rest in peace at last, and sleep eternally.

EARL OF DORSET.

ARTEMISIA.

Though Artemisia talks, by fits,
Of councils, classics, fathers, wits;
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke;
Yet in some things methinks she fails:
'Twere well if she would pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner smock.

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
Such nastiness, and so much pride,
Are oddly join'd by fate:
On her large squab you find her spread,
Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
That lies and stinks in state.

She wears no colours (sign of grace)
On any part except her face;
All white and black beside:
Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
And masculine her stride.

So have I seen, in black and white,
A prating thing, a magpie hight,
Majestically stalk;
A stately, worthless animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
All flutter, pride, and talk.

PHRYNE.

Phryne had talents for mankind,
Open she was, and unconfined,
Like some free port of trade;
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And agents from each foreign state,
Here first their entry made.

Her learning and good-breeding such,
Whether the Italian or the Dutch,
Spaniards or French came to her;
To all obliging she'd appear:
'Twas 'Si Signor,' 'twas 'Yaw Mynheer,'
'Twas 'S'il vous plait, Monsieur.'

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
Still changing names, religion, climes,
At length she turns a bride:
In diamonds, pearls, and rich brocades,
She shines the first of batter'd jades,
And flutters in her pride.

So have I known those insects fair
(Which curious Germans hold so rare)
Still vary shapes and dyes;
Still gain new titles with new forms;
First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,
Then painted butterflies.

DR. SWIFT.

THE HAPPY LIFE OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

Parson, these things in thy possessing,
Are better than the bishop's blessing:
A wife that makes conserves; a steed
That carries double when there's need;
October store, and best Virginia,
Tithe pig, and mortuary guinea:
Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,
For which thy patron's weekly thank'd;
A large Concordance, bound long since;
Sermons to Charles the First, when prince:
A Chronicle of ancient standing:
A Chrysostom to smooth—thy band in:
The Polyglott—three parts—my text,
Howbeit,—likewise—now to my next:
Lo, here the Septuagint,—and Paul,
To sum the whole,—the close of all.
He that has these, may pass his life,
Drink with the 'squire, and kiss his wife;
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
And fast on Fridays——if he will;
Toast church and queen, explain the news,
Talk with church-wardens about pews;
Pray heartily for some new gift,
And shake his head at Dr. Sw**t.

AN ESSAY ON MAN,

IN FOUR EPISTLES

TO HENRY ST. JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE.

THE DESIGN.

Having proposed to write some pieces on human life and manners, such as (to use my lord Bacon's expression) 'come home to men's business and bosoms,' I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering man in the abstract, his nature, and his state: since, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpose of its being.

The science of human nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a few clear points: there are not many certain truths in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind as in that of the body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever escape our observation. The disputes are all upon these

last; and I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the wits than the hearts of men against each other, and have diminished the practice more than advanced the theory of morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a temperate yet not inconsistent, and a short, yet not imperfect, system of ethics.

This I might have done in prose; but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts, so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards: the other may seem odd, but it is true: I found I could express them more shortly this way than in prose itself; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the force, as well as the grace of arguments or instructions, depends on their conciseness. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail, without becoming dry and tedious; or more poetically, without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning: if any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published, is only to be considered as a general map of man, marking out no more than the greater parts, their extent, their limits, and their connexion, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Consequently, these Epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the fountains, and clearing the passage. To deduce the rivers, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable.

AN ESSAY ON MAN.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE I.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to the Universe.

Of man in the abstract. I. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things, ver. 17, &c. II. That man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown, ver. 35, &c. III. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, ver. 77, &c. IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations, ver. 109, &c. V. The absurdity of conceiting himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural, ver. 131, &c. VI. The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while on the one hand he demands the perfection of the angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the brutes; though to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree, would render him miserable, ver. 173, &c. VII. That throughout the whole visible world, an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; that reason alone countervails all the other faculties, ver. 207. VIII. How much farther this order and subordination of living creatures may extend above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation must be destroyed, ver. 233. IX. The extravagance, madness and pride of such a desire, ver. 250. X. The consequence of all, the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state, ver. 281, to the end.

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings:
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan:
A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot;
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit,
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore,
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise:
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

I. Say first, of God above, or man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Through worlds unnumber'd though the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied being peoples every star,
May tell why heaven has made us as we are.
But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
The strong connexions, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd through? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee

II. Presumptuous man! the reason wouldst thou find,
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove.

Of systems possible, if 'tis confess'd,
That wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must fall or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then, in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain,
There must be somewhere, such a rank as man:
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has placed him wrong?
Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.

In human works, though laboured on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain:
In God's one single can its end produce;
Yet serve to second too some other use.
So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal:
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.

When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god,
Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's use and end;
Why doing, suffering, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not man's imperfect, Heaven in fault:
Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge measured to his state and place
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here or there?
The bless'd to-day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state;
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven,
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher, Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never Is, but always To be bless'd:
The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates on a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such;
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet say, if man's unhappy, God's unjust:
If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the god of God.
In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
All quit the sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the bless'd abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against the Eternal Cause.

V. Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, 'Tis for mine.
For me kind nature wakes her genial power;
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower;
Annual for me, the grape, the rose, renew
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies.'

But errs not nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
'No,' 'tis replied, 'the first Almighty Cause
Acts not by partial, but by general laws;
The exceptions few; some change since all began
And what created perfect?—Why then man?
If the great end be human happiness,
Then nature deviates; and can man do less?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of showers and sun-shine, as of man's desires?
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men for ever temperate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?
Who knows, but he whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms,
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?
From pride, from pride, our very reasoning springs;
Account for moral as for natural things:
Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit,
In both, to reason right, is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind,
That never passion discomposed the mind.
But all subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of life.
The general order since the whole began,
Is kept in nature, and is kept in man.

VI. What would this man? Now upward will he soar
And, little less than angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, just as grieved appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the powers of all?
Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper powers assign'd;
Each seeming want compensated; of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the state;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:
Is Heaven unkind to man, and man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleased with nothing, if not bless'd with all?

The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No powers of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics given,
To inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at every pore?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If Nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heaven had left him still
The whispering zephyr, and the purling rill!
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental, powers ascends:
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam;
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green;
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood!
The spider's touch how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true,
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew!
How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
Twixt that and reason what a nice barrier;
For ever separate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and reflection how allied;
What thin partitions sense from thought divide!
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass the insuperable line!
Without this just gradation, could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy reason all these powers in one?

VIII. See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, which no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from infinite to thee;
From thee to nothing.—On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:
From nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.
And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to the amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let earth unbalanced from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod
And nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—oh madness! pride! impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspired to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear, repined
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another in this general frame:
Just as absurd, to mourn the task or pains
The great directing Mind of all ordains.
All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Cease then, nor order imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as bless'd as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see:
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good.
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE II.

On the Nature and State of Man with respect to himself, as an Individual.

I. The business of man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His middle nature; his powers and frailties, ver. 1 to 19. The limits of his capacity, ver. 19, &c. II. The two principles of man, self-love and reason, both necessary, ver. 53, &c. self-love the stronger, and why, ver. 67, &c. Their end the same, ver. 81, &c. III. The passions, and their use, ver. 93 to 130. The predominant passion, and its force, ver. 132 to 160. Its necessity, in directing men to different purposes, ver. 165, &c. Its providential use, in fixing our principle, and ascertaining our virtue, ver. 177. IV. Virtue and vice joined in our mixed nature; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident: what is the office of reason, ver. 202 to 216. V. How odious vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it, ver. 217. VI. That, however, the ends of Providence and general good are answered in our passions and imperfections, ver. 231, &c. How usefully these are distributed to all orders of men, ver. 241. How useful they are to society, ver. 251. And to individuals, ver. 263. In every state, and every age of life, ver. 273, &c.

EPISTLE II.

I. KNOW then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.

Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a god, or beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little or too much;
Chaos of thought and passion, all confused;
Still by himself abused or disabused;
Created half to rise, or half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!
Go, wondrous creature! mount where science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old time, and regulate the sun;
Go, soar with Plato to the empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God;
As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!
Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And show'd a Newton as we show an ape.
Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning or his end?
Alas, what wonder! Man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What reason weaves, by passion is undone.
Trace science then, with modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of pride:
Deduct what is but vanity or dress,
Or learning's luxury, or idleness:
Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain?
Expunge the whole, or lop the excrescent parts
Of all our vices have created arts;
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which served the past, and must the times to come!

II. Two principles in human nature reign;
Self-love to urge, and reason to restrain:
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation still,
Ascribe all good, to their improper, ill.
Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end:
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.
Most strength the moving principle requires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, deliberate, and advise

Self-love still stronger, as its object 's nigh;
Reason 's at distance, and in prospect lie:
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments temptations throng,
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to reason still attend.
Attention habit and experience gains;
Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains.
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite;
And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning or the same.
Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire;
But greedy that, its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flower.
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of self-love the passions we may call:
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:
But since not every good we can divide,
And reason bids us for our own provide:
Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
List under reason, and deserve her care;
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.
In lazy apathy let Stoics boast
Their virtue's fix'd: 'tis fix'd as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest:
The rising tempest puts in act the soul;
Parts it may ravage, but preserve the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.
Passions, like elements, though born to fight,
Yet mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite:
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes man, can man destroy?
Suffice that reason keep to nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train;
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain;
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confined,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind:
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.
Pleasures are ever in our hands and eyes;
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise:
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind,
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On different senses, different objects strike:
Hence different passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak, the organs of the frame;
And hence one master passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.
As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, which must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength:

So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its ruling passion came;
Each vital humour, which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dangerous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature its mother, habit is its nurse;
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and power;
As Heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.
We, wretched subjects, though no lawful sway,
In this weak queen some favourite still obey;
Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend;
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong:
So, when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driven them out.
Yes, nature's road must ever be preferr'd;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard;
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe:
A mightier power the strong direction sends,
And several men impels to several ends:
Like varying winds by other passions toss'd,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let power or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease;
Through life 'tis follow'd e'en at life's expense;
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find reason on their side.
The Eternal Art, educing good from ill,
Grafts on this passion our best principle:
'Tis thus the mercury of man is fix'd,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd:
The dross cements what else were too refined,
And in one interest body acts with mind.
As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted learn to bear;
The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
E'en avarice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;
Lust, through some certain strainers well refined,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which the ignoble mind 's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.
Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice allied:
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
IV. This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
What shall divide? The God within the mind.

Extremes in nature equal ends produce,
In man they join to some mysterious use;
Though each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
And oft so mix, the difference is too nice
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice.
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice and virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.
V. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where the extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed:
Ask where's the north? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he:
E'en those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.
Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in the extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
And e'en the best, by fits, what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, vice or virtue, self directs it still;
Each individual seeks a several goal;
But Heaven's great view, is one, and that the whole
That counterworks each folly and caprice;
That disappoints the effect of every vice;
That, happy frailties to all ranks applied,
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride;
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief;
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
That, virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
Which seeks no interest, no reward but praise;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.
Heaven forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common interest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those interests, to resign.
Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.
Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given;
The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely bless'd; the poet in his muse.
See some strange comfort every state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend:

See some fit passion every age supply;
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.
Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age:
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before;
'Till tired, he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
Meanwhile opinion gilds with varying rays,
Those painted clouds that beautify our days:
Each want of happiness by hope supplied,
And each vacuity of sense by pride:
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble joy;
One prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a vanity is given in vain;
E'en mean self-love becomes, by fore divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
See! and confess, one comfort still must rise;
'Tis this, Though man's a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE III.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Society.

I. The whole universe one system of society, ver 7, &c. Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another, ver. 27. The happiness of animals mutual, ver. 49. II. Reason or instinct operate alike to the good of each individual, ver. 79. Reason or instinct operate also to society in all animals, ver. 109. III. How far society carried by instinct, ver. 115. How much farther by reason, ver. 128. IV. Of that which is called the state of nature, ver. 144. Reason instructed by instinct in the invention of arts, ver. 166, and in the forms of society, ver. 176. V. Origin of political societies, ver. 196. Origin of monarchy, ver. 207. Patriarchal government, ver. 212. VI. Origin of true religion and government, from the same principle of love, ver. 231, &c. Origin of superstition and tyranny, from the same principle of fear, ver. 237, &c. The influence of self-love operating to the social and public good, ver. 266. Restoration of true religion and government, on their first principle, ver. 285. Mixed government, ver. 288. Various forms of each, and the true end of all, ver. 300, &c.

EPISTLE III.

HERE then we rest: 'The universal cause
Acts to one end, but acts by various laws.'
In all the madness of superfluous health,
The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day;
But most be present, if we preach or pray.

I. Look round our world; behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above.
See plastic Nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See matter next, with various life endued,
Press to one centre still, the general good.
See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again:
All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath and die,)
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preserving soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least;
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast;
All served, all serving: nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.
Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him has kindly spread the flowery lawn:
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own, and raptures, swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer:
The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.
Know, Nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While man exclaims, 'See all things for my use!'
'See man for mine!' replies a pamper'd goose:
And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.
Grant that the powerful still the weak control;
Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole:
Nature that tyrant checks: he only knows,
And helps another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods:
For some his interest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride:
And feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
The extensive blessing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And, till he ends the being, makes it bless'd:
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd man by touch ethereal slain.
The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er!
To each unthinking being, Heaven, a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:
To man imparts it; but with such a view,
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Great standing miracle! that Heaven assign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with reason or with instinct bless'd,
Know, all enjoy that power which suits them best;
To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full instinct is the unerring guide,
What pope or council can they need beside?
Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when press'd,

Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honest instinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit;
While still too wide or short is human wit;
Sure by quick nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier reason labours at in vain.
This too serves always, reason never long:
One must go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing powers,
One in their nature, which are two in ours!
And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.
Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison, and to choose their food?
Prescient, the tides or tempest to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?
Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before;
Who calls the council, states the certain day;
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?
III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds:
But as he fram'd a whole the whole to bless,
On mutual wants built mutual happiness;
So from the first eternal order ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quickening ether keeps,
Or breathes through air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
Each sex desires alike, till two are one.
Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace;
They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurse it, and the sires defend;
The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
There stops the instinct, and there ends the care;
The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
Another love succeeds, another race.
A longer care man's helpless kind demands;
That longer care contracts more lasting bands;
Reflection, reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the interest, and the love:
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn;
Each virtue in each passion takes its turn;
And still new deeds, new helps, new habits rise,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another rose,
These natural love maintain'd, habitual those:
The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect man,
Saw helpless him from whom their life began:
Memory and forecast just returns engage;
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While pleasure, gratitude, and hope combined,
Still spread the interest, and preserve the kind.
IV. Nor think, in nature's state they blindly trod;
The state of nature was the reign of God;
Self-love and social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of man.
Pride then was not; nor arts, that pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade;
The same his table, and the same his bed;
No murder clothed him, and no murder fed.
In the same temple, the resounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undress'd,
Unbribed, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:
Heaven's attribute was universal care,
And man's prerogative, to rule, but spare.
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to nature, hears the general groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own.
But just disease to luxury succeeds,
And every death its own avenger breeds:
The fury-passions from that blood began,
And turn'd on man a fiercer savage, man.
See him from nature rising slow to art:
To copy instinct then was reason's part.
Thus then to man the voice of nature spake—
'Go, from the creatures thy instructions take:
Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;
Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
Here too all forms of social union find,
And hence let reason, late, instruct mankind:
Here subterranean works and cities see;
There towns aërial on the waving tree.
Learn each small people's genius, policies,
The ant's republic, and the realm of bees;
How those in common all their wealth bestow,
And anarchy without confusion know;
And these for ever, though a monarch reign,
Their separate cells and properties maintain.
Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state,
Laws wise as nature, and as fix'd as fate.
In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
Entangle justice in her net of law,
And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
Thus let the wiser make the rest obey:
And for those arts mere instinct could afford,
Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods adored.'
V. Great nature spoke; observant man obey'd;
Cities were built, societies were made:
Here rose one little state; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd through love or fear.
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the streams in purer rills descend?
What war could ravish, commerce could bestow;
And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
Converse and love mankind might justly draw,
When love was liberty, and nature law.
Thus states were form'd; the name of king unknown,
Till common interest placed the sway in one.
'Twas virtue only (or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms,)
The same which in a sire the sons obey'd,
A prince the father of a people made.
VI. Till then, by nature crown'd each patriarch sate,
King, priest, and parent, of his growing state:
On him, their second Providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wondering furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, control the flood,
Draw forth the monsters of the abyss profound,
Or fetch the aërial eagle to the ground.

Till drooping, sickening, dying, they began
Whom they revered as god to mourn as man:
Then looking up from sire to sire, explored
One great First Father, and that first adored.
Or plain tradition, that this all begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from sire to son.
The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple reason never sought but one:
Ere wit oblique had broke that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right:
To virtue, in the paths of pleasure trod,
And own'd a father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith, and all the allegiance then,
For nature knew no right divine in men:
No ill could fear in God, and understood
A sovereign being, but a sovereign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran;
That was but love of God, and this of man.

Who first taught souls enslaved, and realms undone,
The enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all nature's laws,
To invert the world, and counterwork its cause.
Force first made conquest, and that conquest, law;
Till superstition taught the tyrant awe.
Then shared the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conquerors, slaves of subjects made:
She midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To power unseen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes,
Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust;
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;
And hell was built on spite, and heaven on pride.
Then sacred seemed the ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then first the flamen tasted living food,
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood;
With Heaven's own thunders shook the world below,
And play'd the god an engine on his foe.

So drives self-love, through just, and through unjust,
To one man's power, ambition, lucre, lust;
The same self-love in all becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, government and laws.
For what one likes, if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
How shall he keep what, sleeping or awake,
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
His safety must his liberty restrain:
All join to guard what each desires to gain.
Forced into virtue thus, by self-defence,
E'en kings learn'd justice and benevolence:
Self-love forsook the path it first pursued,
And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then the studious head or generous mind,
Follower of God, or friend of human-kind,
Poet or patriot, rose but to restore
The faith and moral nature gave before;
Resumed her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew:
Taught power's due use to people and to kings,
Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings,
The less or greater set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other too;
Till jarring interests of themselves create
The according music of a well-mix'd state,
Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
From order, union, full consent of things:
Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made
To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade;
More powerful each as needful to the rest,
And, in proportion as it blesses, bless'd:
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.

For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right;
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity;
All must be false, that thwarts this one great end;
And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend.

Man, like the generous vine, supported lives;
The strength he gains is from the embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun;
So two consistent motions act the soul;
And one regards itself, and one the whole.

Thus God and Nature link'd the general frame,
And bade self-love and social be the same.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE IV.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Happiness.

I. False notions of happiness, philosophical and popular, answered from ver. 19 to 77. II. It is the end of all men, and attainable by all, ver. 30. God intends happiness to be equal; and, to be so, it must be social, since all particular happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular laws, ver. 37. As it is necessary for order, and the peace and welfare of society, that external goods should be unequal, happiness is not made to consist in these, ver. 51. But, notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of happiness among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two passions of hope and fear, ver. 70. III. What the happiness of individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the good man has here the advantage, ver. 77. The error of imputing to virtue what are only the calamities of nature, or of fortune, ver. 94. IV. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favour of particulars, ver. 121. V. That we are not judges who are good; but that, whoever they are, they must be happiest, ver. 133, &c. VI. That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of, virtue, ver. 167. That even these can make no man happy without virtue; instanced in riches, ver. 185. Honours, ver. 193. Nobility, ver. 205. Greatness ver. 217. Fame, ver. 237. Superior talents, ver. 257, &c. With pictures of human infelicity in men, possessed of them all, ver. 269, &c. VII. That virtue only constitutes a happiness, whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal, ver. 307. That the perfection of virtue and happiness consists in a conformity to the order of Providence here, and a resignation to it here and hereafter, ver. 326, &c.

EPISTLE IV.

Oh Happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die:
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise:
Plant of celestial seed! if dropp'd below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair opening to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows? where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or every where;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee.

I. Ask of the learn'd the way? The learn'd are blind:
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these.
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain:
Some, swell'd to gods, confess e'en virtue vain:
Or, indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in every thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that happiness is happiness?

II. Take nature's path, and mad opinions leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive:
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And, mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense, and common ease.
Remember, man, 'the Universal Cause
Acts not by partial, but by general laws;'
And makes what happiness we justly call,
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind:
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit, rests self-satisfied:
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.
Order is Heaven's first law; and this confess'd,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:
But mutual wants this happiness increase;
All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heaven breathes through every member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But fortune's gifts, if each alike possess'd,
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all men happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,
While those are placed in hope, and these in fear:
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better or of worse.
O, sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains piled on mountains, to the skies?
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

III. Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence.
But health consists with temperance alone;
And peace, O virtue! peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right?
Of vice or virtue, whether bless'd or cursed,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
Count all the advantage prosperous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains:
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.
Oh, blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be bless'd,
But fools the good alone unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!
See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust!
See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife!
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
Say, was it virtue, more though Heaven ne'er gave,
Lamented Digby! sunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the sire.
Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
When nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?
Or why so long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me?
What makes all physical or moral ill?
There deviates nature, and here wanders will.
God sends not ill, if rightly understood,
Or partial ill is universal good,
Or change admits, or nature lets it fall,
Short, and but rare, till man improved it all.
We just as wisely might of Heaven complain,
That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous son is ill at ease
When his lewd father gave the dire disease.
Think we, like some weak prince, the Eternal Cause
Prone for his favourites to reverse his laws!

IV. Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires!
On air or sea new motions be impress'd,
Oh blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease if you go by?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?

V. But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better shall we have?
A kingdom of the just then let it be:
But first consider how those just agree.

The good must merit God's peculiar care!
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heaven's own spirit fell;
Another deems him instrument of hell:
If Calvin feel Heaven's blessing, or its rod,
This cries, there is, and that, there is no God.
What shocks one part will edify the rest,
Nor with one system can they all be bless'd.
The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.
WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too;
And which more bless'd? who chain'd his country, say,
Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day?
VI. 'But sometimes virtue starves while vice is fed.'
What then? Is the reward of virtue bread?
That, vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil;
The knave deserves it when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er:
'No—shall the good want health, the good want power?'
And health and power and every earthly thing—
'Why bounded power? why private? why no king?
Nay, why external for internal given?
Why is not man a god, and earth a heaven?'
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give;
Immense the power, immense were the demand;
Say, at what part of nature will they stand?
What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize: a better would you fix?
Then give humility a coach and six,
Justice a conqueror's sword, or truth a gown,
Or public spirit its great cure—a crown.
Weak, foolish man! will Heaven reward us there,
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife,
As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires, for a god-like mind.
Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing;
How oft by these at sixty are undone
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute or trust,
Content or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold;
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human-kind,
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.
Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd
'What differ more,' you cry, 'than crown and cowl?'
I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:
The rest is all but leather or prunella.
Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings,
That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings.
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your fathers' worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.
Look next on greatness: say where greatness lies:
'Where, but among the heroes and the wise?'
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find,
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise;
All sly slow things with circumspective eyes;
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great:
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.
What's fame? a fancied life in others' breath,
A thing beyond us, e'en before our death.
Just what you hear you have; and what's unknown,
The same (my lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade
As Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;
Alike or when or where they shone or shine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As justice tears his body from the grave;
When what to oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign but of true desert,
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.
In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known,
To see all others' faults, and feel our own;
Condemn'd in business or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.

Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.
Bring then these blessings to a strict account:
Make fair deductions; see to what they 'mount:
How much of other each is sure to cost;
How each for other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these:
How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease:
Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall?
To sigh for ribands if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:
Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell damn'd to everlasting fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient story, learn to scorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, famed, and great,
See the false scale of happiness complete!
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
How happy! those to ruin, these betray.
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose;
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that raised the hero sunk the man:
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But stain'd with blood, or ill exchanged for gold:
Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
O wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame!
What greater bliss attends their close of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophied arches, storied halls invade,
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and evening to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale that blends their glory with their shame!
Know then this truth, (enough for man to know,)
'Virtue alone is happiness below.'
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is bless'd in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequall'd, if its end it gain,
And if it lose, attended with no pain:
Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquired,
For ever exercised, yet never tired;
Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;
Never dejected, while another 's bless'd:
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.
See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow!
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know;
Yet poor with fortune and with learning blind,
The bad must miss, the good untaught will find;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God;
Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
Joins Heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below:
Learns from the union of the rising whole
The first, last purpose of the human soul;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end in love of God and love of man.
For him alone hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul;
Till lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfined,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees why nature plants in man alone,
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown:
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they seek they find)
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be bless'd;
And strongest motive to assist the rest.
Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part;
Grasp the whole world of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence;
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity.
God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next, and next all human race:
Wide and more wide, the o'erflowings of the mind
Take every creature in, of every kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty bless'd,
And Heaven beholds its image in his breast.
Come then, my friend! my genius! come along;
O master of the poet, and the song!
And while the muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer,
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
O! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
That, urged by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For wit's false mirror held up nature's light,
Show'd erring pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;
That reason, passion, answer one great aim;
That true self-love and social are the same;
That virtue only makes our bliss below;
And all our knowledge, is ourselves to know.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

It may be proper to observe, that some passages in the preceding Essay having been unjustly suspected of a tendency towards fate and naturalism, the author composed this prayer as the sum of all, to show that his system was founded in free-will, and terminated in piety: that the First Cause was as well the Lord and Governor of the universe as the Creator of it; and that, by submission to his will (the great principle enforced throughout the Essay) was not meant the suffering ourselves to be carried along by a blind determination, but a resting in a religious acquiescence, and confidence full of hope and immortality. To give all this the greater weight, the poet chose for his model the Lord's Prayer, which, of all others, best deserves the title prefixed to this paraphrase.

FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood;
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, That thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human will:

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives:
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousands worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay:
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's wo,
To hide the fault I see:
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
O lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all beings raise!
All Nature's incense rise!

MORAL ESSAYS,

IN FOUR EPISTLES TO SEVERAL PERSONS.

Est brevitate opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures:
Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocoso,
Defendente vicem modo rhetoris atque poëtæ
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas consultò. HOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Essay on Man was intended to have been comprised in four books:

The first of which the author has given us under that title, in four epistles.

The second was to have consisted of the same number: 1. Of the extent and limits of human reason. 2. Of those arts and sciences, and of the parts of them, which are useful, and therefore attainable, together with those which are unuseful, and therefore unattainable. 3. Of the nature, ends, use, and application of the different capacities of men. 4. Of the use of learning, of the science of the world, and of wit; concluding with a satire against a misapplication of them, illustrated by pictures, characters, and examples.

The third book regarded civil regimen, or the science of politics, in which the several forms of a republic were to be examined and explained; together with the several modes of religious worship, as far forth as they affect society: between which the author always supposed there was the most interesting relation and closest connexion; so that this part would have treated of civil and religious society in their full extent.

The fourth and last book concerned private ethics, or practical morality, considered in all the circumstances, orders, professions, and stations of human life.

The scheme of all this had been maturely digested, and communicated to Lord Bolingbroke, Dr. Swift, and one or two more, and was intended for the only work of his riper years; but was, partly through ill-health, partly through discouragements from the depravity of the times, and partly on prudential and other considerations, interrupted, postponed, and, lastly, in a manner laid aside.

But as this was the author's favourite work, which more exactly reflected the image of his strong capacious mind, and as we can have but a very imperfect

idea of it from the *disjecta membra poetæ* that now remain, it may not be amiss to be a little more particular concerning each of these projected books.

The first, as it treats of man in the abstract, and considers him in general under every of his relations, becomes the foundation, and furnishes out the subjects, of the three following; so that

The second book was to take up again the first and second epistles of the first book, and treat of man in his intellectual capacity at large, as has been explained above. Of this, only a small part of the conclusion (which, as we said, was to have contained a satire against the misapplication of wit and learning) may be found in the fourth book of the Dunciad, and up and down, occasionally, in the other three.

The third book, in like manner, was to re-assume the subject of the third epistle of the first, which treats of man in his social, political, and religious capacity. But this part the poet afterwards conceived might be best executed in an epic poem; as the action would make it more animated, and the fable less invidious: in which all the great principles of true and false governments and religions should be chiefly delivered in feigned examples.

The fourth and last book was to pursue the subject of the fourth epistle of the first, and to treat of ethics, or practical morality; and would have consisted of many members; of which the four following epistles were detached portions; the first two, on the characters of men and women, being the introductory part of this concluding book.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE I.

TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, LORD COBHAM.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Knowledge and Characters of Men.

I. That it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider man in the abstract: books will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own experience singly, ver. 1. General maxims, unless they be formed upon both, will be but notional, ver. 10. Some peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself, ver. 15. Difficulties arising from our own passions, fancies, faculties, &c. ver. 31. The shortness of life to observe in, and the uncertainty of the principles of action in men to observe by, ver. 37, &c. Our own principle of action often hid from ourselves, ver. 41. Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent, ver. 51. The same man utterly different in different places and seasons. ver. 62. Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest, ver. 70, &c. Nothing constant and certain but God and nature, ver. 95. No judging of the motives from the actions: the same actions proceeding from contrary motives, and the same motives influencing contrary actions, ver. 100. II. Yet, to form characters, we can only take the strongest actions of a man's life, and try to make them agree. The utter uncertainty of this, from nature itself, and from policy, ver. 120. Character given according to the rank of men of the world, ver. 135. And some reason for it, ver. 140. Education alters the nature, or at least character, of many, ver. 149. Actions, passions, opinions, manners, humours, or principles, all subject to change. No judging by nature, from ver. 158. to ver. 168. III. It only remains to find (if we can) his ruling passion: That will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions, ver. 175. Instanced in the extraordinary character of Clodio, ver. 179. A caution against mistaking second qualities for first, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind, ver. 210. Examples of the strength of the ruling passion, and its continuation to the last breath, ver. 222, &c.

EPISTLE I.

I. Yes, you despise the man to books confined,
Who from his study rails at human kind,
Though what he learns he speaks, and may advance
Some general maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,
That from his cage cries cuckold, whore, and knave,
Though many a passenger he rightly call,
You hold him no philosopher at all.
And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read, as well as books, too much.
To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for the observer's sake:
To written wisdom, as another's, less;
Maxims are drawn from notions, these from guess.
There 's some peculiar in each leaf and grain,
Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein:
Shall only man be taken in the gross?
Grant but as many sorts of minds as moss.
That each from others differs, first confess;
Next, that he varies from himself no less;
Add nature's, custom's, reason's, passion's strife,
And all opinion's colours cast on life.
Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
Quick whirls, and shifting eddies of our minds?
On human actions reason though you can,
It may be reason, but it is not man:
His principle of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his principle no more.
Like following life through creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect.
Yet more; the difference is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own;
Or some discolour'd through our passions shown;
Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.
Nor will life's stream for observation stay;
It hurries all too fast to mark their way:
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take;
Oft, in the passions' wild rotation toss'd,
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost:
Tired, not determined, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is master of the field.
As the last image of that troubled heap,
When sense subsides and fancy sports in sleep,
(Though past the recollection of the thought,)
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought:
Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do.
True, some are open, and to all men known;
Others, so very close, they 're hid from none;
(So darkness strikes the sense no less than light:)
Thus gracious Chandos is beloved at sight;
And every child hates Shylock, though his soul,
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.

At half mankind when generous Manly raves,
All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves:
When universal homage Umbra pays,
All see 'tis vice, an itch of vulgar praise.
When flattery glares, all hate it in a queen,
While one there is who charms us with his spleen.
But these plain characters we rarely find;
Though strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
Or puzzling contraries confound the whole;
Or affectations quite reverse the soul.
The dull flat falsehood serves for policy;
And in the cunning, truth itself 's a lie:
Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wise;
The fool lies hid in inconsistencies.
See the same man, in vigour, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out;
Early at business, and at hazard late;
Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate;
Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.
Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,
Save just at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,
A rogue with venison to a saint without.
Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,
His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head, all interests weigh'd,
All Europe saved, yet Britain not betray'd?
He thanks you not, his pride is in piquet,
Newmarket-fame, and judgment at a bet.
What made (say, Montagne, or more sage Charron.)
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?
A perjured prince a leaden saint revere,
A godless regent tremble at a star?
The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,
Faithless through piety, and duped through wit?
Europe a woman, child, or dotard rule,
And just her wisest monarch made a fool?
Know, God and nature only are the same;
In man, the judgment shoots at flying game:
A bird of passage! gone as soon as found,
Now in the moon, perhaps now under ground.
II. In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,
Would from the apparent what, conclude the why;
Infer the motive from the deed, and show,
That what we chanced, was what we meant to do.
Behold, if fortune or a mistress frowns,
Some plunge in business, others shave their crowns:
To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,
This quits an empire, that embroils a state:
The same adust complexion has impell'd
Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.
Not always actions show the man; we find
Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind:
Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast,
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east:
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great:
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave,
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave:
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,
His pride in reasoning, not in acting, lies.
But grant that actions best discover man:
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can:
The few that glare, each character must mark,
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with such as disagree?
Suppress them, or miscall them policy?
Must then at once (the character to save)
The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave?
Alas! in truth the man but changed his mind,
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not dined.
Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat?
Cæsar himself might whisper, he was beat.
Why risk the world's great empire for a punk?
Cæsar perhaps might answer, he was drunk.
But, sage historians! 'tis your task to prove
One action, conduct; one, heroic love.
'Tis from high life high characters are drawn,
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn;
A judge is just, a chancellor juster still;
A gownman learn'd, a bishop what you will;
Wise, if a minister; but, if a king,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more every thing.
Court virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,
Born where Heaven's influence scarce can penetrate.
In life's low vale, the soil the virtues like;
There please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
Though the same sun with all-diffusive rays
Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his power,
And justly set the gem above the flower.
'Tis education forms the common mind:
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.
Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'squire;
The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar:
Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave:
Will sneaks a scrivener, an exceeding knave.
Is he a churchman? then he's fond of power:
A quaker? sly: a presbyterian? sour:
A smart free-thinker? all things in an hour.
Ask men's opinions: Scoto now shall tell
How trade increases, and the world goes well:
Strike off his pension, by the setting sun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.
That gay free-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a stupid silent dunce?
Some good, or spirit, he has lately found;
Or chanced to meet a minister that frown'd.
Judge we by nature? habit can efface,
Interest o'ercome, or policy take place:
By actions? those uncertainty divides:
By passions? these dissimulation hides:
Opinions? they still take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.
Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes
Tenets with books, and principles with times.
III. Search then the ruling passion: There, alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known;
The fool consistent, and the false sincere;
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
This clew once found unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confess'd.
Wharton! the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise;
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies:
Though wondering senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him master of the joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too;
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the punk applaud, and now the friar.

Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart:
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt,
And most contemptible, to shun contempt;
His passion still, to covet general praise;
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
A constant bounty, which no friend has made;
An angel tongue, which no man can persuade;
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,
Too rash for thought, for action too refined:
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And harder still! flagitious, yet not great.
Ask you why Wharton broke through every rule?
'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.
Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.
Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake,
If second qualities for first they take.
When Catiline by rapine swell'd his store:
When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore;
In this the lust, in that the avarice,
Were means, not ends; ambition was the vice.
That very Cæsar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd, like him, by chastity, at praise,
Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.
In vain the observer eyes the builder's toil,
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.
In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
As fits give vigour just when they destroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this; it sticks to our last sand.
Consistent in our follies and our sins,
Here honest Nature ends as she begins.
Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
And totter on in business to the last;
As weak, as earnest; and as gravely out,
As sober Lanesborow dancing in the gout.
Behold a reverend sire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameless race,
Shoved from the wall perhaps, or rudely press'd
By his own son, that passes by unbless'd:
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies every sparrow that he sees.
A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late.
'Mercy!' cries Helluo, 'mercy on my soul!
Is there no hope?—Alas!—then bring the jowl.'
The frugal crone, whom praying priests attend,
Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.
'Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,'
Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke;
'No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face;
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
And—Betty—give this cheek a little red.'
The courtier smooth, who forty years had shined
An humble servant to all human kind,
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,
'If—where I'm going—I could serve you sir!'
'I give and I devise,' old Euclio said,
And sigh'd, 'my lands and tenements to Ned.'
'Your money, sir?'—'My money, sir, what all?
Why,—if I must'—then wept, 'I give it Paul.'
'The manor, sir?'—'The manor! hold,' he cried,
'Not that,—I cannot part with that,'—and died.
And you! brave Cobham, to the latest breath,
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death:
Such in these moments as in all the past,
'Oh, save my country, Heaven!' shall be your last.

EPISTLE II.

TO A LADY.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Characters of Women.

That the particular characters of women are not so strongly marked as those of men, seldom so fixed, and still more inconsistent with themselves, ver. 1, &c. Instances of contrarieties given, even from such characters as are more strongly marked, and seemingly, therefore, most consistent: as, 1. In the affected.—2. In the soft natured.—3. In the cunning and artful.—4. In the whimsical.—5. In the lewd and vicious.—6. In the witty and refined.—7. In the stupid and simple, ver. 21 to 207. The former part having shown that the particular characters of women are more various than those of men, it is nevertheless observed that the general characteristic of the sex, as to the ruling passion, is more uniform, ver. 207. This is occasioned partly by their nature, partly by their education, and in some degree by necessity, ver. 211. What are the aims and the fate of this sex:—1. As to power.—2. As to pleasure, ver. 219.—Advice for their true interest.—The picture of an estimable woman, with the best kind of contrarieties, ver. 249 to the end.

There is nothing in Mr. Pope's works more highly finished than this epistle: yet its success was in no proportion to the pains he took in composing it. Something he chanced to drop in a short advertisement prefixed to it on its first publication, may, perhaps account for the small attention given to it. He said that no one character in it was drawn from the life. The public believed him on his word, and expressed little curiosity about a satire, in which there was nothing personal.

Nothing so true as what you once let fall,
'Most women have no characters at all.'
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.
How many pictures of one nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!
Arcadia's countess, here, in ermined pride,
Is there, Pastora by a fountain side.
Here Faunia, leering on her own good man,
And there, a naked Leda with a swan.
Let then the fair-one beautifully cry,
In Magdalen's loose hair and lifted eye;
Or dress'd in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
With simpering angels, palms, and harps divine:
Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.
Come then, the colours and the ground prepare!
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air;
Choose a firm cloud, before it fail, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.
Rufa, whose eye, quick glancing o'er the park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,

Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty smock;
Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,
With Sappho fragrant at an evening mask:
So morning insects, that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.
How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;
The frail-one's advocate, the weak-one's friend,
To her, Calista proved her conduct nice;
And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
Sudden, she storms! she raves! You tip the wink,
But spare your censure; Silia does not drink.
All eyes may see from what the change arose,
All eyes may see—a pimple on her nose.
Papilia, wedded to her amorous spark,
Sighs for the shades—'How charming is a park!'
A park is purchased, but the fair he sees
All bathed in tears—'Oh odious, odious trees!'
Ladies, like variegated tulips, show,
'Tis to their changes half their charms they owe;
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy spots the nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,
Awed without virtue, without beauty charm'd;
Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes;
Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wise:
Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad;
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.
Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash would hardly stew a child;
Has e'en been proved to grant a lover's prayer,
And paid a tradesman once to make him stare;
Gave alms at Easter in a Christian trim,
And made a widow happy for a whim.
Why then declare good-nature is her scorn,
When 'tis by that alone she can be borne?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame:
Now deep in Taylor and the book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his grace and Chartres:
Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns;
And atheism and religion take their turns;
A very heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad good christian at her heart.
See sin in state, majestically drunk,
Proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk;
Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside,
A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.
What then? let blood and body bear the fault,
Her head's untouch'd, that noble seat of thought;
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
She sins with poets through pure love of wit.
What has not fired her bosom or her brain?
Cæsar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlemagne.
As Helluo, late dictator of the feast,
The nose of haut-gout, and the tip of taste,
Critiqued your wine, and analysed your meat,
Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat:
So Philomede, lecturing all mankind
On the soft passion, and the taste refined,
The address, the delicacy—stoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.
Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray;
To toast our wants and wishes, is her way;
Nor asks of God, but of her stars, to give
The mighty blessing, 'while we live, to live.'
Then all for death, that opiate of the soul!
Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?
A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind.
Wise wretch! with pleasure too refin'd to please;
With too much spirit to be e'er at ease;
With too much quickness ever to be taught;
With too much thinking to have common thought:
You purchase pain with all that joy can give,
And die of nothing but a rage to live.
Turn then from wits, and look on Simo's mate;
No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate:
Or her that owns her faults but never mends,
Because she 's honest, and the best of friends:
Or her whose life the church and scandal share,
For ever in a passion or a prayer:
Or her who laughs at hell, but (like her grace)
Cries, 'Ah! how charming if there 's no such place!'
Or who in sweet vicissitude appears,
Of mirth and opium, ratafie and tears,
The daily anodyne, and nightly draught,
To kill those foes to fair ones, time and thought.
Woman and fool are two hard things to hit:
For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.
But what are those to great Atossa's mind?
Scarce once herself, by turns all womankind!
Who, with herself, or others, from her birth,
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth.
Shines in exposing knaves and painting fools,
Yet is whate'er she hates and ridicules.
No thought advances, but her eddy brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
Full sixty years the world has been her trade,
The wisest fool much time has ever made.
From loveless youth to unrespected age,
No passion gratified, except her rage:
So much the fury still outran the wit,
That pleasure miss'd her, and the scandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes revenge from hell,
But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her every turn with violence pursued,
Nor more a storm her hate than gratitude:
To that each passion turns, or soon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate:
Superiors? death! and equals? what a curse!
But an inferior not dependent! worse.
Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live:
But die, and she'll adore you—Then the bust
And temple rise—then fall again to dust.
Last night, her lord was all that's good and great;
A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
Strange! by the means defeated of the ends,
By spirit robb'd of power, by warmth of friends,
By wealth of followers! without one distress,
Sick of herself, through very selfishness!
Atossa, cursed with every granted prayer,
Childless with all her children, wants an heir.
To heirs unknown descends the unguarded store,
Or wanders, Heaven-directed, to the poor!
Pictures, like these, dear madam, to design,
Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wandering touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke alone can hit them right:
For how should equal colours do the knack?
Cameleons who can paint in white and black?
'Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot.'—
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.

'With every pleasing, every prudent part,
Say, what can Chloe want?'—She wants a heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought;
But never, never reach'd one generous thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
So very reasonable, so unmoved,
As never yet to love, or to be loved.
She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair.
Forbid it, Heaven, a favour or a debt
She e'er should cancel—but she may forget.
Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear;
But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.
Of all her dears she never slander'd one,
But cares not if a thousand are undone.
Would Chloe know if you 're alive or dead?
She bids her footman put it in her head.
Chloe is prudent—Would you too be wise?
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies

One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,
Which Heaven has varnish'd out, and made a queen:
The same for ever! and described by all
With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball.
Poets heap virtues, painters gems at will,
And show their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
'Tis well—but artists! who can paint or write,
To draw the naked is your true delight
That robe of quality so struts and swells,
None see what parts of nature it conceals:
The exactest traits of body or of mind,
We owe to models of a humble kind.
If Queensberry to strip there 's no compelling,
'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.
From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing
To draw the man who loves his God or king:
Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)
From honest Mahomet or plain parson Hale.

But grant, in public men sometimes are shown,
A woman 's seen in private life alone:
Our bolder talents in full light display'd,
Your virtues open fairest in the shade.
Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide;
There, none distinguish 'twixt your shade or pride,
Weakness or delicacy; all so nice,
That each may seem a virtue or a vice.

In men we various ruling passions find;
In women, two almost divide the kind:
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.
That nature gives; and where the lesson taught
Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault?
Experience, this; by man's oppression cursed,
They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;
But every woman is at heart a rake:
Men, some to quiet, some to public strife,
But every lady would be queen for life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens!
Power all their end, but beauty all the means:
In youth they conquer with so wild a rage,
As leaves them scarce a subject in their age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happiness at home.
But wisdom's triumph is well-timed retreat,
As hard a science to the fair as great!

Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone;
Worn out in public, weary every eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.

Pleasures the sex, as children birds pursue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,
To covet flying, and regret when lost;
At last, to follies youth could scarce defend,
It grows their age's prudence to pretend;
Ashamed to own they gave delight before,
Reduced to feign it, when they give no more:
As hags hold sabbaths less for joy than spite,
So these their merry, miserable night;
Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour died.

See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A fop their passion, but their prize a sot,
Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot!

Ah, friend! to dazzle let the vain design;
To raise the thought, and touch the heart, be thine!
That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing:
So when the sun's broad beam has tired the sight,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And unobserved the glaring orb declines.

O! bless'd with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;
She who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter, with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools;
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most when she obeys;
Let fops or fortune fly which way they will,
Disdains all loss of tickets or codille;
Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,
And mistress of herself though china fall.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.
Heaven when it strives to polish all it can,
Its last best work, but forms a softer man;
Picks from each sex, to make the favourite bless'd,
Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest;
Blends in exception to all general rules,
Your taste of follies, with our scorn of fools;
Reserve with frankness, art with truth allied,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride;
Fix'd principles with fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces—you.

Be this a woman's fame; with this unbless'd,
Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.
This Phœbus promised, (I forget the year,)
When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere;
Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your parents' simple prayer
And gave you beauty, but denied the pelf
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
The generous god, who wit and gold refines,
And ripens spirits as he ripens mines,
Kept dross for duchesses, the world shall know it,
To you gave sense, good-humour, and a poet.

EPISTLE III.

TO ALLEN, LORD BATHURST.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Use of Riches.

That it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, avarice or profusion, ver. 1, &c. The point discussed, whether the invention of money has been more commodious or pernicious to mankind, ver. 21 to 77. That riches, either to the avaricious or the prodigal, cannot afford happiness, scarcely necessaries, ver. 89 to 160. That avarice is an absolute frenzy, without an end or purpose, ver. 113, &c. 152. Conjectures about the motives of avaricious men, ver. 121 to 153. That the conduct of men with respect to riches, can only be accounted for by the order of Providence, which works the general good out of extremes, and brings all to its great end by perpetual revolutions, ver. 161 to 178. How a miser acts upon principles which appear to him reasonable, ver. 179. How a prodigal does the same, ver. 199. The true medium, and true use of riches, ver. 219. The man of Ross, ver. 250. The fate of the profuse and the covetous, in two examples; both miserable in life and in death, ver. 300, &c. The story of Sir Balaam, ver. 339 to the end.

This epistle was written after a very violent outcry against our author, on a supposition that he had ridiculed a worthy nobleman, merely for his wrong taste. He justified himself upon that article in a letter to the Earl of Burlington; at the end of which are these words: 'I have learnt that there are some who would rather be wicked than ridiculous: and therefore it may be safer to attack vices than follies. I will therefore leave my betters in the quiet possession of their idols, their groves, and their high-places, and change my subject from their pride to their meanness, from their vanities to their miseries; and as the only certain way to avoid misconstructions, to lessen offence, and not to multiply ill-natured applications, I may probably in my next make use of real names instead of fictitious ones.'

P. Who shall decide when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word, from Jove to Momus given,
That man was made the standing jest of Heaven:
And gold but sent to keep the fools in play,
For some to heap, and some to throw away.
But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And, surely, Heaven and I are of a mind,)
Opine, that nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining mischief under ground:
But when, by man's audacious labour won,
Flamed forth this rival to its sire the sun,
Then careful Heaven supplied two sorts of men,
To squander these, and those to hide again.
Like doctors thus, when much dispute has pass'd,
We find our tenets just the same at last:
Both fairly owning riches, in effect,
No grace of Heaven, or token of the elect:
Given to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the devil.
B. What nature wants, commodious gold bestows:
'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.
P. But how unequal it bestows, observe;
'Tis thus we riot, while, who sow it, starve:
What nature wants (a phrase I much distrust)
Extends to luxury, extends to lust:
Useful, I grant, it serves what life requires,
But, dreadful too, the dark assassin hires.
B. Trade it may help, society extend:
P. But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend.
B. It raises armies in a nation's aid:
P. But bribes a senate, and the land 's betray'd
In vain may heroes fight and patriots rave,
If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.
Once, we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak,
From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea spoke,
And jingling down the back stairs, told the crew,
'Old Cato is as great a rogue as you.'
Bless'd paper credit! last and best supply!
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold, imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings:
A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
Or ship off senates to some distant shore;
A leaf like Sybil's, scatter to and fro,
Our fates and fortunes, as the wind shall blow;
Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
And silent sells a king or buys a queen.
Oh! that such bulky bribes as all might see,
Still, as of old, encumber'd villany!
Could France or Rome divert our brave designs,
With all their brandies or with all their wines?
What could they more than knights and 'squires confound,
Or water all the quorum ten miles round?
A statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil!
'Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil;
Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door;
A hundred oxen at your levee roar.'
Poor avarice one torment more would find;
Nor could profusion squander all in kind.
Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet,
And Worldly crying coals from street to street,
Whom with a wig so wild and mien so mazed,
Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman crazed.
Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
Could he himself have sent it to the dogs?
His grace will game: to White's a bull be led,
With spurning heels and with a butting head:
To White's be carried, as to ancient games,
Fair coursers, vases, and alluring dames.
Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,
Bear home six whores, and make his lady weep?
Or soft Adonis, so perfumed and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine?
O filthy check on all industrious skill,
To spoil the nation's last great trade, quadrille!
Since then, my lord, on such a world we fall,
What say you? B. Say? Why, take it, gold and all.
P. What riches gives us, let us then inquire:
Meat, fire, and clothes. B. What more? P. Meat, clothes, and fire.
Is this too little? would you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions pass'd)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!
What can they give? To dying Hopkins heirs?
To Chartres vigour? Japhet nose and ears?
Can they in gems bid pallid Hippia glow?
In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below?
Or heal, old Narses, thy obscener ail,
With all the embroidery plaster'd at thy tail?

They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)
Give Harpax' self the blessing of a friend;
Or find some doctor that would save the life
Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife.
But thousands die, without or this or that,
Die, and endow a college or a cat.
To some, indeed, Heaven grants the happier fate,
To enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.
Perhaps you think the poor might have their part;
Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart:
The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule,
That every man in want is knave or fool:
'God cannot love,' says Blunt, with tearless eyes,
'The wretch he starves'—and piously denies:
But the good Bishop, with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.
Yet, to be just to these poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himself:
Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides.
B. Who suffer thus, mere charity should own,
Must act on motives powerful, though unknown.
P. Some war, some plague, or famine, they foresee,
Some revelation hid from you and me.
Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found;
He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound.
What made directors cheat in South-sea year?
To live on venison when it sold so dear.
Ask you why Phryne the whole auction buys?
Phryne foresees a general excise.
Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum?
Alas! they think a man will cost a plum.
Wise Peter sees the world's respect for gold,
And therefore hopes this nation may be sold:
Glorious Ambition! Peter, swell thy store,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.
The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest Gage.
But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold.
Congenial souls; whose life one avarice joins,
And one fate buries in the Asturian mines.
Much-injured Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate?
A wizard told him in these words our fate:
'At length corruption, like a general flood
(So long by watchful ministers withstood,)
Shall deluge all; and avarice creeping on,
Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun;
Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,
Peeress and butler share alike the box,
And judges job, and bishops bite the town,
And mighty dukes pack cards for half-a-crown.
See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms,
And France revenged of Anne's and Edward's arms!'
'Twas no court-badge, great scrivener! fired thy brain,
Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain:
No, 'twas thy righteous end, ashamed to see
Senates degenerate, patriots disagree,
And nobly wishing party-rage to cease,
To buy both sides, and give thy country peace.
'All this is madness,' cries a sober sage:
But who, my friend, has reason in his rage?
The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion, conquers reason still.'
Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame,
Than ev'n that passion, if it has no aim:
For though such motives folly you may call,
The folly's greater to have none at all.

Hear then the truth: 'Tis Heaven each passion sends,
And different men directs to different ends.
Extremes in nature equal good produce,
Extremes in man concur to general use.
Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow?
That Power who bids the ocean ebb and flow;
Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,
Through reconciled extremes of drought and rain:
Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
And gives the eternal wheels to know their rounds.
Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.
Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
Sees but a backward steward for the poor;
This year a reservoir to keep and spare,
The next a fountain, spouting through his heir,
In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst,
And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.
Old Cotta shamed his fortune and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
What though, (the use of barbarous spits forgot,)
His kitchen vied in coolness with his grot?
His court with nettles, moats with cresses stored,
With soups unbought and salads bless'd his board?
If Cotta lived on pulse, it was no more
Than Bramins, saints, and sages did before:
To cram the rich was prodigal expense,
And who would take the poor from Providence?
Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old hall,
Silence without, and fasts within the wall;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabour sound,
No noontide bell invites the country round:
Tenants with sighs the smokeless towers survey,
And turn their unwilling steeds another way:
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curse the saved candle and unopening door;
While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.
Not so his son: he mark'd this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right:
(For what to shun, will no great knowledge need;
But what to follow, is a task indeed.)
Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
More go to ruin fortunes, than to raise.
What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine
Fill the capacious 'squire, and deep divine!
Yet no mean motive this profusion draws,
His oxen perish in his country's cause;
'Tis George and liberty that crowns the cup,
And zeal for that great house which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked seat,
The Sylvans groan—no matter—for the fleet.
Next goes his wool—to clothe our valiant bands:
Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.
To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold train-bands, and burns a pope;
And shall not Britain now reward his toils,
Britain, that pays her patriots with her spoils?
In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cause;
His thankless country leaves him to her laws.
The sense to value riches, with the art
To enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursued,
Not sunk by sloth, nor raised by servitude;
To balance fortune by a just expense,
Join with œconomy, magnificence;
With splendour charity, with plenty health;
O teach us, Bathurst! yet unspoil'd by wealth!

That secret rare, between the extremes to move
Of mad good-nature, and of mean self-love.
B. To worth or want well-weigh'd, be bounty given,
And ease or emulate the care of Heaven;
(Whose measure full o'erflows on human race;)
Mend fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
Wealth in the gross is death, but life, diffused;
As poison heals in just proportion used,
In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies,
But well dispersed, is incense to the skies
P. Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats?
The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that cheats.
Is there a lord, who knows a cheerful noon
Without a fiddler, flatterer, or buffoon?
Whose table, wit or modest merit share,
Unelbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or player?
Who copies yours or Oxford's better part,
To ease the oppress'd and raise the sinking heart?
Where'er he shines, O Fortune, gild the scene,
And angels guard him in the golden mean!
There, English bounty yet awhile may stand,
And honour linger ere it leaves the land.
But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest muse! and sing the MAN OF ROSS:
Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns toss'd,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless pouring through the plain,
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
'The Man of Ross,' each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:
Him portion'd maids, apprenticed orphans bless'd,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now a useless race.
B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
Say, O what sums that generous hand supply;
What mines to swell that boundless charity?
P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possess'd—five hundred pounds a year.
Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays.
B. And what! no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?
P. Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough that virtue fill'd the space between,
Proved by the ends of being to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch who, living, saved a candle's end;
Shouldering God's altar a vile image stands,
Belies his features, nay, extends his hands;
That live-long wig, which Gorgon's self might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.
Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend!
And see what comfort it affords our end.
In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed,
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies—alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of Pleasure, and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or just as gay at council, in a ring
Of mimic statesmen, and their merry king;
No wit to flatter, left of all his store;
No fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more;
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends!
His Grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee,
And well (he thought) advis'd him, 'Live like me.'
As well his Grace replied, 'Like you, sir John?
That I can do, when all I have is gone.'
Resolve me, reason, which of these is worse,
Want with a full or with an empty purse?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler! was confess'd
Arise, and tell me, was thy death more bless'd?
Cutler saw tenants break and houses fall;
For very want he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a stranger's power,
For very want, he could not pay a dower;
A few gray hairs his reverend temples crown'd;
'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
What! e'en denied a cordial at his end,
Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend?
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel the want of what he had!
Cutler and Brutus dying, both exclaim,
'Virtue! and wealth! what are ye but a name!'
Say, for such worth are other worlds prepared?
Or are they both, in this, their own reward?
A knotty point to which we now proceed,
But you are tired—I'll tell a tale—B. Agreed.
P. Where London's column, pointing at the skies
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies,
There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth:
His word would pass for more than he was worth
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding solemnized the Lord's:
Constant at church and 'change; his gains were sure:
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.
The Devil was piqued such saintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old;
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Roused by the prince of air, the whirlwinds sweep
The surge, and plunge his father in the deep;
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.
Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:
'Live like yourself,' was soon my lady's word;
And, lo! two puddings smoked upon the board.

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a gem away:
He pledged it to the knight; the knight had wit,
So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit.
Some scruple rose, but thus he eased his thought,
'I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat;
Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
And am so clear too of all other vice.'
The tempter saw his time: the work he plied;
Stocks and subscriptions pour on every side,
Till all the demon makes his full descent
In one abundant shower of cent per cent,
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs director, and secures his soul.
Behold sir Balaam, now a man of spirit,
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a blessing, now was wit,
And God's good providence, a lucky hit.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn:
His compting-house employed the Sunday morn:
Seldom at church ('twas such a busy life,)
But duly sent his family and wife.
There (so the devil ordain'd) one Christmas tide,
My good old lady catch'd a cold, and died.
A nymph of quality admires our knight;
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite;
Leaves the dull cits, and joins (to please the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:
First, for his son, a gay commission buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies:
His daughter flaunts a viscount's tawdry wife;
She bears a coronet and p—x for life.
In Britain's senate he a seat obtains,
And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.
My lady falls to play: so bad her chance,
He must repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The house impeach him, Coningsby harangues;
The court forsake him, and sir Balaam hangs:
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan! are thy own;
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown;
The devil and the king divide the prize,
And sad sir Balaam curses God, and dies.

EPISTLE IV.

TO RICHARD BOYLE, EARL OF BURLINGTON.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Use of Riches.

The vanity of expense in people of wealth and quality. The abuse of the word Taste, ver. 13, That the first principle and foundation in this, as in every thing else, is good sense, ver. 40. The chief proof of it is to follow nature, even in works of mere luxury and elegance. Instanced in architecture and gardening, where all must be adapted to the genius and use of the place, and the beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it, ver. 50. How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings, for want of this true foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at all; and the best examples and rules will be but perverted into something burthensome and ridiculous, ver. 65 to 90. A description of the false taste of magnificence; the first grand error of which is, to imagine that greatness consists in the size and dimension, instead of the proportion and harmony of the whole, ver. 97, and the second either in joining together parts incoherent, or too minutely resembling, or in the repetition of the same too frequently, ver. 105, &c. A word or two of false taste in books, music, in painting, even in preaching and prayer, and lastly in entertainments, ver. 133, &c. Yet Providence is justified in giving wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the poor and laborious part of mankind, ver. 169. [recurring to what is laid down in the first book, Ep. ii. and in the Epistle preceding this, ver. 159, &c.] What are the proper objects of magnificence, and a proper field for the expense of great men, ver. 177, &c. And finally the great and public works which become a prince, ver. 191, to the end.

The extremes of avarice and profusion being treated of in the foregoing Epistle, this takes up one particular branch of the latter, the vanity of expense in people of wealth and quality; and is, therefore, a corollary to the preceding, just as the Epistle on the Characters of Women is to that of the Knowledge and Characters of Men. It is equally remarkable for exactness of method with the rest. But the nature of the subject, which is less philosophical, makes it capable of being analysed in a much narrower compass.

'Tis strange, the miser should his cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy:
Is it less strange, the prodigal should waste
His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste?
Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats;
Artists must choose his pictures, music, meats:
He buys for Topham drawings and designs;
For Pembroke statues, dirty gods, and coins;
Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone;
And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane:
Think we all these are for himself? no more
Than his fine wife, alas! or finer whore.
For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to show how many tastes he wanted.
What brought sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste?
Some demon whisper'd 'Visto! have a taste.'
Heaven visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.
See! sportive fate, to punish awkward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a guide:
A standing sermon at each year's expense,
That never coxcomb reach'd magnificence.
You show us Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous buildings once were things of use;
Yet shall, my lord, your just, your noble rules
Fill half the land with imitating fools;
Whose random drawings from your sheets shall take,
And of one beauty, many blunders make;
Load some vain church with old theatric state,
Turn arcs of Triumph to a garden gate;
Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
On some patch'd dog-hole eked with ends of wall;
Then clap four slices of pilaster on 't,
That laced with bits of rustic makes a front;
Shall call the winds through long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door:
Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they starve, they starve by rules of art.
Oft have you hinted to your brother peer,
A certain truth which many buy too dear;
Something there is more needful than expense,
And something previous e'en to taste—'tis sense;

Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And, though no science, fairly worth the seven:
A light which in yourself you must perceive;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.
To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot,
In all, let Nature never be forgot:
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty every where be spied,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.
Consult the genius of the place in all:
That tells the waters or to rise or fall;
Or helps the ambitious hill the heavens to scale,
Or scoops in circling theatres the vale;
Calls in the country, catches opening glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades;
Now breaks, or now directs, the intending lines,
Prints as you paint, and as you work designs.
Still follow sense, of every art the soul:
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start e'en from difficulty, strike from chance:
Nature shall join you; time shall make it grow
A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stow.
Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls;
And Nero's terraces desert their walls;
The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,
Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a lake:
Or cuts wide views through mountains to the plain,
You 'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.
E'en in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in a hermitage set Dr. Clarke.
Behold Villario's ten years' toil complete,
His quincunx darkens, his espaliers meet;
The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,
And strength of shade contends with strength of light;
A waving gloom the bloomy beds display,
Blushing in bright diversities of day,
With silver-quivering rills meander'd o'er—
Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more:
Tired of the scene parterres and fountains yield,
He finds at last he better likes a field.
Through his young woods how pleased Sabinus stray'd,
Or sat delighted in the thickening shade,
With annual joy the reddening shoots to greet,
Or see the stretching branches long to meet!
His son's fine taste an opener vista loves,
Foe to the Dryads of his father's groves!
One boundless green, or flourish'd carpet views,
With all the mournful family of yews:
The thriving plants ignoble broomsticks made,
Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.
At Timon's villa let us pass a day,
Where all cries out, 'What sums are thrown away!'
So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air,
Soft and agreeable come never there.
Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a drought
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought
To compass this, his building is a town,
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down:
Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,
A puny insect, shivering at a breeze!
Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!
The whole a labour'd quarry above ground.
Two Cupids squirt before; a lake behind
Improves the keenness of the northern wind.
His gardens next your admiration call,
On every side you look, behold the wall!
No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene:
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suffering eye inverted nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees;
With here a fountain never to be play'd,
And there a summer-house that knows no shade;
Here Amphitrite sails through myrtle bowers;
There gladiators fight, or die in flowers;
Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn,
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.
My lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen:
But soft—by regular approach—not yet—
First through the length of yon hot terrace sweat!
And when up ten steep slopes you 've dragged your thighs,
Just at his study door he'll bless your eyes.
His study! with what authors is it stored?
In books, not authors, curious is my lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round;
These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound!
Lo, some are vellum, and the rest as good,
For all his lordship knows, but they are wood!
For Locke or Milton, 'tis in vain to look:
These shelves admit not any modern book.
And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the pride of prayer:
Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven.
On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all Paradise before your eye.
To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.
But, hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall:
The rich buffet well-colour'd serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
No, 'tis a temple, and a hecatomb.
A solemn sacrifice perform'd in state:
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
So quick requires each flying course, you 'd swear
Sancho's dead doctor and his wand were there.
Between each act the trembling salvers ring,
From soup to sweet wine, and God bless the king.
In plenty starving, tantalized in state,
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, caress'd, and tired, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
I curse such lavish cost and little skill,
And swear no day was ever pass'd so ill.
Yet hence the poor are clothed, the hungry fed;
Health to himself, and to his infants bread,
The labourer bears: what his hard heart denies
His charitable vanity supplies.
Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,

Deep harvests bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.
Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil?
Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle.
'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense,
And splendour borrows all her rays from sense.
His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his neighbours glad if he increase:
Whose cheerful tenants bless their yearly toil,
Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil;
Whose ample lawns are not ashamed to feed
The milky heifer and deserving steed;
Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
But future buildings, future navies, grow:
Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
First shade a country, and then raise a town.
You, too, proceed! make falling arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
Till kings call forth the idea of your mind,
(Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd;)
Bid harbours open, public ways extend,
Bid temples worthier of the God ascend;
Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main;
Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
And roll obedient rivers through the land:
These honours peace to happy Britain brings;
These are imperial works, and worthy kings.

EPISTLE V.

TO MR. ADDISON.

Occasioned by his Dialogues on Medals.

This was originally written in the year 1715, when Mr. Addison intended to publish his book of medals; it was some time before he was secretary of state; but not published till Mr. Tickell's edition of his works; at which time his verses on Mr. Craggs, which conclude the poem, were added, viz. in 1720.

As the third Epistle treated of the extremes of avarice and profusion; and the fourth took up one particular branch of the latter, namely, the vanity of expense in people of wealth and quality, and was therefore a corollary to the third; so this treats of one circumstance of that vanity, as it appears in the common collectors of old coin; and is, therefore, a corollary to the fourth.

See the wild waste of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears!
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead!
Imperial wonders raised on nations spoil'd,
Where mix'd with slaves the groaning martyr toil'd:
Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
Now drain'd a distant country of her floods:
Fanes, which admiring gods with pride survey;
Statues of men, scarce less alive than they!
Some felt the silent stroke of mouldering age,
Some hostile fury, some religious rage:
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
And papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps by its own ruins saved from flame,
Some buried marble half preserves a name;
That name the learn'd with fierce dispute pursue,
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.
Ambition sigh'd; she found in vain to trust
The faithless column and the crumbling bust;
Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,
Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!
Convinced, she now contracts her vast design,
And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.
A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps,
Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps,
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine,
A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.
The medal faithful to its charge of fame,
Through climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one short view subjected to our eye,
Gods, emperors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.
With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore,
The inscription value, but the rust adore.
This the blue varnish, that the green endears.
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!
To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes,
One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams.
Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd;
And Curio, restless by his fair one's side.
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.
Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine:
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine;
Her gods and godlike heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.
Nor blush these studies thy regard engage:
These pleased the fathers of poetic rage:
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art.
Oh, when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals see her wars enroll'd,
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?
Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face;
There, warriors frowning in historic brass:
Then future ages with delight shall see
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;
Or in fair series laurell'd bards be shown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine;
With aspect open shall erect his head,
And round the orb in lasting notes be read,—
'Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend:
Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
And praised, unenvied, by the muse he loved.'

EPISTLE TO Dr. ARBUTHNOT,

BEING

THE PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the first Publication of this Epistle.

This paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some persons of rank and fortune, [the authors of Verses to the imitator of Horace, and of an Epistle to a doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton Court] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my writings (of which, being public, the public is judge) but my person, morals, and family; whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of myself, and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this Epistle. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the truth and the sentiment; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, the vicious or the ungenerous.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I have, for the most part, spared their names; and they may escape being laughed at, if they please.

I would have some of them to know, it was owing to the request of the learned and candid friend to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage and honour on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine; since a nameless character can never be found out but by its truth and likeness.

P. 'Shut, shut the door, good John,' fatigued, I said,
'Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.'
The dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide;
By land, by water, they renew the charge;
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
E'en Sunday shines no sabbath-day to me;
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy to catch me!—just at dinner time.
Is there a parson, much bemused in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross;
Is there who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desperate charcoal round his darken'd walls;
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.
Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong
The world had wanted many an idle song)
What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped;
If foes, they write; if friends, they read me dead.
Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:
To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace;
And to be grave, exceeds all power of face.
I sit with sad civility; I read
With honest anguish, and an aching head;
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel, 'Keep your piece nine years.'
'Nine years!' cries he, who, high in Drury-lane,
Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
Obliged by hunger and request of friends:
'The piece, you think, is incorrect: why take it;
I'm all submission; what you'd have it make it.'
Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.
Pitholeon sends to me; 'You know his grace;
I want a patron; ask him for a place.'
Pitholeon libell'd me—'but here s a letter
Informs you, sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
Dare you refuse him Curll invites to dine?
He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine.'
Bless me! a packet.—'Tis a stranger sues
A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse.'
If I dislike it, 'Furies, death, and rage!'
If I approve, 'Commend it to the stage.'
There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
The players and I are, luckily, no friends.
Fired that the house reject him, ''Sdeath! I'll print it,
And shame the fools—your interest, sir, with Lintot.'
'Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:'
'Not, sir, if you revise it, and retouch.'
All my demurs but double his attacks:
At last he whispers, 'Do; and we go snacks.'
Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,
'Sir, let me see your works and you no more.'
'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring
(Midas, a sacred person and a king,)
His very minister, who spied them first,
(Some say his queen,) was forced to speak, or burst.
And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
When every coxcomb perks them in my face?
A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dangerous things,
I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings;
Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,
'Tis nothing—P. Nothing? if they bite and kick?
Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass,
That secret to each fool, that he's an ass:
The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
The queen of Midas slept, and so may I.
You think this cruel: take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:
Pit, box, and gallery, in convulsions hurl'd,
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
Who shames a scribbler? Break one cobweb through,
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew:
Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Throned on the centure of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines:
Whom have I hurt? has poet yet, or peer,
Lost the arch'd eyebrow, or Parnassian sneer?

And has not Colly still his lord and whore?
His butchers Henly? his free-masons Moore?
Does not one table Bavius still admit?
Still to one bishop Phillips seem a wit?
Still Sappho.—A. Hold; for God's sake—you'll offend,
No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
But foes like these—P. One flatterer's worse than all.
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.
One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
One from all Grub street will my fame defend,
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud 'Subscribe, subscribe!'
There are, who to my person pay their court:
I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short.
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nose, and, 'Sir! you have an eye—.'
Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
All that disgraced my betters met in me.
Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
'Just so immortal Maro held his head;'
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer died three thousand years ago.
Why did I write? what sin to me unknown,
Dipp'd me in ink—my parents' or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came;
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd:
The muse but served to ease some friend, not wife,
To help me through this long disease, my life;
To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserved to bear.
But why then publish? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;
Well-natured Garth inflamed with early praise,
And Congreve loved, and Swift endured, my lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
E'en mitred Rochester would nod the head,
And St. John's self (great Dryden's friend before)
With open arms received one poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approved!
Happier their author, when by these beloved!
From these the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.
Soft were my numbers: who could take offence
While pure description held the place of sense?
Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,
'A painted mistress, or a purling stream.'
Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;
I wish'd the man a dinner, and sat still:
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;
I never answer'd; I was not in debt;
If want provoked, or madness made them print,
I waged no war with Bedlam or the Mint.
Did some more sober critic come abroad?
If wrong, I smiled; if right, I kiss'd the rod:
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel graced these ribalds,
From slashing Bently down to piddling Tibbalds:
Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells
Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables,
E'en such small critics some regard may claim,
Preserved in Milton's or in Shakspeare's name
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
Were others angry? I excused them too;
Well might they rage: I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This, who can gratify? for who can guess?
The bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown;
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a year:
He who, still wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
And he, who, now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning;
And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
All these my modest satire bade translate,
And own'd that nine such poets made a Tate.
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe.
And swear not Addison himself was safe.
Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Bless'd with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease;
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?
What though my name stood rubric on the walls,
Or plaster'd posts, with claps, in capitals?
Or smoking forth, a hundred hawker's load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I sought no homage from the race that write:
I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight:
Poems I heeded (now be-rhymed so long)
No more than thou, great George! a birth-day song
I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,
To spread about the itch of verse and praise;
Nor like a puppy, daggled through the town,
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;
Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cried,
With handkerchief and orange at my side:
But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo left the whole Castalian state.
Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
Sat full-blown Bufo, puff'd by every quill;

Fed with soft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand and hand in song.
His library (where busts of poets dead,
And a true Pindar stood without a head)
Received of wits an undistinguish'd race,
Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place;
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
And flatter'd every day, and some days eat;
Till, grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid some bards with port, and some with praise;
To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh;
Dryden alone escaped this judging eye:
But still the great have kindness in reserve:
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.
May some choice patron bless each grey-goose quill!
May every Bavius have his Bufo still!
So when a statesman wants a day's defence,
Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense,
Or simple pride for flattery makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands.
Bless'd be the great! for those they take away,
And those they left me—for they left me Gay:
Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameless life the sole return
My verse, and Queensberry weeping o'er thy urn!
Oh, let me live my own, and die so too!
(To live and die is all I have to do:)
Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books I please:
Above a patron, though I condescend
Sometimes to call a minister my friend.
I was not born for courts or great affairs:
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers;
Can sleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead.
Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
Heavens! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?
'I found him close with Swift'—'Indeed! no doubt,'
Cries prating Balbus, 'something will come out.'
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will;
'No, such a genius never can lie still:'
And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first lampoon sir Will or Bubo makes.
Poor, guiltless I! and can I choose but smile,
When every coxcomb knows me by my style?
Cursed be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear:
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fallen worth, or beauty in distress,
Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out;
That fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame;
Who can your merit selfishly approve,
And show the sense of it without the love;
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injured, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And, if he lie not, must at least betray;
Who to the dean and silver bell can swear,
And sees at Canons what was never there;
Who reads but with a lust to misapply,
Makes satire a lampoon, and fiction lie:
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.
Let Sporus tremble—A. What? that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?
Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings:
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies:
His wit all see-saw, between that and this,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that, acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart;
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the rabbins have express'd,
A cherub's face, and reptile all the rest:
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
Not fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool,
Not lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool,
Not proud, nor servile: be one poet's praise,
That, if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways;
That flattery, e'en to kings, he held a shame,
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same;
That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to truth, and moralized his song;
That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit:
Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
The imputed trash, and dulness not his own;
The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,
The libell'd person, and the pictured shape;
Abuse, on all he loved, or loved him, spread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead;
The whisper, that, to greatness still too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his sovereign's ear—
Welcome for thee, fair virtue! all the past:
For thee, fair virtue! welcome e'en the last!
A. But why insult the poor, affront the great?
P. A knave's a knave to me, in every state;
Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail:
A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire;
If on a pillory, or near a throne,
He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit;
This dreaded satirist Dennis will confess
Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress!
So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,
Has drunk with Cibber, nay, has rhymed for Moore:
Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?
Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie
To please a mistress one aspersed his life;
He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife:
Let Budgell charge low Grub street on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleased, except his will;
Let the two Curlls of town and court abuse
His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.
Yet why? that father held it for a rule,
It was a sin to call our neighbour fool:
That harmless mother thought no wife a whore:
Hear this and spare his family, James Moore!
Unspotted names, and memorable long,
If there be force in virtue or in song.
Of gentle blood (part shed in honour's cause,
While yet in Britain honour had applause)
Each parent sprung—A. What fortune, pray?
P. Their own,
And better got than Bestia's from the throne.
Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
Nor marrying discord in a noble wife:
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious through his age:
No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dared an oath, nor hazarded a lie.
Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language but the language of the heart.
By nature honest, by experience wise;
Healthy by temperance and by exercise;
His life, though long, to sickness pass'd unknown,
His death was instant, and without a groan.
O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.
O friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
Be no unpleasing melancholy mine;
Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky!
On cares like these if length of days attend,
May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve my friend!
Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he served a queen!
A. Whether that blessing be denied or given,
Thus far was right; the rest belongs to Heaven.

SATIRES AND EPISTLES
OF
HORACE, IMITATED.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The occasion of publishing these Imitations was the clamour raised on some of my Epistles. An answer from Horace was both more full, and of more dignity, than any I could have made in my own person: and the example of much greater freedom in so eminent a divine as Dr. Donne, seemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat vice or folly, in ever so low or ever so high a station. Both these authors were acceptable to the princes and ministers under whom they lived. The satires of Dr. Donne I versified at the desire of the earl of Oxford, while he was lord treasurer, and of the duke of Shrewsbury, who had been secretary of state; neither of whom looked upon a satire on vicious courts as any reflection on those they served in. And, indeed, there is not in the world a greater error, than that which fools are so apt to fall into, and knaves with good reason to encourage, the mistaking a satirist for a libeller; whereas to a true satirist nothing is so odious as a libeller, for the same reason as to a man truly virtuous nothing is so hateful as a hypocrite.

Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.

Whoever expects a paraphrase of Horace, or a faithful copy of his genius, or manner of writing, in these imitations, will be much disappointed. Our author uses the Roman poet for little more than his canvass: and if the old design or colouring chance to suit his purpose, it is well; if not, he employs his own, without scruple or ceremony. Hence it is, he is so frequently serious where Horace is in jest, and at ease where Horace is disturbed. In a word, he regulates his movements no further on his original, than was necessary for his concurrence in promoting their common plan of reformation of manners.

Had it been his purpose merely to paraphrase an ancient satirist, he had hardly made choice of Horace: with whom, as a poet, he held little in common, besides a comprehensive knowledge of life and manners, and a certain curious felicity of expression, which consists in using the simplest language with dignity, and the most ornamented with ease. For the rest, his harmony and strength of numbers, his force and splendour of colouring, his gravity and sublimity of sentiment, would have rather led him to another model. Nor was his temper less unlike that of Horace, than his talents. What Horace would only smile at, Mr. Pope would treat with the grave severity of Persius; and what Mr. Pope would strike with the caustic lightning of Juvenal, Horace would content himself in turning into ridicule.

If it be asked then, why he took any body at all to imitate, he has informed us in his advertisement. To which we may add, that this sort of imitations, which are of the nature of parodies, adds reflected grace and splendour on original wit. Besides, he deemed it more modest to give the name of imitations to his satire, than, like Despreaux, to give the name of satires to imitations.

BOOK II.—SATIRE I.
TO MR. FORTESCUE.

P. There are (I scarce can think it, but am told)
There are to whom my satire seems too bold;
Scarce to wise Peter complaisant enough,
And something said of Chartres much too rough.
The lines are weak, another's pleased to say:
Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.
Timorous by nature, of the rich in awe,
I come to counsel learned in the law:
You 'll give me, like a friend, both sage and free,
Advice; and (as you use) without a fee.

F. I'd write no more.
P. Not write? but then I think,
And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.
I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools rush into my head, and so I write.
F. You could not do a worse thing for your life.
Why, if the night seems tedious—take a wife:
Or rather truly, if your point be rest,
Lettuce and cowslip wine; *probatum est.*
But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise
Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes.
Or, if you needs must write, write Cæsar's praise,
You 'll gain at least a knighthood, or the bays.
P. What, like sir Richard! rumbling, rough, and fierce
With arms, and George and Brunswick crowd the verse;
Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder,
With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder?
Or nobly wild, with Budgell's fire and force,
Paint angels trembling round his fallen horse?
F. Then all your muse's softer art display;
Let Carolina smooth the tuneful lay;
Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,
And sweetly flow through all the royal line.
P. Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;
They scarce can bear their laureat twice a year:
And justly Cæsar scorns the poet's lays;
It is to history he trusts for praise.
F. Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
Than ridicule all taste, blaspheme quadrille,
Abuse the city's best good men in metre,
And laugh at peers that put their trust in Peter.
E'en those you touch not, hate you.
P. What should ail 'em?
F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam:
The fewer still you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.
P. Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pie;
Ridotta sips and dances, till she see
The doubling lustres dance as fast as she:
F— loves the senate, Hockleyhole his brother,
Like in all else, as one egg to another.
I love to pour out all myself, as plain
As downright Shippen, or as old Montagne:
In them, as certain to be loved as seen,
The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within;
In me what spots (for spots I have) appear,
Will prove at least the medium must be clear.
In this impartial glass, my muse intends
Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends;
Publish the present age; but where my text
Is vice too high, reserve it for the next:
My foes shall wish my life a longer date,
And every friend the less lament my fate.
My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,
Verseman or Proseman, term me which you will,
Papist or Protestant, or both between,
Like good Erasmus in an honest mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
Satire 's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet;
I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
Thieves, supercargoes, sharpers, and directors.
Save but our army! and let Jove incrust
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!
Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's more:
But touch me, and no minister so sore.
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burthen of some merry song.
Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage;
Hard words or hanging, if your judge be Page.
From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
P–x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.
Its proper power to hurt, each creature feels;
Bulls aim their horns, and asses lift their heels;
'Tis a bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
And no man wonders he's not stung by pug.
So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
They 'll never poison you, they 'll only cheat.
Then, learned sir! (to cut the matter short)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at court;
Whether old age, with faint but cheerful ray
Attends to gild the evening of my day,
Or Death's black wing already be display'd,
To wrap me in the universal shade;
Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the skewer to write;
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
Like Lee or Budgell, I will rhyme and print.
F. Alas, young man! your days can ne'er be long;
In flower of age you perish for a song!
Plums and directors, Shylock and his wife,
Will club their testers, now, to take your life!
P. What! arm'd for Virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men;
Dash the proud gamester in his gilded car;
Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star;
Can there be wanting, to defend her cause,
Lights of the church, or guardians of the laws?
Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain
Flatterers and bigots e'en in Louis' reign?
Could laureat Dryden pimp and friar engage,
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
And I not strip the gilding off a knave,
Unplaced, unpension'd, no man's heir or slave?
I will, or perish in the generous cause:
Hear this, and tremble! you who 'scape the laws.
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the world in credit to his grave:
To Virtue only and her friends a friend,
The world beside may murmur or commend.
Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my grotto, and but soothes my sleep.
There, my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place.
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul:
And he, whose lightning pierced the Iberian lines,
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines;
Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain,
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.
Envy must own, I live among the great
No pimp of pleasure, and no spy of state:
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats;
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats;
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This, all who know me, know, who love me, tell;
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scribblers or peers, alike are mob to me.
This is my plea, on this I rest my cause—
What saith my counsel, learned in the laws?

F. Your plea is good; but still I say, beware!
Laws are explain'd by men—so have a care.
It stands on record, that in Richard's times
A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes;
Consult the statute, *quart.* I think, it is,
Edwardi sext. or *prim. et quint. Eliz.*
See libels, satires—here you have it—read.

P. Libels and satires! lawless things indeed!
But grave epistles, bringing vice to light,
Such as a king might read, a bishop write,
Such as sir Robert would approve—

F. Indeed!
The case is alter'd—you may then proceed;
In such a case the plaintiff will be hiss'd,
My lords the judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

BOOK II.—SATIRE II.

TO MR. BETHEL.

What, and how great, the virtue and the art
To live on little with a cheerful heart!
(A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine;)
Let's talk, my friends, but talk before we dine.
Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from sound philosophy aside:
Not when from plate to plate your eye-balls roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.
Hear Bethel's sermon, one not versed in schools,
But strong in sense, and wise without the rules.
'Go work, hunt, exercise,' he thus began,
'Then scorn a homely dinner, if you can.
Your wine lock'd up, your butler stroll'd abroad,
Or fish denied (the river yet unthaw'd,)
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.'
Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
Will choose a pheasant still before a hen:
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold.
Of carps and mullets why prefer the great
(Though cut in pieces ere my lord can eat,)
Yet for small turbots such esteem profess?
Because God made these large, the other less.
Oldfield, with more than harpy throat endued,
Cries, 'Send me, gods! a whole hog barbecued!'
O blast it, south-winds! till a stench exhale
Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.
By what criterion do you eat, d'ye think,
If this is prized for sweetness, that for stink?
When the tired glutton labours through a treat,
He finds no relish in the sweetest meat;
He calls for something bitter, something sour,
And the rich feast concludes extremely poor:
Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives, still we see;
Thus much is left of old simplicity!
The robin-red-breast till of late had rest,
And children sacred held a martin's nest,
Till beccaficos sold so devilish dear,
To one that was, or would have been, a peer.
Let me extol a cat on oysters fed,
I'll have a party at the Bedford head;
Or e'en to crack live crawfish recommend,
I'd never doubt at court to make a friend.
'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
About one vice, and fall into the other:

Between excess and famine lies a mean;
Plain, but not sordid; though not splendid, clean.
Avidien, or his wife, (no matter which,
For him you 'll call a dog, and her a bitch,)
Sell their presented partridges and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:
One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine;
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on some lucky day (as when they found
A lost bank bill, or heard their son was drown'd,)
At such a feast, old vinegar to spare,
Is what two souls so generous cannot bear:
Oil, though it stink, they drop by drop impart,
But souse the cabbage with a bounteous heart.
He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,
And neither leans on this side nor on that;
Nor stops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;
Nor lets, like Nævius, every error pass,
The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.
Now hear what blessings temperance can bring:
(Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing:)
First health: the stomach (cramm'd from every dish,
A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish,
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one intestine war,)
Remembers oft the schoolboy's simple fare,
The temperate sleeps, and spirits light as air.
How pale each worshipful and reverend guest
Rise from a clergy or a city feast!
What life in all that ample body? say,
What heavenly particle inspires the clay?
The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
To seem but mortal e'en in sound divines.
On morning wings how active springs the mind,
That leaves the load of yesterday behind!
How easy every labour it pursues!
How coming to the poet every Muse!
Not but we may exceed, some holy time,
Or tired in search of truth, or search of rhyme;
Ill health some just indulgence may engage;
And more the sickness of long life, old age:
For fainting age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemperate youth the vessel drains?
Our fathers praised rank venison. You suppose,
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose.
Not so: a buck was then a week's repast,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last:
More pleased to keep it till their friends could come,
Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.
Why had not I in those good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb-pies or coxcombs were on earth?
Unworthy he the voice of fame to hear,
That sweetest music to an honest ear,
(For 'faith, lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a song;)
Who has not learn'd, fresh sturgeon and ham-pie
Are no rewards for want and infamy!
When luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
Cursed by thy neighbours, thy trustees, thyself;
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
Think how posterity will treat thy name;
And buy a rope, that future times may tell
Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well.
'Right,' cries his lordship, 'for a rogue in need
To have a taste, is insolence indeed:
In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state
My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great.'

Then, like the sun, let bounty spread her ray,
And shine that superfluity away.
O impudence of wealth! with all thy store
How darest thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the new-built churches round thee fall?
Make keys, build bridges, or repair Whitehall:
Or to thy country let that heap be lent,
As M**o's was, but not at five per cent.
Who thinks that fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
And who stands safest? tell me, is it he
That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity,
Or bless'd with little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a war?
Thus Bethel spoke, who always speaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought:
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love, would imitate the man.
In South-sea days not happier, when surmised
The lord of thousands, than if now excised;
In forest planted by a father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.
Content with little I can piddle here,
On brocoli and mutton, round the year;
But ancient friends (though poor, or out of play)
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.
'Tis true, no turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords!
To Hounslow-heath I point, and Bansted-down,
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own:
From yon old walnut tree a shower shall fall;
And grapes long lingering on my only wall;
And figs from standards and espalier join;
The devil is in you if you cannot dine:
Then cheerful healths (your mistress shall have place,)
And, what 's more rare, a poet shall say grace.
Fortune not much of humbling me can boast;
Though double tax'd, how little have I lost!
My life's amusements have been just the same,
Before and after standing armies came.
My lands are sold, my father's house is gone:
I'll hire another's: is not that my own,
And yours, my friends? through whose free opening gate
None comes too early, none departs too late;
(For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.)
'Pray Heaven it last!' cries Swift, 'as you go on:
I wish to God this house had been your own:
Pity! to build, without a son or wife;
Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life.'
Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one,
Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?
What's property? dear Swift! you see it alter,
From you to me, from me to Peter Walter;
Or, in a mortgage, prove a lawyer's share;
Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir;
Or in pure equity (the case not clear)
The Chancery takes your rents for twenty year;
At best, it falls to some ungracious son,
Who cries, 'My father's damn'd, and all 's my own.
Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford,
Become the portion of a booby lord;
And Hemsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a scrivener, or a city knight.
Let lands and houses have what lords they will,
Let us be fix'd, and our own masters still.

BOOK I.—EPISTLE I.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

St. John, whose love indulged my labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
Why will you break the sabbath of my days?
Now sick alike of envy and of praise.
Public too long, ah, let me hide my age!
See modest Cibber now has left the stage:
Our generals now, retired to their estates,
Hang their old trophies o'er the garden gates,
In life's cool evening satiate of applause,
Nor fond of bleeding, e'en in Brunswick's cause.
A voice there is, that whispers in my ear
('Tis reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear,)
'Friend Pope! be prudent, let your Muse take breath,
And never gallop Pegasus to death:
Lest stiff and stately, void of fire or force,
You limp, like Blackmore, on a lord mayor's horse.'
Farewell then verse, and love, and every toy,
The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy;
What right, what true, what fit, we justly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is all:
To lay this harvest up, and hoard with haste,
What every day will want, and most the last.
But ask not to what doctors I apply?
Sworn to no master, of no sect am I:
As drives the storm, at any door I knock,
And house with Montagne now, or now with Locke:
Sometimes a patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the world, and battle for the state;
Free as young Lyttleton, her cause pursue,
Still true to virtue, and as warm as true:
Sometimes with Aristippus, or St. Paul,
Indulge my candour, and grow all to all,
Back to my native moderation slide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.
Long as to him who works for debt the day,
Long as the night to her whose love 's away;
Long as the year's dull circle seems to run,
When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one;
So slow the unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the functions of my soul;
That keep me from myself; and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day:
That task which as we follow or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise:
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure;
And which not done, the richest must be poor.
Late as it is, I put myself to school,
And feel some comfort, not to be a fool.
Weak though I am of limb, and short of sight,
Far from a lynx, and not a giant quite;
I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
Not to go back, is somewhat to advance,
And men must walk at least before they dance.
Say, does thy blood rebel, thy bosom move
With wretched avarice, or as wretched love?
Know there are words and spells which can control,
Between the fits, the fever of the soul;
Know there are rhymes, which fresh and fresh applied,
Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride.
Be furious, envious, slothful, mad or drunk,
Slave to a wife, or vassal to a punk,
A Switz, a High-Dutch, or a Low-Dutch bear;
All that we ask is but a patient ear.

'Tis the first virtue, vices to abhor;
And the first wisdom, to be fool no more.
But to the world no bugbear is so great,
As want of figure, and a small estate.
To either India see the merchant fly,
Scared at the spectre of pale poverty;
See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,
Burn through the tropic, freeze beneath the pole!
Wilt thou do nothing for a noble end,
Nothing to make philosophy thy friend?
To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires,
And ease thy heart of all that it admires?
Here wisdom calls: 'Seek virtue first, be bold!
As gold to silver, virtue is to gold.'
There, London's voice, 'Get money, money still!
And then let Virtue follow, if she will.'
This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,
From low St. James's up to high St. Paul!
From him whose quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches sticks at Westminster.
Barnard in spirit, sense, and truth abounds;
'Pray then what wants he?' Fourscore thousand pounds;
A pension, or such harness for a slave
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
Barnard, thou art a cit with all thy worth;
But Bug and D*l, their honours, and so forth.
Yet every child another song will sing,
'Virtue, brave boys! 'tis virtue makes a king.'
True, conscious honour, is to feel no sin,
He's arm'd without that 's innocent within;
Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of brass;
Compared to this, a minister 's an ass.
And say, to which shall our applause belong,
This new court-jargon, or the good old song?
The modern language of corrupted peers,
Or what was spoke at Cressy or Poitiers?
Who counsels best? who whispers, 'Be but great,
With praise or infamy, leave that to fate;
Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace;
If not, by any means get wealth and place:'
For what? to have a box where eunuchs sing,
And foremost in the circle eye a king:
Or he, who bids thee face with steady view,
Proud fortune, and look shallow greatness through:
And, while he bids thee, sets the example too?
If such a doctrine, in St. James's air,
Should chance to make the well-dress'd rabble stare;
In honest S*z take scandal at a spark,
That less admires the palace than the park:
Faith I shall give the answer Reynard gave:
'I cannot like, dread sire, your royal cave;
Because I see, by all the tracks about,
Full many a beast goes in, but none come out.'
Adieu to Virtue, if you 're once a slave:
Send her to court, you send her to her grave.
Well, if a king 's a lion, at the least,
The people are a many-headed beast;
Can they direct what measures to pursue.
Who know themselves so little what to do?
Alike in nothing but one lust of gold,
Just half the land would buy, and half be sold:
Their country's wealth our mightier misers drain,
Or cross, to plunder provinces, the main;
The rest, some farm the poor-box, some the pews;
Some keep assemblies, and would keep the stews;
Some with fat bucks on childless dotards fawn;
Some win rich widows by their chine and brawn;
While with the silent growth of ten per cent,
In dirt and darkness, hundreds stink content.
Of all these ways, if each pursues his own,
Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone:
But show me one who has it in his power
To act consistent with himself an hour.
Sir Job sail'd forth, the evening bright and still:
'No place on earth,' he cried, 'like Greenwich-hill!'
Up starts a palace; lo, the obedient base
Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,
The silver Thames reflects its marble face.
Now let some whimsy, or that devil within,
Which guides all those who know not what they mean,
But give the knight (or give his lady) spleen;
'Away, away! take all your scaffolds down,
For Snug 's the word: my dear, we 'll live in town.'
At amorous Flavio is the stocking thrown?
That very night he longs to lie alone.
The fool whose wife elopes some thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial solace dies a martyr.
Did ever Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themselves so strangely as the rich?
Well, but the poor—the poor have the same itch;
They change their weekly barber, weekly news,
Prefer a new japanner to their shoes;
Discharge their garrets, move their beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a chaise and one;
They hire their sculler, and when once aboard,
Grow sick, and damn the climate—like a lord.
You laugh, half-beau half-sloven if I stand,
My wig all powder, and all snuff my band:
You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy lady Mary!
But when no prelate's lawn, with hair-shirt lined,
Is half so incoherent as my mind,
When (each opinion with the next at strife;
One ebb and flow of follies all my life,)
I plant, root up; I build and then confound;
Turn round to square, and square again to round;
You never change one muscle of your face,
You think this madness but a common case,
Nor once to Chancery, nor to Hale apply;
Yet hang your lip to see a seam awry!
Careless how ill I with myself agree,
Kind to my dress, my figure, not to me.
Is this my guide, philosopher, and friend?
This he, who loves me, and who ought to mend?
Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)
That man divine whom Wisdom calls her own;
Great without title, without fortune bless'd;
Rich e'en when plunder'd, honour'd while oppress'd.
Loved without youth, and follow'd without power:
At home, though exiled; free, though in the Tower,
In short, that reasoning, high immortal thing,
Just less than Jove, and much above a king:
Nay, half in heaven—except (what's mighty odd)
A fit of vapours clouds this demi-god!

BOOK I.—EPISTLE VI.

TO MR. MURRAY.

This piece is the most finished of all his imitations, and executed in the high manner the Italian painters call *con amore*; by which they mean, the exertion of that principle which puts the faculties on the stretch, and produces the supreme degree of excellence. For

the poet had all the warmth of affection for the great lawyer to whom it is addressed; and, indeed, no man ever more deserved to have a poet for his friend. In the obtaining of which, as neither vanity, party, nor fear, had any share, so he supported his title to it by all the offices of true friendship.

'Not to admire, is all the art I know,
To make men happy, and to keep them so.'
(Plain truth, dear Murray, needs no flowers of speech,
So take it in the very words of Creech.)
This vault of air, this congregated ball,
Self-centred sun, and stars that rise and fall,
There are, my friend! whose philosophic eyes
Look through and trust the Ruler with his skies;
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view this dreadful all without a fear.
Admire we then what earth's low entrails hold,
Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold;
All the mad trade of fools and slaves for gold?
Or popularity? or stars and strings?
The mob's applauses, or the gifts of kings?
Say with what eyes we ought at courts to gaze,
And pay the great our homage of amaze?
If weak the pleasure that from these can spring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
Whether we dread, or whether we desire,
In either case, believe me, we admire;
Whether we joy or grieve, the same the curse,
Surprised at better, or surprised at worse.
Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
The unbalanced mind, and snatch the man away:
For virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.
Go then, and if you can, admire the state
Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate;
Procure a taste to double the surprise,
And gaze on Parian charms with learned eyes:
Be struck with bright brocade, or Tyrian dye,
Or birth-day nobles' splendid livery.
If not so pleased, at council-board rejoice
To see their judgments hang upon thy voice;
From morn to night, at senate, rolls, and hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?
For fame, for riches, for a noble wife?
Shall one whom nature learning, birth conspired
To form, not to admire, but be admired,
Sigh while his Chloe, blind to wit and worth,
Weds the rich dulness of some son of earth?
Yet time ennobles, or degrades each line:
It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine.
And what is fame? the meanest have their day:
The greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
Graced as thou art, with all the power of words,
So known, so honour'd, at the house of lords:
Conspicuous scene! another yet is nigh
(More silent far,) where kings and poets lie:
Where Murray (long enough his country's pride)
Shall be no more than Tully or than Hyde!
Rack'd with sciatics, martyr'd with the stone,
Will any mortal let himself alone?
See Ward by batter'd beaux invited over,
And desperate misery lays hold on Dover.
The case is easier in the mind's disease;
There all men may be cured whene'er they please.
Would ye be bless'd? despise low joys, low gains;
Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains;
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.
But art thou one, whom new opinions sway?
One who believes as Tindal leads the way,
Who virtue and a church alike disowns,
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and stones?
Fly then on all the wings of wild desire,
Admire whate'er the maddest can admire.
Is wealth thy passion? Hence! from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll;
For Indian spices, for Peruvian gold,
Prevent the greedy, or outbid the bold:
Advance thy golden mountain to the skies;
On the broad base of fifty thousand rise,
Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
Add fifty more, and bring it to a square:
For, mark the advantage; just so many score
Will gain a wife with half as many more;
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,
And then such friends—as cannot fail to last.
A man of wealth is dubb'd a man of worth,
Venus shall give him form, and Anstis birth.
(Believe me, many a German prince is worse,
Who proud of pedigree is poor of purse.)
His wealth brave Timon gloriously confounds;
Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
Or if three ladies like a luckless play,
Take the whole house upon the poet's day.
Now, in such exigences not to need,
Upon my word, you must be rich indeed;
A noble superfluity it craves,
Not for yourself, but for your fools and knaves;
Something, which for your honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.
If wealth alone then make and keep us bless'd,
Still, still be getting, never, never rest.
But if to power and place your passion lie,
If in the pomp of life consist the joy;
Then hire a slave, or (if you will) a lord,
To do the honours, and to give the word;
Tell at your levee, as the crowds approach,
To whom to nod, whom take into your coach,
Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,
Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:
'This may be troublesome, is near the chair;
That makes three members, this can choose a mayor.
Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
Adopt him son, or cousin at the least,
Then turn about, and laugh at your own jest.
Or if your life be one continued treat,
If to live well means nothing but to eat;
Up, up! cries gluttony, 'tis break of day,
Go drive the deer, and drag the finny prey;
With hounds and horns go hunt an appetite—
So Russel did, but could not eat at night;
Call'd happy dog! the beggar at his door,
And envied thirst and hunger to the poor.
Or shall we every decency confound;
Through taverns, stews, and bagnios take our round;
Go dine with Chartres, in each vice outdo
K—l's lewd cargo, or Ty—y's crew;
From Latian sirens, French Circæan feasts,
Return well travell'd, and transform'd to beasts;
Or for a titled punk, or foreign flame,
Renounce our country, and degrade our name?
If, after all, we must with Wilmot own,
The cordial drop of life is love alone,

And Swift cry wisely, *Vive la bagatelle!*
The man that loves and laughs, must sure do well.
Adieu—if this advice appear the worst,
E'en take the counsel which I gave you first:
Or better precepts if you can impart,
Why do; I'll follow them with all my heart.

BOOK II.—EPISTLE I.

TO AUGUSTUS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The reflections of Horace, and the judgments passed in his Epistle to Augustus, seemed so seasonable to the present times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own country. The author thought them considerable enough to address them to his prince, whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the increase of an absolute empire. But to make the poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the happiness of a free people, and are more consistent with the welfare of our neighbours.

This Epistle will show the learned world to have fallen into two mistakes: one, that Augustus was the patron of poets in general; whereas he not only prohibited all but the best writers to name him, but recommended that care even to the civil magistrate: *Admonebat prætores, ne paterentur nomen suum obsolefieri, &c.* The other, that this piece was only a general discourse of poetry; whereas it was an apology for the poets, in order to render Augustus more their patron. Horace here pleads the cause of his contemporaries, first against the taste of the town, whose humour it was to magnify the authors of the preceding age; secondly, against the court and nobility, who encourage only the writers for the theatre; and lastly, against the emperor himself, who had conceived them of little use to the government. He shows (by a view of the progress of learning, and the change of taste among the Romans) that the introduction of the polite arts of Greece had given the writers of his time great advantages over their predecessors; that their morals were much improved, and the licence of those ancient poets restrained; that satire and comedy were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagances were left on the stage, were owing to the ill taste of the nobility; that poets, under due regulations, were in many respects useful to the state; and concludes, that it was upon them the emperor himself must depend for his fame with posterity.

We may further learn from this Epistle, that Horace made his court to this great prince, by writing with a decent freedom towards him, with a just contempt of his low flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own character.

WHILE you, great patron of mankind! sustain
The balanced world, and open all the main;
Your country, chief in arms, abroad defend;
At home, with morals, arts, and laws amend;
How shall the Muse, from such a monarch steal
An hour, and not defraud the public weal?

Edward and Henry, now the boast of fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred name,
After a life of generous toils endured,
The Gaul subdued, or property secured,
Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,
Or law establish'd, and the world reform'd,
Closed their long glories with a sigh, to find
The unwilling gratitude of base mankind!
All human virtue to its latest breath
Finds envy never conquer'd but by death.
The great Alcides, every labour past,
Had still this monster to subdue at last:
Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
Each star of meaner merit fades away!
Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat;
Those suns of glory please not till they set.
To thee the world its present homage pays,
The harvest early, but mature the praise:
Great friend of liberty! in kings a name
Above all Greek, above all Roman fame;
Whose word is truth, as sacred and revered,
As Heaven's own oracles from altars heard:
Wonder of kings! like whom, to mortal eyes
None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise.
Just in one instance, be it yet confess'd,
Your people, sir, are partial in the rest:
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
It is the rust we value, not the gold.
Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote:
One likes no language but the Fairy Queen:
A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green;
And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
He swears the Muses met him at the Devil.
Though justly Greece her eldest sons admires,
Why should not we be wiser than our sires?
In every public virtue we excel;
We build, we paint, we sing, we dance as well;
And learned Athens to our art must stoop,
Could she behold us tumbling through a hoop.
If time improve our wits as well as wine,
Say at what age a poet grows divine?
Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
Who died perhaps, a hundred years ago?
End all dispute; and fix the year precise
When British bards begin to immortalize?
'Who lasts a century can have no flaw;
I hold that wit a classic, good in law.'
Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?
And shall we deem him ancient, right, and sound
Or damn to all eternity at once,
At ninety-nine a modern and a dunce?
'We shall not quarrel for a year or two;
By courtesy of England he may do.'
Then by the rule that made the horse-tail bare
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt down ancients like a heap of snow:
While you, to measure merits, look in Stowe,
And estimating authors by the year,
Bestow a garland only on a bier.
Shakspeare (whom you and every playhouse-bill
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will)
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite.
Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
The life to come in every poet's creed.

Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
Forgot his epic, nay Pindaric art,
But still I love the language of his heart.
'Yet surely, surely, these were famous men!
What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben?
In all debates where critics bear a part,
Not one but nods, and talks of Jonson's art,
Of Shakspeare's nature, and of Cowley's wit;
How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher writ;
How Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was slow;
But, for the passions, Southern, sure, and Rowe.
These, only these, support the crowded stage,
From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age.'
All this may be; the people's voice is odd,
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.
To Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
And yet deny the Carcless Husband praise,
Or say our fathers never broke a rule;
Why then, I say, the public is a fool.
But let them own, that greater faults than we
They had, and greater virtues, I'll agree.
Spencer himself affects the obsolete,
And Sydney's verse halts ill on Roman feet:
Milton's strong pinion now not Heaven can bound,
Now serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground;
In quibbles, angel and archangel join,
And God the Father turns a school divine.
Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,
Like slashing Bentley with his desperate hook;
Or damn all Shakspeare, like the affected fool
At court, who hates whate'er he read at school.
But for the wits of either Charles's days,
The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease;
Sprat, Carew, Sedly, and a hundred more
(Like twinkling stars, the miscellanies o'er,)
One simile, that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
Or lengthen'd thought that gleams through many a page,
Has sanctified whole poems for an age.
I lose my patience, and I own it too,
When works are censured, not as bad, but new;
While, if our elders break all reason's laws,
These fools demand not pardon but applause.
On Avon's bank, where flowers eternal blow,
If I but ask if any weed can grow;
One tragic sentence if I dare deride,
Which Betterton's grave action dignified,
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims
(Though but, perhaps, a muster-roll of names,)
How will our fathers rise up in a rage,
And swear all shame is lost in George's age!
You'd think no fools disgraced the former reign,
Did not some grave examples yet remain,
Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,
And having once been wrong, will be so still.
He, who to seem more deep than you or I,
Extols old bards, or Merlin's prophecy,
Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,
And to debase the sons exalts the sires.
Had ancient times conspired to disallow
What then was new, what had been ancient now?
Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read
By learned critics, of the mighty dead?
In days of ease, when now the weary sword
Was sheath'd, and luxury with Charles restored;
In every taste of foreign courts improved,
'All, by the king's example lived and loved.'
Then peers grew proud in horsemanship to excel,
Newmarket's glory rose, as Britain's fell;
The soldier breathed the gallantries of France,
And every flowery courtier writ romance.
Then marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,
And yielding metal flow'd to human form:
Lely on animated canvass stole
The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul.
No wonder then, when all was love and sport,
The willing Muses were debauch'd at court:
On each enervate string they taught the note
To pant, or tremble through an eunuch's throat.
But Britain, changeful as a child at play,
Now calls in princes, and now turns away.
Now Whig, now Tory, what we love we hate;
Now all for pleasure, now for church or state;
Now for prerogative, and now for laws;
Effects unhappy! from a noble cause.
Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock;
Instruct his family in every rule,
And send his wife to church, his son to school.
To worship like his fathers, was his care;
To teach their frugal virtues to his heir;
To prove that luxury could never hold;
And place on good security, his gold.
Now times are changed, and one poetic itch
Has seized the court and city, poor and rich;
Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will bear the bays:
Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays;
To theatres and to rehearsals throng,
And all our grace at table is a song.
I, who so oft renounce the Muses, lie,
Not ***'s self e'er tells more fibs than I;
When sick of Muse, our follies we deplore,
And promise our best friends to rhyme no more;
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to show our wit.
He served a 'prenticeship, who sets up shop;
Ward tried on puppies, and the poor, his drop;
E'en Radcliffe's doctors travel first to France,
Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.
Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile?
(Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile)
But those that cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble to a man.
Yet, sir, reflect, the mischief is not great;
These madmen never hurt the church or state
Sometimes the folly benefits mankind;
And rarely avarice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his plaything of a pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:
Flights of cashiers, or mobs he'll never mind,
And knows no losses while the Muse is kind.
To cheat a friend, or ward, he leaves to Peter;
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre;
Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet;
And then—a perfect hermit in his diet.
Of little use the man you may suppose,
Who says in verse, what others say in prose:
Yet let me show a poet's of some weight,
And (though no soldier) useful to the state.
What will a child learn sooner than a song?
What better teach a foreigner the tongue?
What's long or short, each accent where to place,
And speak in public with some sort of grace?

I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
Unless he praise some monster for a king:
Or virtue, or religion turn to sport,
To please a lewd or unbelieving court.
Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
And in our own (excuse some courtly strains)
No whiter page than Addison remains.
He from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of truth,
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human virtue in the heart.
Let Ireland tell how wit upheld her cause,
Her trade supported, and supplied her laws;
And leave on Swift this grateful verse engraved,
'The rights a court attack'd, a poet saved.'
Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure,
Stretch'd to relieve the idiot and the poor,
Proud vice to brand, or injured worth adorn,
And stretch the ray to ages yet unborn.
Not but there are, who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with psalms,
The boys and girls whom charity maintains,
Implore your help in these pathetic strains:
How could devotion touch the country pews,
Unless the gods bestowed a proper muse?
Verse cheers their leisure, verse assists their work,
Verse prays for peace, or sings down pope and Turk.
The silenced preacher yields to potent strain,
And feels that grace his prayer besought in vain;
The blessing thrills through all the labouring throng,
And heaven is won by violence of song.
Our rural ancestors, with little bless'd,
Patient of labour when the end was rest,
Indulged the day that housed their annual grain,
With feasts, and offerings, and a thankful strain;
The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
Ease of their toil, and partners of their care:
The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
Smoothed every brow, and open'd every soul:
With growing years the pleasing licence grew,
And taunts alternate innocently flew.
But times corrupt, and nature ill-inclined,
Produced the point that left a sting behind;
Till, friend with friend, and families at strife,
Triumphant malice raged through private life.
Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took the alarm,
Appeal'd to law, and justice lent her arm.
At length by wholesome dread of statutes bound,
The poets learn'd to please, and not to wound;
Most warp'd to flattery's side; but some more nice,
Preserved the freedom and forbore the vice.
Hence satire rose, that just the medium hit,
And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.
We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's charms;
Her arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms;
Britain to soft refinements less a foe,
Wit grew polite, and numbers learn'd to flow.
Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine:
Though still some traces of our rustic vein
And splayfoot verse remain'd, and will remain.
Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the tired nation breathed from civil war.
Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
Show'd us that France had something to admire.
Not but the tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shakspeare, fair in Otway, shone:
But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
And fluent Shakspeare scarce effaced a line.
E'en copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.
Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire,
The humbler muse of comedy require.
But in known images of life, I guess
The labour greater, as the indulgence less.
Observe how seldom e'en the best succeed:
Tell me if Congreve's fools are fools indeed?
What pert low dialogue has Farquhar writ!
How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!
The stage how loosely does Astræa tread,
Who fairly puts all characters to bed!
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinkey eat with vast applause!
But fill their purse, our poets' work is done,
Alike to them, by pathos or by pun.
O you! whom vanity's light bark conveys
On fame's mad voyage, by the wind of praise,
With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
For ever sunk too low, or borne too high;
Who pants for glory finds but short repose;
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
Farewell the stage! if, just as thrives the play,
The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.
There still remains, to mortify a wit,
The many-headed monster of the pit:
A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crowd:
Who, to disturb their betters mighty proud,
Clattering their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the farce, the bear, or the black-joke.
What dear delight to Britons farce affords!
Ever the taste of mobs, but now of lords!
(Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes:)
The play stands still; damn action and discourse,
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot and horse;
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, heralds, bishops, ermine, gold, and lawn;
The champion too! and to complete the jest,
Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast.
With laughter sure Democritus had died,
Had he beheld an audience gape so wide.
Let bear or elephant be e'er so white,
The people sure, the people are the sight!
Ah luckless poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
That bear or elephant shall heed thee more;
While all its throats the gallery extends,
And all the thunder of the pit ascends!
Loud as the wolves, on Orca's stormy steep,
Howl to the roarings of the northern deep.
Such is the shout, the long-applauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat;
Or when from court a birthday suit bestow'd,
Sinks the lost actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters—hark! the universal peal!
'But has he spoken?' Not a syllable.
What shook the stage, and made the people stare;
Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.
Yet, lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume to instruct the times
To know the poet from the man of rhymes:
'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;

Enrage, compose, with more than magic art;
With pity, and with terror, tear my heart;
And snatch me o'er the earth, or through the air
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.
But not this part of the poetic state
Alone, deserves the favour of the great:
Think of those authors, sir, who would rely
More on a reader's sense than gazer's eye.
Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?
Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring?
How shall we fill a library with wit,
When Merlin's cave is half unfurnish'd yet?
My liege! why writers little claim your thought,
I guess; and, with your leave, will tell the fault;
We poets are (upon a poet's word)
Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd:
The season when to come, and when to go,
To sing, or cease to sing, we never know;
And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You lose your patience just like other men.
Then too we hurt ourselves, when, to defend
A single verse, we quarrel with a friend;
Repeat unask'd; lament the wit 's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out every line;
But most, when, straining with too weak a wing,
We needs will write epistles to the king;
And from the moment we oblige the town,
Expect a place or pension from the crown;
Or, dubb'd historians by express command,
To enrol your triumphs o'er the seas and land,
Be call'd to court to plan some work divine,
As once for Louis, Boileau and Racine.
Yet think, great sir! (so many virtues shown)
Ah! think what poet best may make them known:
Or choose at least some minister of grace,
Fit to bestow the laureat's weighty place.
Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair,
Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care;
And great Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding steed;
So well in paint and stone they judge of merit:
But kings in wit may want discerning spirit.
The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles;
Which made old Ben and surly Dennis swear,
'No Lord 's anointed, but a Russian bear.'
Not with such majesty, such bold relief,
The forms august, of king, or conquering chief,
E'er swell'd on marble, as in verse have shined
(In polish'd verse) the manners and the mind.
O! could I mount on the Mœonian wing,
Your arms, your actions, your repose to sing;
What seas you traversed, and what fields you fought!
Your country's peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
How barbarous rage subsided at your word,
And nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the sword!
How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,
Peace stole her wing, and wrapp'd the world in sleep;
Till earth's extremes your meditation own,
And Asia's tyrants tremble at your throne—
But verse, alas! your majesty disdains;
And I 'm not used to panegyric strains:
The zeal of fools offends at any time,
But most of all, the zeal of fools in rhyme.
Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praise they say I bite.
A vile encomium doubly ridicules:
There 's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
If true, a woful likeness; and if lies,
'Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise;'
Well may he blush, who gives it or receives;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like journals, odes, and such forgotten things
As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of kings)
Clothe spice, line trunks, or, fluttering in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

BOOK II.—EPISTLE II.

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur.—Hor.

Dear colonel, Cobham's and your country's friend.
You love a verse, take such as I can send.
A Frenchman comes, presents you with his boy,
Bows, and begins—'This lad, sir, is of Blois:
Observe his shape how clean! his locks how curl'd!
My only son; I'd have him see the world:
His French is pure; his voice too—you shall hear;
Sir, he 's your slave, for twenty pounds a-year.
Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,
Your barber, cook, upholsterer, what you please:
A perfect genius at an opera song—
To say too much might do my honour wrong.
Take him with all his virtues, on my word;
His whole ambition was to serve a lord:
But, sir, to you, with what would I not part?
Though, 'faith, I fear, 'twill break his mother's heart
Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:
The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,
(Could you o'erlook but that) it is, to steal.'
If, after this, you took the graceful lad,
Could you complain, my friend, he proved so bad?
'Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
I think, sir Godfrey should decide the suit;
Who sent the thief that stole the cash, away,
And punish'd him that put it in his way.
Consider then, and judge me in this light:
I told you when I went, I could not write;
You said the same; and are you discontent
With laws to which you gave your own assent?
Nay worse, to ask for verse at such a time!
Do ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?
In Anna's wars, a soldier poor and old
Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold;
Tired with a tedious march, one luckless night,
He slept, poor dog! and lost it to a doit.
This put the man in such a desperate mind,
Between revenge and grief, and hunger join'd,
Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,
He leap'd the trenches, scaled a castle wall,
Tore down a standard, took the fort and all.
'Prodigious well!' his great commander cried,
Gave him much praise, and some reward beside
Next, pleased his excellence a town to batter,
(Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter:)
'Go on my friend,' he cried, 'see yonder walls!
Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
More honours, more rewards, attend the brave.'
Don't you remember what reply he gave?
'Do you think me, noble general, such a sot?
Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat.'
Bred up at home, full early I begun
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus son.

Besides, my father taught me from a lad,
The better art, to know the good from bad:
(And little sure imported to remove,
To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)
But knottier points, he knew not half so well,
Deprived us soon of our paternal cell;
And certain laws, by sufferers thought unjust,
Denied all posts of profit or of trust:
Hopes after hopes of pious papists fail'd,
While mighty William's thundering arm prevail'd.
For right hereditary tax'd and fined,
He stuck to poverty with peace of mind:
And me the Muses help'd to undergo it;
Convict a papist he, and I a poet.
But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive,
Sure I should want the care often Monroes,
If I would scribble, rather than repose.
Years following years steal something every day,
At last they steal us from ourselves away;
In one our frolics, one amusements end,
In one a mistress drops, in one a friend:
This subtle thief of life, this paltry time,
What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme?
If every wheel of that unwearied mill,
That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stand still?
But after all, what would you have me do,
When out of twenty I can please not two?
When this heroics only deigns to praise,
Sharp satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg:
Hard task! to hit the palates of such guests,
When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf detests.
But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
Again to rhyme: can London be the place?
Who there his muse, or self, or soul attends,
In crowds, and courts, law, business, feasts, and friends?
My counsel sends to execute a deed:
A poet begs me I will hear him read:
In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
At ten for certain, sir, in Bloomsbury-square—
Before the lords at twelve my cause comes on—
There's a rehearsal, sir, exact at one.
'O! but a wit can study in the streets,
And raise his mind above the mob he meets.'
Not quite so well, however, as one ought;
A hackney coach may chance to spoil a thought;
And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.
Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,
Two aldermen dispute it with an ass?
And peers give way, exalted as they are,
E'en to their own s-r-v—nce in a car?
Go, lofty poet! and in such a crowd,
Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud.
Alas! to grottoes and to groves we run,
To ease and silence, every Muse's son:
Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,
Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's-Court.
How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar?
How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before!
The man, who, stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat,
To books and study gives seven years complete,
See! strow'd with learned dust, his nightcap on,
He walks an object new beneath the sun!
The boys flock round him, and the people stare:
So stiff, so mute! some statue, you would swear,
Stepp'd from its pedestal to take the air!
And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
With mobs, and duns, and soldiers at their doors;
Shall I, in London, act this idle part,
Composing songs for fools to get by heart?
The Temple late two brother sergeants saw,
Who deem'd each other oracles of law;
With equal talents, these congenial souls,
One lull'd the Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Rolls;
Each had a gravity would make you split,
And shook his head at Murray as a wit.
'Twas, 'Sir, your law'—and 'Sir, your eloquence,'
'Yours, Cowper's manner'—'and yours, Talbot's sense.'
Thus we dispose of all poetic merit,
Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.
Call Tibbald Shakspeare, and he'll swear the Nine,
Dear Cibber! never match'd one ode of thine.
Lord! how we strut through Merlin's Cave, to see
No poets there, but Stephen, you, and me.
Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
Weave laurel crowns, and take what names we please.
'My dear Tibullus!' If that will not do,
Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you;
Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains,
And you shall raise up Otway for your pains.
Much do I suffer, much to keep in peace
This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race;
And much must flatter, if the whim should bite
To court applause by printing what I write:
But let the fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough
To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.
In vain bad rhymers all mankind reject,
They treat themselves with most profound respect;
'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue,
Each, praised within, is happy all day long:
But how severely with themselves proceed
The men who write such verse as we can read?
Their own strict judges, not a word they spare
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,
Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
Nay, though at court, perhaps, it may find grace:
Such they'll degrade; and sometimes, in its stead,
In downright charity revive the dead;
Mark where a bold, expressive phrase appears,
Bright through the rubbish of some hundred years;
Command old words that long have slept, to wake,
Words that wise Bacon or brave Raleigh spake;
Or bid the new be English ages hence
(For use will father what's begot by sense,)
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue;
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But show no mercy to an empty line:
Then polish all, with so much life and ease,
You think 'tis nature, and a knack to please:
'But ease in writing flows from art, not chance;
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.'
If such the plague and pains to write by rule,
Better, say I, be pleased, and play the fool;
Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease,
It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.
There lived in *primo Georgii* (they record)
A worthy member, no small fool, a lord;

Who, though the house was up, delighted sate,
Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate:
In all but this, a man of sober life,
Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife;
Not quite a madman, though a pasty fell;
And much too wise to walk into a well.
Him, the damn'd doctors and his friends immured,
They bled, they cupp'd, they purged; in short, they cured:
Whereat the gentleman began to stare—
'My friends!' he cried, 'p-x take you for your care!
That from a patriot of distinguish'd note,
Have bled and purged me to a simple vote.'
Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my fate:
Wisdom (curse on it) will come soon or late.
There is a time when poets will grow dull:
I'll e'en leave verses to the boys at school;
To rules of poetry no more confined,
I'll learn to smooth and harmonize my mind,
Teach every thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal measure of the soul.
Soon as I enter at my country door,
My mind resumes the thread it dropp'd before;
Thoughts which at Hyde-park corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me, in the pensive grot;
There all alone, and compliments apart,
I ask these sober questions of my heart:
If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,
You tell the doctor; when the more you have,
The more you want, why not with equal ease
Confess as well your folly as disease?
The heart resolves this matter in a trice,
'Men only feel the smart, but not the vice.'
When golden angels cease to cure the evil,
You give all royal witchcraft to the devil:
When servile chaplains cry, that birth and place
Endue a peer with honour, truth and grace,
Look in that breast, most dirty dean! be fair,
Say, can you find out one such lodger there?
Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,
You go to church to hear these flatterers preach.
Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,
A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,
The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
If D*** loved sixpence more than he.
If there be truth in law, and use can give
A property, that's yours on which you live.
Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord:
All Worldly's hens, nay, partridge, sold to town,
His venison too a guinea makes your own:
He bought at thousands, what with better wit
You purchase as you want, and bit by bit:
Now, or long since, what difference will be found?
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.
Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men,
Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln fen,
Buy every stick of wood that lends them heat;
Buy every pullet they afford to eat.
Yet these are wights, who fondly call their own
Half that the devil o'erlooks from Lincoln-town.
The laws of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor a perpetuity should stand:
Estates have wings, and hang in fortune's power,
Loose on the point of every wavering hour,
Ready, by force, or of your own accord,
By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.
Man? and for ever? wretch! what wouldst thou have?
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
All vast possessions (just the same the case
Whether you call them villa, park, or chase,)
Alas, my Bathurst! what will they avail?
Join Cotswood's hills to Saperton's fair dale,
Let rising granaries and temples here,
There mingled farms and pyramids appear,
Link towns to towns with avenues of oak,
Enclose whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!
Inexorable death shall level all,
And trees, and stones, and farm, and farmer fall.
Gold, silver, ivory, vases sculptured high,
Paint, marble, gems, and robes of Persian dye,
There are who have not—and, thank Heaven! there are,
Who if they have not, think not worth their care.
Talk what you will of taste, my friend, you'll find
Two of a face, as soon as of a mind.
Why of two brothers, rich and restless one
Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun.
The other slights, for women, sports, and wines,
All Townshend's turnips, and all Grosvenors mines:
Why one like Bu** with pay and scorn content,
Bows and votes on in court and parliament;
One, driven by strong benevolence of soul,
Shall fly like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole;
Is known alone to that Directing Power,
Who forms the genius in the natal hour;
That God of nature, who within us still,
Inclines our action, not constrains our will;
Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual: His great end the same.
Yes, sir, how small soever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy, as well as keep.
My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace,
A man so poor would live without a place:
But sure no statute in his favour says,
How free or frugal I shall pass my days:
I who at some times spend, at others spare,
Divided between carelessness and care.
'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store;
Another, not to heed to treasure more:
Glad, like a boy, to snatch the first good day,
And pleased, if sordid want be far away.
What is 't to me (a passenger God wot)
Whether my vessel be first-rate or not?
The ship itself may make a better figure;
But I that sail am neither less nor bigger:
I neither strut with every favouring breath,
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth.
In power, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, placed
Behind the foremost, and before the last.
'But why all this of avarice? I have none.'
I wish you joy, sir, of a tyrant gone!
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad? the avarice of power?
Does neither rage inflame, nor fear appal?
Not the black fear of death that saddens all?
With terrors round, can reason hold her throne,
Despise the known, nor tremble at the unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In spite of witches, devils, dreams and fire?
Pleased to look forward, pleased to look behind,
And count each birth-day with a grateful mind?
Has life no sourness, drawn so near its end?
Canst thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?

Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay?
Or will you think, my friend, your business done,
When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?
Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and loved, and ate, and drank your fill:
Walk sober off, before a sprightlier age
Comes tittering on, and shoves you from the stage:
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.

THE

SATIRES OF Dr. JOHN DONNE,

DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S,

VERSIFIED.

Quid vetat et nosmet Lucili scripta legentes
Quærere num illius, num rerum dura negarit
Versiculos natura magis factos, et euntes
Mollius? HOR.

SATIRE II.

YES; thank my stars! as early as I knew
This town, I had the sense to hate it too:
Yet here, as e'en in hell, there must be still
One giant-vice, so excellently ill,
That all beside one pities, not abhors:
As who knows Sappho, smiles at other whores.
I grant that poetry's a crying sin;
It brought (no doubt) the excise and army in:
Catch'd like the plague, or love, the Lord knows how,
But that the cure is starving, all allow.
Yet like the papist's, is the poet's state,
Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate?
Here a lean bard, whose wit could never give
Himself a dinner, makes an actor live:
The thief condemn'd, in law already dead,
So prompts, and saves a rogue who cannot read.
Thus as the pipes of some carved organ move,
The gilded puppets dance and mount above.
Heaved by the breath the inspiring bellows blow.
The inspiring bellows lie and pant below.
One sings the fair: but songs no longer move:
No rat is rhymed to death, nor maid to love:

SATIRE II.

SIR; though (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this town: yet there's one state
In all ill things, so excellently best,
That hate tow'rds them, breeds pity tow'rds the rest.
Though poetry, indeed, be such a sin,
As I think, that brings dearth and Spaniards in:
Though like the pestilence and old-fashion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never, till it be starved out; yet their state
Is poor, disarm'd, like papists, not worth hate.
One (like a wretch, which at the bar judged as dead,
Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot read
And saves his life) gives idiot actors means
(Starving himself) to live by's labour'd scenes.
As in some organs puppets dance above,
And as bellows pant below, which then do move,
One would move love by rhymes; but witchcraft's charms
Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms:
In love's, in nature's spite, the siege they hold,
And scorn the flesh, the devil, and all but gold.
These write to lords, some mean reward to get,
As needy beggars sing at doors for meat.
Those write because all write, and so have still
Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.
Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others' wit:
'Tis changed, no doubt, from what it was before;
His rank digestion makes it wit no more:
Sense, pass'd through him, no longer is the same;
For food digested takes another name.
I pass o'er all those confessors and martyrs,
Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Chartres,
Out-cant old Esdras, or out-drink his heir;
Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear;
Wicked as pages, who in early years
Act sins which Prisca's confessor scarce hears.
E'en those I pardon, for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
Of whose strange crimes no canonist can tell
In what commandment's large contents they dwell
One, one man only breeds my just offence;
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impudence:
Time, that at last matures a clap to pox,
Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,
And brings all natural events to pass,
Hath made him an attorney of an ass.
No young divine, new-beneficed, can be
More pert, more proud, more positive than he.
What further could I wish the fop to do,
But turn a wit, and scribble verses too?
Pierce the soft labyrinth of a lady's ear
With rhymes of this per cent, and that per year?
Or court a wife, spread out his wily parts,
Like nets, or lime-twigs, for rich widows' hearts;

Rams and slings now are silly battery,
Pistolets are the best artillery.
And they who write to lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like singers at doors for meat?
And they who write, because all write, have still
That 'scuse for writing, and for writing ill.
But he is worst, who beggarly doth chaw
Other wits' fruits, and in his ravenous maw
Rankly digested, doth those things out-spue,
As his own things; and they're his own, 'tis true;
For if one eat my meat, though it be known
The meat was mine, the excrement's his own.
But these do me no harm, nor they which use,
* * * * to out-usure Jews,
To out-drink the sea, t' outswear the letanie,
Who with sins all kinds as familiar be
As confessors, and for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make,
Whose strange sins canonists could hardly tell
In which commandment's large receit they dwell.
But these punish themselves. The insolence
Of Coscus, only, breeds my just offence,
Who time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And plodding on, must make a calf an ox)
Hath made a lawyer; which (alas) of late;
But scarce a poet: jollier of this state,
Than are new beneficed ministers, he throws
Like nets or lime-twigs whereso'er he goes

Call himself barrister to every wench,
And woo in language of the Pleas and Bench?
Language, which Boreas might to Auster hold,
More rough than forty Germans when they scold.
Cursed be the wretch, so venal and so vain:
Paltry and proud, as drabs in Drury-lane.
'Tis such a bounty as was never known,
If Peter deigns to help you to your own:
What thanks, what praise, if Peter but supplies!
And what a solemn face, if he denies!
Grave, as when prisoners shake the head and swear
'Twas only suretyship that brought them there.
His office keeps your parchment fates entire,
He starves with cold to save them from the fire:
For you he walks the streets through rain or dust,
For not in chariots Peter puts his trust;
For you he sweats and labours at the laws,
Takes God to witness he affects your cause,
And lies to every lord in every thing,
Like a king's favourite—or like a king.
These are the talents that adorn them all,
From wicked Waters e'en to godly **
Not more of simony beneath black gowns,
Not more of bastardy in heirs to crowns.
In shillings and in pence at first they deal;
And steal so little, few perceive they steal:
Till, like the sea, they compass all the land,
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover strand.
And when rank widows purchase luscious nights,
Or when a duke to Jansen punts at White's,
Or city heir in mortgage melts away,
Satan himself feels far less joy than they.
Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that,
Glean on, and gather up the whole estate;
Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
Indentures, covenants, articles they draw,
Large as the fields themselves, and larger far
Than civil codes, with all their glosses, are;
So vast, our new divines, we must confess,
Are fathers of the church for writing less.
But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
The deeds, and dexterously omits *ses heires:*
No commentator can more slily pass
Over a learn'd unintelligible place:
Or, in quotation, shrewd divines leave out
Those words that would against them clear the doubt.
So Luther thought the Pater-noster long,
When doom'd to say his beads and even-song;
But having cast his cowl, and left those laws,
Adds to Christ's prayer, the power and glory clause.
The lands are bought; but where are to be found
Those ancient woods, that shaded all the ground?
We see no new-built palaces aspire,
No kitchens emulate the vestal fire.
Where are those troops of poor, that throng'd of yore
The good old landlord's hospitable door?
Well I could wish, that still in lordly domes
Some beasts were kill'd, though not whole hecatombs,
That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,
Carthusian fasts, and fulsome bacchanals;
And all mankind might that just mean observe,
In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve
These as good works, 'tis true, we all allow,
But, oh! these works are not in fashion now:
Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.
Thus much I've said, I trust, without offence;
Let no court sycophant pervert my sense,
Nor sly informer watch these words to draw
Within the reach of treason, or the law.

His title of barrister on every wench,
And wooes in language of the Pleas and Bench. * *
* * * Words, words which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a maid's soft ear:
More, more than ten Sclavonians scolding, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd abbeys roar.
Then sick with poetry, and possess'd with muse
Thou wast, and mad I hoped; but men which chuse.
Law practice for mere gain: bold soul repute
Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.
Now like an owl-like watchman he must walk,
His hand still at a bill; now he must talk
Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will swear,
That only suretiship had brought them there,
And to every suitor lye in every thing,
Like a king's favourite—or like a king.
Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,
Bearing like asses, and more shameless farre
Than carted whores, lye to the grave judge: for
Bastardy abounds not in king's titles, nor
Simony and Sodomy in churchmen's lives,
As these things do in him; by these he thrives.
Shortly (as th' sea) he'll compass all the land,
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover strand.
And spying heirs melting with luxury,
Satan will not joy at their sins as he;
For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchen-stuffe,
And barrelling the droppings and the snuffe
Of wasting candles, which in thirty year,
Reliquely kept, perchance buys wedding cheer)
Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time
Wringing each acre, as maids pulling prime.
In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
Assurances, big as gloss'd civil laws,
So huge that men (in our times forwardness)
Are fathers of the church for writing less.
These he writes not; nor for these written payes,
Therefore spares no length (as in those first dayes
When Luther was profess'd, he did desire
Short Pater-nosters, saying as a fryer
Each day his beads: but having left those laws,
Adds to Christ's prayer, the power and glory clause)
But when he sells or changes land, he impaires
The writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out *ses heires,*
As slily as any commentator goes by
Hard words, or sense; or, in divinity,
As controverters in vouch'd texts, leave out
Shrewd words, which might against them clear the doubt.
Where are these spread woods which cloathed heretofore
Those bought lands? not built, nor burnt within door
Where the old landlords troops and almes? In halls
Carthusian fasts, and fulsome bacchanals
Equally I hate. Means bless'd. In rich men's homes
I bid kill some beasts, but no hecatombs;
None starve, none surfeit so. But (oh) we allow
Good works as good, but out of fashion now,
Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws
Within the vast reach of the huge statute's jawes.

SATIRE IV.

Well, if it be my time to quit the stage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age!
I die in charity with fool and knave,
Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.
I 've had my purgatory here betimes,
And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes.
The poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.
With foolish pride my heart was never fired,
Nor the vain itch to admire, or be admired:
I hoped for no commission from his grace;
I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place:
Had no new verses, nor new suit to show,
Yet went to court!—the devil would have it so.
But, as the fool that in reforming days
Would go to mass in jest (as story says)
Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,
Since 'twas no form'd design of serving God;
So was I punish'd, as if full as proud,
As prone to ill, as negligent of good,
As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
As vain, as idle, and as false, as they
Who live at court, for going once that way!
Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
A thing which Adam has been posed to name;
Noah had refused it lodging in his ark,
Where all the race of reptiles might embark:
A verier monster, than on Afric's shore,
The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,
Or Sloan or Woodward's wondrous shelves contain,
Nay, all that lying travellers can feign.
The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,
At night would swear him dropp'd out of the moon;
One, whom the mob, when next we find or make
A popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take,
And the wise justice starting from his chair
Cry, 'By your priesthood tell me what you are?'
Such was the wight: the apparel on his back,
Though coarse, was reverend, and though bare, was black:
The suit, if by the fashion one might guess,
Was velvet in the youth of good queen Bess,
But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd;
So time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!
Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,
First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away.
This thing has travell'd, speaks each language too,
And knows what 's fit for every state to do;
Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd,
He forms one tongue, exotic and refined.
Talkers I 've learn'd to bear; Morteux I knew,
Henley himself I 've heard, and Budgel too.
The doctor's wormwood style, the hash of tongues
A pedant makes, the storm of Gonson's lungs,
The whole artillery of the terms of war,
And (all those plagues in one) the bawling bar;
These I could bear; but not a rogue so civil,
Whose tongue will compliment you to the devil
A tongue that can cheat widows, cancel scores,
Make Scots speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
With royal favourites in flattery vie,
And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie.
He spies me out; I whisper, 'Gracious God!
What sin of mine could merit such a rod?
That all the shot of dulness now must be
From this thy blunderbuss discharged on me!'
'Permit,' he cries, 'no stranger to your fame
To crave your sentiment, if ——'s your name.
What speech esteem you most?' 'The king's,' said I
'But the best words?'—'O, sir, the dictionary.'
'You miss my aim! I mean the most acute
And perfect speaker?'—'Onslow, past dispute.'

SATIRE IV.

Well; I may now receive, and die. My sin
Indeed is great; but yet I have been in
A purgatory, such as fear'd Hell is
A recreation, and scant map of this.
My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor hath been
Poyson'd with love to see or to be seen;
I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,
Yet went to court; but as Glare which did go
To mass in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse
Two hundred markes which is the statutes curse,
Before he scaped; so it pleased my destiny
(Guilty of my sin of going) to think me
As prone to all ill, and good as forgetful, as proud, lustful, and as much in debt,
As vain, as witless, and as false, as they
Which dwell in court, for once going that way.
Therefore I suffer'd this: towards me did run
A thing more strange, than on Nile's slime the sun
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's ark came;
A thing which would have posed Adam to name:
Stranger than seven antiquaries' studies,
Than Africk monsters, Guianaes rarities,
Stranger than strangers: one who, for a Dane,
In the Danes' massacre had sure been slain,
If he had lived then; and without help dies,
When next the 'prentices 'gainst strangers rise;
One, whom the watch at noon scarce lets go by:
One, to whom the examining justice sure would cry,
'Sir, by your priesthood, tell me what you are?'
His clothes were strange, though coarse, and black though bare,
Sleeveless his jerkin was, and had it been
Velvet, but 'twas now, (so much ground was seen)
Become tuff-taffaty; and our children shall
See it plain rash a while, then nought at all.
The thing hath travail'd, and faith, speaks all tongues
And only knoweth what to all states belongs,
Made of the accents, and best phrase of all these
He speaks one language. If strange meats displease
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste;
But pedants motly tongue, soldiers bumbast,
Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are strong enough preparatives to draw
Me to hear this; yet I must be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd complement:
In which he can win widows, and pay scores,
Make men speak treason, cozen subtlest whores
Outflatter favourites, or outlie either
Jovius, or Surius, or both together.
He names me, and comes to me; I whisper, God,
How have I sinn'd that thy wrath's furious rod,
This fellow, chooseth me! he saith, 'Sir,
I love your judgment, whom do you prefer
For the best linguist?' and I seelily
Said that I thought Calepine's dictionary.

'But, sir, of writers?'—'Swift, for closer style,
But Hoadly for a period of a mile.'
'Why yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass;
Good common linguists, and so Panurge was;'
Nay, troth, the apostles (though perhaps too rough)
Had once a pretty gift of tongues enough:
Yet these were all poor gentlemen! I dare
Affirm, 'twas travel made them what they were.
Thus, others' talents having nicely shown,
He came by sure transition to his own:
Till I cried out, 'You prove yourself so able,
Pity! you was not Druggerman at Babel;
For had they found a linguist half so good,
I make no question but the tower had stood.'
'Obliging sir! for courts you sure were made:
Why then for ever buried in the shade?
Spirits like you, should see and should be seen,
The king would smile on you—at least the queen.'
'Ah, gentle sir! your courtiers so cajole us—
But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus solus:*
And as for courts, forgive me, if I say
No lessons now are taught the Spartan way:
Though in his pictures lust be full display'd,
Few are the converts Aretine has made;
And though the court show vice exceeding clear,
None should, by my advice, learn virtue there.'
At this entranced, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-stretch'd lutestring, and replies:
'Oh, 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things
To gaze on princes, and to talk of kings!'
'Then happy man who shows the tombs!' said I,
'He dwells amidst the royal family;
He every day from king to king can walk,
Of all our Harrys, all our Edwards talk;
And get, by speaking truth of monarchs dead,
What few can of the living—ease and bread.'
'Lord, sir, a mere mechanic! strangely low,
And coarse of phrase,—your English all are so.
How elegant your Frenchmen!' 'Mine d'ye mean?
I have but one; I hope the fellow 's clean.'
'O! sir, politely so! nay, let me die,
Your only wearing is your paduasoy.'
'Not, sir, my only, I have better still,
And this you see is but my deshabille—'
Wild to get loose, his patience I provoke,
Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke.
But as coarse iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,
And itch most hurts when anger'd to a sore;
So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse,
You only make the matter worse and worse.
He pass'd it o'er; affects an easy smile
At all my peevishness, and turns his style.
He asks, 'What news?' I tell him of new plays,
New eunuchs, harlequins, and operas.
He hears, and as a still with simples in it,
Between each drop it gives, stays half a minute,
Loath to enrich me with too quick replies,
By little, and by little, drops his lies.
Mere household trash! of birthnights, balls, and shows,
More than ten Hollinsheds, or Halls, or Stowes.
When the queen frown'd, or smiled, he knows; and what
A subtle minister may make of that:
Who sins with whom: who got his pension rug,
Or quicken'd a reversion by a drug:
Whose place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
And whether to a bishop, or a whore:
Who, having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a government:
Who, in the secret, deals in stocks secure,
And cheats the unknowing widow and the poor:
Who makes a trust of charity a job,
And gets an act of parliament to rob:
Why turnpikes rise, and now no cit nor clown
Can gratis see the country, or the town:

'Nay, but of men, most sweet sir?' Beza then,
Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
Of our two academies I named. Here
He stopp'd me, and said, 'Nay your apostles were
Good pretty linguists; so Panurgus was,
Yet a poor gentleman; all these may pass
By travail.' Then, as if he would sold
His tongue, he praised it, and such wonders told,
That I was fain to say, 'If you had lived, sir,
Time enough to have been interpreter
To Babel's bricklayers, sure the tower had stood.'
He adds, 'If of court life you knew the good,
You would leave loneless.' I said, 'Not alone
My loneless is; but Spartanes fashion
To teach by painting drunkards doth not last
Now, Aretine's pictures have made few chaste;
No more can princes courts (though there be few
Better pictures of vice) teach me virtue.'
He like to a high-stretch'd lutestring squeaks, 'O sir,
'Tis sweet to talk of kings.' 'At Westminster,'
Said I, 'the man that keeps the Abbey-tombs,
And for his price, doth with whoever comes
Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
From king to king, and all their kin can walk:
Your ears shall hear nought but kings; your eyes meet
Kings only: the way to it is King-street.'
He smack'd, and cried, 'He's base, mechanique coarse,
So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.
Are not your Frenchmen neat?' 'Mine, as you see,
I have but one, sir, look, he follows me.'
'Certes they are neatly cloathed. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your grogaram.'
'Not so, sir, I have more.' Under this pitch
He would not fly: I chaff'd him: but as itch
Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt iron ground
Into an edge, hurts worse: So, I (fool) found,
Crossing hurt me. To fit my sullenness,
He to another key his style doth dress:
And asks what news; I tell him of new playes.
He takes my hand, and as a still, which stayes
A sembrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loth to enrich me, so tells many a ly.
More than ten Hollensheds, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial household trash, he knows. He knows
When the queen frown'd or smiled! and he knows what
A subtle statesman may gather of that
He knows who loves whom: and who by poison
Hastes to an officer's reversion;
Who wastes in meat, in clothes, in horse, he notes;
Who loveth whores * * * * * * *
He knows who hath sold his lands, and now doth beg
A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and egge-
Shells to transport; * * * * * *
* * * * * * shortly boys shall not play
At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay

Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,
But some excising courtier will have toll.
He tells what strumpet places sells for life,
What 'squire his lands, what citizen his wife:
At last (which proves him wiser still than all)
What lady's face is not a whited wall.
As one of Woodward's patients, sick and sore,
I puke, I nauseate,—yet he thrusts in more:
Trims Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,
And talks gazettes and postboys o'er by heart.
Like a big wife at sight of loathsome meat,
Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, I sweat.
Then as a licensed spy, who nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels every man;
Swears every place entail'd for years to come,
In sure succession to the day of doom:
He names the price of every office paid,
And says our wars thrive ill, because delay'd:
Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the court,
That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a port.
Not more amazement seized on Circe's guests,
To see themselves fall headlong into beasts,
Than mine to find a subject staid and wise
Already half turn'd traitor by surprise.
I felt the infection slide from him to me;
As in the pox, some give it to get free;
And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
One of our giant statutes ope its jaw.
In that nice moment, as another lie
Stood just a-tilt, the minister came by.
To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
Then, close as Umbra, joins the dirty train
Not Fannius' self more impudently near,
When half his nose is in his prince's ear
I quaked at heart: and, still afraid to see
All the court fill'd with stranger things than he,
Ran out as fast as one that pays his bail,
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.
Bear me, some god! oh quickly bear me hence
To wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense!
Where contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free soul looks down to pity kings!
There sober thought pursued the amazing theme,
Till fancy colour'd it, and form'd a dream.
A vision hermits can to hell transport,
And forced e'en me to see the damn'd at court.
Not Dante, dreaming all the infernal state,
Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.
Base fear becomes the guilty, not the free;
Suits tyrants, plunderers, but suits not me:
Shall I, the terror of this sinful town,
Care, if a liveried lord or smile or frown?
Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
Tremble before a noble serving-man?
O my fair mistress, Truth! shall I quit thee
For huffing, braggart, puft nobility?
Thou, who since yesterday hast roll'd o'er all
The busy, idle blockheads of the ball,
Hast thou, oh Sun! beheld an emptier sort,
Than such as swell this bladder of a court?
Now pox on those that show a court in wax!
It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs:
Such painted puppets! such a varnish'd race
Of hollow gewgaws, only dress and face!
Such waxen noses, stately staring things—
No wonder some folks bow, and think them kings.

Toll to some courtier; and wiser than all us,
He knows what lady is not painted. Thus
He with home meats cloys me. I belch, spue, spit,
Look pale and sickly, like a patient, yet
He thrusts on more, and as he had undertook,
To say Gallo Belgicus without book,
Speaks of all states and deeds that have been since
The Spaniards came to the loss of Amyens.
Like a big wife, at sight of loathed meat,
Ready to travail: so I sigh, and sweat
To hear this makaron talk: in vain, for yet,
Either my humour, or his own to fit,
He, like a privileged spie, whom nothing can
Discredit, rebels now gainst each great man.
He names the price of every office paid;
He saith our wars thrive ill, because delaid:
That offices are entailed, and that there are
Perpetuities of them, lasting as far
As the last day; and that great officers
Do with the Spaniards share, and Dunkirkers.
I more amazed than Circe's prisoners, when
They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then
Becoming traytor, and methought I saw,
One of our giant statutes ope its jaw
To suck me in for hearing him: I found
That as burnt venemous leachers do grow sound
By giving others their sores, I might grow
Guilty, and be free: therefore I did show
All signs of loathing; but since I am in,
I must pay mine, and my forefathers sin
To the last farthing. Therefore to my power
Toughly and stubbornly I bear; but the hower
Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring
Me to pay a fine to 'scape a torturing;
And says, 'Sir, can you spare me—?' I said, 'Willingly!'
'Nay, sir, can you spare me a crown?' Thankfully I
Gave it, as ransom: but as fiddlers, still,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thrust one more jigg upon you; so did he
With his long complimented thanks vex me.
But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
And the prerogative of my crown; scant
His thanks were ended, when I (which did see
All the court fill'd with more strange things than he
Ran from thence with such, or more haste than one
Who fears more actions, doth hast from prison.
At home in wholesale solitariness
My piteous soul began the wretchedness
Of suitors at court to mourn; and a trance
Like his, who dreamt he saw hell, did advance
Itself o'er me; such men as he saw there
I saw at court, and worse and more. Lo fear
Becomes the guilty, not the accuser: Then,
Shall I, none's slave, of highborn or raised men
Fear frowns; and my mistress Truth, betray thee
For the huffing, bragart, puft nobility?
No, no, thou which since yesterday has been
Almost about the whole world, has thou seen,
O Sun, in all thy journey, vanity,
Such as swells the bladder of our court? I
Think he which made your waxen garden, and
Transported it from Italy, to stand
With us, at London, flouts our courtiers; for
Just such gay painted things, which no sap, nor
Taste have in them, ours are: and natural
Some of the stocks are; their fruits bastard all.

See! where the British youth, engaged no more,
At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,
Pay their last duty to the court, and come
All fresh and fragrant, to the drawing-room;
In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.
'That 's velvet for a king!' the flatterer swears;
'Tis true; for ten days hence 'twill be king Lear's.
Our court may justly to our stage give rules,
That helps it both to fools' coats and to fools.
And why not players strut in courtiers' clothes?
For these are actors too, as well as those:
Wants reach all states: they beg but better dress'd,
And all is splendid poverty at best.
Painted for sight, and essenced for the smell,
Like frigates fraught with spice and cochineal,
Sail in the ladies: how each pirate eyes
So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize!
Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim,
He boarding her, she striking sail to him:
'Dear countess! you have charms all hearts to hit!
And 'Sweet sir Fopling! you have so much wit!'
Such wits and beauties are not praised for nought,
For both the beauty and the wit are bought.
'Twould burst e'en Heraclitus with the spleen,
To see those anticks, Fopling and Courtin:
The presence seems, with things so richly odd,
The mosque of Mahound, or some queer pagod.
See them survey their limbs by Durer's rules,
Of all beau-kind the best proportion'd fools!
Adjust their clothes, and to confession draw
Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw:
But, oh! what terrors must distract the soul
Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole:
Or should one pound of powder less bespread
Those monkey-tails that wag behind their head.
Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,
They march, to prate their hour before the fair
So first to preach a white-gloved chaplain goes,
With band of lily, and with cheek of rose,
Sweeter than Sharon, in immaculate trim,
Neatness itself impertinent in him.
Let but the ladies smile, and they are bless'd:
Prodigious! how the things protest! protest!
Peace, fools, or Gonson will for papist seize you,
If once he catch you at your Jesu! Jesu!
Nature made every fop to plague his brother,
Just as one beauty mortifies another.
But here's the captain that will plague them both,
Whose air cries, Arm! whose very look 's an oath:
The captain 's honest, sirs, and that 's enough,
Though his soul 's bullet, and his body buff.
He spits fore-right; his haughty chest before,
Like battering rams, beats open every door:
And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's hangdogs in old tapestry,
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
Has yet a strange ambition to look worse:
Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
Jests like a licensed fool, commands like law
Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so
As men from jails to execution go;
For hung with deadly sins I see the wall,
And lined with giants deadlier than them all:
Each man an Askapart, of strength to toss
For quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-cross.
Scared at the grizly forms, I sweat, I fly,
And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy.

'Tis ten o'clock and past; all whom the mues,
Baloun, or tennis, diet, or the stews
Had all the morning held, now the second
Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found
In the presence; and I (God pardon me)
As fresh and sweet their apparels be, as be
Their fields they sold to buy them. For a king
Those hose are, cried the flatterers: and bring
Them next week to the theatre to sell.
Wants reach all states: me seems they do as well
At stage, as courts: all are players. Whoe'er looks
(For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside books,
Shall find their wardrobes, inventory. Now
The ladies come. As pirates (which do know
That there came weak ships fraught with cutchanel)
The men board them: and praise (as they think) well,
Their beauties; they the men's wits: both are bought.
Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns, I thought
This cause, these men, mens wits for speeches buy,
And women buy all red which scarlets dye.
He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net:
She fears her drugs ill lay'd, her hair loose set:
Wouldn't Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine
From hat to shoe, himself at door refine,
As if the presence were a mosque; and lift
His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift,
Making them confess not only mortal
Great stains and holes in them, but venial
Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate;
And then by Durer's rules survey the state
Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries
Of his neck to his leg, and waste to thighs.
So in immaculate clothes and symmetry
Perfect as circles, with such nicety
As a young preacher at his first time goes
To preach, he enters, and a lady which owes
Him not so much as good-will, he arrests,
And unto her protests, protests, protests,
So much as at Rome would serve to have throwr
Ten cardinals into the Inquisition:
And whispers by Jesu so oft, that a
Pursuevant would have ravish'd him away
For saying our lady's Psalter. But 'tis fit
That they each other plague, they merit it.
But here comes Glorious that will plague 'em both
Who in the other extreme only doth
Call a rough carelessness good fashion:
Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,
He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
To him; he rushes in, as if Arm, arm,
He meant to cry: and though his face be as ill
As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still
He strives to look worse; he keeps all in awe;
Jests like a licensed fool, commands like law.
Tired, now, I leave this place, and but pleased so
As men from gaols to execution go,
Go, through the great chamber (why is it hung
With these seven deadly sins?) being among
Those Askaparts, men big enough to throw
Charing-cross, for a bar, men that do know
No token of worth, but queens man, and fine
Living; barrels of beef, flaggons of wine.

Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine;
Charge them with heaven's artillery, bold divine!
From such alone the great rebukes endure,
Whose satire 's sacred, and whose rage secure;
'Tis mine to wash a few light stains; but theirs
To deluge sin, and drown a court in tears.
Howe'er, what's now Apocrypha, my wit,
In time to come may pass for Holy Writ.

I shook like a spied spy—Preachers which are
Seas of wit and art, you can, then dare,
Drown the sins of this place; but as for me
Which am but a scant brook, enough shall be
To wash the stains away: although I yet
(With Maccabees' modesty) the known merit
Of my work lessen, yet some wise men shall,
I hope, esteem my writs Canonical.

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

WRITTEN IN MDCCXXXVIII.

DIALOGUE I.

Fr. Not twice a twelvemonth you appear in print,
And when it comes the court sees nothing in't.
You grow correct, that once with rapture writ,
And are, besides, too moral for a wit.
Decay of parts, alas! we all must feel—
Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?
'Tis all from Horace: Horace long before ye
Said, 'Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;'
And taught his Romans in much better metre,
'To laugh at fools who put their trust in Peter.'
But Horace, sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo observes, he lash'd no sort of vice:
Horace would say, Sir Billy served the crown,
Blunt could do business, Higgins knew the town:
In Sappho touch the failings of the sex,
In reverend bishops note some small neglects,
And own the Spaniard did a waggish thing,
Who cropp'd our ears, and sent them to the king.
His sly, polite, insinuating style
Could please at court, and make Augustus smile:
An artful manager, that crept between
His friend and shame, and was a kind of screen.
But 'faith your very friends will soon be sore;
Patriots there are, who wish you'd jest no more—
And where's the glory? 'twill be only thought
The great man never offer'd you a groat.
Go see Sir Robert—

P. See Sir Robert!—hum—
And never laugh—for all my life to come?
Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of social pleasure, ill-exchanged for power;
Seen him, uncumber'd with a venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe.
Would he oblige me? let me only find,
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt;
The only difference is, I dare laugh out.

F. Why yes: with Scripture still you may be free;
A horse-laugh, if you please, at honesty;
A joke on Jekyll, or some odd old Whig,
Who never changed his principle, or wig;
A patriot is a fool in every age,
Whom all lord chamberlains allow the stage:
These nothing hurts: they keep their fashion still,
And wear their strange old virtue as they will.
If any ask you, 'Who 's the man so near
His prince, that writes in verse, and has his ear?'
Why answer, Lyttleton; and I'll engage
The worthy youth shall ne'er be in a rage:
But were his verses vile, his whisper base,
You'd quickly find him in lord Fanny's case.
Sejanus, Wolsey, hurt not honest Fleury,
But well may put some statesmen in a fury.
Laugh then at any, but at fools or foes;
These you but anger, and you mend not those.
Laugh at your friends, and, if your friends are sore
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To vice and folly to confine the jest,
Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest;
Did not the sneer of more impartial men
At sense and virtue balance all again.
Judicious wits spread wide the ridicule,
And charitably comfort knave and fool.

P. Dear sir, forgive the prejudice of youth:
Adieu distinction, satire, warmth, and truth!
Come, harmless characters that no one hit;
Come, Henley's oratory, Osborn's wit!
The honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
The flowers of Bubo, and the flow of Young!
The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,
And all the well-whipp'd cream of courtly sense,
That first was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then,
The S—te's, and then H—vy's once again.
O come, that easy Ciceronian style,
So Latin, yet so English all the while,
As, though the pride of Middleton and Bland,
All boys may read, and girls may understand!'
Then might I sing, without the least offence,
And all I sung should be the nation's sense;
Or teach the melancholy muse to mourn,
Hang the sad verse on Carolina's urn,
And hail her passage to the realms of rest,
All parts perform'd, and all her children bless'd!
So—satire is no more—I feel it die—
No gazetteer more innocent than I—
And let, a God's name, every fool and knave
Be graced through life, and flatter'd in his grave.

F. Why so? if satire knows its time and place,
You still may lash the greatest—in disgrace:
For merit will by turns forsake them all;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall.
But let all satire in all changes spare
Immortal S—k, and grave D——re.
Silent and soft, as saints removed to heaven,
All ties dissolved, and every sin forgiven,
These may some gentle ministerial wing
Receive, and place for ever near a king!
There, where no passion, pride, or shame transport,
Lull'd with the sweet nepenthe of a court;
There, where no father's, brother's, friend's disgrace
Once break their rest, or stir them from their place;
But past the sense of human miseries,
All tears are wiped for ever from all eyes;
No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
Save when they lose a question, or a job.

P. Good Heaven forbid, that I should blast their glory,
Who know how like Whig ministers to Tory;

And when three sovereigns died could scare be vex'd,
Considering what a gracious prince was next.
Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
As pride in slaves, and avarice in kings;
And at a peer or peeress, shall I fret,
Who starves a sister, or forswears a debt?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;
But shall the dignity of vice be lost?
Ye Gods! shall Cibber's son, without rebuke,
Swear like a lord, or Rich outwhore a duke?
A favourite's porter with his master vie,
Be bribed as often, and as often lie?
Shall Ward draw contracts with a statesman's skill?
Or Japhet pocket, like his grace, a will?
Is it for Bond or Peter (paltry things)
To pay their debts, or keep their faith like kings?
If Blunt dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man;
And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran!
But shall a printer, weary of his life,
Learn, from their books, to hang himself and wife?
This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear:
Vice thus abused, demands a nation's care:
This calls the church to deprecate our sin,
And hurls the thunder of the laws on gin.
Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
Ten metropolitans in preaching well;
A simple quaker, or a quaker's wife,
Outdo Landaff in doctrine,—yea in life:
Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame:
Virtue may choose the high or low degree,
'Tis just alike to virtue and to me;
Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,
She's still the same beloved, contented thing.
Vice is undone, if she forgets her birth,
And stoops from angels to the dregs of earth:
But 'tis the fall degrades her to a whore;
Let greatness own her, and she's mean no more:
Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confess,
Chaste matrons praise her, and grave bishops bless;
In golden chains the willing world she draws,
And hers the Gospel is, and hers the laws;
Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead.
Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal car,
Old England's genius, rough with many a scar,
Dragg'd in the dust! his arms hang idly round,
His flag inverted trails along the ground!
Our youth, all liveried o'er with foreign gold,
Before her dance: behind her crawl the old!
See throngings millions to the pagod run,
And offer country, parent, wife, or son!
Hear her black trumpet through the land proclaim,
That not to be corrupted is the shame.
In soldier, churchman, patriot, man in power,
'Tis avarice all, ambition is no more!
See, all our nobles begging to be slaves!
See, all our fools aspiring to be knaves!
The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore,
Are what ten thousand envy and adore:
All, all look up, with reverential awe,
At crimes that 'scape or triumph o'er the law:
While truth, worth, wisdom, daily they decry—
'Nothing is sacred now but villany.'
Yet may this verse (if such a verse remain)
Show there was one who held it in disdain.

DIALOGUE II.

Fr. 'Tis all a libel'—Paxton, sir, will say.
P. Not yet my friend! to-morrow, 'faith it may;
And for that very cause I print to-day.
How should I fret to mangle every line,
In reverence to the sins of thirty-nine!
Vice with such giant-strides comes on amain,
Invention strives to be before in vain;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,
Some rising genius sins up to my song.
F. Yet none but you by name the guilty lash;
E'en Guthry saves half Newgate by a dash.
Spare then the person, and expose the vice.
P. How, sir! not damn the sharper, but the dice!
Come on then, satire! general unconfined,
Spread thy broad wing, and souse on all the kind.
Ye statesmen, priests, of one religion all!
Ye tradesmen, vile, in army, court, or hall!
Ye reverend atheists.—F. Scandal! name them, who?
P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who starved a sister, who forswore a debt,
I never named: the town's inquiring yet.
The poisoning dame—F. You mean—P. I don't.—
F. You do.
P. See, now I keep the secret, and not you!
The bribing statesman—F. Hold: too high you go.
P. The bribed elector—F. There you stoop too low.
P. I fain would please you, if I knew with what:
Tell me, which knave is lawful game, which not?
Must great offenders, once escaped the crown,
Like royal harts, be never more run down?
Admit your law to spare the knight requires,
As beasts of nature, may we hunt the 'squires?
Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—
To save a bishop, may I name a dean?
F. A dean, sir? no; his fortune is not made;
You hurt a man that's rising in the trade.
P. If not the tradesman who sets up to-day,
Much less the 'prentice who to-morrow may.
Down, down, proud satire! though a realm be spoil'd,
Arraign no mightier thief than wretched Wild:
Or, if a court or country's made a job,
Go drench a pickpocket, and join the mob.
But, sir, I beg you, (for the love of vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice:
Have you less pity for the needy cheat,
The poor and friendless villain, than the great?
Alas! the small discredit of a bribe
Scarce hurts the lawyer, but undoes the scribe.
Then better sure it charity becomes
To tax directors, who (thank God) have plums;
Still better, ministers; or, if the thing
May pinch e'en there—why lay it on a king.
F. Stop! stop!
P. Must satire, then, nor rise nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.
F. Yes, strike that Wild, I'll justify the blow.
P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:
Who now that obsolete example fears?
E'en Peter trembles only for his ears.
F. What, always Peter? Peter thinks you mad;
You make men desperate, if they once are bad,
Else might he take to virtue some years hence—
P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the prince.

F. Strange spleen to S—k!
P. Do I wrong the man?
God knows, I praise a courtier where I can.
When I confess there is who feels for fame,
And melts to goodness, need I Scarborough name?
Pleased let me own, in Esher's peaceful grove
(Where Kent and nature vie for Pelham's love,)
The scene, the master, opening to my view,
I sit and dream I see my Craggs anew!
Ev'n in a bishop I can spy desert;
Secker is decent, Rundel has a heart;
Manners with candour are to Benson given;
To Berkley every virtue under heaven.
But does the court a worthy man remove?
That instant, I declare, he has my love:
I shun his zenith, court his mild decline;
Thus Somers once, and Halifax, were mine.
Oft, in the clear still mirror of retreat,
I studied Shrewsbury, the wise and great;
Carleton's calm sense, and Stanhope's noble flame
Compared, and knew their generous end the same:
How pleasing Atterbury's softer hour!
How shined the soul, unconquer'd in the Tower!
How can I Pulteney, Chesterfield, forget,
While Roman spirit charms, and Attic wit?
Argyle, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field?
Or Wyndham, just to freedom and the throne,
The master of our passions, and his own?
Names, which I long have loved, nor loved in vain,
Rank'd with their friends, and number'd with their train.
And if yet higher the proud list should end,
Still let me say, no follower, but a friend.
Yet think not, friendship only prompts my lays:
I follow virtue; where she shines, I praise;
Points she to priest or elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a quaker's beaver cast a glory
I never (to my sorrow I declare)
Dined with the Man of Ross, or my Lord Mayor.
Some in their choice of friends (nay look not grave)
Have still a secret bias to a knave:
To find an honest man I beat about,
And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.
F. Then why so few commended?
P. Not so fierce;
Find you the virtue, and I'll find the verse.
But random praise—the task can ne'er be done:
Each mother asks it for her booby son;
Each widow asks it for the best of men,
For him she weeps, for him she weds again.
Praise cannot stoop, like satire, to the ground:
The number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
Enough for half the greatest of these days,
To escape my censure, not expect my praise.
Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a poet for their friend?
What Richlieu wanted, Louis scarce could gain,
And what young Ammon wish'd, but wish'd in vain.
No power the muse's friendship can command;
No power, when virtue claims it, can withstand:
To Cato, Virgil paid one honest line:
O let my country's friends illumine mine!—
What are you thinking? F. 'Faith the thought's no sin,
I think your friends are out, and would be in.
P. If merely to come in, sir, they go out,
The way they take is strangely round about.
F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow.
P. I only call those knaves who are so now.
Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—
Spirit of Arnall! aid me while I lie:
Cobham's a coward, Polwarth is a slave,
And Lyttleton a dark, designing knave;
St. John has ever been a wealthy fool——
But let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull,
Has never made a friend in private life,
And was, besides, a tyrant to his wife.
But pray when others praise him, do I blame?
Call Verres, Wolsey, any odious name!
Why rail they then, if but a wreath of mine,
O all-accomplish'd St. John! deck thy shrine?
What! shall each spur-gall'd hackney of the day,
When Paxton gives him double pots and pay,
Or each new-pension'd sycophant, pretend
To break my windows, if I treat a friend,
Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my guest at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure, if I spare the minister, no rules
Of honour bind me, not to maul his tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said
His saws are toothless, and his hatchets lead.
It anger'd Turenne, once upon a day,
To see a footman kick'd that took his pay;
But when he heard the affront the fellow gave,
Knew one a man of honour, one a knave;
The prudent general turn'd it to a jest,
And begg'd he'd take the pains to kick the rest:
Which not at present having time to do—
F. Hold, sir! for God's sake, where's the affront to you?
Against your worship when had S—k writ?
Or P—ge pour'd forth the torrent of his wit?
Or grant the bard whose distich all commend
[In power a servant, out of power a friend]
To W—le guilty of some venial sin;
What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?
The priest whose flattery bedropt the crown,
How hurt he you? he only stain'd the gown.
And how did, pray, the florid youth offend,
Whose speech you took, and gave it to a friend?
P. 'Faith, it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrow'd could not be to blame,
Since the whole house did afterwards the same.
Let courtly wits to wits afford supply,
As hog to hog in huts of Westphaly:
If one, through nature's bounty or his lord's
Has what the frugal, dirty soil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As pure a mess almost as it came in;
The blessed benefit, not there confined,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind.
From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouse;
The last full fairly gives it to the house.
F. This filthy simile, this beastly line
Quite turns my stomach——
P. So does flattery mine:
And all your courtly civet-cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is excrement.
But hear me further—Japhet, 'tis agreed,
Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read,
In all the courts of Pindus guiltless quite:
But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot write;
And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
Because the deed he forged was not my own?

Must never patriot then declaim at gin,
Unless, good man! he has been fairly in?
No zealous pastor blame a failing spouse,
Without a staring reason on his brows?
And each blasphemer quite escape the rod,
Because the insult 's not on man, but God?
Ask you what provocation I have had?
The strong antipathy of good to bad.
When truth and virtue an affront endures,
The affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours.
Mine, as a foe profess'd to false pretence,
Who think a coxcomb's honour like his sense;
Mine, as a friend to every worthy mind;
And mine as man, who feel for all mankind.
F. You're strangely proud.
P. So proud, I am no slave;
So impudent, I own myself no knave;
So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud: I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touch'd and shamed by ridicule alone.
O sacred weapon! left for Truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!
To all but heaven-directed hands denied,
The muse may give thee, but the gods must guide.
Reverent I touch thee! but with honest zeal;
To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,
To virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,
And goad the prelate slumbering in his stall.
Ye tinsel insects! whom a court maintains,
That counts your beauties only by your stains,
Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day!
The muse's wing shall brush you all away:
All his grace preaches, all his lordship sings,
All that makes saints of queens, and gods of kings;
All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the press,
Like the last gazette, or the last address.
When black ambition stains a public cause,
A monarch's sword when mad vain-glory draws,
Not Waller's wreath can hide a nation's scar,
Not Boileau turn the feather to a star.
Not so, when, diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the flame that breaks from virtue's shrine,
Her priestess muse forbids the good to die,
And opes the temple of eternity.
There, other trophies deck the truly brave,
Than such as Anstis casts into the grave;
Far other stars than * and ** wear,
And may descend to Mordington from Stair;
(Such as on Hough's unsullied mitre shine,
Or beam, good Digby, from a heart like thine)
Let envy howl, while heaven's whole chorus sings,
And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings;
Let flattery sickening see the incense rise,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies:
Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line,
And makes immortal verse as mean as mine.
Yes, the last pen for freedom let me draw,
When truth stands trembling on the edge of law;
Here, last of Britons! let your names be read:
Are none, none living? let me praise the dead,
And for that cause which made your fathers shine,
Fall by the votes of their degenerate line.
F. Alas, alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more Essays on Man.

IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

EPISTLE VII.

Imitated in the Manner of Dr. Swift.

'Tis true, my lord, I gave my word,
I would be with you June the third;
Changed it to August, and (in short)
Have kept it—as you do at court.
You humour me when I am sick,
Why not when I am splenetic?
In town, what objects could I meet?
The shops shut up in every street,
And funerals blackening all the doors,
And yet more melancholy whores:
And what a dust in every place!
And a thin court that wants your face,
And fevers raging up and down,
And W* and H** both in town!
'The dog-days are no more the case.'
'Tis true, but winter comes apace:
Then southward let your bard retire,
Hold out some months 'twixt sun and fire,
And you shall see, the first warm weather,
Me and the butterflies together.
My lord, your favours well I know:
'Tis with distinction you bestow;
And not to every one that comes,
Just as a Scotsman does his plums.
'Pray take them, sir—Enough 's a feast:
Eat some, and pocket up the rest'—
What, rob your boys? those pretty rogues!
'No, sir, you'll leave them to the hogs.'
Thus fools with compliments besiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye.
Scatter your favours on a fop,
Ingratitude 's the certain crop;
And 'tis but just, I'll tell you wherefore,
You give the things you never care for.
A wise man always is or should
Be mighty ready to do good;
But makes a difference in his thought
Betwixt a guinea and a groat.
Now this I'll say, you'll find in me
A safe companion and a free;
But if you'd have me always near—
A word, pray, in your honour's ear:
I hope it is your resolution
To give me back my constitution!
The sprightly wit, the lively eye,
The engaging smile, the gaiety,
That laugh'd down many a summer sun
And kept you up so oft till one!
And all that voluntary vein,
As when Belinda raised my strain.
A weasel once made shift to slink
In at a corn loft through a chink;
But having amply stuff'd his skin,
Could not get out as he got in;
Which one belonging to the house
('Twas not a man, it was a mouse)
Observing, cried, 'You 'scape not so;
Lean as you came, sir, you must go.'
Sir, you may spare your application,
I'm no such beast, nor his relation;
Not one that temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the throat with ortolans;

Extremely ready to resign
All that may make me none of mine;
South-sea subscriptions take who please,
Leave me but liberty and ease.
'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,
Who praised my modesty, and smiled.
'Give me,' I cried (enough for me,)
'My bread, and independency!'
So bought an annual rent or two,
And lived——just as you see I do;
Near fifty, and without a wife,
I trust that sinking fund, my life.
Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well,
Shrink back to my paternal cell,
A little house, with trees a-row,
And, like its master, very low.
There died my father, no man's debtor,
And there I'll die, nor worse nor better.
To set this matter full before ye,
Our old friend Swift will tell his story.
'Harley, the nation's great support—'
But you may read it, I stop short.

THE LATTER PART OF SATIRE VI. B. II.*

O CHARMING noons! and nights divine!
Or when I sup, or when I dine,
My friends above, my folks below,
Chatting and laughing all a-row,
The beans and bacon set before 'em,
The grace-cup served with all decorum:
Each willing to be pleased, and please,
And e'en the very dogs at ease!
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian sings,
A neighbour's madness, or his spouse's,
Or what 's in either of the houses:
But something much more our concern,
And quite a scandal not to learn:
Which is the happier, or the wiser,
A man of merit, or a miser?
Whether we ought to choose our friends,
For their own worth, or our own ends?
What good, or better, we may call,
And what the very best of all?
Our friend Dan Prior, told (you know)
A tale extremely 'à-propos:'
Name a town life, and in a trice
He had a story of two mice.
Once on a time (so runs the fable)
A country mouse, right hospitable,
Received a town mouse at his board,
Just as a farmer might a lord.
A frugal mouse upon the whole,
Yet loved his friend, and had a soul,
Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
On just occasion, 'coûte qui coûte.'
He brought him bacon, (nothing lean;)
Pudding that might have pleased a dean;
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;
Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,
He ate himself the rind and paring.
Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,
But show'd his breeding and his wit;
He did his best to seem to eat,
And cried, 'I vow you're mighty neat;
But, lord, my friend, this savage scene!
For God's sake come, and live with men:
Consider, mice, like men, must die,
Both small and great, both you and I:
Then spend your life in joy and sport;
(This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court')
The veriest hermit in the nation
May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
Away they come, through thick and thin
To a tall house near Lincoln's-inn:
('Twas on the night of a debate,
When all their lordships had sat late.)
Behold the place, where if a poet
Shined in description, he might show it:
Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
And tips with silver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Grotesco roofs, and stucco floors:
But let it (in a word) be said,
The moon was up, and men a-bed,
The napkins white, the carpet red;
The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice sat, 'tête á tête.'
Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;
Tells all their names, lays down the law:
'Que ça est bon! Ah, goûtez ça!
That jelly's rich, this malmsey healing,
Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in.'
Was ever such a happy swain?
He stuffs, and swills, and stuffs again.
'I'm quite ashamed—'tis mighty rude
To eat so much—but all's so good
I have a thousand thanks to give—
My lord alone knows how to live.'
No sooner said, but from the hall
Rush chaplain, butler, dogs and all:
'A rat, a rat! clap to the door—'
The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
O for the heart of Homer's mice,
Or gods to save them in a trice!
(It was by Providence they think,
For your damn'd stucco has no chink.)
'An't please your honour,' quoth the peasant,
'This same desert is not so pleasant:
Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread, and liberty!'

* See the first part in Swift's Poems.

BOOK IV.—ODE I.

TO VENUS.

AGAIN? new tumults in my breast?
Ah spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest.
I am not now, alas! the man
As in the gentle reign of my queen Anne.
Ah! sound no more thy soft alarms,
Nor circle sober fifty with thy charms!
Mother too fierce of dear desires!
Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires:
To number five direct your doves,
There spread round Murray all your blooming loves;
Noble and young, who strikes the heart
With every sprightly, every decent part;

Equal the injured to defend,
To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend.
He, with a hundred arts refined,
Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind:
To him each rival shall submit,
Make but his riches equal to his wit.
Then shall thy form the marble grace,
(Thy Grecian form) and Chloe lend the face;
His house, embosom'd in the grove,
Sacred to social life and social love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
Where Thames reflects the visionary scene:
Thither the silver-sounding lyres
Shall call the smiling loves and young desires;
There, every grace and muse shall throng,
Exalt the dance, or animate the song;
There youths and nymphs, in concert gay,
Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.
With me, alas! those joys are o'er;
For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.
Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,
The still-believing, still renew'd desire:
Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,
And all the kind deceivers of the soul!
But why? ah tell me, ah too dear!
Steals down my cheek the involuntary tear?
Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee?
Thee, dress'd in Fancy's airy beam,
Absent I follow through the extended dream;
Now, now I cease, I clasp thy charms,
And now you burst (ah cruel) from my arms!
And swiftly shoot along the Mall,
Or softly glide by the canal;
Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray,
And now on rolling waters snatch'd away.

PART OF ODE IX. OF BOOK IV.

A FRAGMENT.

Lest you should think that verse shall die,
Which sounds the silver Thames along,
Taught on the wings of truth to fly
Above the reach of vulgar song;

Though daring Milton sits sublime,
In Spenser native muses play;
Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay—

Sages and chiefs, long since had birth
Ere Cæsar was, or Newton named;
These raised new empires o'er the earth,
And those new heavens and systems framed.

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!
They had no poet, and they died;
In vain they schemed, in vain they bled!
They had no poet, and are dead.

MISCELLANIES.

On Receiving from the Right Hon. Lady Frances Shirley, a Standish and two Pens.

Yes, I beheld the Athenian queen
Descend in all her sober charms;
And, 'Take,' she said, and smiled serene,
Take at this hand celestial arms:

'Secure the radiant weapons wield;
This golden lance shall guard desert,
And if a vice dares keep the field,
This steel shall stab it to the heart.'

Awed, on my bended knees I fell,
Received the weapons of the sky,
And dipp'd them in the sable well,
The fount of fame or infamy.

'What well? what weapon?' Flavia cries
'A standish, steel and golden pen;
It came from Bertrand's, not the skies;
I gave it you to write again.

'But, friend, take heed whom you attack;
You'll bring a house, I mean of peers,
Red, blue, and green, nay, white and black,
L***** and all about your ears.

'You'd write as smooth again on glass,
And run on ivory so glib,
As not to stick at fool or ass,
Nor stop at flattery or fib.

'Athenian queen! and sober charms!
I tell you, fool, there 's nothing in 't:
'Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms;
In Dryden's Virgil see the print.

'Come, and if you 'll be a quiet soul,
That dares tell neither truth nor lies,
I'll list you in the harmless roll
Of those that sing of these poor eyes.'

EPISTLE TO ROBERT, EARL OF OXFORD, AND EARL MORTIMER.

Sent to the Earl of Oxford, with Dr. Parnell's Poems, published by our Author, after the said Earl's imprisonment in the Tower and Retreat into the Country, in the Year 1721.

Such were the notes thy once-loved poet sung,
Till death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh, just beheld, and lost: admired, and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd!
Bless'd in each science, bless'd in every strain!
Dear to the muse! to Harley dear—in vain!
For him, thou oft hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
For Swift and him, despised the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great;
Dexterous, the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleased to escape from flattery to wit.
Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear,)
Recall those nights that closed thy toilsome days,
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,
Who, careless now of interest, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
Or, deeming meanest what we greatest call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.
And sure, if aught below the seats divine
Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine:
A soul supreme, in each hard instance tried,
Above all pain, and passion, and all pride,
The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
The lust of lucre and the dread of death.

In vain to deserts thy retreat is made;
The muse attends thee to thy silent shade:
'Tis hers the brave man's latest steps to trace,
Re-judge his acts, and dignify disgrace.
When interest calls off all her sneaking train,
And all the obliged desert, and all the vain;
She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
When the last lingering friend has bid farewell.
E'en now she shades thy evening walk with bays,
(No hireling she, no prostitute to praise;)
E'en now, observant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm sunset of thy various day,
Through fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
Nor fears to tell that Mortimer is he.

EPISTLE TO JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

Secretary of State in the Year 1720.

A SOUL as full of worth, as void of pride,
Which nothing seeks to show, or needs to hide:
Which nor to guilt nor fear its caution owes,
And boasts a warmth that from no passion flows:
A face untaught to feign; a judging eye
That darts severe upon a rising lie,
And strikes a blush through frontless flattery:
All this thou wert; and being this before,
Know, kings and fortune cannot make thee more.
Then scorn to gain a friend by servile ways,
Nor wish to lose a foe these virtues raise;
But candid, free, sincere as you began,
Proceed—a minister, but still a man.
Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
Ashamed of any friend, not e'en of me:
The patriot's plain, but untrod, path pursue;
If not, 'tis I must be ashamed of you.

EPISTLE TO MR. JERVAS;

With Mr. Dryden's Translation of Fresnoy's Art of Painting.

This Epistle, and the two following, were written some years before the rest, and originally printed in 1717.

THIS verse be thine, my friend, nor thou refuse
This, from no venal or ungrateful muse.
Whether thy hand strikes out some free design,
Where life awakes and dawns at every line;
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass,
And from the canvass call the mimic face:
Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire
Fresnoy's close art, and Dryden's native fire:
And reading wish, like theirs our fate and fame,
So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name:
Like them to shine through long succeeding age,
So just thy skill, so regular my rage.
Smit with the love of sister arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
Like friendly colours found them both unite,
And each from each contract new strength and light.
How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
While summer suns roll unperceived away!
How oft our slowly-growing works impart,
While images reflect from art to art!
How oft review; each finding, like a friend,
Something to blame and something to commend!
What flattering scenes our wandering fancy wrought,
Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought!
Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,
Fired with ideas of fair Italy.
With thee on Raphael's monument I mourn,
Or wait inspiring dreams at Maro's urn:
With thee repose where Tully once was laid,
Or seek some ruin's formidable shade:
While fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,
And builds imaginary Rome anew.
Here thy well-studied marbles fix our eye;
A fading fresco here demands a sigh:
Each heavenly piece unwearied we compare,
Match Raphael's grace with thy loved Guido's air,
Caracci's strength, Corregio's softer line,
Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.
How finish'd with illustrious toil appears
This small well-polish'd gem, the work of years!
Yet still how faint by precept is express'd
The living image in the painter's breast!
Thence endless streams of fair ideas flow,
Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow;
Thence beauty, waking all her forms, supplies
An angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.
Muse! at that name thy sacred sorrows shed,
Those tears eternal that embalm the dead!
Call round her tomb each object of desire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire:
Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife:
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
Then view this marble, and be vain no more!
Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage;
Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flower that every season fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years
Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise,
And other beauties envy Worsley's eyes;
Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,
And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.
Oh, lasting as those colours may they shine,
Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line;
New graces yearly like thy works display,
Soft without weakness, without glaring gay;
Led by some rule, that guides, but not constrains;
And finish'd more through happiness than pains!
The kindred arts shall in their praise conspire,
One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre.
Yet should the Graces all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on every face;
Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul;
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,
And these be sung till Granville's Myra die;
Alas! how little from the grave we claim!
Thou but preserv'st a face, and I a name.

EPISTLE TO MISS BLOUNT

With the Works of Voiture.

IN these gay thoughts the loves and graces shine
And all the writer lives in every line:
His easy art may happy nature seem,
Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
Who without flattery pleased the fair and great;

Still with esteem no less conversed than read;
With wit well-natured, and with books well-bred:
His heart, his mistress and his friend did share;
His time, the muse, the witty, and the fair.
Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
Cheerful he play'd the trifle, life, away;
Till fate, scarce felt, his gentle breath suppress'd,
As smiling infants sport themselves to rest.
E'en rival wits did Voiture's death deplore,
And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;
The truest hearts for Voiture heaved with sighs,
Voiture was wept by all the brightest eyes:
The smiles and loves had died in Voiture's death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe.

Let the strict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and serious comedy;
In every scene some moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both please and preach.
Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear,
And more diverting still than regular,
Have humour, wit, a native ease and grace,
Though not too strictly bound to time and place:
Critics in wit, or life, are hard to please;
Few write to those and none can live to these.

Too much your sex are by their forms confined,
Severe to all, but most to womankind;
Custom, grown blind with age, must be your guide;
Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride;
By nature yielding, stubborn but for fame;
Made slaves by honour, and made fools by shame.
Marriage may all those petty tyrants chase,
But sets up one, a greater, in their place:
Well might you wish for change by those accursed,
But the last tyrant ever proves the worst.
Still in constraint your suffering sex remains,
Or bound in formal, or in real chains:
Whole years neglected, for some months adored,
The fawning servant turns a haughty lord.
Ah, quit not the free innocence of life,
For the dull glory of a virtuous wife;
Nor let false shows, nor empty titles please:
Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease.

The gods, to curse Pamela with her prayers,
Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders mares,
The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,
And, to complete her bliss, a fool for mate.
She glares in balls, front boxes, and the ring,
A vain, unquiet, glittering, wretched thing!
Pride, pomp, and state, but reach her outward part;
She sighs, and is no dutchess at her heart.

But, madam, if the fates withstand, and you
Are destined Hymen's willing victim too;
Trust not too much your now resistless charms,
Those, age or sickness, soon or late, disarms:
Good-humour only teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past;
Love raised on beauty will, like that, decay,
Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day;
As flowery bands in wantonness are worn,
A morning's pleasure, and at evening torn;
This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,
The willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus Voiture's* early care still shone the same,
And Monthausier was only changed in name;
By this, e'en now they live, e'en now they charm,
Their wit still sparkling, and their flames still warm.

Now crown'd with myrtle on the Elysian coast,
Amid those lovers, joys his gentle ghost:
Pleased, while with smiles his happy lines you view,
And finds a fairer Rambouillet in you.
The brightest eyes in France inspired his muse;
The brightest eyes in Britain now peruse;
And dead, as living, 'tis our author's pride
Still to charm those who charm the world beside.

* Mademoiselle Paulet.

EPISTLE TO THE SAME,

On her leaving the Town after the Coronation, 1715.

As some fond virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the town to wholesome country air
Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;
From the dear man unwilling she must sever,
Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever;
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;
Not that their pleasures caused her discontent,
She sigh'd, not that they stay'd but that she went.

She went to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks.
She went from opera, park, assembly, play,
To morning walks, and prayers three hours a-day;
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,
To muse, and spill her solitary tea;
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon;
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the 'squire;
Up to her godly garret after seven,
There starve and pray, for that 's the way to heaven

Some 'squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack;
Whose game is whist, whose treat a toast in sack:
Who visits with a gun, presents you birds,
Then gives a smacking buss, and cries,—'No words!'
Or with his hounds comes hallooing from the stable,
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests are coarse,
And loves you best of all things—but his horse.

In some fair evening, on your elbow laid,
You dream of triumphs in the rural shade;
In pensive thought recall the fancied scene,
See coronations rise on every green;
Before you pass the imaginary sights
Of lords, and earls, and dukes, and garter'd knights,
While the spread fan o'ershades your closing eyes:
Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.
Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls!

So when your slave, at some dear idle time,
Not plagued with headaches, or the want of rhyme,
Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,
And while he seems to study, thinks of you;
Just when his fancy paints your sprightly eyes,
Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,
Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,
Streets, chairs, and coxcombs, rush upon my sight;
Vex'd to be still in town I knit my brow,
Look sour, and hum a tune, as you may now.

THE BASSET-TABLE,

AN ECLOGUE.

CARDELIA. SMILINDA.

CARDELIA.

THE basset-table spread, the tallier come;
Why stays Smilinda in the dressing-room?
Rise, pensive nymph; the tallier waits for you.

SMILINDA.

Ah, madam, since my Sharper is untrue,
I joyless make my once adored alphiew.
I saw him stand behind Ombrelia's chair,
And whisper with that soft deluding air,
And those feign'd sighs which cheat the list'ning fair.

CARDELIA.

Is this the cause of your romantic strains?
A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains.
As you by love, so I by fortune cross'd;
One, one bad deal, three septlevas have lost.

SMILINDA.

Is that the grief which you compare with mine?
With ease the smiles of fortune I resign:
Would all my gold in one bad deal were gone,
Were lovely Sharper mine, and mine alone.

CARDELIA.

A lover lost, is but a common care;
And prudent nymphs against that change prepare:
The knave of clubs thrice lost; oh! who could guess
This fatal stroke, this unforeseen distress?

SMILINDA.

See Betty Lovet! very a-propos,
She all the cares of love and play does know:
Dear Betty shall the important point decide:
Betty who oft the pain of each has tried;
Impartial, she shall say who suffers most,
By cards, ill-usage, or by lovers lost.

LOVET.

Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I stay,
Though time is precious, and I want some tea.

CARDELIA.

Behold this equipage, by Mathers wrought,
With fifty guineas (a great penn'worth) bought.
See, on the tooth-pick Mars and Cupid strive;
And both the struggling figures seem alive.
Upon the bottom shines the queen's bright face:
A myrtle foliage round the thimble-case.
Jove, Jove himself does on the scissars shine;
The metal, and the workmanship, divine!

SMILINDA.

This snuff-box; once the pledge of Sharper's love,
When rival beauties for the present strove;
At Corticelli's he the raffle won;
Then first his passion was in public shown:
Hazardia blush'd, and turn'd her head aside,
A rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
This snuff-box,—on the hinge see brilliants shine!
This snuff-box will I stake; the prize is mine.

CARDELIA.

Alas! far lesser losses than I bear,
Have made a soldier sigh, a lover swear.

And, oh! what makes the disappointment hard,
'Twas my own lord that drew the fatal car
In complaisance I took the queen he gave;
Though my own secret wish was for the knave.
The knave won sonica, which I had chose,
And the next pull, my septleva I lose.

SMILINDA.

But, ah! what aggravates the killing smart,
The cruel thought, that stabs me to the heart;
This cursed Ombrelia, this undoing fair,
By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear;
She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,
She owes to me the very charms she wears.
An awkward thing when first she came to town;
Her shape unfashion'd, and her face unknown:
She was my friend; I taught her first to spread
Upon her sallow cheeks enlivening red:
I introduced her to the park and plays;
And by my interest, Cozens made her stays.
Ungrateful wretch, with mimic airs grown pert,
She dares to steal my favourite lover's heart!

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was! how often have I swore,
When Winnall tallied, I would punt no more!
I know the bite, yet to my ruin run;
And see the folly, which I cannot shun.

SMILINDA.

How many maids have Sharper's vows deceived!
How many cursed the moment they believed!
Yet his known falsehoods could no warning prove:
Ah! what is warning to a maid in love?

CARDELIA.

But of what marble must that breast be form'd,
To gaze on Basset, and remain unwarm'd?
When kings, queens, knaves, are set in decent rank;
Exposed in glorious heaps the tempting bank,
Guineas, half-guineas, all the shining train;
The winner's pleasure, and the loser's pain:
In bright confusion open rouleaus lie,
They strike the soul, and glitter in the eye.
Fired by the sight, all reason I disdain;
My passions rise, and will not bear the rein.
Look upon Basset, you who reason boast;
And see if reason must not there be lost.

SMILINDA.

What more than marble must that heart compose,
Can hearken coldly to my Sharper's vows?
Then, when he trembles! when his blushes rise!
When awful love seems melting in his eyes!
With eager beats his Mechlin cravat moves:
He loves,—I whisper to myself, 'He loves!'
Such unfeign'd passion in his looks appears,
I lose all memory of my former fears;
My panting heart confesses all his charms,
I yield at once, and sink into his arms.
Think of that moment, you who prudence boast;
For such a moment, prudence well were lost.

CARDELIA.

At the Groom-porter's batter'd bullies play,
Some dukes at Marybone bowl time away.
But who the bowl, or rattling dice compares
To Basset's heavenly joys, and pleasing cares?

SMILINDA.

Soft Simplicetta dotes upon a beau;
Prudina likes a man, and laughs at show.

Their several graces in my Sharper meet;
Strong as the footman, as the master sweet.

LOVET.

Cease your contention, which has been too long;
I grow impatient, and the tea 's too strong.
Attend, and yield to what I now decide;
The equipage shall grace Smilinda's side:
The snuff-box to Cardelia I decree;
Now leave complaining, and begin your tea.

VERBATIM FROM BOILEAU.

Un jour, dit un auteur, &c.

Once (says an author, where I need not say)
Two travellers found an oyster in their way;
Both fierce, both hungry, the dispute grew strong,
While, scale in hand, dame Justice pass'd along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the laws;
Explain'd the matter, and would win the cause.
Dame Justice weighing long the doubtful right,
Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight.
The cause of strife removed so rarely well,
'There, take,' says Justice, 'take you each a shell
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you:
Twas a fat oyster—Live in peace—Adieu.'

ANSWER TO THE FOLLOWING QUESTION OF MRS. HOWE.

What is prudery?
'Tis a beldam,
Seen with wit and beauty seldom.
'Tis a fear that starts at shadows:
'Tis (no, 'tis n't) like miss Meadows;
'Tis a virgin hard of feature,
Old, and void of all good-nature;
Lean and fretful; would seem wise;
Yet plays the fool before she dies.
'Tis an ugly, envious shrew,
That rails at dear Lepell and you.

Occasioned by some Verses of

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Muse, 'tis enough: at length thy labour ends.
And thou shalt live, for Buckingham commends.
Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,
Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail:
This more than pays whole years of thankless pain,
Time, health, and fortune, are not lost in vain.
Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
And I and malice from this hour are friends.

PROLOGUE BY MR. POPE,

To a Play for Mr. Dennis's Benefit, in 1733, *when he was old, blind, and in great distress, a little before his Death.*

As when the hero, who in each campaign
Had braved the Goth, and many a Vandal slain,
Lay fortune-struck, a spectacle of woe!
Wept by each friend, forgiven by every foe:
Was there a generous, a reflecting mind,
But pitied Belisarius old and blind?
Was there a chief but melted at the sight?
A common soldier, but who clubb'd his mite?
Such, such emotions should in Britons rise,
When press'd by want and weakness Dennis lies.
Dennis, who long had warr'd with modern Huns,
Their quibbles routed, and defied their puns;
A desperate bulwark, sturdy, firm, and fierce,
Against the Gothic sons of frozen verse:
How changed from him who made the boxes groan,
And shook the stage with thunder all his own!
Stood up to dash each vain pretender's hope,
Maul the French tyrant, or pull down the pope!
If there 's a Briton then, true bred and born,
Who holds dragoons and wooden shoes in scorn;
If there 's a critic of distinguish'd rage;
If there 's a senior, who contemns this age;
Let him to night his just assistance lend,
And be the critic's, Briton's, old man's friend.

PROLOGUE TO SOPHONISBA.

*By Pope and Mallet.**

When learning, after the long Gothic night,
Fair, o'er the western world renew'd its light,
With arts arising, Sophonisba rose:
The tragic muse, returning, wept her woes.
With her the Italian scene first learn'd to glow;
And the first tears for her were taught to flow.
Her charms the Gallic muses next inspired:
Corneille himself saw, wonder'd, and was fired.
What foreign theatres with pride have shown,
Britain, by juster title, makes her own.
When freedom is the cause, 'tis hers to fight;
And hers, when freedom is the theme, to write:
For this a British author bids again
The heroine rise, to grace the British scene.
Here, as in life, she breathes her genuine flame;
She asks what bosom has not felt the same?
Ask of the British youth—Is silence there?
She dares to ask it of the British fair.
To night our home-spun author would be true,
At once to nature, history, and you.
Well-pleased to give our neighbours due applause,
He owns their learning, but disdains their laws.
Not to his patient touch, or happy flame,
'Tis to his British heart he trusts for fame.
If France excel him in one free-born thought,
The man, as well as poet, is in fault.
Nature! informer of the poet's art,
Whose force alone can raise or melt the heart,
Thou art his guide; each passion, every line,
Whate'er he draws to please, must all be thine.
Be thou his judge: in every candid breast,
Thy silent whisper is the sacred test.

MACER:—A CHARACTER.

When simple Macer, now of high renown,
First sought a poet's fortune in the town,

* I have been told by Savage, that of the Prologue to Sophonisba, the first part was written by Pope, who could not be persuaded to finish it; and that the concluding lines were written by Mallet.—*Dr. Johnson.*

'Twas all the ambition his high soul could feel,
To wear red stockings, and to dine with Steele.
Some ends of verse his betters might afford;
And gave the harmless fellow a good word.
Set up with these, he ventured on the town,
And with a borrow'd play outdid poor Crown.
There he stopp'd short, nor since has writ a tittle,
But has the wit to make the most of little:
Like stunted hide-bound trees, that just have got
Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.
Now he begs verse, and what he gets commends,
Not of the wits his foes, but fools his friends.
So some coarse country-wench, almost decay'd,
Trudges to town, and first turns chambermaid;
Awkward and supple, each devoir to pay,
She flatters her good lady twice a-day;
Thought wondrous honest, though of mean degree,
And strangely liked for her simplicity:
In a translated suit, then tries the town,
With borrow'd pins, and patches not her own:
But just endured the winter she began,
And in four months a batter'd harridan.
Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and shrunk,
To bawd for others, and go shares with punk.

TO MR. JOHN MOORE,

Author of the celebrated Worm-Powder.

How much, egregious Moore, are we
Deceived by shows and forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All human kind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,
Vile, reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm, we find
E'er since our grandame's evil;
She first conversed with her own kind,
That ancient worm, the devil.

The learn'd themselves we book-worms name;
The blockhead is a slow-worm;
The nymph whose tail is all on flame,
Is aptly term'd a glow-worm.

The fops are painted butterflies,
That flutter for a day;
First from a worm they take their rise,
And in a worm decay.

The flatterer an earwig grows;
Thus worms suit all conditions:
Misers are muck-worms, silk-worms beaus.
And death-watches physicians.

That statesmen have the worm, is seen
By all their winding play;
Their conscience is a worm within,
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah, Moore! thy skill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would rise,
If thou couldst make the courtier void
The worm that never dies.

O learned friend of Abchurch-lane,
Who setst our entrails free;
Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
Since worms shall eat e'en thee.
Our fate thou only canst adjourn
Some few short years, no more!
E'en Button's wits to worms shall turn,
Who maggots were before.

SONG BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

Written in the Year 1733.

FLUTTERING spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
I a slave in thy dominions;
Nature must give way to art.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming,
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth;
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gored with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair discretion, string the lyre;
Soothe my ever-waking slumbers:
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
Watering soft Elysian plains.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus hovering o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy smooth Mæander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flowery chaplets crown'd.

Thus when Philomela drooping,
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of Juno stooping:
Melody resigns to fate.

ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.

I KNOW the thing that 's most uncommon;
(Envy, be silent and attend!)
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warp'd by passion, awed by rumour,
Not grave through pride, nor gay through folly,
An equal mixture of good-humour,
And sensible soft melancholy.

'Has she no faults, then,' Envy says, 'sir?'
Yes, she has one, I must aver:
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman 's deaf, and does not hear.

ON HIS GROTTO AT TWICKENHAM,

Composed of Marble, Spars, Gems, Ores, and Minerals.

THOU who shalt drop, where Thames' translucent wave
Shines a broad mirror through the shadowy cave;

Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distil,
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill,
Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride bestow,
And latent metals innocently glow:
Approach. Great Nature studiously behold!
And eye the mine, without a wish for gold.
Approach; but awful! lo! the Ægerian grot,
Where, nobly pensive, St. John sat and thought;
Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
And the bright flame was shot through Marchmont's soul.
Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor.
Who dare to love their country, and the poor.

TO MRS. M. B. ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Oh, be thou bless'd with all that Heaven can send,
Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a friend!
Not with those toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire.
With added years, if life bring nothing new,
But like a sieve let every blessing through,
Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, some sad reflection more;
Is that a birth day? 'tis, alas! too clear,
'Tis but the funeral of the former year.
Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,
And the gay conscience of a life well spent,
Calm every thought, inspirit every grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear;
Till death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
In some soft dream, or ecstacy of joy.
Peaceful sleep out the sabbath of the tomb,
And wake to raptures in a life to come.

TO MR. THOMAS SOUTHERN,

On his Birth-day, 1742.

Resign'd to live, prepared to die,
With not one sin but poetry,
This day Tom's fair account has run
(Without a blot) to eighty-one.
Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays
A table, with a cloth of bays;
And Ireland, mother of sweet singers,
Presents her harp still to his fingers.
The feast, his towering genius marks
In yonder wild-goose and the larks!
The mushrooms show his wit was sudden!
And for his judgment, lo a pudden!
Roast beef, though old, proclaims him stout,
And grace, although a bard, devout.
May Tom, whom heaven sent down to raise
The price of prologues and of plays,
Be every birth-day more a winner,
Dijest his thirty thousandth dinner;
Walk to his grave without reproach,
And scorn a rascal and a coach.

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.*

In beauty or wit,
No mortal as yet,
To question your empire has dared,
But men of discerning
Have thought that in learning,
To yield to a lady was hard.

Impertinent schools,
With musty dull rules,
Have reading to females denied:
So papists refuse
The Bible to use,
Lest flocks should be wise as their guide.

'Twas a woman at first
(Indeed she was cursed)
In knowledge that tasted delight,
And sages agree
That laws should decree
To the first of possessors the right.

Then bravely, fair dame,
Resume the old claim,
Which to your whole sex does belong;
And let men receive,
From a second bright Eve,
The knowledge of right and of wrong.

But if the first Eve,
Hard doom did receive,
When only one apple had she,
What a punishment new
Shall be found out for you,
Who tasting, have robb'd the whole tree!

* This panegyric on Lady Mary Wortley Montague might have been suppressed by Mr. Pope, on account of her having satirized him in her verses to the imitator of Horace; which abuse he returned in the first satire of the second book of Horace.

From furious Sappho, scarce a milder fate,
P—'d by her love, or libell'd by her hate.

* This satire on Lord Bolingbroke, and the praise bestowed on him in a letter to Mr. Richardson, where Mr. Pope says,

The sons shall blush their fathers were his foes:

being so contradictory, probably occasioned the former to be suppressed. S.

EPISTLE IV, OF BOOK I, OF HORACE'S EPISTLES.*

A modern Imitation.

Say,† St. John, who alone peruse
With candid eye, the mimic muse,
What schemes of politics, or laws,
In Gallic lands the patriot draws!
Is then a greater work in hand,
Than all the tomes of Haine's band?
'Or shoots he folly as it flies?
Or catches manners as they rise?'‡
Or, urged by unquench'd native heat,
§Does St. John Greenwich sports repeat?
Where (emulous of Chartres' fame)
E'en Chartres' self is scarce a name.
‖ To you (the all-envied gift of heaven)
The indulgent gods, unask'd, have given
A form complete in every part,
And, to enjoy that gift, the art.

† Ad Albium Tibullum.

Albi, nostrorum sermonum, candide judex,
Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedana?
Scribere, quod Cassi Parmensis opuscula vincat?

‡ The lines here quoted occur in the Essay on Man.

§ An tacitum silvas inter reptare salubres?

‖ . . . . . Di tibi formam
Di tibi divitas dederunt, artemque fruendi.

* What could a tender mother's care
Wish better to her favourite heir,
Than wit, and fame, and lucky hours,
A stock of health, and golden showers,
And graceful fluency of speech,
Precepts before unknown to teach?
† Amidst thy various ebbs of fear,
And gleaming hope, and black despair;
Yet let thy friend this truth impart;
A truth I tell with bleeding heart
(In justice for your labours past,)
‡ That every day shall be your last;
That every hour you life renew
Is to your injured country due.
In spite of tears, of mercy spite,
My genius still must rail, and write.
Haste to thy Twickenham's safe retreat,
And mingle with the grumbling great:
There, half devour'd by spleen, you 'll find
The rhyming bubbler of mankind;
There (objects of our mutual hate)
We 'll ridicule both church and state.

EPIGRAM ON MRS. TOFTS,

A handsome Woman with a fine Voice, but very covetous and proud.§

So bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus along;
But such is thy avarice and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starved, and the poet have died.

EPIGRAM,

On one who made long Epitaphs.‖

Friend, for your epitaphs I'm grieved;
Where still so much is said,
One half will never be believed,
The other never read.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

On his painting for me the Statues of Apollo, Venus, and Hercules.

What god, what genius, did the pencil move
When Kneller painted these?
'Twas Friendship—warm as Phœbus, kind as Love,
And strong as Hercules.

* Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,
Qui sapere, et fari possit quæ sentiat, et cui
Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abunde,
. . . . . non deficiente crumena?

† Inter spem curamque, timores inter et iras.

‡ Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.
Me pinguem et nitidum bene curatâ cute vises,
Cum ridere voles Epicuri de grege porcum.

§ This epigram, first printed anonymously in Steele's Collection, and copied in the Miscellanies of Swift and Pope, is ascribed to Pope by sir John Hawkins, in his History of Music—Mrs. Tofts, who was the daughter of a person in the family of Bishop Burnet, is celebrated as a singer little inferior, either for her voice or manner, to the best Italian women. She lived at the introduction of the opera into this kingdom, and sung in company with Nicolini; but, being ignorant of Italian, chanted her recitative in English, in answer to his Italian; yet the charms of their voices overcame the absurdity.

‖ It is not generally known that the person here meant was Dr. Robert Friend, head master of Westminster-school.

A FAREWELL TO LONDON.

In the Year 1715.

Dear, damn'd distracting town, farewell!
Thy fools no more I 'll tease:
This year in peace, ye critics, dwell,
Ye harlots, sleep at ease.

Soft B*** and rough C*****, adieu!
Earl Warwick make your moan,
The lively H*****k and you
May knock up whores alone.

To drink and droll be Rowe allow'd
Till the third watchman toll;
Let Jervis gratis paint, and Frowde
Save three-pence and his soul.

Farewell Arbuthnot's raillery
On every learned sot,
And Garth, the best good christian he,
Although he knows it not.

Lintot, farewell; thy bard must go!
Farewell, unhappy Tonson!
Heaven gives thee, for thy loss of Rowe,
Lean Philips, and fat Johnson.

Why should I stay? Both parties rage;
My vixen mistress squalls;
The wits in envious feuds engage;
And Homer (damn him!) calls.

The love of arts lies cold and dead
In Halifax's urn;
And not one Muse of all he fed,
Has yet the grace to mourn.

My friends, by turns, my friends confound,
Betray, and are betray'd:
Poor Y***r's sold for fifty pound,
And B******ll is a jade.

Why make I friendships with the great,
When I no favour seek?
Or follow girls seven hours in eight?—
I need but once a week.

Still idle, with a busy air,
Deep whimsies to contrive;
The gayest valetudinaire,
Most thinking rake alive.

Solicitous for others' ends,
Though fond of dear repose;
Careless or drowsy with my friends,
And frolic with my foes.

Luxurious lobster-nights, farewell,
For sober, studious days!
And Burlington's delicious meal,
For salads, tarts, and pease!

Adieu to all but Gay alone,
Whose soul sincere and free,
Loves all mankind, but flatters none,
And so may starve with me.

A DIALOGUE.

Pope. Since my old friend is grown so great
As to be minister of state.
I'm told (but 'tis not true I hope)
That Craggs will be ashamed of Pope.

Craggs. Alas! if I am such a creature.
To grow the worse for growing greater,
Why, faith, in spite of all my brags,
'Tis Pope must be ashamed of Craggs.

EPIGRAM,

Engraved on the Collar of a Dog, which I gave to his Royal Highness.

I AM his Highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?

EPIGRAM,

Occasioned by an Invitation to Court.

IN the lines that you sent are the muses and graces:
You've the nine in your wit, and the three in your faces.

ON AN OLD GATE.

Erected in Chiswick Gardens.

O GATE, how camest thou here?
Gate. I was brought from Chelsea last year,
Batter'd with wind and weather;
Inigo Jones put me together;
Sir Hans Sloane
Let me alone:
Burlington brought me hither.
1742.

A FRAGMENT.

WHAT are the falling rills, the pendent shades,
The morning bowers, the evening colonnades,
But soft recesses for the uneasy mind
To sigh unheard in, to the passing wind!
So the struck deer, in some sequester'd part,
Lies down to die (the arrow in his heart;)
There hid in shades, and wasting day by day,
Inly he bleeds, and pants his soul away.

VERSES LEFT BY MR. POPE,

On his lying in the same Bed which Wilmot the celebrated Earl of Rochester slept in, at Adderbury, then belonging to the Duke of Argyle, July 9th, 1739.

WITH no poetic ardour fired
I press'd the bed where Wilmot lay;
That here he loved, or here expired,
Begets no numbers grave or gay.

But in thy roof, Argyle, are bred
Such thoughts as prompt the brave to lie
Stretch'd out in honour's noble bed,
Beneath a nobler roof—the sky.

Such flames as high in patriots burn,
Yet stoop to bless a child or wife;
And such as wicked kings may mourn,
When freedom is more dear than life.

VERSES TO MR. C.

St. James's Place, London, October 22.

FEW words are best; I wish you well;
Bethel, I'm told, will soon be here:
Some morning-walks along the Mall,
And evening friends, will end the year.

If, in this interval, between
The falling leaf and coming frost,
You please to see, on Twit'nam green,
Your friend, your poet, and your host;

For three whole days you here may rest,
From office, business, news, and strife;
And (what most folks would think a jest)
Want nothing else, except your wife.

EPITAPHS.

His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani Munere!
VIRG.

ON CHARLES EARL OF DORSET,

In the Church of Withyam, in Sussex.

DORSET, the grace of courts, the Muses pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of nature, died.
The scourge of pride, though sanctified or great,
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state:
Yet soft his nature, though severe his lay;
His anger moral, and his wisdom gay.
Bless'd satirist! who touch'd the means so true,
As show'd vice had his hate and pity too.
Bless'd courtier! who could king and country please
Yet sacred keep his friendships, and his ease.
Bless'd peer! his great forefathers' every grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his race;
Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets shine,
And patrons still, or poets, deck the line.

ON SIR WILLIAM TRUMBALL,

One of the principal Secretaries of State to King William the Third, who, having resigned his place, died in his Retirement at Easthamstead, in Berkshire, 1716.

A PLEASING form; a firm, yet cautious mind;
Sincere, though prudent; constant, yet resign'd;
Honour unchanged, a principle profess'd,
Fix'd to one side, but moderate to the rest:
An honest courtier, yet a patriot too;
Just to his prince, and to his country true:
Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth:
A generous faith, from superstition free;
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny:
Such this man was; who now from earth removed,
At length enjoys that liberty he loved.

ON THE HON. SIMON HARCOURT,

Only Son of the Lord Chancellor Harcourt, at the Church of Stanton-Harcourt, in Oxfordshire, 1720.

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near;
Here lies the friend most loved, the son most dear;

Who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he died.
How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
Oh let thy once-loved friend inscribe thy stone,
And with a father's sorrows mix his own!

ON JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

In Westminster Abbey.

JACOBUS CRAGGS,
REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS,
ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,
PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIÆ
VIXIT, TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR,
ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.
OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
Praised, wept, and honour'd, by the muse he loved.

INTENDED FOR MR. ROWE,

In Westminster Abbey.

Thy reliques, Rowe, to this fair urn we trust,
And, sacred, place by Dryden's awful dust:
Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
Bless'd in thy genius, in thy love too bless'd!
One grateful woman to thy fame supplies
What a whole thankless land to his denies.

ON MRS. CORBET,

Who died of a Cancer in her Breast.

Here rests a woman, good without pretence,
Bless'd with plain reason, and with sober sense;
No conquest she, but o'er herself, desired,
No arts essay'd, but not to be admired.
Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
Convinced that virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, so composed a mind;
So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so refined;
Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures tried;
The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died.

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE HONOURABLE ROBERT DIGBY, AND OF HIS SISTER MARY,

Erected by their Father, the Lord Digby, in the Church of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, 1727.

Go! fair example of untainted youth,
Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth;
Composed in sufferings, and in joy sedate,
Good without noise, without pretensions great:
Just of thy word, in every thought sincere,
Who knew no wish but what the world might hear:
Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human-kind:
Go, live! for heaven's eternal year is thine,
Go, and exalt thy moral to divine!
And thou, bless'd maid! attendant on his doom,
Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then, where only bliss sincere is known!
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!
Yet, take these tears, mortality's relief,
And till we share your joys, forgive our grief:
These little rites, a stone, a verse, receive;
'Tis all a father, all a friend, can give!

ON SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

In Westminster Abbey, 1723.

Kneller, by Heaven, and not a master, taught,
Whose art was nature, and whose pictures thought;
Now for two ages having snatch'd from fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
Lies crown'd with princes' honours, poets' lays,
Due to his merit, and brave thirst of praise.
Living, great nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and, dying, fears herself may die.

ON GENERAL HENRY WITHERS,

In Westminster Abbey, 1729.

Here, Withers, rest! thou bravest, gentlest mind,
Thy country's friend, but more of human-kind.
O born to arms! O worth in youth approved!
O soft humanity, in age beloved!
For thee the hardy veteran drops a tear,
And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.
Withers, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial spirit, or thy social love!
Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave some ancient virtues to our age:
Nor let us say (those English glories gone)
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

ON MR. ELIJAH FENTON,

At Easthamstead, in Berks, 1730.

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, 'Here lies an honest man:'
A poet, bless'd beyond the poet's fate,
Whom Heaven kept sacred from the proud and great:
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace.
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From nature's temperate feast rose satisfied,
Thank'd Heaven that he had lived, and that he died.

ON MR. GAY,

In Westminster Abbey, 1730.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit, a man; simplicity, a child:

With native humour tempering virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age;
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted, e'en among the great:
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblamed through life, lamented in thy end.
These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—'Here lies Gay!

ANOTHER.

Well then! poor Gay lies under ground,
So there 's an end of honest Jack:
So little justice here he found,
'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

INTENDED FOR SIR ISAAC NEWTON,

In Westminster Abbey.

ISAACUS NEWTONUS:
Quem Immortalem
Testantur Tempus, Natura, Cœlum:
Mortalem
Hoc Marmour Fatetur.

Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, 'Let Newton be!' and all was light.

ON DR. FRANCIS ATTERBURY

BISHOP OF ROCHESTER,

Who died in Exile in Paris, 1732.

[His only daughter having expired in his arms, immediately after she arrived in France to see him.]

DIALOGUE.

She. Yes, we have lived—one pang, and then we part;
May Heaven, dear father! now have all thy heart.
Yet, ah! how once we loved, remember still,
Till you are dust like me.

He. Dear shade! I will:
Then mix this dust with thine—O spotless ghost!
O more than fortune, friends, or country lost!
Is there on earth one care, one wish beside?
Yes—'Save my country, Heaven,'—He said, and died.

ON EDMUND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

Who died in the 19th year of his age, 1735,

If modest youth with cool reflection crown'd,
And every opening virtue blooming round,
Could save a parent's justest pride from fate,
Or add one patriot to a sinking state;
This weeping marble had not ask'd thy tear,
Or sadly told how many hopes lie here!
The living virtue now had shone approved,
The senate heard him, and his country loved.
Yet softer honours, and less noisy fame
Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham:
In whom a race, for courage famed and art,
Ends in the milder merit of the heart;
And, chiefs or sages long to Britain given,
Pays the last tribute of a saint to Heaven.

FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Heroes and kings! your distance keep;
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flatter'd folks like you:
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

ANOTHER, ON THE SAME.

Under this marble or under this sill,
Or under this turf, or e'en what they will;
Whatever an heir, or a friend in his stead,
Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head;
Lies one who ne'er cared, and still cares not a pin,
What they said, or may say, of the mortal within;
But who, living and dying, serene still and free,
Trusts in God, that as well as he was, he shall be.

LORD CONINGSBY'S EPITAPH.

Here lies Lord Coningsby—be civil:
The rest God knows—so does the devil.

ON BUTLER'S MONUMENT.

Perhaps by Mr. Pope.[2]

Respect to Dryden, Sheffield justly paid,
And noble Villers honour'd Cowley's shade':
But whence this Barber?—that a name so mean
Should, join'd with Butler's, on a tomb be seen:
This pyramid would better far proclaim,
To future ages humbler Settle's name:
Poet and patron then had been well pair'd,
The city printer, and the city bard.

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1 This Epitaph, originally written on Picus Mirandula, is applied to F. Chartres, and printed among the works of Swift. See Hawkesworth's edition, vol. vi. S.

2 Mr. Pope, in one of the prints from Scheemaker's monument of Shakspeare in Westminster Abbey, has sufficiently shown his contempt of Alderman Barber, by the following couplet, which is substituted in the place of 'The cloud-capt towers,' &c.

'Thus Britain loved me; and preserved my fame,
Clear from a Barber's or a Benson's name.'—A. Pope.

Pope might probably have suppressed his satire on the alderman, because he was one of Swift's acquaintances and correspondents; though in the fourth book of the Dunciad he has an anonymous stroke at him:

'So by each bard an alderman shall sit,
A heavy lord shall hang at every wit.'

THE DUNCIAD,

IN FOUR BOOKS:

With the Prolegomena of Scribblerus, the Hypercritics of Aristarchus, and Notes Variorum.

A LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER,

Occasioned by the first correct Edition of the Dunciad.

It is with pleasure I hear that you have procured a correct copy of the Dunciad, which the many surreptitious ones have rendered so necessary: and I am yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a Commentary: a work so requisite, that I could not think the author himself could have omitted it, had he approved of the first appearance of this poem.

Such notes as have occurred to me I herewith send you: you will oblige me by inserting them amongst those which are, or will be, transmitted to you by others; since not only the author's friends, but even strangers, appear engaged by humanity, to take some care of an orphan of so much genius and spirit, which its parent seems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and suffered to step into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading some of the abusive papers lately published, that my great regard to a person whose friendship I esteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater respect to truth, than to him or any man living, engaged me in inquiries, of which the inclosed notes are the fruit.

I perceive that most of these authors had been (doubtless very wisely) the first aggressors. They had tried, till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other: nobody was either concerned or surprised, if this or that scribbler was proved a dunce. But every one was curious to read what could be said to prove Mr Pope one, and was ready to pay something for such a discovery: a stratagem which, would they fairly own it, might not only reconcile them to me, but screen them from the resentment of their lawful superiors, whom they daily abuse, only (as I charitably hope, to get that by them, which they cannot get from them.

I found this was not all: ill success in that had transported them to personal abuse, either of himself, or (what I think he could less forgive) of his friends. They had called men of virtue and honour bad men, long before he had either leisure or inclination to call them bad writers; and some had been such old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their persons as well as their slanders, till they were pleased to revive them.

Now what had Mr. Pope done before, to incense them? He had published those works which are in the hands of every body, in which not the least mention is made of any of them. And what has he done since? He has laughed, and written the Dunciad. What has that said of them? A very serious truth, which the public had said before, that they were dull: and what it had no sooner said, but they themselves were at great pains to procure, or even purchase room in the prints, to testify under their hands the truth of it.

I should still have been silent, if either I had seen any inclination in my friend to be serious with such [illegible] writings; since whoever publishes, puts himself on [illegible] —but when he could observe [illegible] in a manner from whence [illegible] a manner which [illegible] of the [illegible] very [illegible] [illegible] by authors [illegible] danger [illegible] so; and that it was an act of justice to detect the [illegible] are the same who for [illegible] [illegible] posed to the world [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] papers [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

sure it can be none here; for who will pretend that the robbing another of his reputation, supplies the want of it in himself? I question not but such authors are poor, and heartily wish the objection were removed by any honest livelihood. But poverty is here the accident, not the subject: he who describes malice and villany to be pale and meagre, expresses not the least anger against paleness or leanness, but against malice and villany. The Apothecary in Romeo and Juliet is poor; but is he therefore justified in vending poison? Not but poverty itself becomes a just subject of satire, when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful callings; for then it increases the public burthen, fills the streets and highways with robbers, and the garrets with clippers, coiners, and weekly journalists.

But admitting that two or three of these offend less in their morals than in their writings: must poverty make nonsense sacred? If so, the fame of bad authors would be much better consulted than that of all the good ones in the world; and not one of a hundred had ever been called by his right name.

They mistake the whole matter: it is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get them out of it; for men are not bunglers because they are poor, but they are poor because they are bunglers.

Is it not pleasant enough to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their persons and characters were too sacred for satire; and the public objecting on the other, that they are too mean even for ridicule? But whether bread or fame be their end, it must be allowed, our author, by and in this poem, has mercifully given them a little of both.

There are two or three, who by their rank and fortune have no benefit from the former objections, supposing them good; and these I was sorry to see in such company. But if, without any provocation, two or three gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his interest and reputation are equally embarked; they cannot certainly, after they have been content to print themselves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his friends. Surely, they are their enemies who say so; since nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I cannot persuade myself, when I consider the constant and eternal aversion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim merit from being his admirers, I would gladly ask if it lays him under a personal obligation? At that rate he would be the most obliged humble servant in the world. I dare swear for these in particular, he never desired them to be his admirers, nor promised in return to be theirs: that had truly been a sign he was of their acquaintance: but would not the malicious world have suspected such an approbation of some motive worse than ignorance in the author of the Essay on Criticism? Be it as it will, the reasons of their admiration and of his contempt are equally subsisting; for his works and theirs are the very same that they were.

One, therefore, of their assertions I believe may be true, 'That he has a contempt for their writings.' And there is another which would probably be sooner allowed by himself than by any good judge beside, 'That his own have found too much success with the public.' But as it cannot consist with his modesty to claim this as a justice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the public, to defend its own judgment.

There remains what, in my opinion, might seem a better plea for these people, than any they have made use of. If obscurity or poverty were to exempt a man from satire, much more should folly or dulness, which are still more involuntary; nay, as much so as personal deformity. But even this will not help them: deformity becomes an object of ridicule when a man sets up for being handsome; and so must dulness, when he sets up for a wit. They are not ridiculed, because ridicule in itself is, or ought to be, a pleasure; but because it is just to undeceive and vindicate the honest and unpretending part of mankind from imposition, because particular interest ought to yield to general, and a great number who are not naturally fools, ought never to be made so, in complaisance to a few who are. Accordingly we find, that, in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever so poor, or ever so dull, have been constantly the topics of the most candid satirists, from the Codrus of Juvenal to the Damon of Boileau.

Having mentioned Boileau, the greatest poet and most judicious critic of his age and country, admirable for his talents, and yet perhaps more admirable for his judgment in the proper application of them, I cannot help remarking the resemblance betwixt him and our author, in qualities, fame, and fortune: in the distinction shown them by their superiors, in the general esteem of their equals, and in their extended reputation amongst foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with a better fate, as he has had for his translators persons of the most eminent rank and abilities in their respective nations.[1] But the resemblance holds in nothing more, than in their being equally abused by the ignorant pretenders to poetry of their times, of which not the least memory will remain but in their own writings, and in the notes made upon them. What Boileau has done in almost all his poems, our author has only in this: I dare answer for him he will do it no more; and on this principle, of attacking few but who had slandered him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confined from censuring obscure and worthless persons, for scarce any other were his enemies. However, as the parity is so remarkable, I hope it will continue to the last; and if ever he should give us an edition of this poem himself, I may see some of them treated as gently, on their repentance or better merit, as Perrault and Quinault were at last by Boileau.

In one point I must be allowed to think the character of our English poet the more amiable. He has not been a follower of fortune or success; he has lived with the great without flattery; been a friend to men in power without pensions, from whom, as he asked, so he received, no favour, but what was done

1 Essay on Criticism, in French verse, by General Hamilton; the same, in verse also, by Monsieur Roboton, counsellor and privy secretary to King George I. after by the abbe Reynel, in verse, with notes. Rape of the Lock, in French, by the princess of Conti, Paris, 1728; and in Italian verse by the abbe Conti, a noble Venetian; and by the marquis Rangoni, envoy extraordiary from Modena to King George II. Others of his works by Salvini of Florence, &c. His Essay and Dissertations on Homer, several times translated into French. Essay on Man, by the abbe Reynel, in verse; by Monsieur Silhoute, in prose, 1737, and since by others in French, Italian and Latin.

him in his friends. As his satires were the more just for being delayed, so were his panegyrics; bestowed only on such persons as he had familiarly known, only for such virtues as he had long observed in them, and only at such times as others cease to praise, if not begin to calumniate them; I mean when out of power or out of fashion.[1] A satire, therefore, on writers so notorious for the contrary practice, became no man so well as himself; as none, it is plain, was so little in their friendships, or so much in that of those whom they had most abused, namely, the greatest and best of all parties. Let me add a further reason, that, though engaged in their friendships, he never espoused their animosities; and can almost singly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man, which, through guilt, through shame, or through fear, through variety of fortune, or change of interests, he was ever unwilling to own.

I shall conclude with remarking, what a pleasure it must be to every reader of humanity, to see all along, that our author, in his very laughter, is not indulging his own ill-nature, but only punishing that of others. As to his poem, those alone are capable of doing it justice, who, to use the words of a great writer, know how hard it is (with regard both to his subject and his manner) *vetustis dare novitatem, obsoletis nitorem, obscuris lucem fastiditis gratiam.*

I am your most humble servant,
WILLIAM CLELAND.[2]

St. James's, Dec. 22d, 1728.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

HIS PROLEGOMENA AND ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE DUNCIAD:

With the Hypercritics of Aristarchus.

Dennis's Remarks on Prince Arthur.

I CANNOT but think it the most reasonable thing in the world, to distinguish good writers, by discouraging the bad. Nor is it an ill-natured thing, in relation even to the very persons upon whom the reflections are made. It is true, it may deprive them a little the sooner of a short profit and a transitory reputation; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are so very unfit, and to have recourse to something in which they may be more successful.

Character of Mr. P. 1716.

The persons whom Boileau has attacked in his writings have been for the most part authors, and most of those authors, poets: and the censures he hath passed upon them have been confirmed by all Europe.

Gildon, Preface to his New Rehearsal.

It is the common cry of the poetasters of the town, and their fautors, that it is an ill-natured thing to expose the pretenders to wit and poetry. The judges and magistrates may with full as good reason be reproached with ill-nature for putting the laws in execution against a thief or impostor.—The same will hold in the republic of letters, if the critics and judges will let every ignorant pretender to scribbling pass on the world.

Theobald, Letter to Mist, June 22, 1728.

Attacks may be levelled, either against failures in genius, or against the pretensions of writing without one.

Concanen, Dedication to the Author of the Dunciad.

A satire upon dulness is a thing that has been used and allowed in all ages.

Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, wicked scribbler!

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS,

Concerning our Poet and his Works.

M. Scriblerus Lectori S.

BEFORE we present thee with our exercitations on this most delectable poem (drawn from the many volumes of our adversaria on modern authors) we shall here, according to the laudable usage of editors, collect the various judgments of the learned concerning our poet; various indeed, not only of different authors, but of the same author at different seasons. Nor shall we gather only the testimonies of such eminent wits as would of course descend to posterity, and consequently be read without our collection; but we shall likewise, with incredible labour, seek out for divers others, which, but for this our diligence, could never at the distance of a few months appear to the eye of the most curious. Hereby thou mayest not only receive the delectation of variety, but also arrive at a more certain judgment by a grave and circumspect comparison of the witnesses with each other, or of each with himself. Hence also thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections, not only of a critical, but a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the person as well as genius, and of fortune as well as merit of our author: in which, if I relate some things of little concern peradventure to thee, and some of as little even to him, I entreat thee to consider how minutely all true critics and commentators are wont to insist upon such, and how material they seem to themselves, if to none other. Forgive me, gentle reader, if (following learned example) I ever and anon become tedious: allow me to take the same pains to find whether my author were good or bad, well or ill-natured, modest or arrogant; as another, whether his author was fair or brown, short or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a cassock.

1 As Mr. Wycherley, at the time the town declaimed against his book of poems; Mr. Walsh, after his death; sir William Trumball, when he had resigned the office of secretary of state; lord Bolingbroke, at his leaving England, after the queen's death; lord Oxford, in his last decline of life; Mr. Secretary Craggs, at the end of the South-sea year, and after his death: others only in epitaphs.

2 This gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at the university of Utrecht, with the earl of Mar. He served in Spain under earl Rivers. After the peace, he was made one of the commissioners of the customs in Scotland, and then of taxes in England; in which, having shown himself for twenty years diligent, punctual, and incorruptible (though without any other assistance of fortune,) he was suddenly displaced by the minister, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and died two months after, in 1741. He was a person of universal learning, and an enlarged conversation; no man had a warmer heart for his friend, or a sincerer attachment to the constitution of his country.

We proposed to begin with his life, parentage, and education: but as to these, even his contemporaries do exceedingly differ. One saith,[1] he was educated at home; another,[2] that he was bred at St. Omer's by Jesuits; a third,[3] not at St. Omer's, but at Oxford! a fourth,[4] that he had no university education at all. Those who allow him to be bred at home, differ as much concerning his tutor. One saith,[5] he was kept by his father on purpose; a second,[6] that he was an itinerant priest; a third,[7] that he was a parson; one[8] calleth him a secular clergyman of the church of Rome; another,[9] a monk. As little do they agree about his father, whom one[10] supposeth, like the father of Hesiod, a tradesman or merchant; another,[11] a husbandman; another,[12] a hatter, &c. Nor has an author been wanting to give our poet such a father as Apuleius hath to Plato, Jamblichus to Pythagoras, and divers to Homer, viz. a demon: for thus Mr. Gildon:—[13]

'Certain it is, that his original is not from Adam, but the devil; and that he wanteth nothing but horns and tail to be the exact resemblance of his infernal father.' Finding, therefore, such contrariety of opinions, and (whatever be ours of this sort of generation) not being fond to enter into controversy, we shall defer writing the life of our poet, till authors can determine among themselves what parents or education he had, or whether he had any education or parents at all.

Proceed we to what is more certain, his Works, though not less uncertain the judgments concerning them; beginning with his Essay on Criticism, of which hear first the most ancient of critics,

Mr. John Dennis.

'His precepts are false or trivial, or both; his thoughts are crude and abortive, his expressions absurd, his numbers harsh and unmusical, his rhymes trivial and common;—instead of majesty, we have something that is very mean; instead of gravity, something that is very boyish; and instead of perspicuity and lucid order, we have but too often obscurity and confusion.' And in another place—'What rare numbers are here! Would not one swear that this youngster had espoused some antiquated muse, who had sued out a divorce from some superannuated sinner, upon account of impotence, and who, being poxed by the former spouse, has got the gout in her decrepid age, which makes her hobble so damnably.'[14]

No less peremptory is the censure of our hypercritical historian

Mr. Oldmixon.

'I dare not say any thing on the Essay on Criticism in verse; but if any more curious reader has discovered in it something new which is not in Dryden's prefaces, dedications, and his essay on dramatic poetry, not to mention the French critics, I should be very glad to have the benefit of the discovery.'[1]

He is followed (as in fame, so in judgment) by the modest and simple-minded

Mr. Leonard Welsted;

who, out of great respect to our poet, not naming him, doth yet glance at his Essay, together with the duke of Buckingham's, and the criticisms of Dryden and of Horace, which he more openly taxeth:[2] 'As to the numerous treatises, essays, arts, &c., both in verse and prose, that have been written by the moderns on this ground-work, they do but hackney the same thoughts over again, making them still more trite. Most of their pieces are nothing but a pert, insipid heap of common-place. Horace has, even in his Art of Poetry, thrown out several things which plainly show, he thought an art of poetry was of no use, even while he was writing one.'

To all which great authorities, we can only oppose that of

Mr. Addison.

'The Essay on Criticism,' saith he, 'which was published some months since, is a master-piece in its kind. The observations follow one another like those in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose writer. They are some of them uncommon, but such as the reader must assent to, when he sees them explained with that ease and perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the most known and the most received, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt allusions, that they have in them all the graces of novelty; and make the reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their truth and solidity. And here give me leave to mention what Monsieur Boileau has so well enlarged upon in the preface to his works: that wit and fine writing doth not consist so much in advancing things that are new as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us, who live in the latter ages of the world, to make observations in criticism, morality, or any art or science, which have not been touched upon by others; we have little else left us, but to represent the common sense of mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace's Art of Poetry, he will find but few precepts in it which he may not meet with in Aristotle, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Augustan age. His way of expressing, and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

'Longinus, in his Reflections, has given us the same kind of sublime, which he observes in the several passages that occasioned them: I cannot but take notice that our English author has, after the same manner, exemplified several of the precepts in the

1 Giles Jacob's Lives of the Poets, vol. ii. in his Life.
2 Dennis's Reflections on the Essay on Criticism.
3 Dunciad Dissected, p. 4. 4 Guardian, No. 40.
5 Jacob's Lives, &c. vol. ii. 6 Dunciad Dissected, p. 4.
7 Farmer P. and his son. 8 Dunciad Dissected.
9 Characters of the Times, p. 45
10 Female Dunciad, p. ult. 11 Dunciad Dissected.
12 Roome, Paraphrase on the 4th of Genesis, printed 1729.
13 Character of Mr. P. and his Writings, in a Letter to a Friend, printed for S. Popping, 1716, p. 10. Curll, in his Key to the Dunciad, (first edition, said to be printed for A. Dodd,) in the 10th page, declared Gildon to be the author of that libel; though in the subsequent editions of his Key he left out this assertion, and affirmed (in the Curliad, p. 4 and 8) that it was written by Dennis only.
14 Reflections critical and satirical on a rhapsody, called, an Essay on Criticism, printed for Bernard Lintot, 8vo.

1 Essay on Criticism in prose, octavo, 1728, by the author of the Critical History of England.
2 Preface to his Poems, p. 18, 53.

very precepts themselves.'[1] He then produces some instances of a particular beauty in the numbers, and concludes with saying, that 'there are three poems in our tongue of the same nature, and each a masterpiece in its kind! the Essay on Translated Verse; the Essay on the Art of Poetry; and the Essay on Criticism.'

Of Windsor Forest, positive is the judgment of the affirmative.

Mr. John Dennis,

That it is a wretched rhapsody, impudently writ in emulation of the Cooper's Hill of sir John Denham: the author of it is obscure, is ambiguous, is affected, is temerarious, is barbarous![2]

But the author of the Dispensary,[3]

Dr. Garth,

in the preface to his poem of Claremont, differs from this opinion: 'Those who have seen these two excellent poems of Cooper's Hill, and Windsor Forest, the one written by sir John Denham, the other by Mr. Pope, will show a great deal of candour if they approve of this.'

Of the Epistle of Eloïsa, we are told by the obscure writer of a poem called Sawney, 'That because Prior's Henry and Emma charmed the finest tastes, our author writ his Eloïsa in opposition to it; but forgot innocence and virtue. If you take away her tender thoughts, and her fierce desires, all the rest is of no value.' In which, methinks, his judgment resembleth that of a French tailor on a villa and garden by the Thames: 'All this is very fine; but take away the river, and it is good for nothing.'

But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of

Mr. Prior,

himself, saying in his Alma.[4]

'O Abelard! ill-fated youth,
Thy tale will justify this truth:
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler poet's song:
Dan Pope, for thy misfortune grieved,
With kind concern and skill has weaved
A silken web; and ne'er shall fade
Its colours; gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy sad distress,
And Venus shall the texture bless,' &c.

Come we now to his translation of the Iliad, celebrated by numerous pens; yet shall it suffice to mention the indefatigable

Sir Richard Blackmore, Knt.

who (though otherwise a severe censurer of our author) yet styleth this a 'laudable translation.'[5] That ready writer

Mr. Oldmixon,

in his forementioned Essay, frequently commends the same. And the painful

Mr. Lewis Theobald

thus extols it,[6] 'The spirit of Homer breathes all through this translation.—I am in doubt, whether I should most admire the justness to the original, or the force and beauty of the language, or the sounding variety of the numbers: but when I find all these meet, it puts me in mind of what the poet says of one of his heroes, 'That he alone raised and flung with ease a weighty stone, that two common men could not lift from the ground; just so, one single person has performed in this translation, what I once despaired to have seen done by the force of several masterly hands.' Indeed the same gentleman appears to have changed his sentiment in his Essay on the Art of Sinking in Reputation, (printed in Mist's Journal, March 30, 1728,) where he says thus: 'In order to sink in reputation, let him take it into his head to descend into Homer (let the world wonder, as it will, how the devil he got there,) and pretend to do him into English, so his version denote his neglect of the manner how.' Strange variation! We are told in

Mist's Journal, (*June* 8,)

'That this translation of the Iliad was not in all respects conformable to the fine taste of his friend Mr. Addison; insomuch that he employed a younger muse in an undertaking of this kind, which he supervised himself.' Whether Mr. Addison did find it conformable to his taste, or not, best appears from his own testimony the year following its publication, in these words:

Mr. Addison's Freeholder, No. 40.

'When I consider myself a British freeholder, I am in a particular manner pleased with the labours of those who have improved our language with the translations of old Greek and Latin authors.—We have already most of their historians in our own tongue, and, what is more for the honour of our language, it has been taught to express with elegance the greatest of their poets in each nation. The illiterate among our own countrymen may learn to judge from Dryden's Virgil, of the most perfect epic performance. And those parts of Homer which have been published already by Mr. Pope, gives us reason to think that the Iliad will appear in English with as little disadvantage to that immortal poem.'

As to the rest, there is a slight mistake; for this younger muse was an elder; nor was the gentleman (who is a friend of our author) employed by Mr. Addison to translate it after him, since he saith himself that he did it before.[1] Contrariwise, that Mr. Addison engaged our author in this work appeareth by declaration thereof in the preface to the Iliad, printed some time before his death, and by his own letters of October 26, and November 2, 1713, where he declares it is his opinion that no other person was equal to it.

Next comes his Shakspeare on the stage: 'Let him (quoth one, whom I take to be

Mr. Theobald, Mist's Journal, June 8, 1728,)

publish such an author as he has least studied, and forget to discharge even the dull duty of an editor. In this project let him lend the bookseller his name (for a competent sum of money) to promote the credit of an exorbitant subscription.' Gentle reader, be pleased to cast thine eye on the proposal below quoted, and on what follows (some months after the former assertion) in the same Journalist of June 8: 'The book-

1 Spectator, No. 253.
2 Letter to B. B. at the end of the Remarks, on Pope's Homer, 1717. 3 Printed 1728, p. 12. 4 Alma, Cant. 2.
5 In his Essays, vol. i. printed for E. Curll.
6 Censor, vol. ii. n. 33.

1 Vid. Pref. to Mr. Tickell's translation of the first book of the Iliad, 4to.

seller proposed the book by subscription, and raised some thousands of pounds for the same: I believe the gentleman did not share in the profits of this extravagant subscription.'

'After the Iliad, he undertook (saith

Mist's Journal, June 8, 1728,)

the sequel of that work, the Odyssey; and having secured the success by a numerous subscription, he employed some underlings to perform what, according to his proposals, should come from his own hands.'

To which heavy charge we can in truth oppose nothing but the words of

Mr. Pope's Proposal for the Odyssey, (printed by J. Watts, Jan. 10, 1724:)

'I take this occasion to declare that the subscription for Shakspeare belongs wholly to Mr. Tonson: and that the benefit of this proposal is not solely for my own use, but for that of two of my friends, who have assisted me in this work.' But these very gentlemen are extolled above our poet himself in another of Mist's Journals, March 30, 1728, saying, 'That he would not advise Mr. Pope to try the experiment again of getting a great part of a book done by assistants, lest those extraneous parts should unhappily ascend to the sublime, and retard the declension of the whole. Behold! these underlings are become good writers!

If any say, that before the said Proposals were printed, the subscription was begun without declaration of such assistance; verily those who set it on foot, or (as the term is) secured it, to wit, the right honourable the lord viscount Harcourt, were he living, would testify, and the right honourable the lord Bathurst, now living, doth testify, the same is a falsehood.

Sorry I am, that persons professing to be learned, or of whatever rank of authors, should either falsely tax, or be falsely taxed. Yet let us, who are only reporters, be impartial in our citations, and proceed.

Mist's Journal, June 8, 1728.

'Mr. Addison raised this author from obscurity, obtained him the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility, and transferred his powerful interests with those great men to this rising bard, who frequently levied by that means unusual contributions on the public.' Which surely cannot be, if, as the author of the Dunciad Dissected reporteth, Mr. Wycherley had before 'introduced him into a familiar acquaintance with the greatest peers and brightest wits then living.

'No sooner (saith the same journalist) was his body lifeless, but this author, reviving his resentment, libelled the memory of his departed friend; and what was still more heinous, made the scandal public.' Grievous the accusation! unknown the accuser! the person accused no witness in his own cause; the person, in whose regard accused, dead! But if there be living any one nobleman whose friendship, yea any one gentleman whose subscription Mr. Addison procured to our author, let him stand forth, that truth may appear! *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas.* In verity, the whole story of the libel is a lie; witness those persons of integrity, who several years before Mr. Addison's decease, did see and approve of the said verses, in no wise a libel, but a friendly rebuke sent privately in our author's own hand to Mr. Addison himself, and never made public, till after their own Journals, and Curll had printed the same. One name alone, which I am here authorized to declare, will sufficiently evince this truth, that of the right honourable the earl of Burlington.

Next is he taxed with a crime (in the opinion of some authors, I doubt, more heinous than any in morality,) to wit, plagiarism, from the inventive and quaint-conceited

James Moore Smith, Gent.

'Upon reading the third volume of Pope's Miscellanies, I found five lines which I thought excellent; and happening to praise them, a gentleman produced a modern comedy (the Rival Modes) published last year, where were the same verses to a tittle.

'These gentlemen are undoubtedly the first plagiaries, that pretend to make a reputation by stealing from a man's works in his own life-time, and out of a public print.'[1] Let us join to this what is written by the author of the Rival Modes, the said Mr. James Moore Smith, in a letter to our author himself, who had informed him a month before that play was acted, Jan. 27, 1726-7, that, 'These verses, which he had before given him leave to insert in it, would be known for his, some copies being got abroad. He desires, nevertheless, that since the lines had been read in his comedy to several, Mr. P. would not deprive it of them,' &c. Surely, if we add the testimonies of the lord Bolingbroke, of the lady to whom the said verses were originally addressed, of Hugh Bethel, esq. and others, who knew them as our author's long before the said gentleman composed his play, it is hoped, the ingenuous, that affect not error, will rectify their opinion by the suffrage of so honourable personages.

And yet followeth another charge, insinuating no less than his enmity both to church and state, which could come from no other informer than the said

Mr. James Moore Smith.

'The Memoirs of a Parish Clerk was a very dull and unjust abuse of a person who wrote in defence of our religion and constitution, and who has been dead many years.'[2] This seemeth also most untrue; it being known to divers that these memoirs were written at the seat of the lord Harcourt, in Oxfordshire, before that excellent person (bishop Burnet's) death, and many years before the appearance of that history, of which they are pretended to be an abuse. Most true it is, that Mr. Moore had such a design, and was himself the man who pressed Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope to assist him therein; and that he borrowed those memoirs of our author, when that history came forth, with intent to turn them to such abuse. But being able to obtain from our author but one single hint, and either changing his mind, or having more mind than ability, he contented himself to keep the said memoirs, and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble person there is, into whose company Mr. Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembereth the conversation of Mr. Moore to have turned upon the 'contempt he had for the work of that reverend prelate, and how full he was of a design he declared himself to have, of ex-

1 Daily Journal, March 18, 1728.
2 Daily Journal, April 3, 1728.

posing it.' This noble person is the earl of Peterborough.

Here in truth should we crave pardon of all the foresaid right honourable and worthy personages, for having mentioned them in the same page with such weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers; but that we had their ever-honoured commands for the same; and that they are introduced not as witnesses in the controversy, but as witnesses that cannot be controverted; not to dispute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two classes, of such who were acquaintance, and of such who were strangers to our author; the former are those who speak well, and the other those who speak evil of him. Of the first class, the most noble

John Duke of Buckingham

sums up his character in these lines:

'And yet so wondrous, so sublime a thing,
As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing,
Unless I justly could at once commend
A good companion, and as firm a friend;
One moral, or a mere well-natured deed,
Can all desert in sciences exceed.'[1]

So also is he deciphered by

The Hon. Simon Harcourt.

'Say, wondrous youth, what column wilt thou choose,
What laurell'd arch, for thy triumphant muse?
Though each great ancient court thee to his shrine,
Though every laurel through the dome be thine,
Go to the good and just, an awful train!
Thy soul's delight——.'[2]

Recorded in like manner for his virtuous disposition, and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

Mr. Walter Hart,

in this apostrophe:

'Oh! ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise!
Bless'd in thy life, and bless'd in all thy lays,
Add, that the Sisters every thought refine,
And e'en thy life be faultless as thy line,
Yet envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
Obscures the virtue, and defames the muse.
A soul like thine, in pain, in grief, resign'd,
Views with just scorn the malice of mankind.'[3]

The witty and moral satirist,

Dr. Edward Young,

wishing some check to the corruption and evil manners of the times, calleth out upon our poet to undertake a task so worthy of his virtue:

'Why slumbers Pope, who leads the Muses' train,
Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain?'[4]

Mr. Mallet,

in his epistle on Verbal Criticism:

'Whose life, severely scann'd, transcends his lays;
For wit supreme, is but his second praise.'

Mr. Hammond,

that delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus, in his Love Elegies, Elegy xiv.

'Now fired by Pope and virtue, leave the age
In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,
And trace the author through his moral page,
Whose blameless life still answers to his song'

Mr. Thomson,

in his elegant and philosophical poem the Seasons:

'Although not sweeter his own Homer sings,
Yet is his life the more endearing song.'

To the same tune also singeth that learned clerk, of Suffolk,

Mr. William Broome:

'Thus, nobly rising in fair virtue's cause,
From thy own life transcribe the unerring laws.'[1]

And, to close all, hear the reverend dean of St. Patrick's:

'A soul with every virtue fraught,
By patriots, priests, and poets taught:
Whose filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian story tells.
A genius for each business fit;
Whose meanest talent is his wit,' &c.

Let us now recreate thee by turning to the other side, and showing his character drawn by those with whom he never conversed, and whose countenances he could not know, though turned against him: First again commencing with the high-voiced and never-enough quoted

Mr. John Dennis,

who, in his Reflections on the Essay on Criticism, thus describeth him: 'A little affected hypocrite, who has nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, friendship, good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity. He is so great a lover of falsehood, that whenever he has a mind to calumniate his contemporaries, he brands them with some defect which was just contrary to some good quality for which all their friends and acquaintance commend them. He seems to have a particular pique to people of quality, and authors of that rank.—He must derive his religion from St. Omer's.—But in the character of Mr. P. and his writings (printed by S. Popping, 1716) he saith, 'Though he is a professor of the worst religion, yet he laughs at it;' but that 'nevertheless he is a virulent papist; and yet a pillar of the church of England.'

Of both which opinions

Mr. Lewis Theobald

seems also to be; declaring in Mist's Journal of June 22, 1718, 'That if he is not shrewdly abused, he made it his practice to cackle to both parties in their own sentiments.' But as to his pique against people of quality, the same journalist doth not agree, but saith (May 8, 1728,) 'He had by some means or other, the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility.'

However contradictory this may appear, Mr. Dennis and Gildon, in the character last cited, make it all plain, by assuring us, 'That he is a creature that reconciles all contradictions: he is a beast, and a man; a Whig and a Tory; a writer (at one and the same time) of Guardians and Examiners;[2] an assertor of liberty, and of the dispensing power of kings; a

1 Verses to Mr. P. on his translation of Homer.
2 Poem prefixed to his works.
3 In his poems, printed for B. Lintot.
4 Universal Passion, sat. 1.

1 In his poems at the end of the Odyssey.
2 The names of two weekly papers.

Jesuitical professor of truth; a base and foul pretender to candour.' So that, upon the whole account, we must conclude him either to have been a great hypocrite, or a very honest man; a terrible impostor upon both parties, or very moderate to either.

Be it as to the judicious reader shall seem good. Sure it is, he is little favoured of certain authors, whose wrath is perilous; for one declares he ought to have a price set on his head, and to be hunted down as a wild beast.[1] Another protests that he does not know what may happen; advises him to insure his person; says he has bitter enemies, and expressly declares it will be well if he escapes with his life.[2] One desires he would cut his own throat, or hang himself.[3] But Pasquin seemed rather inclined it should be done by the government, representing him engaged in grievous designs with a lord of parliament then under prosecution.[4] Mr. Dennis himself hath written to a minister, that he is one of the most dangerous persons in this kingdom;[5] and assureth the public, that he is an open and mortal enemy to his country; a monster that will one day show as daring a soul as a mad Indian, who runs a-muck to kill the first Christian he meets.[6] Another gives information of treason discovered in his poem.[7] Mr. Curll boldly supplies an imperfect verse with kings and princesses:[8] and one Matthew Concanen, yet more impudent, publishes at length the two most sacred names in this nation, as members of the Dunciad![9]

This is prodigious! yet it is almost as strange, that in the midst of these invectives his greatest enemies have (I know not how) borne testimony to some merit in him.

Mr. Theobald,

in censuring his Shakspeare, declares, 'He has so great an esteem for Mr. Pope, and so high an opinion of his genius and excellences, that, notwithstanding he professes a veneration almost rising to idolatry for the writings of this inestimable poet, he would be very loath even to do him justice, at the expence of that other gentleman's character.'[10]

Mr. Charles Gildon,

after having violently attacked him in many pieces, at last came to wish from his heart, 'That Mr. Pope would be prevailed upon to give us Ovid's Epistles by his hand; for it is certain we see the original of Sappho to Phaon with much more life and likeness in his version, than in that of sir Car Scrope. And this (he adds) is the more to be wished, because in the English tongue we have scarcely any thing truly and naturally written upon love.[11] He also, in taxing sir Richard Blackmore for his heterodox opinions of Homer, challengeth him to answer what Mr. Pope hath said in his preface to that poet.

Mr. Oldmixon

calls him a great master of our tongue; declares 'the purity and perfection of the English language to be found in his Homer; and, saying there are more good verses in Dryden's Virgil than in any other work, except this of our author only.'[1]

The Author of a Letter to Mr. Cibber

says: 'Pope was so good a versifier [once] that, his predecessor Mr. Dryden, and his contemporary Mr. Prior excepted, the harmony of his numbers is equal to any body's. And, that he had all the merit that a man can have that way.'[2] And

Mr. Thomas Cooke,

after much blemishing our author's Homer, crieth out:

'But in his other works what beauties shine,
While sweetest music dwells in every line!
These he admired, on these he stamp'd his praise,
And bade them live to brighten future days.'[3]

So also one who takes the name of

H. Stanhope,

the maker of certain verses to Duncan Campbell,[4] in that poem, which is wholly a satire upon Mr. Pope, confesseth,

''Tis true, if finest notes alone could show
(Tuned justly high, or regularly low)
That we should fame to these mere vocals give;
Pope more than we can offer should receive:
For when some gliding river is his theme,
His lines run smoother than the smoothest stream,'
&c.

Mist's Journal, June 8, 1728.

Although he says, 'The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit;' yet that same paper hath these words: 'The author is allowed to be a perfect master of an easy and elegant versification. In all his works we find the most happy turns, and natural similes, wonderfully short and thick sown.'

The Essay on the Dunciad also owns, p. 25, it is very full of beautiful images. But the panegyric which crowns all that can be said on this poem, is bestowed by our laureate,

Mr. Colley Cibber,

who 'grants it to be a better poem of its kind than ever was writ;' but adds, 'it was a victory over a parcel of poor wretches, whom it was almost cowardice to conquer.—A man might as well triumph for having killed so many silly flies that offended him. Could he have let them alone, by this time, poor souls! they had all been buried in oblivion.'[5] Here we see our excellent laureate allows the justice of the satire on every man in it, but himself; as the great Mr. Dennis did before him.

The said

Mr. Dennis and Mr. Gildon,

in the most furious of all their words (the forecited

1 Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 22, 1728.
2 Smedley, pref. to Gulliveriana, p. 14, 16.
3 Gulliveriana, p. 332. 4 Anno 1723. 5 Anno 1729.
6 Preface to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 12; and in the last page of that treatise.
7 Page 6, 7, of the Preface, by Concanen, to a book called, A Collection of all the Letters, Essays, Verses, and Advertisements, occasioned by Pope and Swift's Miscellanies. Printed for A. Moore, 8vo. 1712.
8 Key to the Dunciad, 3d edit. p. 18.
9 A list of Persons, &c. at the end of the forementioned Collection of all the Letters, Essays, &c.
10 Introduction to his Shakspeare Restored, in 4to. p. 3.
11 Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham's Essay, 8vo, 1721, p. 97, 98.

1 In his prose Essay on Criticism.
2 Printed by J. Roberts, 1742, p. 11.
3 Battle of the Poets, folio, p. 15.
4 Printed under the title of the Progress of Dulness, 12mo, 1728.
5 Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9. 12.

Character, p. 5,) do in concert[1] confess, 'that some men of good understanding value him for his rhymes.' And (p. 17) 'that he has got, like Mr. Bayes in the Rehearsal, (that is, like Mr. Dryden,) a notable knack at rhyming, and writing smooth verse.'

On his Essay on Man, numerous were the praises bestowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagination that the same was not written by him, as it was printed anonymously.

Thus sang of it even

Bezaleel Morris:

'Auspicious bard! while all admire thy strain,
All but the selfish, ignorant, and vain;
I, whom no bribe to servile flattery drew,
Must pay the tribute to thy merit due:
Thy muse sublime, significant, and clear,
Alike informs the soul, and charms the ear,' &c.

And

Mr. Leonard Welstead

thus wrote[2] to the unknown author, on the first publication of the said Essay; 'I must own, after the reception which the vilest and most immoral ribaldry hath lately met with, I was surprised to see what I had long despaired, a performance deserving the name of a poet. Such, sir, is your work. It is, indeed, above all commendation, and ought to have been published in an age and country more worthy of it. If my testimony be of weight any where, you are sure to have it in the amplest manner,' &c. &c. &c.

Thus we see every one of his works hath been extolled by one or other of his most inveterate enemies; and to the success of them all they do unanimously give testimony. But it is sufficient *instar omnium*, to behold the great critic, Mr. Dennis, sorely lamenting it, even from the Essay on Criticism to this day of the Dunciad! 'A most notorious instance (quoth he) of the depravity of genius and taste, the approbation this Essay meets with.[3]—I can safely affirm, that I never attacked any of these writings, unless they had success infinitely beyond their merit. This, though an empty, has been a popular scribbler. The epidemic madness of the times has given him reputation.[4]—If, after the cruel treatment so many extraordinary men (Spenser, lord Bacon, Ben Jonson, Milton, Butler, Otway, and others) have received from this country, for these last hundred years, I should shift the scene, and show all that penury changed at once to riot and profuseness; and more squandered away upon one object, than would have satisfied the greater part of those extraordinary men; the reader to whom this one creature should be unknown, would fancy him a prodigy of art and nature, would believe that all the great qualities of these persons were centered in him alone. But if I should venture to assure him, that the people of England had made such a choice—the reader would either believe me a malicious enemy, and slanderer, or that the reign of the last (Queen Anne's) ministry was designed by fate to encourage fools.'[1]

But it happens that this our poet never had any place, pension, or gratuity, in any shape, from the said glorious queen, or any of her ministers. All he owed, in the whole course of his life, to any court, was a subscription for his Homer, of £200, from King George I. and £100 from the prince and princess.

However, lest we imagine our author's success was constant and universal, they acquaint us of certain works in a less degree of repute, whereof, although owned by others, yet do they assure us he is the writer. Of this sort Mr. Dennis[2] ascribes to him two farces, whose names he does not tell, but assures us that there is not one jest in them; and an imitation of Horace, whose title he does not mention, but assures us it is much more execrable than all his works.[3] The Daily Journal, May 11, 1728, assures us, 'He is below Tom Durfey in the drama, because (as that writer thinks) the Marriage-Hater Matched, and the Boarding School, are better than the What-d'ye-call-it;' which is not Mr. P.'s, but Mr. Gay's. Mr. Gildon assures us, in his New Rehearsal, p. 48, 'That he was writing a play of the Lady Jane Grey:' but it afterwards proved to be Mr. Rowe's. We are assured by another, 'He wrote a pamphlet called Dr. Andrew Tripe;'[4] which proved to be one Dr. Wagstaff's. Mr. Theobald assures us, in Mist of the 27th of April, 'That the treatise of the Profound is very dull, and that Mr. Pope is the author of it.' The writer of Gulliveriana is of another opinion; and says, 'The whole, or greatest part, of the merit of this treatise must and can only be ascribed to Gulliver.[5] [Here, gentle reader! cannot I but smile at the strange blindness and positiveness of men? knowing the said treatise to appertain to none other but to me, Martinus Scriblerus.]

We are assured, in Mist of June 8th, 'That his own plays and farces would better have adorned the Dunciad, than those of Mr. Theobald; for he had neither genius for tragedy nor comedy.' Which whether true or not, it is not easy to judge; in as much as he had attempted neither. Unless we will take it for granted, with Mr. Cibber, that his being once very angry at hearing a friend's play abused, was an infallible proof the play was his own; the said Mr. Cibber thinking it impossible for a man to be much concerned for any but himself: 'Now let any man judge (saith he) by his concern, who was the true mother of the child.'[6]

But from all that has been said, the discerning

1 In concert] Hear how Mr. Dennis hath proved our mistake in this case: 'As to my writing in concert with Mr. Gildon, I declare upon the honour and word of a gentleman, that I never wrote so much as one line in concert with any one man whatsoever. And these two letters from Gildon will plainly show, that we are not writers in concert with each other.

"Sir,

"The height of my ambition is to please men of the best judgment; and, finding that I have entertained my master agreeably, I have the extent of the reward of my labour."

"Sir,

"I had not the opportunity of hearing of your excellent pamphlet till this day. I am infinitely satisfied and pleased with it, and hope you will meet with that encouragement your admirable performance deserves, &c.

"Ch. Gildon."

'Now is it not plain, that any one who sends such compliments to another, has not been used to write in partnership with him to whom he sends them?' Dennis, Remarks on the Dunciad, p. 50. Mr. Dennis is therefore welcome to take this piece to himself.

2 In a letter under his own hand, dated March 12, 1733.

3 Dennis, Preface to his Reflections on the Essay on Criticism.

4 Preface to his Remarks on Homer.

1 Rem. on Homer, p. 8, 9. 2 Ib. p. 8.
3 Character of Mr. Pope, p. 7. 4 Ib. p. 6.
5 Gulliv. p. 336. 6 Cibber's Letters to Mr. P. p. 19.

reader will collect, that it little availed our author to have any candour, since, when he declared he did not write for others, it was not credited; as little to have any modesty, since, when he declined writing in any way himself, the presumption of others was imputed to him. If he singly enterprised one great work, he was taxed of boldness and madness to a prodigy: if he took assistants in another, it was complained of, and represented as a great injury to the public.[2] The loftiest heroics, the lowest ballads, treatises against the state or church, satires on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and authors, squabbles with booksellers, or even full and true accounts of monsters, poisons, and murders; of any hereof was there nothing so good, nothing so bad, which hath not at one or other season been to him ascribed. If it bore no author's name, then lay he concealed; if it did, he fathered it upon that author to be yet better concealed: if it resembled any of his styles, then was it evident; if it did not, then disguised he it on set purpose. Yea, even direct oppositions in religion, principles, and politics, have equally been supposed in him inherent. Surely a most rare and singular character: of which let the reader make what he can.

Doubtless most commentators would hence take occasion to turn all to their author's advantage, and from the testimony of his very enemies would affirm, that his capacity was boundless, as well as his imagination; that he was a perfect master of all styles, and all arguments; and that there was in those times, no other writer, in any kind, of any degree of excellence, save he himself. But as this is not our own sentiment, we shall determine on nothing; but leave thee, gentle reader, to steer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to choose whether thou wilt incline to the testimony of authors avowed, or of authors concealed; of those who knew him, or of those who knew him not. P.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS OF THE POEM.

This poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and ancient of things, Chaos, Night, and Dulness: so is it of the most grave and ancient kind. Homer (saith Aristotle) was the first who gave the form, and (saith Horace) who adapted the measure to heroic poesy. But even before this, may be rationally presumed, from what the ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer, composed of like nature and matter with this of our poet. For of epic sort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasant, witness what is reported of it by the learned archbishop Eustathius, in Odyss. x. And accordingly Aristotle, in his Poetics, chap. iv doth further set forth, that as the Iliad and Odyssey gave example to tragedy, so did this poem to comedy its first idea.

From these authors also it should seem, that the hero, or chief personage of it was no less obscure, and his understanding and sentiments no less quaint and strange (if indeed no more so) than any of the actors of our poem. Margites was the name of this personage, whom antiquity recordeth to have been Dunce the first; and surely from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of so spreading a tree, and so numerous a posterity. The poem, therefore, celebrating him was properly and absolutely a Dunciad; which, though now unhappily lost, yet is its nature sufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforesaid. And thus it doth appear, that the first Dunciad was the first epic poem, written by Homer himself, and anterior even to the Iliad or Odyssey.

Now, forasmuch as our poet hath translated those two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did conceive it in some sort his duty to imitate that also which was lost: and was therefore induced to bestow on it the same form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely, that of epic poem; with a title also framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of Dunciad.

Wonderful it is, that so few of the moderns have been stimulated to attempt some Dunciad! since in the opinion of the multitude, it might cost less pain and toil than an imitation of the greater epic. But possible it is also, that, on due reflection, the maker might find it easier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godfrey with just pomp and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, or a Fleckno.

We shall next declare the occasion and the cause which moved our poet to this particular work. He lived in those days, when (after providence had permitted the invention of printing as a scourge for the sins of the learned) paper also became so cheap, and printers so numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land; whereby not only the peace of the honest unwriting subject was daily molested, but unmerciful demands were made of his applause, yea, of his money, by such as would neither earn the one nor deserve the other. At the same time, the licence of the press was such, that it grew dangerous to refuse them either: for they would forthwith publish slanders unpunished, the authors being anonymous, and skulking under the wings of publishers, a set of men who neither scrupled to vend either calumny or blasphemy, as long as the town would call for it.

[1] Now our author, living in those times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honest satirist, to dissuade the dull, and punish the wicked, the only way that was left. In that public-spirited view he laid the plan of this poem, as the greatest service he was capable (without much hurt, or being slain) to render his dear country. First, taking things from their original, he considereth the causes creative of such authors, namely, dulness and poverty; the one born with them, the other contracted by neglect of their proper talents, through self-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an allegory[2] (as the construction of epic poesy requireth,) and feigns that one of these goddesses had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inspired all such writers and such works. He proceedeth to show the qualities they bestow on these authors,[3] and the effects they produce:[4] then the materials or stock, with which they furnish them;[5] and, above all, that self-opinion[6] which causeth it to seem to themselves

1 Burnet's Homerides, p. 1, of his translation of the Iliad.

2 The London and Mist's Journals, on his undertaking the Odyssey.

1 Vide Bossu, Du Poeme Epique, chap. viii.

2 Bossu, chap. vii. 3 Book I. ver. 32, &c.

4 Ver. 45 to 54. 5 Ver. 57 to 77. 6 Ver. 80.

vastly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their setting up in this sad and sorry merchandise. The great power of these goddesses acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of industry, so is the other of plodding) was to be exemplified in some one great and remarkable action; and none could be more so than that which our poet hath chosen,[1] viz. the restoration of the reign of Chaos and Night, by the ministry of Dulness, their daughter, in the removal of her imperial seat from the city to the polite world, as the action of the Æneid is the restoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer singeth only the wrath of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole history of the Trojan war, in like manner our author hath drawn into this single action the whole history of Dulness and her children.

A person must next be fixed upon to support this action. This phantom in the poet's mind must have a name,[2] he finds it to be ———; and he becomes of course the hero of the poem.

The fable being thus, according to the best example, one and entire, as contained in the proposition; the machinery is a continued chain of allegories, setting forth the whole power, ministry, and empire, of Dulness, extended through her subordinate instruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into episodes, each of which hath its moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The crowd assembled in the second book, demonstrates the design to be more extensive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other episodes of the patrons, encouragers, or paymasters of such authors, as occasion shall bring them forth. And the third book, if well considered, seemeth to embrace the whole world. Each of the games relateth to some or other vile class of writers: the first concerneth the plagiary, to whom he giveth the name of Moore; the second, the libellous novelist, whom he styleth Eliza; the third, the flattering dictator; the fourth, the brawling critic, or noisy poet; the fifth, the dark and dirty party writer: and so of the rest: assigning to each some proper name or other, such as he could find.

As for the characters, the public hath already acknowledged how justly they are drawn; the manners are so depicted, and the sentiment so peculiar to those to whom applied, that surely to transfer them to any other or wiser personages, would be exceeding difficult: and certain it is, that every person concerned, being consulted apart, hath readily owned the resemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr. Cibber calls them 'a parcel of poor wretches, so many silly flies:'[3] but adds, 'our author's wit is remarkably more bare and barren, whenever it would fall foul on Cibber, than upon any other person whatever.'

The descriptions are singular, the comparisons very quaint, the narration various, yet of one colour; the purity and chastity of diction is so preserved, that, in the places most suspicious, not the words but only the images have been censured, and yet are those images no other than have been sanctified by ancient and classical authority (though, as was the manner of those good times, not so curiously wrapped up,) yea, and commented upon by the most grave doctors, and approved critics.

As it beareth the name of epic, it is thereby subjected to such severe indispensable rules as are laid on all neoterics, a strict imitation of the ancients; insomuch that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been censured by the sound critic. How exact that limitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general structure, but by particular allusions infinite, many whereof have escaped both the commentator and poet himself, yea, divers by his exceeding diligence are so altered and interwoven with the rest, that several have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abused, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole poem proveth itself to be the work of our author, when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the judgment, without diminishing the imagination: which, by good critics, is held to be punctually at forty. For at that season it was that Virgil finished his Georgics; and sir Richard Blackmore, at the like age, composing his Arthurs, declared the same to be the very acme and pitch of life for epic poesy: though since he hath altered it to sixty, the year in which he published his Alfred.[1] True it is, that the talents for criticism, namely, smartness, quick censure, vivacity of remark, certainty of asseveration, indeed all but acerbity, seem rather the gifts of youth than of riper age: but it is far otherwise in poetry; witness the works of Mr. Rymer and Mr. Dennis, who, beginning with criticism, became afterwards such poets as no age hath paralleled. With good reason, therefore, did our author choose to write his essay on that subject at twenty, and reserve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of the Dunciad.

RICARDUS ARISTARCHUS.

Of the Hero of the Poem.

Of the nature of Dunciad in general, whence derived, and on what authority founded, as well as of the art and conduct of this our poem in particular, the learned and laborious Scriblerus hath, according to his manner, and with tolerable share of judgment, dissertated. But when he cometh to speak of the person of the hero fitted for such poem, in truth he miserably halts and hallucinates: for, misled by one Monsieur Bossu, a Gallic critic, he prateth of I cannot tell what phantom of a hero, only raised up to support the fable. A putid conceit! as if Homer and Virgil, like modern undertakers, who first build their house, and then seek out for a tenant, had contrived the story of a war and a wandering, before they once thought either of Achilles or Æneas. We shall therefore set our good brother and the world also right in this particular, by assuring them, that, in the greater epic, the prime intention of the muse is to exalt heroic virtue, in order to propagate the love of it among the children of men; and consequently that the poet's first thought must needs be turned upon a real subject meet for laud and celebration; not one

1 Ibid. chap. vii. viii.
2 Bossu, chap. viii. Vide Aristot. Poet. chap. ix.
3 Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 9, 12, 41.

1 See his Essays.

whom he is to make, but one whom he may find, truly illustrious. This is the *primum mobile* of his poetic world, whence every thing is to receive life and motion. For, this subject being found, he is immediately ordained, or rather acknowledged, a hero, and put upon such action as befitteth the dignity of his character.

But the muse ceaseth not here her eagle-flight. For sometimes, satiated with the contemplation of these suns of glory, she turneth downward on her wing, and darts with Jove's lightning on the goose and serpent kind. For we may apply to the muse in her various moods what an ancient master of wisdom affirmeth of the gods in general: *Si Dii non irascuntur impiis et injustis, nec pios utique justosque diligunt. In rebus enim diversis, aut in utramque partem moveri necesse est, aut in neutram. Itaque qui bonos diligit, et malos odit; et qui malos non odit, nec bonos diligit. Quia et diligere bonos ex odio malorum venit; et malos odisse ex bonorum caritate descendit.* Which in our vernacular idiom may be thus interpreted: 'If the gods be not provoked at evil men, neither are they delighted with the good and just. For contrary objects must either excite contrary affections, or no affections at all. So that he who loveth good men, must, at the same time, hate the bad; and he who hateth not bad men, cannot love the good: because to love good proceedeth from an aversion to evil, and to hate evil men from a tenderness to the good.' From this delicacy of the muse arose the little epic, (more lively and choleric than her elder sister, whose bulk and complexion incline her to the phlegmatic:) and for this, some notorious vehicle of vice and folly was sought out, to make thereof an example. An early instance of which (nor could it escape the accuracy of Scriblerus) the father of epic poem himself affordeth us. From him the practice descended to the Greek dramatic poets, his offspring; who, in the composition of their tetralogy, or set of four pieces, were wont to make the last a satiric tragedy. Happily, one of these ancient Dunciads (as we may well term it) is come down unto us, amongst the tragedies of the poet Euripides. And what doth the reader suppose may be the subject thereof? Why, in truth, and it is worthy observation, the unequal contest of an old, dull, debauched buffoon Cyclops, with the heaven-directed favourite of Minerva; who, after having quietly borne all the monster's obscene and impious ribaldry, endeth the farce in punishing him with the mark of an indelible brand in his forehead. May we not then be excused, if, for the future, we consider the epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with this our poem, as a complete tetralogy; in which the last worthily holdeth the place or station of the satiric piece?

Proceed we, therefore, in our subject. It hath been long, and, alas for pity! still remaineth a question, whether the hero of the greater epic should be an honest man; or, as the French critics express it, *un honnete homme*:[1] but it never admitted of a doubt, but that the hero of the little epic should be just the contrary. Hence, to the advantage of our Dunciad, we may observe, how much juster the moral of that poem must needs be where so important a question is previously decided.

But then it is not every knave, nor (let me add) every fool, that is a fit subject for a Dunciad. There must still exist some analogy, if not resemblance of qualities, between the heroes of the two poems; and this, in order to admit what neoteric critics call the parody, one of the liveliest graces of the little epic. Thus it being agreed that the constituent qualities of the great epic hero, are wisdom, bravery, and love, from whence springeth heroic virtue; it followeth, that those of the lesser epic hero should be vanity, assurance, and debauchery, from which happy assemblage resulteth heroic dulness, the never-dying subject of this our poem.

This being settled, come we now to particulars. It is the character of true wisdom to seek its chief support and confidence within itself; and to place that support in the resources which proceed from a conscious rectitude of will.—And are the advantages of vanity, when arising to the heroic standard, at all short of this self-complacence? nay, are they not, in the opinion of the enamoured owner, far beyond it? 'Let the world,' will such an one say, 'impute to me what folly or weakness they please: but till wisdom can give me something that will make me more heartily happy, I am content to be gazed at.'[1] This, we see, is vanity according to the heroic gage or measure; not that low and ignoble species which pretendeth to virtues we have not; but the laudable ambition of being gazed at for glorying in those vices which every body knows we have. 'The world may ask,' says he, 'why I make my follies public? Why not? I have passed my life very pleasantly with them.'[2] In short, there is no sort of vanity such a hero would scruple, but that which might go near to degrade him from his high station in this our Dunciad; namely, 'whether it would not be vanity in him, to take shame to himself, for not being a wise man?'[3]

Bravery, the second attribute of the true hero, is courage manifesting itself in every limb; while its correspondent virtue, in the mock hero, is that same courage all collected into the face. And as power, when drawn together, must needs have more force and spirit than when dispersed, we generally find this kind of courage in so high and heroic a degree, that it insults not only men, but gods. Mezentius is, without doubt, the bravest character in all the Æneis: but how? His bravery, we know, was a high courage of blasphemy. And can we say less of this brave man's? who, having told us that he placed his '*summum bonum* in those follies which he was not content barely to possess, but would likewise glory in,' adds, 'if I am misguided, 'tis nature's fault, and I follow her.'[4] Nor can we be mistaken in making this happy quality a species of courage, when we consider those illustrious marks of it, which made his face 'more known (as he justly boasteth) than most in the kingdom;' and his language to consist of what we must allow to be the most daring figure of speech, that which is taken from the name of God.

Gentle love, the next ingredient of the true hero's composition, is a mere bird of passage, or (as Shakspeare calls it) 'summer-teeming lust,' and evaporates in the heat of youth; doubtless by that refinement it suffers in passing through those certain strainers which our poet somewhere speaketh of. But when

1 Si un heros poëtique doit être un honnête homme. Bossu, du Poëme Epique, liv. v. ch. 5.

1 Ded. to the Life of C. C. 2 Life, p. 2, 8vo. edit.
3 Ibid. 4 Ibid. p. 23.

it is let alone to work upon the lees, it acquireth strength by old age; and becometh a lasting ornament to the little epic. It is true, indeed, there is one objection to its fitness for such a use: for not only the ignorant may think it common, but it is admitted to be so, even by him who best knoweth its value. 'Don't you think,' argueth he, 'to say only a man has his whore,[1] ought to go for little or nothing? because *defendit numerus*. Take the first ten thousand men you meet, and, I believe, you would be no loser if you betted ten to one that every single sinner of them, one with another, had been guilty of the same frailty.'[2] But here he seemeth not to have done justice to himself: the man is sure enough a hero who hath his lady at fourscore. How doth his modesty herein lessen the merit of a whole well-spent life! not taking to himself the commendation (which Horace accounted the greatest in a theatrical character) of continuing to the very dregs the sam he was from the beginning,

'——— Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerat——.'

But here, in justice both to the poet and the hero, let us farther remark, that the calling her his whore, implied she was his own, and not his neighbour's. Truly a commendable continence! and such as Scipio himself must have applauded. For how much self-denial was necessary not to covet his neighbour's whore! and what disorders must the coveting her have occasioned in that society, where (according to this political calculator) nine in ten of all ages have their concubines!

We have now, as briefly as we could devise, gone through the three constituent qualities of either hero. But it is not in any, or in all of these, that heroism properly or essentially resideth. It is a lucky result rather from the collision of these lively qualities against one another. Thus, as from wisdom, bravery, and love, ariseth magnanimity, the object of admiration, which is the aim of the greater epic; so from vanity, assurance, and debauchery, springeth buffoonery, the source of ridicule, that 'laughing ornament,' as he well termeth it,[3] of the little epic.

He is not ashamed (God forbid he ever should be ashamed!) of this character, who deemeth that not reason but risibility distinguisheth the human species from the brutal. 'As nature,' saith this profound philosopher, 'distinguished our species from the mute creation by our risibility, her design must have been by that faculty as evidently to raise our happiness, as by our *os sublime* (our erected faces) to lift the dignity of our form above them.'[4] All this considered, how complete a hero must he be, as well as how happy a man, whose risibility lieth not barely in his muscles, as in the common sort, but (as himself informeth us) in his very spirits? and whose *os sublime* is not simply an erect face, but a brazen head; as should seem by his preferring it to one of iron, said to belong to the late king of Sweden?[5]

But whatever personal qualities a hero may have, the examples of Achilles and Æneas show us, that all those are of small avail, without the constant assistance of the gods; for the subversion and erection of empires have never been adjudged the work of man. How greatly soever then we may esteem of his high talents, we can hardly conceive his personal prowess alone sufficient to restore the decayed empire of dulness. So weighty an achievement must require the particular favour and protection of the great; who being the natural patrons and supporters of letters, as the ancient gods were of Troy, must first be drawn off and engaged in another interest, before the total subversion of them can be accomplished. To surmount, therefore, this last and greatest difficulty, we have, in this excellent man, a professed favourite and *intimado* of the great. And look, of what force ancient piety was to draw the gods into the party of Æneas, that, and much stronger, is modern incense, to engage the great in the party of dulness.

Thus have we essayed to portray or shadow out this noble imp of fame. But not the impatient reader will be apt to say, 'If so many and various graces go to the making up a hero, what mortal shall suffice to bear his character?' Ill hath he read who seeth not, in every trace of this picture, that individual, all-accomplished person, in whom these rare virtues and lucky circumstances have agreed to meet and concentre with the strongest lustre and fullest harmony.

The good Scriblerus indeed, nay, the world itself, might be imposed on, in the late spurious editions, by I can't tell what sham-hero or phantom; but it was not so easy to impose on him whom this egregious error most of all concerned. For no sooner had the fourth book laid open the high and swelling scene, but he recognized his own heroic acts: and when he came to the words,

'Soft on her lap her laureat son reclines,'

(though laureat imply no more than one crowned with laurel, as befitteth any associate or consort in empire,) he loudly resented this indignity to violated Majesty. Indeed, not without cause, he being there represented as fast asleep; so misbeseeming the eye of empire, which, like that of Providence, should never doze nor slumber. 'Hah!' saith he, 'fast asleep, it seems! that 's a little too strong. Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me, but as seldom asleep as any fool.'[1] However, the injured hero may comfort himself with this reflection, that though it be a sleep, yet it is not the sleep of death, but of immortality. Here he will[2] live at least, though not awake; and in no worse condition than many an enchanted warrior before him. The famous Durandante, for instance, was, like him, cast into a long slumber by Merlin the British bard and necromancer; and his example for submitting to it with a good grace, might be of use to our hero. For that disastrous knight being sorely pressed or driven to make his answer by several persons of quality, only replied with a sigh, 'Patience, and shuffle the cards.'[3]

But now, as nothing in this world, no not the most sacred and perfect things, either of religion or government, can escape the sting of envy, methinks I already hear these carpers objecting to the clearness of our hero's title.

'It would never,' say they, 'have been esteemed sufficient to make a hero for the Iliad or Æneis; that Achilles was brave enough to overturn one empire,

1 Alluding to these lines in the epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot:

'And has not Colly still his lord and whore,
His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moore?

2 Letter to Mr. P. p. 46. 3 Ibid. p. 31.
4 Life, p. 23, 24. 5 Letter to Mr. P. p. 8.

1 Letter to Mr. P. p. 53. 2 Letter, p. 1.
3 Don Quixote, part ii. book ii. ch. 22.

or Æneas pious enough to raise another, had they not been goddess born, and princes bred. What then did this author mean, by erecting a player instead of one of his patrons (a person, "never a hero even on the stage,"[1]) to this dignity of colleague in the empire of dulness, and achiever of a work that neither old Omar, Attila, nor John of Leyden could entirely bring to pass?'

To all this we have, as we conceive, a sufficient answer from the Roman historian, *fabrum esse suæ quemque fortunæ:* 'that every man is the smith of his own fortune.' The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth still further, and affirmeth that a man needeth but to believe himself a hero to be one of the worthiest. 'Let him,' saith he, 'but fancy himself capable of the highest things, and he will of course be able to achieve them.' From this principle it follows, that nothing can exceed our hero's prowess, as nothing ever equalled the greatness of his conceptions. Hear how he constantly paragons himself, at one time to Alexander the Great and Charles XII. of Sweden, for the excess and delicacy of his ambition;[2] to Henry IV. of France, for honest policy;[3] to the first Brutus, for love of liberty;[4] and to sir Robert Walpole, for good government while in power:[5] at another time, to the godlike Socrates, for his diversions and amusements;[6] to Horace, Montaigne, and sir William Temple, for an elegant vanity that maketh them for ever read and admired:[7] to two lord chancellors, for law, from whom, when confederate against him, at the bar, he carried away the prize of eloquence;[8] and, to say all in a word, to the right reverend the lord bishop of London himself, in the art of writing pastoral letters.[9]

Nor did his actions fall short of the sublimity of his conceit. In his early youth he met the Revolution[10] face to face in Nottingham, at a time when his betters contented themselves with following her. It was here he got acquainted with Old Battle-array, of whom he hath made so honourable mention in one of his immortal odes. But he shone in courts as well as in camps; he was called up when the nation fell in labour of this Revolution;[11] and was a gossip at her christening, with the bishop and the ladies.[12]

As to his birth, it is true he pretendeth no relation either to heathen god or goddess; but, what is as good, he was descended from a maker of both.[13] And that he did not pass himself on the world for a hero, as well by birth as education, was his own fault: for his lineage he bringeth into his life as an anecdote, and is sensible he had it in his power to be thought nobody's son at all:[14] and what is that but coming into the world a hero?

But be it (the punctilious laws of epic poesy so requiring) that a hero of more than mortal birth must needs be had; even for this we have a remedy. We can easily derive our hero's pedigree from a goddess of no small power and authority amongst men; and legitimate and instal him after the right classical and authentic fashion: for, like as the ancient sages found a son of Mars in a mighty warrior; a son of Neptune in a skilful seaman; a son of Phœbus in a harmonious poet; so have we here, if need be, a son of Fortune in an artful gamester. And who fitter than the offspring of Chance, to assist in restoring the empire of Night and Chaos?

There is, in truth, another objection of greater weight, namely, 'That this hero still existeth, and hath not yet finished his earthly course. For if Solon said well,

> '... ultima semper
> Expectanda dies homini: dicique beatus
> Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet!'

if no man be called happy till his death, surely much less can any one, till then, be pronounced a hero: this species of men being far more subject than others to the caprices of fortune and humour.' But to this also we have an answer, that will (we hope) be deemed decisive. It cometh from himself; who, to cut this matter short, hath solemnly protested that he will never change or amend.

With regard to his vanity, he declareth that nothing shall ever part them. 'Nature,' said he, 'hath amply supplied me in vanity; a pleasure which neither the pertness of wit, nor the gravity of wisdom, will ever persuade me to part with.'[1] Our poet had charitably endeavoured to administer a cure to it: but he telleth us plainly, 'My superiors perhaps may be mended by him; but for my part I own myself incorrigible. I look upon my follies as the best part of my fortune.'[2] And with good reason; we see to what they have brought him!

Secondly; as to buffoonery. 'Is it,' saith he, 'a time of day for me to leave off these fooleries, and set up a new character? I can no more put off my follies than my skin; I have often tried, but they stick too close to me: nor am I sure my friends are displeased with them, for in this light I afford them frequent matter of mirth, &c. &c.'[3] Having then so publicly declared himself incorrigible, he is become dead in law (I mean the law epopœian) and devolveth upon the poet as his property; who may take him, and deal with him as if he had been dead as long as an old Egyptian hero: that is to say, embowel and embalm him for posterity.

Nothing, therefore (we conceive) remaineth to hinder his own prophecy of himself from taking immediate effect. A rare felicity! and what few prophets have had the satisfaction to see, alive! Nor can we conclude better than with that extraordinary one of his, which is conceived in these oraculous words, 'my dulness will find somebody to do it right.'[4]

'Tandem Phœbus adest, morsusque inferre parantem
Congelat, et patulos, ut erant, indurat hiatus.'[5]

BY AUTHORITY.

By virtue of the authority in us vested by the act for subjecting poets to the power of a licenser, we have revised this piece; where, finding the style and appellation of King to have been given to a certain pretender, pseudo-poet, or phantom, of the name of Tibbald; and apprehending the same may be deemed in some sort a reflection on majesty, or at least an insult on that legal authority which has bestowed on another person the crown of poesy: We have ordered

1 See Life, p. 148. 2 p. 149. 3 p. 424.
4 p. 366. 5 p. 457. 6 p. 18. 7 p. 425.
8 p. 436, 437. 9 p. 52. 10 See Life, p. 47.
11 p. 57. 12 p. 58, 59. 13 A statuary.
14 Life, p 6.

1 See Life, p. 424. 2 p. 19. 3 p. 17.
4 See Life, p. 243, 8vo. edit.
5 Ovid, of the serpent biting at Orpheus's head.

the said pretender, pseudo-poet, or phantom, utterly to vanish and evaporate out of this work; and do declare the said throne of poesy from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant, unless duly and lawfully supplied by the laureate himself. And it is hereby enacted that no other person do presume to fill the same.

CC. CH.

THE DUNCIAD.

TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK THE FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

The proposition, the invocation, and the inscription. Then the original of the great empire of Dulness, and cause of the continuance thereof. The college of the goddess in the city, with her private academy for poets in particular: the governors of it, and the four cardinal virtues. Then the poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting her, on the evening of a lord-mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her sons, and the glory past and to come. She fixes her eyes on Bays to be the instrument of that great event which is the subject of the poem. He is described pensive among his books, giving up the cause, and apprehending the period of her empire. After debating whether to betake himself to the church, or to gaming, or to party-writing, he raises an altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled, the goddess beholding the flame from her seat, flies and puts it out, by casting upon it the poem of Thulé. She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her temple, unfolds her arts, and initiates him into her mysteries; then announcing the death of Eusden, the poet laureate, anoints him, carries him to court, and proclaims him successor.

BOOK I.

THE mighty mother, and her son, who brings
The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings,
I sing. Say you, her instruments, the great!
Call'd to this work by Dulness, Jove, and Fate;
You, by whose care, in vain decried and cursed,
Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first;
Say, how the goddess bade Britannia sleep,
And pour'd her spirit o'er the land and deep.

REMARKS.

The Dunciad, sic MS.] It may well be disputed whether this be a right reading. Ought it not rather be spelled Dunceiad, as the etymology evidently demands? Dunce with an e, therefore Dunceiad with an e. That accurate and punctual man of letters, the restorer of Shakespear, constantly observes the preservation of this very letter e, in spelling the name of his beloved author, and not like his common careless editors, with the omission of one, nay, sometimes of two ee's (as Shakspear,) which is utterly unpardonable. "Nor is the neglect of a single letter so trivial as to some it may appear; the alteration whereof in a learned language is an achievement that brings honour to the critic who advances it; and Dr. Bentley will be remembered to posterity for his performances of this sort, as long as the world shall have any esteem for the remains of Menander and Philemon.' *Theobald.*

This is surely a slip in the learned author of the foregoing note; there having been since produced by an accurate antiquary, an autograph of Shakespeare himself, whereby it appears that he spelled his own name without the first e. And upon this authority it was, that those most critical curators of his monument in Westminster Abbey erased the former wrong reading, and restored the true spelling on a new piece of old Ægyptian granite. Nor for this only do they deserve our thanks, but for exhibiting on the same monument the first specimen of an edition of an author in marble; where (as may be seen on comparing the tomb with the book) in the space of five lines, two words and a whole verse are changed, and it is to be hoped will there stand, and outlast whatever hath been hitherto done in paper; as for the future, our learned sister university (the other eye of England) is taking care to perpetuate a total new Shakespeare at the Clarendon press. *Bentl.*

It is to be noted that this great critic also has omitted one circumstance; which is, that the inscription with the name of Shakespeare was intended to be placed on the marble scroll to which he points with his hand; instead of which it is now placed behind his back, and that specimen of an edition is put on the scroll, which indeed Shakespeare hath great reason to point at. *Anon.*

Though I have as just a value for the letter E, as any grammarian living, and the same affection for the name of this poem as any critic for that of his author; yet cannot it induce me to agree with those who would add yet another e to it, and call it the Dunceiade: which being a French and foreign termination, is no way proper to a word entirely English, and vernacular. One e therefore in this case is right, and two ee's wrong. Yet upon the whole, I shall follow the manuscript, and print it without any e at all; moved thereto by authority (at all times, with critics, equal, if not superior to reason.) In which method of proceeding, I can never enough praise my good friend the exact Mr. Thomas Hearne; who, if any word occur, which to him and all mankind is evidently wrong, yet keeps he it in the text with due reverence, and only remarks in the margin, Sic MS. In like manner we shall not amend this error in the title itself, but only note it *obiter*, to evince to the learned that it was not our fault, nor any effect of our ignorance or inattention. *Scribl.*

This poem was written in the year 1726. In the next year an imperfect edition was published at Dublin, and reprinted at London in twelves; another at Dublin, and another at London, in octavo; and three others in twelves the same year. But there was no perfect edition before that of London, in quarto; which was attended with notes. We are willing to acquaint posterity, that this poem was presented to King George the Second and his queen, by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole, on the 12th of March, 1728-9. *Schol. Vet.*

It was expressly confessed in the preface to the first edition, that this poem was not published by the author himself. It was printed originally in a foreign country: and what foreign country? Why, one notorious for blunders; where finding blanks only instead of proper names, these blunderers filled them up at their pleasure.

The very hero of the poem hath been mistaken to this hour; so that we were obliged to open our notes with a discovery who he really was. We learn from the former editor, that this piece was presented by the hands of sir Robert Walpole to King George II. Now the author directly tells us, his hero is the man

—— who brings
The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings.

And it is notorious who was the person on whom this prince conferred the honour of the laurel.

It appears as plainly from the apostrophe to the great in the third verse, that Tibbald could not be the person, who was never an author in fashion, or caressed by the great; whereas this single characteristic is sufficient to point out the true hero: who, above all other poets of his time, was the peculiar delight and chosen companion of the nobility of England; and wrote, as he himself tells us, certain of his works at the earnest desire of persons of quality.

Lastly, the sixth verse affords full proof; this poet being the only one who was universally known to have had a son so exactly like him, in his poetical, theatrical, political, and moral capacities, that it could justly be said of him,

'Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first.'
Bentl.

Ver. 1. The mighty mother, and her son, &c.] The reader ought here to be cautioned, that the mother, and not the son, is the principal agent of this poem, the latter of them is only chosen as her colleague (as was anciently the custom in Rome before some great expedition,) the main action of the poem being by no means the coronation of the laureate, which is performed in the very first book, but the restoration of the empire of Dulness in Britain, which is not accomplished till the last.

Ver. 2. The Smithfield Muses.] Smithfield is the place

In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
Ere Pallas issued from the Thunderer's head,
Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave,
Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
She ruled, in native anarchy, the mind.

Still her old empire to restore she tries,
For, born a goddess, Dulness never dies.

Oh thou! whatever title please thine ear—
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!
Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,
Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,
Or thy grieved country's copper chains unbind,
From thy Bœotia though her power retires,
Mourn not, my Swift, at aught our realm acquires.
Here pleased behold her mighty wings outspread
To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead.

Close to those walls where Folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,
Where o'er the gates, by his famed father's hand,
Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand;

One cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
The cave of poverty and poetry.
Keen, hollow winds howl through the bleak recess,
Emblem of music caused by emptiness.
Hence bards, like Proteus, long in vain tied down,
Escape in monsters, and amaze the town.
Hence Miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
Of Curll's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post:
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,
Hence journals, medleys, Mercuries, magazines
Sepulchral lies, our holy walls to grace,
And new-year odes, and all the Grub-street race.

In clouded majesty here Dulness shone;
Four guardian virtues, round, support her throne:
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake,
Who hunger and who thirst for scribbling' sake:
Prudence, whose glass presents the approaching jail:
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.

Here she beholds the chaos dark and deep,
Where nameless somethings in their causes sleep,
Till genial Jacob, on a warm third day,
Calls for each mass, a poem or a play:
How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie;
How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry.
Maggots, half-form'd, in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet:

REMARKS.

where Bartholomew fair was kept, whose shows, machines, and dramatical entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the taste of the rabble, were by the hero of this poem, and others of equal genius, brought to the theatres of Covent-garden, Lincoln's inn-fields, and the Hay-market, to be the reigning pleasures of the court and town. This happened in the reigns of King George I. and II. See Book iii.

Ver. 4. By Dulness, Jove, and Fate:] i. e. by their judgments, their interests, and their inclinations.

Ver. 15. Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, &c.] I wonder the learned Scriblerus has omitted to advertise the reader, at the opening of this poem, that Dulness here is not to be taken contractedly for mere stupidity, but in the enlarged sense of the word, for all slowness of apprehension, shortness of sight, or imperfect sense of things. It includes (as we see by the poet's own words) labour, industry, and some degrees of activity and boldness; a ruling principle not inert, but turning topsy-turvy the understan ing, and inducing an anarchy or confused state of mind. This remark ought to be carried along with the reader throughout the work; and without this caution he will be apt to mistake the importance of many of the characters, as well as of the design of the poet. Hence it is that some have complained he chooses too mean a subject, and imagined he employs himself like Domitian, in killing flies; whereas those who have the true key will find he sports with nobler quarry, and embraces a larger compass; or (as one saith on a like occasion,)

'Will see his work, like Jacob's ladder rise,
Its foot in dirt, its head amid the skies.'
Bentl.

Ver. 17. Still her old empire to restore.] This restoration makes the completion of the poem. Vide Book iv.

Ver. 22. Laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair.] The imagery is exquisite; and the equivoque in the last words, gives a peculiar elegance to the whole expression. The easy chair suits his age: Rabelais' easy chair marks his character; and he filled and possessed it as the right heir and successor of that original genius.

Ver. 23. Or praise the court, or magnify mankind.] *Ironice*, alluding to Gulliver's representations of both. The next line relates to the papers of the Draper against the currency of Wood's copper coin in Ireland, which, upon the great discontent of the people, his majesty was most graciously pleased to recall.

Ver. 26. Mourn not, my Swift, at aught our realm acquires.] *Ironice iterum.* The politics of England and Ireland were at this time by some thought to be opposite, or interfering with each other. Dr. Swift of course was in the interest of the latter, our author of the former.

Ver. 31. By his famed father's hand.] Mr. Caius Gabriel Cibber, father of the poet-laureate. The two statues of the lunatics over the gates of Bedlam-hospital were done by him, and (as the son justly says of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an artist.

REMARKS.

Ver. 34. Poverty and poetry.] I cannot here omit a remark that will greatly endear our author to every one, who shall attentively observe that humanity and candour, which every where appears in him towards those unhappy objects of the ridicule of all mankind, the bad poets. He there imputes all scandalous rhymes, scurrilous weekly papers, base flatteries, wretched elegies, songs, and verses (even from those sung at court, to ballads in the street,) not so much to malice or servility as to dulness, and not so much to dulness as to necessity. And thus, at the very commencement of his satire, makes an apology for all that are to be satirized.

Ver. 40. Curll's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post:] Two booksellers, of whom see Book ii. The former was fined by the Court of King's Bench for publishing obscene books; the latter usually adorned his shop with titles in red letters.

Ver. 41. Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines.] It is an ancient English custom for the malefactors to sing a psalm at their execution at Tyburn; and no less customary to print elegies on their deaths, at the same time, or before.

Ver. 43. Sepulchral lies,] is a just satire on the flatteries and falsehoods admitted to be inscribed on the walls of churches, in epitaphs; which occasioned the following epigram:

'Friend! in your epitaphs, I'm grieved
So very much is said;
One half will never be believed,
The other never read.'

Ver. 44. New-year odes.] Made by the poet-laureate for the time being, to be sung at court on every new-year's day, the words of which are happily drowned in the voices and instruments. The new-year odes of the hero of this work were of a cast distinguished from all that preceded him, and made a conspicuous part of his character as a writer, which doubtless induced our author to mention them here so particularly.

Ver. 45. In clouded majesty here Dulness shone.] See this cloud removed or rolled back, or gathered up to her head, Book iv. ver. 17, 18. It is worth while to compare this description of the majesty of Dulness in a state of peace and tranquillity, with that more busy scene where she mounts the throne in triumph, and is not so much supported by her own virtues, as by the princely consciousness of having destroyed all other.

Ver. 57. Genial Jacob] Tonson. The famous race of book sellers of that name

Here one poor word a hundred clenches makes,
And ductile Dulness new meanders takes;
There motley images her fancy strike,
Figures ill-pair'd, and similes unlike.
She sees a mob of metaphors advance,
Pleased with the madness of the mazy dance;
How tragedy and comedy embrace;
How farce and epic get a jumbled race;
How Time himself stands still at her command,
Realms shift their place, and ocean turns to land;
Here gay description Egypt glads with showers
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flowers;
Glittering with ice here hoary hills are seen,
There painted valleys of eternal green,
In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.
All these, and more, the cloud-compelling queen
Beholds through fogs, that magnify the scene.
She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With self-applause her wild creation views;
Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
And with her own fools' colours gilds them all.
'Twas on the day, when * * rich and grave,
Like Cimon triumph'd both on land and wave:
(Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces,)
Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But lived in Settle's numbers, one day more.
Now mayors and shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day;
While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep.
Much to the mindful queen the feast recalls
What city swans once sung within the walls;
Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
And sure succession down from Heywood's days,
She saw with joy, the line immortal run,
Each sire imprest and glaring in his son:
So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear.
She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel shine,
And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line:
She saw slow Phillips creep like Tate's poor page,
And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage.
In each she marks her image full exprest,
But chief in Bays's monster-bleeding breast:

REMARKS.

Ver. 85, 86. 'Twas on the day, when * * rich and grave —Like Cimon triumph'd] Viz. a lord mayor's day; his name the author had left in blanks, but most certainly could never be that which the editor foisted in formerly, and which no way agrees with the chronology of the poem. *Bentl.*

The procession of a lord mayor is made partly by land and partly by water—Cimon, the famous Athenian general, obtained a victory by sea, and another by land on the same day, over the Persians and Barbarians.

Ver. 90. But lived, in Settle's numbers, one day more.] A beautiful manner of speaking, usual with poets, in praise of poetry.

Ibid. But lived, in Settle's numbers, one day more.] Settle was poet to the city of London. His office was to compose yearly panegyrics upon the lord mayors, and verses to be spoken in the pageants: but that part of the shows being at length frugally abolished, the employment of City-poet ceased; so that upon Settle's demise, there was no successor to that place.

Ver. 98. John Heywood, whose interludes were printed in the time of Henry VIII.

Ver. 103. Old Pryn in restless Daniel.] The first edition had it,

'She saw in Norton all his father shine:'

a great mistake! for Daniel de Foe had parts, but Norton de Foe was a wretched writer, and never attempted poetry. Much more justly is Daniel himself, made successor to W. Pryn, both of whom wrote verses as well as Politics; as appears by the poem *de Jure Divino*, &c. of De Foe, and by some lines in Cowley's Miscellanies on the other. And both these authors had a resemblance in their fates as well as their writings, having been alike sentenced to the pillory.

Ver. 104. And Eusden eke out, &c.] Lawrence Eusden, poet laureate. Mr. Jacob gives a catalogue of some few only of his works, which were very numerous. Mr. Cooke, in his Battle of Poets, saith of him,

'Eusden, a laurel'd bard by fortune rais'd,
By very few was read, by fewer praised.'

Mr. Oldmixon, in his Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, p. 413, 414, affirms, 'That of all the Galimatias he ever met with, none comes up to some verses of this poet, which have as much of the ridiculum and the fustian in them as can well be jumbled together, and are of that sort of nonsense, which so perfectly confounds all ideas, that there is no distinct one left in the mind.' Farther he says of him, 'That he hath prophesied his own poetry shall be sweeter than Catullus, Ovid, and Tibullus: but we have little hope of the accomplishment of it, from what he hath lately published.' Upon which Mr. Oldmixon has not spared a reflection, 'That the putting the laurel on the head of one who writ such verses, will give futurity a very lively idea of the judgment and justice of those who bestowed it. Ibid. p. 417. But the well-known learning of that noble person, who was then lord chamberlain, might have screened him from this unmannerly reflection. Nor ought Mr. Oldmixon to complain, so long after, that the laurel would have better become his own brows, or any other's: it were more decent to acquiesce in the opinion of the duke of Buckingham upon this matter:

'—In rush'd Eusden, and cried who shall have it,
But I the true laureate, to whom the king gave it?'
Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim,
But vow'd that till then he ne'er heard of his name.'
Session of Poets.

The same plea might also serve for his successor, Mr. Cibber: and is further strengthened in the following epigram made on that occasion:

'In merry Old England it once was a rule
The king had his poet, and also his fool;
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can serve both for fool and for poet.'

Of Blackmore, see Book ii. Of Phillips, Book i. ver. 262, and Book iii. *pope fin.*

Nahum Tate was poet laureate, a cold writer of no invention; but sometimes translated tolerably when befriended by Mr. Dryden. In his second part of Absolam and Achitophel are above two hundred admirable lines together, of that great hand, which strongly shine through the insipidity of the rest. Something parallel may be observed of another author here mentioned.

Ver. 106. And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage.] Mr. Theobald, in the Censor, vol. ii. No. 33, calls Mr. Dennis by the name of Furius. 'The modern Furius is to be looked upon more as an object of pity, than of that which he daily provokes, laughter and contempt. Did we really know how much this poor man' [I wish that reflection on poverty had been spared] 'suffers by being contradicted, or which is the same thing in effect, by hearing another praised; we should, in compassion sometimes attend to him with a silent nod, and let him go away with the triumphs of his ill-nature. —Poor Furius, (again) when any of his contemporaries are spoken well of, quitting the ground of the present dispute, steps back a thousand years to call in the succour of the ancients. His very panegyric is spiteful, and he uses it for the same reason as some ladies do their commendation of a dead beauty, who would never have their good word, but that a living one happened to be mentioned in their company. His applause is not the tribute of his heart, but the sacrifice of his revenge,' &c. Indeed, his pieces against our poet are somewhat of an angry character, and as they are now scarce extant, a taste of this style may be satisfactory to the curious. 'A young, squab, short gentleman, whose outward form, though it should be that of downright monkey, would not differ so much from the human shape as his unthinking immaterial part does from human understanding.—He is as stupid and as venomous as a hunchback'd toad. A book through which folly and ignorance, those brethren so lame and impotent, do ridiculously look big and very dull, and strut and hobble, cheek by jowl, with their arms on kimbo, being led and supported, and bully-back'd by that blind Hector, Impudence.' Reflect. on the Essay on Criticism, p. 26, 29, 30.

Bays, form'd by nature stage and town to bless,
And act, and be, a coxcomb with success.
Dulness with transport eyes the lively dunce,
Remembering she herself was pertness once.
Now (shame to fortune!) an ill run at play
Blank'd his bold visage, and a thin third day:
Swearing and supperless the hero sat,
Blasphemed his gods, the dice, and damn'd his fate;
Then gnaw'd his pen, then dash'd it on the ground,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!
Plunged for his sense, but found no bottom there,
Yet wrote and flounder'd on, in mere despair.
Round him much embryo, much abortion lay
Much future ode, and abdicated play:
Nonsense precipitate, like running lead,
Then slipp'd through crags and zig-zags of the head:
All that on folly frenzy could beget,
Fruit of dull heat, and sooterkins of wit.
Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole,
How here he sipp'd, how here he plunder'd snug,
And suck'd all o'er like an industrious bug.
Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes, and here
The frippery of crucified Moliere:
There hapless Shakspeare, yet of Tibbald sore,
Wish'd he had blotted for himself before.

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It would be unjust not to add his reasons for this fury, they are so strong and so coercive. 'I regard him,' saith he, 'as an enemy, not so much to me, as to my king, to my country, to my religion, and to that liberty which has been the sole felicity of my life. A vagary of fortune, who is sometimes pleased to be frolicsome, and the epidemic madness of the times, have given him reputation, and "reputation," as Hobbes says, "is power," and that has made him dangerous. Therefore I look on it as my duty to King George, whose faithful subject I am; to my country, of which I have appeared a constant lover; to the laws, under whose protection I have so long lived; and to the liberty of my country, more dear to me than life, of which I have now for forty years been a constant asserter, &c. I look upon it as my duty, I say, to do—you shall see what—to pull the lion's skin from this little ass, which popular error has thrown around him; and to show that this author, who has been lately so much in vogue, has neither sense in his thoughts, nor English in his expression.' Dennis, Rem. on Hom. Pref. p. 2, 91, &c.

Besides these public-spirited reasons, Mr. D. had a private one; which, by his manner of expressing it in p. 92, appears to have been equally strong. He was even in bodily fear of his life, from the machinations of the said Mr. P. 'The story,' says he, 'is too long to be told, but who would be acquainted with it, may hear it from Mr. Curll, my bookseller. However, what my reason has suggested to me, that I have with a just confidence said, in defiance of his two clandestine weapons, his slander and his poison.' Which last words of his book plainly discover Mr. D's suspicion was that of being poisoned, in like manner as Mr. Curll had been before him: of which fact, see a full and true account of the horrid and barbarous revenge, by poison, on the body of Edmund Curll, printed in 1716, the year antecedent to that wherein these remarks of Mr. Dennis were published. But what puts it beyond all question, is a passage in a very warm treatise, in which Mr. D. was also concerned, price two-pence, called, A true character of Mr. Pope and his Writings, printed for S. Popping, 1716; in the tenth page whereof he is said 'to have insulted people on those calamities and diseases which he himself gave them, by administering poison to them;' and is called (p. 4.) a lurking way-laying coward, and a stabber in the dark.' Which (with many other things most lively set forth in that piece) must have rendered him a terror, not to Mr. Dennis only, but to all Christian people. This charitable warning only provoked our incorrigible poet to write the following epigram:

'Should Dennis publish you had stabb'd your brother,
Lampoon'd your monarch, or debauch'd your mother;
Say, what revenge on Dennis can be had?
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad:
On one so poor you cannot take the law;
On one so old your sword you scorn to draw;
Uncaged then let the harmless monster rage,
Secure in dulness, madness, want, and age.'

For the rest; Mr. John Dennis was the son of a saddler, in London, born in 1657. He paid court to Mr. Dryden; and having obtained some correspondence with Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Congreve, he immediately obliged the public with their letters. He made himself known to the government by many admirable schemes and projects, which the ministry, for reasons best known to themselves, constantly kept private. For his character as a writer, it is given us as follows: 'Mr. Dennis is excellent at Pindaric writings, perfectly regular in all his performances, and a person of sound learning. That he is master of a great deal of penetration and judgment, his criticisms (particularly on Prince Arthur) do sufficiently demonstrate.' From the same account it also appears that he writ plays 'more to get reputation than money.' Dennis of himself. See Giles Jacob's Lives of Dram. Poets, p. 68, 69, compared with p. 286.

Ver. 109. Bays, form'd by nature, &c.] It is hoped the poet here hath done full justice to his hero's character, which it were a great mistake to imagine was wholly sunk in stupidity; he is allowed to have supported it with a wonderful mixture of vivacity. This character is heightened according to his own desire, in a letter he wrote to our author: 'Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me. What! am I only to be dull, and dull still, and again, and for ever?' He then solemnly appealed to his own conscience, that 'he could not think himself so, nor believe that our poet did; but that he spake worse of him than he could possibly think; and concluded it must be merely to show his wit, or for some profit or lucre to himself.' Life of C. C. chap. vii. and Letter to Mr. P. page 15, 40, 53. And to show his claim to what the poet was so unwilling to allow him, of being pert as well as dull, he declares he will have the last word; which occasioned the following epigram:

Quoth Cibber to Pope, "Though in verse you foreclose,
I'll have the last word; for, by G—, I'll write prose."
Poor Colly, thy reasoning is none of the strongest,
For know, the last word is the word that lasts longest.

Ver. 115. Supperless the hero sat.] It is amazing how the sense of this hath been mistaken by all the former commentators, who most idly suppose it to imply, that the hero of the poem wanted a supper. In truth, a great absurdity. Not that we are ignorant that the hero of Homer's Odyssey is frequently in that circumstance, and, therefore, it can no way derogate from the grandeur of epic poem to represent such hero under a calamity, to which the greatest, not only of critics and poets, but of kings and warriors, have been subject. But much more refined, I will venture to say, is the meaning of our author: it was to give us obliquely a curious precept, or what Bossu calls a disguised sentence, that 'Temperance is the life of study.' The language of poesy brings all into action; and to represent a critic encompassed with books but without a supper, is a picture which lively expresseth how much the true critic prefers the diet of the mind to that of the body, one of which he always castigates, and often totally neglects, for the greater improvement of the other. *Scribl.*

But since the discovery of the true hero of the poem, may we not add, that nothing was so natural, after so great a loss of money at dice, or of reputation by his play, as that the poet should have no great stomach to eat a supper? Besides, how well has the poet consulted his heroic character, in adding that he has swore all the time? *Bentl.*

Ver. 131. Poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes.] A great number of them taken out to patch up his plays.

Ver. 132. The frippery.] 'When I fitted up an old play it was as a good housewife will mend old linen, when she has not better employment.' Life, p. 217, 8vo.

Ver. 133. Hapless Shakspeare, &c.] It is not to be doubted but Bays was a subscriber to Tibbald's Shakspeare He was frequently liberal in this way; and, as he tells us, 'subscribed to Mr. Pope's Homer out of pure generosity and civility; but when Mr. Pope did so to his Non-juror, he concluded it could be nothing but a joke.' Letter to Mr. P. p. 24.

This Tibbald, or Theobald, published an edition of Shakspeare, of which he was so proud himself as to say, in one of Mist's Journals, June 8, 'That to expose any errors in it was impracticable.' And to another, April 27, 'That whatever care might for the future be taken by any other editor, he would still give about five hundred emendations, that shall escape them all.'

Ver. 134. Wish'd he had blotted.] It was a ridiculous praise which the players gave to Shakspeare, 'that he never blotted a line.' Ben Jonson honestly wished he had blotted a thousand; and Shakspeare would certainly have wished

The rest on outside merit but presume,
Or serve (like other fools) to fill a room;
Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
Or their fond parents dress'd in red and gold:
Or where the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles is saved by beauties not his own.
Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great:
There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete:
Here all his suffering brotherhood retire,
And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire
A Gothic library! of Greece and Rome
Well purged, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.
But, high above, more solid learning shone,
The classics of an age that heard of none;
There Caxton slept, with Wynkyn at his side,
One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide;
There, saved by spice, like mummies, many a year,
Dry bodies of divinity appear:
De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends.

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the same, if he had lived to see the alterations in his works, which not the actors only (and especially the daring hero of this poem) have made on the stage, but the presumptuous critics of our days in their editions.

Ver. 135. The rest on outside merit, &c.] This library is divided into three parts; the first consists of those authors from whom he stole, and whose works he mangled; the second of such as fitted the shelves, or were gilded for show, or adorned with pictures: the third class our author calls solid learning, old bodies of divinity, old commentaries, old English printers, or, old English translations; all very voluminous, and fit to erect altars to Dulness.

Ver. 141. Ogilby the great:] 'John Ogilby was one, who, from a late initiation into literature, made such a progress as might well style him the prodigy of his time! sending into the world so many large volumes! His translations of Homer and Virgil done to the life, and with such excellent sculptures: and (what added great grace to his works) he printed them all on special good paper, and in a very good letter.' Winstanley, Lives of Poets.

Ver. 142. There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete:] 'The dutchess of Newcastle was one who busied herself in the ravishing delights of poetry; leaving to posterity in print three ample volumes of her studious endeavours.' Winstanley, ibid. Langbane reckons up eight folios of her grace's, which were usually adorned with gilded covers, and had her coat of arms upon them.

Ver. 146. Worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.] The poet has mentioned these three authors in particular, as they are parallel to our hero in his three capacities; 1. Settle was his brother laureate; only indeed upon half-pay, for the city instead of the court; but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occasions, such as shows, birth-days, &c. 2. Banks was his rival in tragedy (though more successful) in one of his tragedies, the Earl of Essex, which is yet alive: Anna Boleyn, the Queen of Scots, and Cyrus the Great, are dead and gone. These he dressed in a sort of beggar's velvet, or a happy mixture of the thick fustian and thin prosaic; exactly imitated in Perolla and Isidora, Cæsar in Egypt, and the Heroic Daughter. 3. Broome was a serving man of Ben Jonson, who once picked up a comedy from his letters, or from some cast scenes of his master, not entirely contemptible.

Ver. 147. More solid learning.] Some have objected, that books of this sort suit not so well the library of our Bays, which they imagined consisted of novels, plays, and obscene books; but they are to consider that he furnished his shelves only for ornament, and read these books no more than the dry bodies of divinity, which, no doubt, were purchased by his father when he designed him for the gown. See the note on ver. 200.

Ver. 149. Caxton] A printer in the time of Edw. IV. Richard III. and Hen. VII.; Wynkyn de Work, his successor, in that of Hen. VII. and VIII. The former translated into prose Virgil's Æneis, as a history; of which he speaks, in his proeme, in a very singular manner, as of a book hardly known. Tibbald quotes a rare passage from him in Mist's Journal of March 16, 1728, concerning a strange and marvallous beaste, called Sagittayre, which he would have Shakspeare to mean rather than Teucer, the archer celebrated by Homer.

Ver. 153. Nich de Lyra, or Harpsfield, a very voluminous commentator, whose works, in five vast folios, were printed in 1472.

Of these, twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size,
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
Inspired he seizes: these an altar raise:
A hecatomb of pure unsullied lays
That altar crowns: a folio common-place
Founds the whole pile, of all, his works the base:
Quartos, octavos, shape the lessening pyre;
A twisted birth-day ode completes the spire
Then he: great tamer of all human art!
First in my care, and ever at my heart;
Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend,
With whom my muse began, with whom shall end,
E'er since sir Fopling's periwig was praise,
To the last honours of the butt and bays:
O thou! of business the directing soul;
To this our head like bias to the bowl,
Which, as more ponderous, made its aim more true
Obliquely waddling to the mark in view:
O! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
Still spread a healing mist before the mind;
And, lest we err by wit's wild dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native night.
Or, if to wit a coxcomb make pretence,
Guard the sure barrier between that and sense;
Or quite unravel all the reasoning thread,
And hang some curious cobweb in its stead!
As forced from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
And ponderous slugs cut swiftly through the sky:
As clocks to weight their nimble motions owe,
The wheels above urged by the load below:
Me Emptiness and Dulness could inspire,
And were my elasticity and fire.
Some demon stole my pen (forgive the offence)
And once betray'd me into common sense:
Else all my prose and verse were much the same;
This, prose on stilts; that, poetry fall'n lame.
Did on the stage my fops appear confined!
My life gave ampler lessons to mankind.

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Ver. 154. Philemon Holland, doctor in physic. 'He translated so many books, that a man would think he had done nothing else; insomuch that he might be called translator general of his age. The books alone of his turning into English are sufficient to make a country gentleman a complete library. *Winstanley.*

Ver. 167. E'er since sir Fopling's periwig.] The first visible cause of the passion of the town for our hero, was a fair flaxen full-bottomed periwig, which, he tells us, he wore in his first play of the Fool in Fashion. It attracted, in a particular manner, the friendship of Col. Brett, who wanted to purchase it. 'Whatever contempt,' says he, 'philosophers may have for a fine periwig, my friend, who was not to despise the world, but to live in it, knew very well, that so material an article of dress upon the head of a man of sense, if it became him, could never fail of drawing to him a more partial regard and benevolence, than could possibly be hoped for in an ill-made one. This, perhaps, may soften the grave censure which so youthful a purchase might otherwise have laid upon him. In a word, he made his attack upon this periwig, as your young fellows generally do upon a lady of pleasure, first by a few familiar praises of her person, and then a civil inquiry into the price of it; and we finished our bargain that night over a bottle.' See Life 8vo. p. 303. This remarkable periwig usually made its entrance upon the stage in a sedan, brought in by two chairmen, with infinite approbation of the audience.

Ver. 178, 179. Guard the sure barrier—Or quite unravel, &c.] For wit or reasoning are never greatly hurtful to dulness, but when the first is founded in truth, and the other in usefulness.

Ver. 181. As, forced from wind-guns, &c.] The thought of these four verses is founded in a poem of our author's of a very early date (namely, written at fourteen years old, and soon after printed,) to the author of a poem called Successio.

Did the dead letter unsuccessful prove?
The brisk example never fail'd to move.
Yet sure, had Heaven decreed to save the state,
Heaven had decreed these works a longer date.
Could Troy be saved by any single hand,
This gray-goose weapon must have made her stand.
What can I now? my Fletcher cast aside,
Take up the Bible, once my better guide?
Or tread the path by venturous heroes trod,
This box my thunder, this right hand my god?
Or, chair'd at White's, amidst the doctors sit,
Teach oaths to gamesters, and to nobles wit?
Or bidst thou rather party to embrace?
(A friend to party thou, and all her race;
'Tis the same rope at different ends they twist;
To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist.)
Shall I, like Curtius, desperate in my zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the common weal?
Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
And cackling save the monarchy of Tories?

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Ver. 198. Gray-goose weapon.] Alluding to the old English weapon, the arrow of the long-bow, which was fletched with the feathers of the gray-goose.

Ver. 199. My Fletcher] A familiar manner of speaking, used by modern critics, of a favourite author. Bays might as justly speak this of Fletcher, as a French wit did of Tully, seeing his works in a library, *Ah! mon cher Ciceron! je le connois bien: c'est le meme que Marc Tulle.* But he had a better title to call Fletcher his own, having made so free with him.

Ver. 200. Take up the Bible, once my better guide?] When, according to his father's intention, he had been a clergyman, or (as he thinks himself,) a bishop of the church of England. Hear his own words: 'At the time that the fate of King James, the prince of Orange, and myself, were on the anvil, Providence thought fit to postpone mine, till theirs were determined: but had my father carried me a month sooner to the university, who knows but that purer fountain might have washed my imperfections into a capacity of writing, instead of plays and annual odes, sermons, and pastoral letters?'—Apology for his Life, chap. iii.

Ver. 203. At White's amidst the doctors] These doctors had a modest and upright appearance, no air of overbearing; but, like true masters of art, were only habited in black and white: they were justly styled subtiles and graves, but not always irrefragabiles, being sometimes examined, and by a nice distinction, divided and laid open. *Scribl.*

This learned critic is to be understood allegorically. The doctors in this place mean no more than false dice, a cant phrase used among gamesters. So the meaning of these four sonorous lines is only this, 'Shall I play fair or foul?'

Ver. 208. Ridpath—Mist.] George Ridpath, author of a Whig paper, called the Flying-post; Nathaniel Mist of a famous Tory journal.

Ver. 211. Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,] Relates to the well-known story of the geese that saved the Capitol; of which Virgil, Æn. viii. •

'Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anser
Porticibus, Gallos in limine adesse canebat.'

A passage I have always suspected. Who sees not the antithesis of *auratis* and *argenteus* to be unworthy the Virgilian majesty? And what absurdity to say a goose sings? *canebat.* Virgil gives a contrary character of the voice of this silly bird, in Ecl. ix.

'——argutos inter strepere anser olores.'

Read it, therefore, *adesse strepebat.* And why *auratis porticibus?* does not the very verse preceding this inform us,

'Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo.'

Is this thatch in one line, and gold in another, consistent? I scruple not (*repugnantibus omnibus manuscriptis*) to correct it *auritis.* Horace uses the same epithet in the same sense,

'Auritas fidibus canoris
Ducere quercus.'

And to say that walls have ears is common even to a proverb. *Scribl.*

Ver. 212. And cackling save the monarchy of Tories?] Hold—to the minister I more incline;
To serve his cause, O queen! is serving thine.
And see! thy very Gazetteers give o'er;
E'en Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.
What then remains? Ourself. Still, still remain
Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.
This brazen brightness, to the 'squire so dear;
This polish'd hardness, that reflects the peer:
This arch absurd, that wit and fool delights;
This mess, toss'd up of Hockley-hole and White's;
Where dukes and butchers join to wreathe my crown,
At once the bear and fiddle of the town.
O born in sin, and forth in folly brought!
Works damn'd, or to be damn'd (your father's fault,)
Go, purified by flames, ascend the sky,
My better and more Christian progeny!
Unstain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets;
While all your smutty sisters walk the streets.
Ye shall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,
Sent with a pass, and vagrant through the land:
Nor sail with Ward, to ape and monkey climes,
Where vile mundungus trucks for viler rhymes:
Not, sulphur tipt, emblaze an ale-house fire;
Nor wrap up oranges, to pelt your sire!

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Not out of any preference or affection to the Tories. For what Hobbes so ingeniously confesses of himself, is true of all ministerial writers whatsoever: 'That he defends the supreme powers, as the geese by their cackling defended the Romans, who held the Capitol; for they favoured them no more than the Gauls, their enemies; but were as ready to have defended the Gauls if they had been possessed of the Capitol.' *Epis. Dedic. to the Leviathan.*

Ver. 215. Gazetteers.] A band of ministerial writers, hired at the prices mentioned in the note on book ii. ver. 316, who, on the very day their patron quitted his post, laid down their paper, and declared they would never more meddle in politics.

Ver. 218. Cibberian forehead.] So indeed all the MSS. read; but I make no scruple to pronounce them all wrong, the laureate being elsewhere celebrated by our poet for his great modesty—modest Cibber—Read, therefore, at my peril, Cerberian forehead. This is perfectly classical, and, what is more, Homerical; the dog was the ancient, as the bitch is the modern symbol of impudence: (Κυνος ομματ' εχων, says Achilles to Agamemnon:) which, when in a superlative degree, may well be denominated from Cerberus, the dog with three heads—But as to the latter part of this verse, Cibberian brain, that is certainly the genuine reading. *Bentl.*

Ver. 225. O born in sin, &c.] This is a tender and passionate apostrophe to his own works, which he is going to sacrifice, agreeable to the nature of man in great affliction: and reflecting, like a parent, on the many miserable fates to which they would otherwise be subject.

Ver. 228. My better and more christian progeny!] 'It may be observable, that my muse and my spouse were equally prolific! that the one was seldom the mother of a child, but in the same year the other made me the father of a play. I think we had a dozen of each sort between us; of both which kinds, some died in their infancy, &c.' Life of C. C. p. 217, 8vo. edit.

Ver. 131. Gratis-given Bland,—Sent with a pass,] It was a practice so to give the Daily Gazetteer and ministerial pamphlets (in which this B. was a writer,) and to send them post-free to all the towns in the kingdom.

Ver. 233. With Ward, to ape and monkey climes.] 'Edward Ward, a very voluminous poet in Hudibrastic verse, but best known by the London Spy, in prose. He has of late years kept a public-house in the city (but in a genteel way,) and with his wit, humour, and good liquor (ale,) afforded his guests a pleasurable entertainment, especially those of the high church-party.' Jacob, Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 225. Great numbers of his works were yearly sold into the Plautations.—Ward, in a book, called Apollo's Maggot, declared this account to be a great falsity, protesting that his public-house was not in the city, but in Moorfields.

O! pass more innocent, in infant state,
To the mild limbo of our father Tate:
Or peaceably forgot, at once be bless'd
In Shadwell's bosom with eternal rest!
Soon to that mass of nonsense to return,
Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn.
With that, a tear (portentous sign of grace!)
Stole from the master of the seven-fold face:
And thrice he lifted high the birth-day brand,
And thrice he dropp'd it from his quivering hand:
Then lights the structure, with averted eyes:
The rolling smoke involves the sacrifice.
The opening clouds disclose each work by turns,
Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns;
Great Cæsar roars, and hisses in the fires;
King John in silence modestly expires:
No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
Moliere's old stubble in a moment flames.
Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes,
When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.
Roused by the light, old Dulness heaved the head,
Then snatch'd a sheet of Thule from her bed;
Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre;
Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire.
Her ample presence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:
Great in her charms! as when on shrieves and mayors
She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.
She bid him wait her to her sacred dome:
Well pleased he enter'd, and confess'd his home.
So spirits, ending their terrestrial race,
Ascend, and recognize their native place.
This the great mother dearer held than all
The club of *quidnuncs*, or her own Guildhall:
Here stood her opium, here she nursed her owls,
And here she plann'd the imperial seat of fools.
Here to her chosen all her works she shows;
Prose swell'd to verse, verse loitering into prose:
How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
Now leave all memory of sense behind:
How prologues into prefaces decay,
And these to notes are fritter'd quite away:
How index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail:
How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A past, vamp'd, future, old, revived, new piece,
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakspeare, and Corneille,
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell.
The goddess then, o'er his anointed head,
With mystic words the sacred opium shed;
And lo! her bird (a monster of a fowl,
Something betwixt a heidegger and owl)
Perch'd on his crown. 'All hail! and hail again,
My son! the promised land expects thy reign.
Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise;
He sleeps among the dull of ancient days;
Safe, where no critics damn, nor duns molest,
Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon rest,
And high-born Howard, more majestic sire,
With Fool of Quality completes the quire.

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Ver. 238. 240. Tate—Shadwell.] Two of his predecessors in the laurel.

Ver. 250. Now flames the Cid, &c.] In the first notes on the Dunciad it was said, that this author was particularly excellent at tragedy. 'This,' says he, 'is as unjust as to say I could not dance on a rope.' But certain it is, that he had attempted to dance on this rope, and fell most shamefully, having produced no less than four tragedies (the names of which the poet preserves in these few lines;) the three first of them were fairly printed, acted, and damned; the fourth suppressed in fear of the like treatment.

Ver. 253, 254. The dear Nonjuror—Moliere's old stubble.] A comedy thrashed out of Moliere's Tartuffe, and so much the translator's favourite, that he assures us all our author's dislike to it could only arise from disaffection to the government. He assures us, that 'when he had the honour to kiss his majesty's hand, upon presenting his dedication of it, he was graciously pleased out of his royal bounty, to order him two hundred pounds for it. And this, he doubts not, grieved Mr. P.'

Ver. 258. Thule] An unfinished poem of that name, of which one sheet was printed many years ago, by Ambrose Phillips, a northern author. It is an usual method of putting out a fire, to cast wet sheets upon it. Some critics have been of opinion that this sheet was of the nature of the asbestos, which cannot be consumed by fire; but I rather think it an allegorical allusion to the coldness and heaviness of the writing.

Ver. 269. Great mother] *Magna mater* here applied to Dulness. The *quidnuncs*, a name given to the ancient members of several political clubs, who were constantly inquiring *quid nunc?* What news?

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Ver. 286. Tibbald.] Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced) or Theobald (as written) was bred an attorney, and son to an attorney, says Mr. Jacob, of Sittenburn, in Kent. He was the author of some forgotten plays, translations, and other pieces. He was concerned in a paper called the Censor, and a translation of Ovid. 'There is a notorious idiot, one hight Wachum, who from an under-spur-leather to the law, is become an understrapper to the playhouse, who has lately burlesqued the Metamorphoses of Ovid by a vile translation, &c. This fellow is concerned in an impertinent paper called the Censor.'—Dennis, Rem. on Pope's Homer, p. 9, 10.

Ibid. Ozell.] 'Mr. John Ozell, if we credit Mr. Jacob, did go to school in Leicestershire, where somebody left him something to live on, when he shall retire from business. He was designed to be sent to Cambridge, in order for priesthood; but he chose rather to be placed in an office of accounts, in the city, being qualified for the same by his skill in arithmetic, and writing the necessary hands. He has obliged the world with many translations of French plays.'—Jacob, Lives of Dram. Poets, p. 198.

Mr. Jacob's character of Mr. Ozell seems vastly short of his merits, and he ought to have further justice done him, having since confuted all sarcasms on his learning and genius, by an advertisement of Sept. 20, 1729, in a paper called the Weekly Medley, &c. 'As to my learning, this envious wretch knew, and every body knows, that the whole bench of bishops, not long ago, were pleased to give me a purse of guineas, for discovering the erroneous translations of the Common-prayer in Portuguese, Spanish, French, Italian, &c. As for my genius, let Mr. Cleland show better verses in all Pope's works, than Ozell's version of Boileau's Lutrin, which the late lord Halifax was so pleased with, that he complimented him with leave to dedicate it to him, &c. Let him show better and truer poetry in the Rape of the Lock, than in Ozell's Rape of the Bucket, (*la Secchia rapita.*) And Mr. Toland and Mr. Gildon publicly declared Ozell's translation of Homer to be, as it was prior, so likewise superior to Pope's.—Surely, surely, every man is free to deserve well of his country!'—John Ozell.

We cannot but subscribe to such reverend testimonies, as those of the bench of bishops, Mr. Toland, and Mr. Gildon.

Ver. 290. A heidegger] A strange bird from Switzerland, and not, as some have supposed, the name of an eminent person who was a man of parts, and, as was said of Petronius, *arbiter elegantiarum.*

Ver. 296. Withers.] See on ver. 146.

Ibid. Gildon] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels in the last age, bred at St. Omer's with the Jesuits; but renouncing popery, he published Blount's books against the divinity of Christ, the Oracles of Reason, &c. He signalized himself as a critic, having written some very bad plays; abused Mr. P. very scandalously in an anonymous pamphlet of the life of Mr. Wycherley, printed by Curll; in another, called the New Rehearsal, printed in 1714; in a third, entitled the Complete Art of English Poetry, in two volumes: and others.

Ver. 297. Howard] Hon. Edward Howard, author of the British Princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late earls of Dorset and Rochester, duke of Buckingham, Mr. Waller, &c.

Thou Cibber! thou, his laurel shall support,
Folly, my son, has still a friend at court.
Lift up your gates, ye princes, see him come!
Sound, sound ye viols, be the cat-call dumb!
Bring, bring the madding bay, the drunken vine;
The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join.
And thou! his aid-de-camp, lead on my sons,
Light-arm'd with points, antitheses, and puns.
Let Bawdry Billingsgate, my daughters dear,
Support his front, and oaths bring up the rear:
And under his, and under Archer's wing,
Gaming and Grub-street skulk behind the king.
'O! when shall rise a monarch all our own,
And I, a nursing-mother, rock the throne;
'Twixt prince and people close the curtain draw,
Shade him from light, and cover him from law;
Fatten the courtier, starve the learned band,
And suckle armies, and dry-nurse the land:
Till senates nod to lullabies divine,
And all be sleep, as at an ode of thine!'
She ceased. Then swells the chapel-royal throat:
God save king Cibber! mounts in every note.
Familiar White's, God save king Colley! cries;
God save king Colley! Drury-lane replies:
To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
But pious Needham dropp'd the name of God;
Back to the Devil the last echoes roll,
And Coll! each butcher roars at Hockley-hole.
So when Jove's block descended from on high,
(As sings thy great forefather Ogilby)
Loud thunder to the bottom shook the bog,
And the hoarse nation croak'd, 'God save king Log.'

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Ver. 309, 310. Under Archer's wing,—Gaming, &c.] When the statute against gaming was drawn up, it was represented, that the king, by ancient custom, plays at hazard one night in the year; and therefore a clause was inserted, with an exemption as to that particular. Under this pretence, the groom-porter had a room appropriated to gaming all the summer the court was at Kensington, which his majesty accidentally being acquainted with, with a just indignation prohibited. It is reported the same practice is yet continued wherever the court resides, and the hazard table there open to all the professed gamesters in town.

'Greatest and justest sovereign! know you this?
Alas! no more than Thames' calm head can know,
Whose meads his arms drown, or whose corn o'erflow.'
Donne to Queen Eliz.

Ver. 319. Chapel-royal.] The voices and instruments used in the service of the chapel-royal being also employed in the performance of the birth-day and new-year odes.

Ver. 324. But pious Needham.] A matron of great fame, and very religious in her way; whose constant prayer it was, that she might 'get enough by her profession to leave it off in time, and make her peace with God.' But her fate was not so happy; for being convicted, and set in the pillory, she was, (to the lasting shame of all her great friends and votaries) so ill used by the populace, that it put an end to her days.

Ver. 325. Back to the Devil.] The Devil Tavern in Fleet-street, where these odes are usually rehearsed before they are performed at court. Upon which a wit of those times makes this epigram:

'When laureates make odes, do you ask of what sort?
Do you ask if they're good, or are evil?
You may judge—from the Devil they come to the court,
And go from the court to the devil.'

Ver. 328.—Ogilby—God save king Log!] See Ogilby's Æsop's Fables, where, in the story of the Frogs and their King, this excellent hemistich is to be found.

Our author manifests here, and elsewhere, a prodigious tenderness for the bad writers. We see he selects the only good passage, perhaps, in all that ever Ogilby writ! which shows how candid and patient a reader he must have been. What can be more kind and affectionate than the words in the preface to his poems, where he labours to call upon all our humanity and forgiveness towards these unlucky men, by the most moderate representation of their case that has ever been given by any author?

BOOK THE SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

The king being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public games and sports of various kinds; not instituted by the hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but, for greater honour, by the goddess in person, (in like manner as the games of Pythia, Isthmia, &c. were anciently said to be ordained by the gods, and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer, Odyss. xxiv. proposed the prizes in honour of her son Achilles.) Hither flock the poets and critics, attended, as is but just, with their patrons and booksellers. The goddess is first pleased, for her disport, to propose games to the booksellers, and setteth up the phantom of a poet, which they contend to overtake. The races described, with their divers accidents. Next the game for a poetess. Then follow the exercises for the poets, of tickling, vociferating, diving. The first holds forth the arts and practices of dedicators, the second of disputants and fustian poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty party-writers. Lastly, for the critics, the goddess proposes, (with great propriety) an exercise, not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous authors, one in verse, and the other in prose, deliberately read, without sleeping: the various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth; till the whole number, not of critics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present, fall asleep; which naturally and necessarily ends the games.

BOOK II.

High on a gorgeous seat, that far out-shone
Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Irish throne,

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But how much all indulgence is lost upon these people may appear from the just reflection made on their constant conduct and constant fate, in the following epigram:

'Ye little wits, that gleam'd awhile,
When Pope vouchsafed a ray;
Alas! deprived of his kind smile,
How soon ye fade away!

'To compass Phœbus' car about,
Thus empty vapours rise,
Each lends his cloud to put him out,
That rear'd him to the skies.

'Alas! those skies are not your sphere;
There he shall ever burn:
Weep, weep, and fall! for earth ye were,
And must to earth return.'

Two things there are, upon the supposition of which the very basis of all verbal criticism is founded and supported: The first, that an author could never fail to use the best word on every occasion: the second, that a critic cannot choose but know which that is. This being granted, whenever any word doth not fully content us, we take upon us to conclude, first, that the author could never have used it; and, secondly, that he must have used that very one, which we conjecture, in its stead.

We cannot, therefore, enough admire the learned Scriblerus, for his alteration of the text in the last two verses of the preceding book, which in all the former editions stood thus:

Hoarse thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the loud nation croak'd, 'God save king Log!'

He has, with great judgment, transposed these two epithets; putting hoarse to the nation, and loud to the thunder; and this being evidently the true reading, he vouchsafed not so much as to mention the former: for which assertion of the just right of a critic he merits the acknowledgment of all sound commentators.

Ver. 2. Henley's gilt tub,] The pulpit of a dissenter is usually called a tub; but that of Mr. Orator Henley was covered with velvet, and adorned with gold. He had also a fair altar, and over it this extraordinary inscription: 'The primitive eucharist.' See the history of this person, book iii.

Ver. 2. or Fleckno's Irish throne,] Richard Fleckno was

Or that where on her Curlls the public pours,
All bounteous, fragrant grains and golden showers,
Great Cibber sat: the proud Parnassian sneer,
The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
Mix on his look: all eyes direct their rays
On him, and crowds turn coxcombs as they gaze.
His peers shine round him with reflected grace,
New edge their dulness, and new bronze their face.
So from the sun's broad beam, in shallow urns,
Heaven's twinkling sparks draw light, and point their horns.

Not with more glee, by hands pontific crown'd,
With scarlet hats wide waving circled round,
Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit,
Throned on seven hills, the Antichrist of wit.

And now the queen, to glad her sons, proclaims
By herald hawkers, high heroic games.
They summon all her race: an endless band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land.
A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags,
From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots:
All who true Dunces in her cause appear'd,
And all who knew those Dunces to reward.

Amid that area wide they took their stand,
Where the tall may-pole once o'erlook'd the Strand,
But now (so Anne and piety ordain)
A church collects the saints of Drury-lane.

With authors, stationers obey'd the call:
The field of glory is a field for all.
Glory and pain the industrious tribe provoke;
And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.
A poet's form she placed before their eyes,
And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize;
No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin,
But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
Twelve starving bards of these degenerate days.
All as a partridge plump, full-fed and fair,
She form'd this image of well-bodied air;
With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head;
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead:
And empty words she gave, and sounding strain,
But senseless, lifeless! idol void and vain!
Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,
A fool, so just a copy of a wit;
So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,
A wit it was, and call'd the phantom More.

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an Irish priest, but had laid aside (as himself expressed it) the mechanic part of priesthood. He printed some plays, poems, letters, and travels. I doubt not, our author took occasion to mention him in respect to the poem of Mr. Dryden, to which this bears some resemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the Æneid from the Iliad, or the Lutrin of Boileau from the Defait de Bouts Rimées of Sarazin.

It may be just worth mentioning, that the eminence from whence the ancient sophists entertained their auditors, was called by the pompous name of a throne. Themistius, Orat. i.

Ver. 3. Or that whereon her Curlls the public pours.] Edmund Curll stood in the pillory at Charing-cross, in March, 1727-8. 'This,' saith Edmund Curll, 'is a false assertion—I had, indeed, the corporal punishment of what the gentlemen of the long robe are pleased jocosely to call mounting the rostrum for one hour: but that scene of action was not in the month of March, but in February.' (Curliad, 12mo. p. 19.) And of the history of his being tossed in a blanket, he saith, 'Here, Scriblerus! thou leesest in what thou assertest concerning the blanket: it was not a blanket but a rug,' p. 25. Much in the same manner Mr. Cibber remonstrated, that his brothers, at Bedlam, mentioned Book i. were not brazen, but blocks; yet our author let it pass unaltered, as a trifle that no way altered the relationship.

We should think, gentle reader, that we but ill performed our part, if we corrected not as well our own errors now, as formerly those of the printer; since what moved us to this work, was solely the love of truth, not in the least any vain glory, or desire to contend with great authors. And further, our mistakes, we conceive, will the rather be pardoned, as scarce possible to be avoided in writing of such persons and works as do ever shun the light. However, that we may not any how soften or extenuate the same, we give them thee in the very words of our antagonists; not defending, but retracting them from our heart, and craving excuse of the parties offended: for surely in this work, it hath been above all things our desire to provoke no man. *Scribl.*

Ver. 15. Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit.] Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who hearing the great encouragement which Leo X. gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and sung to it twenty thousand verses of a poem called Alexias. He was introduced as a buffoon to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the laurel; a jest which the court of Rome and the pope himself entered into so far, as to cause him to ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a solemn festival on his coronation; at which it is recorded the poet himself was so transported as to weep for joy.* He was ever after a constant frequenter of the pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verses without number. Paulus Jovius, Elog. Vir. Doct. chap. lxxxiii. Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada in his Prolusions.

Ver. 34. And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.] This species of mirth, called a joke, arising from a mal-entendu may be well supposed to be the delight of Dulness.

Ver. 47. Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit.] Our author here seems willing to give some account of the possibility of Dulness making a wit (which could be done no other way than by chance.) The fiction is the more reconciled to probability by the known story of Apelles, who, being at a loss to express the foam of Alexander's horse, dashed his pencil in despair at the picture, and happened to do it by that fortunate stroke.

Ver. 50. And call'd the phantom More.] Curll, in his Key to the Dunciad, affirmed this to be James Moore Smith, Esq. and it is probable (considering what is said of him in the testimonies) that some might fancy our author obliged to represent this gentleman as a plagiary, or to pass for one himself. His case, indeed, was like that of a man I have heard of, who, as he was sitting in company, perceived his next neighbour had stolen his handkerchief: 'Sir,' said the thief, finding himself detected, 'do not expose me, I did it for mere want; be so good but to take it privately out of my pocket again, and say nothing.' The honest man did so, but the other cried out, 'See, gentlemen, what a thief we have among us! look, he is stealing my handkerchief!'

Some time before, he had borrowed of Dr. Arbuthnot a paper called a Historico-physical account of the South Sea; and of Mr. Pope the memoirs of a Parish Clerk, which for two years he kept, and read to the Rev. Dr. Young, F. Billers, Esq. and many others, as his own. Being applied to for them, he pretended they were lost; but there happening to be another copy of the latter, it came out in Swift's and Pope's Miscellanies. Upon this, it seems, he was so far mistaken as to confess his proceeding by an endeavour to hide it: unguardedly printing (in the Daily Journal of April 3, 1723,) 'That the contempt which he and others had for those pieces, (which only himself had shown, and handed about as his own,) occasioned their being lost, and for that cause only not returned.' A fact, of which as none but he could be conscious, none but he could be the publisher of it. The plagiarisms of this person gave occasion to the following epigram:

'Moore always smiles whenever he recites;
He smiles (you think) approving what he writes.
And yet in this no vanity is shown;
A modest man may like what's not his own.'

This young gentleman's whole misfortune was too inordinate a passion to be thought a wit. Here is a very strong instance attested by Mr. Savage, son of the late Earl Rivers; who having shown some verses of his in manuscript to Mr. Moore, wherein Mr. Pope was called first of the tuneful train, Mr. Moore the next morning sent to Mr. Savage to desire him to give those verses another turn, to wit, 'That Pope might now be the first, because Moore had left him unrivalled, in turning his style to comedy.' This was during the rehearsal of the Rival Modes, his first and only work;

* See Life of C. C. chap. vi. p. 149.

All gaze with ardour: some a poet's name,
Others a sword-knot and laced suit inflame.
But lofty Lintot in the circle rose:
'This prize is mine; who 'tempt it are my foes:
With me began this genius, and shall end.'
He spoke; and who with Lintot shall contend?
Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
Stood dauntless Curll: 'Behold that rival here!

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the town condemned it in the action, but he printed it in 1726-7, with this modest motto:

'Hic cæstus, artemque repono.'

The smaller pieces which we have heard attributed to this author are, An Epigram on the Bridge at Blenheim, by Dr. Evans: Cosmelia, by Mr. Pit, Mr. Jones, &c. The Mock Marriage of a mad Divine, with a Cl. for a Parson, by Dr. W. The Saw-pit, a Simile, by a Friend. Certain Physical Works on Sir James Baker; and some unowned Letters, Advertisements, and Epigrams against our author in the Daily Journal.

Notwithstanding what is here collected of the person imagined by Curll to be meant in this place, we cannot be of that opinion; since our poet had certainly no need of vindicating half a dozen verses to himself, which every reader had done for him; since the name itself is not spelled Moore, but More; and, lastly, since the learned Scriblerus has so well proved the contrary.

Ver. 50. The phantom More.] It appears from hence, that this is not the name of a real person, but fictitious. More from *μωρος stultus*, *μωρια*, *stultitia*, to represent the folly of a plagiary. Thus Erasmus: *Admonuit me Mori cognomen tibi, quod tam ad Moriæ vocabulum accedit quam es ipse a re alienus.* Dedication of *Moriæ Encomium* to sir Thomas More; the farewell of which may be our author's to his plagiary, *Vale, More! et moriam tuam gnaviter defende.* Adieu More! and be sure strongly to defend thy own folly. *Scribl.*

Ver. 53. But lofty Lintot.] We enter here upon the episode of the booksellers; persons, whose names being more known and famous in the learned world than those of the authors in this poem, do therefore need less explanation. The action of Mr. Lintot here imitates that of Dares in Virgil, rising just in this manner to lay hold of a bull. This eminent bookseller printed the Rival Modes before mentioned.

Ver. 58. Stood dauntless Curll:] We come now to a character of much respect, that of Mr. Edmund Curll. As a plain repetition of great actions is the best praise of them, we shall only say of this eminent man, that he carried the trade many lengths beyond what it ever before arrived at; and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profession. He possessed himself of a command over all authors whatever: he caused them to write what he pleased; they could not call their very names their own. He was not only famous among these; he was taken notice of by the state, the church, and the law, and received particular marks of distinction from each.

It will be owned that he is here introduced with all possible dignity. He speaks like the intrepid Diomede; he runs like the swift footed Achilles: if he falls, 'tis like the beloved Nisus; and (what Homer makes to be the chief of all praises) he is favoured of the gods: he says but three words, and his prayer is heard; a goddess conveys it to the seat of Jupiter: though he loses the prize, he gains the victory; the great mother herself comforts him, she inspires him with expedients, she honours him with an immortal present (such as Achilles receives from Thetis, and Æneas from Venus,) at once instructive and prophetical: after this he is unrivalled, and triumphant.

The tribute our author here pays him is a grateful return for several unmerited obligations; many weighty animadversions on the public affairs, and many excellent and diverting pieces on private persons, has he given to his name. If ever he owed two verses to any other, he owed Mr. Curll some thousands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his writings: witness innumerable instances; but it shall suffice only to mention the Court Poems, which he meant to publish as the work of the true writer, a lady of quality; but being threatened first, and afterwards punished for it by Mr. Pope, he generously transferred it from her to him, and ever since printed it in his name. The single time that ever he spoke to Mr. C. was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owed all the favour since received from him: so true is the saying of Dr. Sydenham, 'that any one shall be, at some time or other, the better or the worse, for having but seen or spoken to a good or bad man.'

The race by vigour, not by vaunts is won:
So take the hindmost, Hell!' he said, and run.
Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge Lintot, and out-stripp'd the wind.
As when a dab-chick waddles through the copse
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops:
So labouring on, with shoulder, hands, and head,
Wide as a wind-mill all his figure spread,
With arms expanded Bernard rows his state,
And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.
Full in the middle way there stood a lake
Which Curll's Corinna chanced that morn to make;
(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
Her evening cates before his neighbour's shop)
Here fortuned Curll to slide; loud shout the band,
And Bernard! Bernard! rings through all the Strand
Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray'd,
Fall'n in the plash his wickedness had laid:
Then first (if poets aught of truth declare)
The caitiff vaticide conceived a prayer:
'Hear, Jove! whose name my bards and I adore,
As much at least as any gods or more;
And him and his if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the pope's arms.
A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,
Where, from ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.
There in his seat two spacious vents appear,
On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various vows of fond mankind;
Some beg an eastern, some a western wind;
All vain petitions mounting to the sky,
With reams abundant this abode supply;
Amused he reads, and then returns the bills
Sign'd with that ichor which from gods distills.
In office here fair Cloacina stands,
And ministers to Jove with purest hands.
Forth from the heap she pick'd her votary's prayer,
And placed it next him, a distinction rare!
Oft had the goddess heard her servant's call,
From her black grottos near the Temple-wall,
Listening delighted to the jest unclean
Of link-boys vile, and waterman obscene;
Where, as he fish'd her nether realms for wit,
She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.
Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
As oil'd with magic juices for the course,
Vigorous he rises; from the effluvia strong,
Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along:
Re-passes Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.
And now the victor stretch'd his eager hand
Where the tall nothing stood or seem'd to stand:
A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight,
Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night.

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Ver. 70. Curll's Corinna.] This name, it seems, was taken by one Mrs. Thomas, who procured some private letters of Mr. Pope, while almost a boy, to Mr. Cromwell, and sold them without the consent of either of those gentlemen, to Curll, who printed them in 12mo, 1727. He discovered her to be the publisher, in his Key, p. 11. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which those letters got abroad, which the author was ashamed of as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excusable from the youth and inexperience of the writer.

Ver. 82. Down with the Bible, up with the pope's arms.] The Bible, Curll's sign; the Cross Keys, Lintot's.

Ver. 101. Where, as he fish'd, &c.] See the preface to Swift's and Pope's Miscellanies.

To seize his papers, Curll, was next thy care;
His papers light, fly diverse, toss'd in air:
Songs, sonnets, epigrams, the winds uplift,
And whisk them back to Evans, Young, and Swift.
The embroider'd suit at least he deem'd his prey,
That suit an unpaid tailor snatch'd away.
No rag, no scrap, of all the beau or wit,
That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ.
Heaven rings with laughter: of the laughter vain,
Dulness, good queen, repeats the jest again.
Three wicked imps, of her own Grub-street choir,
She deck'd like Congreve, Addison and Prior;
Mears, Warner, Wilkins, run! delusive thought!
Breval, Bond, Besaleel, the varlets caught.
Curll stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
He grasps an empty Joseph for a John:
So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
Became, when seized, a puppy or an ape.
To him the goddess: 'Son! thy grief lay down,
And turn this whole illusion on the town:
As the sage dame, experienced in her trade,
By names of toasts retails each batter'd jade
(Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
Of wrongs from duchesses and lady Maries;)
Be thine, my stationer! this magic gift;
Cook shall be Prior: and Concanen, Swift:
So shall each hostile name become our own
And we too boast our Garth and Addison.'
With that she gave him (piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face,)

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Ver. 116. Evans, Young, and Swift.] Some of those persons, whose writings, epigrams, or jests he had owned. See note on ver. 50.

Ver. 118. An unpaid tailor] This line has been loudly complained of in Mist, June 8, Dedicated to Sawney, and others, as a most inhuman satire on the poverty of poets; but it is thought our author will be acquitted by a jury of tailors. To me this instance seems unluckily chosen; if it be a satire on any body, it must be on a bad pay-master, since the person to whom they have here applied it, was a man of fortune. Not but poets may well be jealous of so great a prerogative as non-payment; which Mr. Dennis so far asserts, as boldly to pronounce, that, 'if Homer himself was not in debt, it was because nobody would trust him.'—Pref. to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 15.

Ver. 124. Like Congreve, Addison, and Prior;] These authors being such whose names will reach posterity, we shal' not give any account of them, but proceed to those of whom it is necessary.—Besaleel Morris was author of some satires on the translators of Homer, with many other things printed in newspapers—'Bond writ a satire against Mr. P—. Capt. Breval was author of the Confederates, an ingenious dramatic performance, to expose Mr. P., Mr. Gay, Dr. Arbuthnot, and some ladies of quality,' says Curll, Key, p. 11.

Ver. 125. Mears, Warner, Wilkins] Booksellers and Printers of much anonymous stuff.

Ver. 126. 'Breval, Bond, Besaleel,] I foresee it will be objected from this line, that we were in an error in our assertion on ver. 50 of this book, that More was a fictitious name, since those persons are equally represented by the poet as phantoms. So at first sight it may be seen; but be not deceived, reader; these also are not real persons. ''Tis true, Curll declares Breval a captain, author of a piece called The Confederates; but the same Curll first said it was written by Joseph Gay. Is his second assertion to be credited any more than his first? He likewise affirms Bond to be one who writ a satire on our poet: but where is such a satire to be found? where was such a writer ever heard of? As for Besaleel, it carries forgery in the very name; nor is it, as the others are, a surname. Thou mayest depend upon it no such authors ever lived: all phantoms. *Scribl.*

Ver. 128. Joseph Gay, a fictitious name put by Curll before several pamphlets, which made them pass with many for Mr. Gay's.—The ambiguity of the word Joseph, which likewise signifies a loose upper coat, gives much pleasantry to the idea.

Ver. 132. And turn this whole illusion on the town:] It was a common practice of this bookseller to publish vile pieces of obscure hands under the names of eminent authors.

Ver. 138. Cook shall be Prior;] The man here specified writ a thing called The Battle of the Poets, in which Phillips and Welsted were the heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He also published some malevolent things in the British, London, and Daily Journals; and at the same time wrote letters to Mr. Pope, protesting his innocence. His chief work was a translation of Hesiod, in which Theobald writ notes and half notes, which he carefully owned.

Ver. 138. And Concanen, Swift:] In the first edition of this poem there were only asterisks in this place, but the names were since inserted, merely to fill up the verse, and give ease to the ear of the reader.

Ver. 140. And we too boast our Garth and Addison.] Nothing is more remarkable than our author's love of praising good writers. He has in this very poem celebrated Mr. Locke, Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Atterbury, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Congreve, Dr. Garth, Mr. Addison; in a word, almost every man of his time that deserved it; even Cibber himself, (presuming him to be the author of the Careless Husband.) It was very difficult to have that pleasure in a poem on this subject, yet he has found means to insert their panegyric, and has made even Dulness out of her own mouth pronounce it. It must have been particularly agreeable to him to celebrate Dr. Garth; both as his constant friend, and as he was his predecessor in this kind of satire. The Dispensary attacked the whole body of apothecaries, a much more useful one undoubtedly than that of the bad poets; if in truth this can be a body, of which no two members ever agreed. It also did, what Mr. Theobald says is unpardonable, draw in parts of private character, and introduce persons independent of his subject. Much more would Boileau have incurred his censure, who left all subjects whatever, on all occasions, to fall upon the bad poets (which, it is to be feared, would have been more immediately his concern.) But certainly next to commending good writers, the greatest service to learning is to expose the bad, who can only that way be made of any use to it. This truth is very well set forth in these lines, addressed to our author:

'The craven rook, and pert jackdaw
(Though neither birds of moral kind,)
Yet serve if hang'd, or stuff'd with straw,
To show us which way blows the wind.

'Thus dirty knaves, or chattering fools,
Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
And point instruction every way.

'With Egypt's art thy pen may strive:
One potent drop let this but shed,
And every rogue that stunk alive,
Becomes a precious mummy dead.'

Ver. 142. Rueful length of face.] 'The decrepit person or figure of a man are no reflections upon his genius. An honest mind will love and esteem a man of worth, though he be deformed or poor. Yet the author of the Dunciad hath libelled a person for his rueful length of face!' Mist's Journal, June 8. This genius and man of worth, whom an honest mind should love, is Mr. Curll. True it is, he stood in the pillory, an incident which will lengthen the face of any man, though it were ever so comely, therefore is no reflection on the natural beauty of Mr. Curll. But as to reflections on any man's face or figure, Mr. Dennis saith excellently; 'Natural deformity comes not by our fault; it is often occasioned by calamities and diseases, which a man can no more help than a monster can his deformity. There is no one misfortune, and no one disease, but what all the rest of mankind are subject to.—But the deformity of this author is visible, present, lasting, unalterable, and peculiar to himself. 'Tis the mark of God and nature upon him, to give us warning that we should hold no society with him, as a creature not of our original, nor of our species: and they who have refused to take this warning which God and nature has given them, and have, in spite of it, by a senseless presumption ventured to be familiar with him, have severely suffered, &c. 'Tis certain his original is not from Adam, but from the devil,' &c.—Dennis, Character of Mr. P. octavo, 1716.

Admirably it is observed by Mr. Dennis against Mr. Law, p. 33. 'That the language of Billingsgate can never be the language of charity, nor consequently of christianity.' I should else be tempted to use the language of a critic; for what is more provoking to a commentator, than to behold his author thus portrayed? Yet I consider it really hurts

A shaggy tapestry, worthy to be spread
On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed:
Instructive work! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
Display'd the fates her confessors endure.
Earless on high, stood unabash'd De Foe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below.
There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might ye view,
The very worsted still look'd black and blue.
Himself among the storied chiefs he spies,
As, from the blanket, high in air he flies,
'And, oh!' he cried, 'what street, what lane, but knows
Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings, and blows!
In every loom our labours shall be seen,
And the fresh vomit run for ever green!'
See in the circle, next, Eliza placed,
Two babes of love close clinging to her waist;

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not him! whereas to call some others dull, might do them prejudice with a world too apt to believe it. Therefore, though Mr. D. may call another a little ass, or a young toad, far be it from us to call him a toothless lion, or an old serpent. Indeed, had I written these notes (as was once my intent) in the learned language, I might have given him the appellations *balatro, calceatum caput, scurra in triviis*, being phrases in good esteem and frequent usage among the best learned: but in our mother-tongue, were I to tax any gentleman of the Dunciad, surely it would be in words not to the vulgar intelligible; whereby christian charity, decency, and good accord among authors, might be preserved. *Scribl.*

The good Scriblerus here, as on all occasions, eminently shows his humanity. But it was far otherwise with the gentlemen of the Dunciad, whose scurrilities were always personal, and of that nature which provoked every honest man but Mr. Pope; yet never to be lamented, since they occasioned the following amiable verses:

'While malice, Pope, denies thy page
Its own celestial fire;
While critics, and while bards in rage,
Admiring, won't admire:

While wayward pens thy worth assail,
And envious tongues decry;
These times, though many a friend bewail,
These times bewail not I.

But when the world's loud praise is thine,
And spleen no more shall blame,
When with thy Homer thou shalt shine
In one established fame:

When none shall rail, and every lay
Devote a wreath to thee;
That day (for come it will,) that day
Shall I lament to see.'

Ver. 143. A shaggy tapestry;] A sorry kind of tapestry frequent in old inns, made of worsted or some coarser stuff; like that which is spoken of by Donne.—Faces as frightful as theirs who whip Christ in old hangings. This imagery woven in it alludes to the mantle of Cloanthus, in Æn. v.

Ver. 144. John Dunton was a broken bookseller, and abusive scribbler; he writ Neck or Nothing, a violent satire on some ministers of state; a libel on the duke of Devonshire, and the bishop of Peterborough, &c.

Ver. 148. And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge.] John Tutchin, author of some vile verses, and of a weekly paper called the Observator. He was sentenced to be whipped through several towns in the west of England, upon which he petitioned king James II. to be hanged. When that prince died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasioned by some humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of queen Anne.

Ver. 149. There Ridpath, Roper,] Authors of the Flying-post and Post-boy, two scandalous papers on different sides, for which they equally and alternately deserved to be cudgelled, and were so.

Ver. 151. Himself among the storied chiefs he spies.] The history of Curll's being tossed in a blanket, and whipped by the scholars of Westminster, is well known. Of his purging and vomiting, see A full and true Account of a horrid Revenge on the Body of Edmund Curll, &c. in Swift's and Pope's Miscellanies.

Ver. 157. See in the circle next, Eliza placed.] In this name is exposed, in the most contemptuous manner, the

Fair as before her works she stands confess'd,
In flowers and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dress'd.
The goddess then: 'Who best can send on high
The salient spout, far streaming to the sky;
His be yon Juno of majestic size,
With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
This China jordan let the chief o'ercome
Replenish, not ingloriously, at home.'
Osborne and Curll accept the glorious strife
(Though this his son dissuades, and that his wife,)
One on his manly confidence relies,
One on his vigour and superior size.
First Osborne lean'd against his letter'd post:
It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most.
So Jove's bright bow displays its watery round
(Sure sign that no spectator shall be drown'd.)
A second effort brought but new disgrace,
The wild meander wash'd the artist's face:
Thus the small jet, which hasty hands unlock,
Spirts in the gardener's eyes who turns the cock.
Not so from shameless Curll; impetuous spread
The stream, and smoking flourish'd o'er his head.
So (famed like thee for turbulence and horns)
Eridanus his humble fountain scorns;
Through half the heavens he pours the exalted urn
His rapid waters in their passage burn.

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profligate licentiousness of those shameless scribblers (for the most part of that sex which ought least to be capable of such malice or impudence) who, in libellous memoirs and novels, reveal the faults or misfortunes of both sexes, to the ruin of public fame, or disturbance of private happiness. Our good poet (by the whole cast of his work being obliged not to take off the irony) where he could not show his indignation, hath shown his contempt, as much as possible having here drawn as vile a picture as could be represented in the colours of epic poesy. *Scribl.*

Ibid. Eliza Haywood; this woman was authoress of those most scandalous books called the Court of Carimania, and the New Utopia. For the two babes of love, see Curll, Key, p. 22. But whatever reflection he is pleased to throw upon this lady, surely it was what from him she little deserved, who had celebrated Curll's undertakings for reformation of manners, and declared herself 'to be so perfectly acquainted with the sweetness of his disposition, and that tenderness with which he considered the errors of his fellow creatures, that, though she should find the little inadvertencies of her own life recorded in his papers, she was certain it would be done in such a manner as she could not but approve.' Mrs. Haywood, Hist of Clar. printed in the Female Dunciad, p. 18.

Ver. 160. Kirkall] The name of an engraver. Some of this lady's works were printed in four volumes in 12mo, with her picture thus dressed up before them.

Ver. 167. Osborne, Thomas] A bookseller in Gray's-Inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part; therefore placed here instead of a less deserving predecessor. [Chapman, the publisher of Mrs. Haywood's New Utopia, &c.] This man published advertisements for a year together, pretending to sell Mr. Pope's subscription books of Homer's Iliad at half the price: of which book he had none, but cut to the size of them (which was quarto) the common books in folio, without copper-plates, on a worse paper, and never above half the value.

Upon this advertisement the Gazetteer harangued thus, July 6, 1739; 'How melancholy must it be to a writer to be so unhappy as to see his works hawked for sale in a manner so fatal to his fame! How, with honour to yourself, and justice to your subscribers, can this be done? What an ingratitude to be charged on the only honest poet that lived in 1738! and than whom virtue has not had a shriller trumpeter for many ages! That you were once generally admired and esteemed, can be denied by none; but that you and your works are now despised, is verified by this fact;' which being utterly false, did not much indeed humble the author, but drew this just chastisement on the bookseller.

Ver. 183. Through half the heavens he pours the exalted urn;] In a manuscript Dunciad (where are some marginal corrections of some gentlemen some time deceased) I have found another reading of these lines: thus,

Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes:
Still happy impudence obtains the prize.
Thou triumph'st victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleased dame, soft smiling, lead'st away.
Osborne, through perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the jordan, walks contented home.
But now for authors nobler palms remain;
Room for my lord! three jockeys in his train;
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair:
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
His honour's meaning Dulness thus express'd,
'He wins his patron who can tickle best.'
He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state:
With ready quills the dedicators wait;
Now at his head the dexterous task commence,
And, instant, fancy feels the imputed sense;
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He struts Adonis, and affects grimace:
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys,
Then his nice taste directs our operas:
Bentley his mouth with classic flattery opes,
And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.
But Welsted most the poet's healing balm
Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm;
Unlucky Welsted! thy unfeeling master,
The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster.
While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
And quick sensations skip from vein to vein;
A youth unknown to Phœbus, in despair,
Puts his last refuge all in Heaven and prayer.
What force have pious vows! the queen of love
Her sister sends, her votaress, from above;
As, taught by Venus, Paris learn'd the art
To touch Achilles' only tender part;
Secure, through her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off, his grace's secretary.
'Now turn to different sports,' the goddess cries,
'And learn, my sons, the wondrous power of noise.
To move, to raise, to ravish every heart,
With Shakspeare's nature, or with Jonson's art,
Let others aim: 'Tis yours to shake the soul
With thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl,
With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
Now sink in sorrows with the tolling bell:
Such happy arts attention can command,
When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand.
Improve we these. Three cat-calls be the bribe
Of him, whose chattering shames the monkey tribe:
And his this drum, whose hoarse heroic bass
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying ass."
Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din,
The monkey-mimics rush discordant in:
'Twas chattering, grinning, mouthing, jabbering all,
And noise and Norton, brangling and Breval,
Dennis and dissonance, and captious art,
And snip-snap short, and interruption smart;
And demonstration thin, and theses thick,
And major, minor, and conclusion quick.
'Hold,' cried the queen, 'a cat-call each shall win;
Equal your merits! equal is your din!
But that this well-disputed game may end,
Sound forth, my brayers, and the welkin rend.
As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
For their defrauded, absent foals they make
A moan so loud, that all the guild awake;
Sore sighs sir Gilbert, starting at the bray,
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay:
So swells each wind-pipe: ass intones to ass,
Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass;

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'And lifts his urn, through half the heavens to flow;
His rapid waters in their passage glow.'

This I cannot but think the right: for, first, though the difference between burn and glow may seem not very material to others, to me I confess the latter has an elegance, a *je ne scay quoy*, which is much easier to be conceived than explained. Secondly, every reader of our poet must have observed how frequently he uses this word, glow, in other parts of his works: to instance only in his Homer:

(1.) Iliad ix. ver. 726.—With one resentment glows.
(2.) Iliad xi. ver 626.—There the battle glows.
(3.) Ibid. ver. 985.—The closing flesh that instant ceased to glow.
(4.) Iliad xii. ver. 45.—Encompass'd Hector glows.
5.) Ibid. ver. 475.—His beating breast with generous ardour glows.
(6.) Iliad xviii. ver. 591.—Another part glow'd with refulgent arms.
(7.) Ibid. ver. 654.—And curl'd on silver props in order glow.

I am afraid of growing too luxuriant in examples, or I could stretch this catalogue to a great extent; but these are enough to prove his fondness for this beautiful word, which, therefore, let all future editions replace here.

I am aware, after all, that burn is the proper word to convey an idea of what was said to be Mr. Curll's condition at this time; but from that very reason I infer the direct contrary. For surely every lover of our author will conclude he had more humanity than to insult a man on such a misfortune or calamity, which could never befall him purely by his own fault, but from an unhappy communication with another. This note is half Mr. Theobald, half Scribl.

Ver. 203. Paolo Antonio Rolli,] An Italian poet and writer of many operas in that language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to some fine gentlemen, who affected to direct the operas.

Ver. 205. Bentley his mouth, &c.] Not spoken of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, but of one Tho. Bentley, a small critic, who aped his uncle in a little Horace. The great one was intended to be dedicated to the lord Halifax, but (on a change of the ministry) was given to the earl of Oxford: for which reason the little one was dedicated to his son the lord Harley.

Ver. 207. Welsted.] Leonard Welsted, author of the Triumvirate, or a Letter in Verse from Palæmon to Celia at Bath, which was meant for a satire on Mr. P. and some of his friends about the year 1718. He writ other things which we cannot remember. Smedley, in his Metamorphosis of Scriblerus, mentions one, the Hymn of a Gentleman to his Creator: and there was another, in praise either of a Cellar or a Garret. L. W. characterized in the Περι Βαθους, or the Art of Sinking, as a didapper, and after as an eel, is said to be this person, by Dennis, Daily Journal of May 11, 1728. He was also characterized under another animal, a

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mole, by the author of the ensuing simile, which was handed about at the same time:

'Dear Welsted, mark, in dirty hole
That painful animal, a mole:
Above ground never born to grow;
What mighty stir it keeps below!
To make a mole-hill all his strife!
It digs, pokes, undermines for life.
How proud a little dirt to spread;
Conscious of nothing o'er its head!
Till, labouring on, for want of eyes,
It blunders into light and dies.'

You have him again in book iii. ver. 169.

Ver. 226. With thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl.] The old way of making thunder and mustard were the same: but since, it is more advantageously performed by troughs of wood with steps in them. Whether Mr. Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not; but it is certain, that being once at a tragedy of a new author, he fell into a great passion at hearing some, and cried, ''Sdeath! that is my thunder.'

Ver. 238. Norton,] See ver. 417.—J. Durant Breval, author of a very extraordinary book of travels, and some poems. See before, note on ver. 126.

Such as from labouring lungs the enthusiast blows,
High sounds, attemper'd to the vocal nose;
Or such as bellow from the deep divine;
There, Webster! peal'd thy voice, and Whitfield! thine.
But far o'er all sonorous Blackmore's strain;
Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again.
In Tottenham fields, the brethren, with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze!
Long Chancery-lane retentive rolls the sound,
And courts to courts return it round and round;
Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.

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Ver. 258. Webster—and Whitfield] The one the writer of a newspaper called the Weekly Miscellany, the other a field-preacher. This thought the only means of advancing religion was by the new-birth of spiritual madness; that by the old death of fire and faggot; and therefore they agreed in this, though in no other earthly thing, to abuse all the sober clergy. From the small success of these two extraordinary persons, we may learn how little hurtful bigotry and enthusiasm are, while the civil magistrate prudently forbears to lend his power to the one, in order to the employing it against the other.

Ver. 263. Long Chancery-lane] The place where the offices of chancery are kept. The long detention of clients in that court, and the difficulty of getting out, is humourously allegorized in these lines.

Ver. 268. Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.] A just character of sir Richard Blackmore, knight, who (as Mr. Dryden expresseth it)

'Writ to the rumbling of his coach's wheels;'

and whose indefatigable muse produced no less than six epic poems; Prince and King Arthur, twenty books; Eliza, ten; Alfred, twelve; the Redeemer, six; besides Job, in folio; the whole book of Psalms; the Creation, seven books; Nature of Man, three books; and many more. It is in this sense he is styled afterwards the everlasting Blackmore. Notwithstanding all which, Mr. Gildon seems assured, 'that this admirable author did not think himself upon the same foot with Homer.'—Comp. Art of Poetry, vol. i. p. 108.

But how different is the judgment of the author of Characters of the Times? p. 25, who says, 'Sir R. Blackmore is unfortunate in happening to mistake his proper talents; and that he has not for many years been so much as named, or even thought of among writers.' Even Mr. Dennis differs greatly from his friend Mr. Gildon: 'Blackmore's action,' saith he, 'has neither unity, nor integrity, nor morality, nor universality; and consequently he can have no fable, and no heroic poem: his narration is neither probable, delightful, nor wonderful; his characters have none of the necessary qualifications; the things contained in his narration are neither in their own nature delightful, nor numerous enough, nor rightly disposed, nor surprising, nor pathetic.' Nay, he proceeds so far as to say sir Richard has no genius; first laying down, that 'genius is caused by a furious joy and pride of soul, on the conception of an extraordinary hint. 'Many men,' says he, 'have their hints, without those motions of fury and pride of soul, because they want fire enough to agitate their spirits; and these we call cold writers. Others who have a great deal of fire, but have not excellent organs, feel the fore-mentioned motions, without the extraordinary hints; and these we call fustian writers.' But he declares, 'that sir Richard had neither the hints nor the motions.'—Remarks on Pr. Arth. octavo, 1696. Preface.

This gentleman in his first works abused the character of Mr. Dryden; and in his last, of Mr. Pope, accusing him in very high and sober terms of profaneness and immorality (Essay on Polite Writing, vol. ii. p. 270) on a mere report from Edm. Curll, that he was author of a travestie on the first Psalm. Mr. Dennis took up the same report, but with the addition of what sir Richard had neglected, an argument to prove it; which being very curious, we shall here transcribe. 'It was he who burlesqued the Psalms of David. It is apparent to me that psalm was burlesqued by a popish rhymester. Let rhyming persons who have been brought up protestants be otherwise what they will, let them be rakes, let them be scoundrels, let them be atheists, yet education has made an invincible impression on them in behalf of the sacred writings. But a popish rhymester has been brought up with a contempt for those sacred writings; now show me another popish rhymester but he.' This manner of argumentation is usual with Mr. Dennis; he has employed the same against sir Richard himself, in a like charge of impiety and irreligion. 'All Mr. Blackmore's celestial machines, as they cannot be defended so much as by common received opinion, so are they directly contrary to the doctrine of the church of England; for the visible descent of an angel must be a miracle. Now it is the doctrine of the church of England that miracles had ceased a long time before prince Arthur came into the world. Now if the doctrine of the church of England be true, as we are obliged to believe, then are all the celestial machines in Prince Arthur unsufferable, as wanting not only human, but divine probability. But if the machines are sufferable, that is, if they have so much as divine probability, then it follows of necessity that the doctrine of the church is false. So I leave it to every impartial clergyman to consider,' &c. Preface to the Remarks on Prince Arthur.

This labour past, by Bridewell all descend
(As morning-prayers and flagellation end,)
To where Fleet-ditch with disemboguing streams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
The king of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.
'Here strip, my children, here at once leap in,
Here prove who best can dash through thick and thin,
And who the most in love of dirt excel,
Or dark dexterity of groping well.
Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
The streams, be his the Weekly Journals bound:
A pig of lead to him who dives the best;
A peck of coals apiece shall glad the rest.'
In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,
And, Milo-like, surveys his arms and hands;

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Ver. 270. (As morning prayers and flagellation end.)] It is between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church service, that the criminals are whipped in Bridewell. This is to mark punctually the time of the day: Homer does it by the circumstance of the judges rising from court, or of the labourers' dinner: our author by one very proper both to the persons and the scene of his poem, which we may remember commenced in the evening of the lord-mayor's day. The first book passed in that night; the next morning the games begin in the Strand, thence along Fleet-street (places inhabited by booksellers,) then they proceed by Bridewell toward Fleet-ditch, and lastly through Ludgate to the city, and the temple of the goddess.

Ver. 280. The Weekly Journals] Papers of news and scandal intermixed, on different sides and parties, and frequently shifting from one side to the other, called the London Journal, British Journal, Daily Journal, &c., the concealed writers of which for some time were Oldmixon, Roome, Arnall, Concanen, and others; persons never seen by our author.

Ver. 283. In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,] Mr. John Oldmixon, next to Mr. Dennis, the most ancient critic of our nation; an unjust censurer of Mr. Addison in his prose Essay on Criticism, whom also in his imitation of Bouhours (called the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric) he misrepresents in plain matter of fact; for in p. 45, he cites the Spectator as abusing Dr. Swift by name, where there is not the least hint of it; and in p. 304, is so injurious as to suggest that Mr. Addison himself writ that Tatler, No. 43, which says of his own simile, that, "'Tis as great as ever entered into the mind of man.'

In poetry he was not so happy as laborious, and therefore characterized by the Tatler, No. 62, by the name of 'Omicron the Unborn Poet.' Curll, Key, p. 13. 'He writ dramatic works, and a volume of poetry, consisting of heroic epistles, &c. some whereof are very well done,' said the great judge, Mr. Jacob, in his Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 303.

In his Essay on Criticism, and the arts of Logic and Rhetoric, he frequently reflects on our author. But the top of his character was a perverter of history, in that scandalous one of the Stuarts, in folio, and his Critical History of England, two volumes octavo. Being employed by bishop Kennet, in publishing the historians in his collection, he falsified Daniel's Chronicle in numberless places. Yet this very man, in the preface to the first of these books, advanced a particular fact to charge three eminent persons of falsifying the lord Clarendon's History; which fact has been disproved by Dr. Atterbury, late bishop of Rochester, then the only survivor of them; and the particular part he pretended

Then sighing thus: 'And am I now threescore?
Ah, why, ye gods, should two and two make four?'
He said, and climb'd a stranded lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyss, and plunged downright.
The senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who, but to sink the deeper, rose the higher.
Next Smedley dived; slow circles dimpled o'er
The quaking mud, that closed and oped no more.
All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost;
Smedley in vain resounds through all the coast.
Then * * essay'd; scarce vanish'd out of sight,
He buoys up instant, and returns to light:
He bears no tokens of the sabler streams,
And mounts far off among the swans of Thames.
True to the bottom see Concanen creep,
A cold, long-winded native of the deep:
If perseverance gain the diver's prize,
Not everlasting Blackmore this denies:
No noise, no stir, no motion canst thou make,
The unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake.
Next plunged a feeble but a desperate pack,
With each a sickly brother at his back;
Sons of a day! just buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Ask ye their names? I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies as of those.
Fast by, like Niobe (her children gone)
Sits mother Osborne, stupified to stone!

And monumental brass this record bears,
'These are,—ah no! these were the Gazetteers!'
Not so bold Arnall; with a weight of skull,
Furious he dives, precipitately dull.
Whirlpools and storms his circling arm invest,
With all the might of gravitation bless'd.
No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance,
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the journals and the lead.
The plunging prelate, and his ponderous grace,
With holy envy gave one layman place.

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to be falsified, produced since, after almost ninety years, in that noble author's original manuscript. He was all his life a virulent party-writer for hire, and received his reward in a small place, which he enjoyed to his death.

Ver. 291. Next Smedley dived;] In the surreptitious editions, this whole episode was applied to an initial letter E—, by whom, if they meant the laureat, nothing was more absurd, no part agreeing with his character. The allegory evidently demands a person dipped in scandal, and deeply immersed in dirty work; whereas Mr. Eusden's writings rarely offended but by their length and multitude, and accordingly are taxed of nothing else in book i. ver. 102. But the person here mentioned, an Irishman, was author and publisher of many scurrilous pieces, a weekly Whitehall Journal, in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker; and particularly whole volumes of Billingsgate against Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, called Gulliveriana and Alexandriana, printed in octavo, 1728.

Ver. 295. Then * * essay'd;] A gentleman of genius and spirit, who was secretly dipped in some papers of this kind, on whom our poet bestows a panegyric instead of a satire, as deserving to be better employed than in party-quarrels and personal invectives.

Ver. 299. Concanen] Mathew Concanen, an Irishman, bred to the law. Smedley (one of his brethren in enmity to Swift) in his Metamorphosis of Scriblerus, p. 7, accuses him of 'having boasted of what he had not written, but others had revised and done for him.' He was author of several dull and dead scurrilities in the British and London Journals, and in a paper called the Speculatist. In a pamphlet, called a Supplement to the Profound, he dealt very unfairly with our poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr. Broome's verses (for which he might indeed seem in some degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did) but those of the Duke of Buckingham and others: to this rare piece somebody humorously caused him to take for his motto, *De profundis clamavi*. He was since a scribbler in the Daily Courant, where he poured forth much Billingsgate against the lord Bolingbroke, and others: after which this man was surprisingly promoted to administer justice and law in Jamaica.

Ver. 306, 307. With each a sickly brother at his back: Sons of a day, &c.] These were daily papers, a number of which, to lessen the expence, were printed one on the back of another.

Ver. 312. Osborne] A name assumed by the eldest and gravest of these writers, who, at last, being ashamed of his pupils, gave his paper over and in his age remained silent.

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Ver. 314. Gazetteers!] We ought not to suppose that a modern critic here taxeth the poet with an anachronism, affirming these gazetteers not to have lived within the time of his poem, and challenging us to produce any such paper of that date. But we may with equal assurance assert these gazetteers not to have lived since, and challenge all the learned world to produce one such paper at this day Surely therefore, where the point is so obscure, our author ought not to be censured too rashly. *Scribl.*

Notwithstanding this affected ignorance of the good Scriblerus, the Daily Gazetteer was a title given very properly to certain papers, each of which lasted but a day. Into this, as a common sink, was received all the trash which had been before dispersed in several journals, and circulated at the public expense of the nation. The authors were the same obscure men; though sometimes relieved by occasional essays from statesmen, courtiers, bishops, deans, and doctors. The meaner sort were rewarded with money; others with places or benefices, from a hundred to a thousand a year. It appears from the Report of the Secret Committee for inquiring into the Conduct of R. earl of O—, 'That no less than fifty thousand seventy-seven pounds eighteen shillings were paid to authors and printers of newspapers, such as Free Britons, Daily Courants, Corn Cutter's Journals, Gazetteers, and other political papers, between Feb. 10, 1731, and Feb. 10, 1741.' Which shows the benevolence of one minister to have expended, for the current dulness of ten years in Britain, double the sum which gained Louis XIV. so much honour, in annual pensions to learned men all over Europe. In which, and in a much longer time, not a pension at court, nor preferment in the church or universities, of any consideration, was bestowed on any man distinguished for his learning separately from party-merit, or pamphlet-writing.

It is worth a reflection, that of all the panegyrics bestowed by these writers on this great minister, not one is at this day extant or remembered, not even so much credit done to his personal character by all they have written, as by one short occasional compliment of our author:

> 'Seen him I have; but in his happier hour
> Of social pleasure, ill exchanged for power!
> Seen him, uncumber'd by the venal tribe,
> Smile without art, and win without a bribe.'

Ver. 315. Arnall.] William Arnall, bred an attorney, was a perfect genius in this sort of work. He began under twenty with furious party papers: then succeeded Concanen in the British Journal. At the first publication of the Dunciad, he prevailed on the author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter professing his detestation of such practices as his predecessor's. But since, by the most unexampled insolence, and personal abuse of several great men, the poet's particular friends, he most amply deserved a niche in the temple of infamy; witness a paper called the Free Briton, a dedication entitled, To the Genuine Blunderer, 1732, and many others. He writ for hire, and valued himself upon it; not indeed without cause, it appearing, by the aforesaid Report, that he received 'for Free Britons and other writings, in the space of four years, no less than ten thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven pounds six shillings and eight pence, out of the Treasury. But frequently, through his fury or folly, he exceeded all the bounds of his commission, and obliged his honourable patron to disavow his scurrilities.

Ver. 323. The plunging prelate, &c.] It having been invidiously insinuated that by this title was meant a truly great prelate, as respectable for his defence of the present balance of power in the civil constitution, as for his opposition to the scheme of no power at all, in the religious; I owe so much to the memory of my deceased friend as to declare, that when, a little before his death, I informed him of

When, lo! a burst of thunder shook the flood,
Slow rose a form, in majesty of mud,
Shaking the horrors of his sable brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze:
Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares;
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares:
First he relates, how sinking to the chin,
Smit with his mien, the mud-nymphs suck'd him in:
How young Lutetia, softer than the down,
Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,
Vied for his love in jetty bowers below,
As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago.
Then sung, how, shown him by the nut-brown maids,
A branch of Styx here rises from the shades;
That, tinctured as it runs with Lethe's streams,
And wafting vapours from the land of dreams
(As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice,
Bears Pisa's offering to his Arethuse,)
Pours into Thames; and hence the mingled wave
Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:
Here brisker vapours o'er the Temple creep,
There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and sleep.
Thence to the banks where reverend bards repose,
They led him soft; each reverend bard arose;
And Milbourne chief, deputed by the rest,
Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest.
'Receive,' he said, 'these robes which once were mine:
Dulness is sacred in a sound divine.'
He ceased, and spread the robe; the crowd confess
The reverend flamen in his lengthen'd dress.
Around him wide a sable army stand,
A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band,
Prompt or to guard or stab, to saint or damn:
Heaven's Swiss, who fight for any god, or man.
Through Lud's famed gates, along the well-known Fleet,
Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street,
Till showers of sermons, characters, essays,
In circling fleeces whiten all the ways:
So clouds, replenish'd from some bog below,
Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.
Here stopt the goddess; and in pomp proclaims
A gentler exercise to close the games:
'Ye critics! in whose heads, as equal scales,
I weigh what author's heaviness prevails;
Which most conduce to soothe the soul in slumbers,
My Henley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers;
Attend the trial we propose to make:
If there be man, who o'er such works can wake,
Sleep's all-subduing charms who dares defy,
And boasts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye;
To him we grant our amplest powers, to sit
Judge of all present, past, and future wit;
To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong,
Full and eternal privilege of tongue.'
Three college sophs and three pert templars came,
The same their talents, and their tastes the same:
Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
And smit with love of poesy and prate.
The ponderous books two gentle readers bring!
The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring.
The clamorous crowd is hush'd with mugs of mum,
Till all, tuned equal, send a general hum.
Then mount the clerks, and in one lazy tone
Through the long, heavy, painful page drawl on;
Soft creeping, words on words, the sense compose;
At every line they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow,
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine.
And now to this side, now to that they nod,
As verse, or prose, infuse the drowsy god.
Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak, but thrice suppress'd
By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast.
Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
Yet silent bow'd to 'Christ's no kingdom here.'
Who sat the nearest, by the words o'ercome,
Slept first, the distant nodded to the hum.
Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er them lies
Each gentle clerk, and muttering seals his eyes.
As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
One circle first, and then a second makes,
What Dulness dropp'd among her sons impress'd
Like motion from one circle to the rest:
So from the midmost the nutation spreads
Round and more round, o'er all the sea of heads.
At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail,
Motteux himself unfinish'd left his tale,

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this insinuation, he called it vile and malicious, as any candid man, he said, might understand, by his having paid a willing compliment to this very prelate in another part of the poem.

Ver. 349. And Milbourne.] Luke Milbourne, a clergyman, the fairest of critics; who, when he wrote against Mr. Dryden's Virgil, did him justice in printing at the same time his own translations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great resemblance with that of the gentlemen of the Dunciad against our author, as will be seen in the parallel of Mr. Dryden and him.

Ver. 355. Around him wide, &c.] It is to be hoped, that the satire in these lines will be understood in the confined sense in which the author meant it, of such only of the clergy, who, though solemnly engaged in the service of religion, dedicate themselves for venal and corrupt ends to that of ministers or factions; and though educated under an entire ignorance of the world, aspire to interfere in the government of it, and consequently, to disturb and disorder it; in which they fall short of their predecessors only by being invested with much less of that power and authority, which they employed indifferently (as is hinted at in the lines above) either in supporting arbitrary power, or in exciting rebellion; in canonizing the vices of tyrants, or in blackening the virtues of patriots; in corrupting religion by superstition, or betraying it by libertinism, as either was thought best to serve the ends of policy, or flatter the follies of the great.

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Ver. 397. Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak.] Famous for his speeches on many occasions about the South Sea schemes, &c. 'He is a very ingenious gentleman, and hath written some excellent epilogues to plays, and one small piece on Love, which is very pretty.'—Jacob, Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 289. But this gentleman since made himself much more eminent, and personally well known to be the greatest statesman of all parties, as well as to all the courts of law in this nation.

Ver. 399. Toland and Tindal,] Two persons not so happy as to be obscure, who writ against the religion of their country. Toland, the author of the atheist's liturgy, called Pantheisticon, was a spy, in pay to lord Oxford. Tindal was author of the Rights of the Christian Church, and Christianity as old as the Creation. He also wrote an abusive pamphlet against earl S——, which was suppressed while yet in MS. by an eminent person, then out of the ministry, to whom he showed it, expecting his approbation. This doctor afterwards published the same piece, *mutatis mutandis*, against that very person.

Ver. 400. Christ's no kingdom.] This is said by Curll, Key to Dunc. to allude to a sermon of a reverend bishop.

Ver. 411. Centlivre.] Mrs. Susanna Centlivre, wife to Mr. Centlivre, yeoman of the mouth to his majesty. She writ many plays, and a song, (says Mr. Jacob, vol. i. p. 32,) before she was seven years old. She also writ a ballad against Mr. Pope's Homer, before he began it.

Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er,
Morgan and Mandevil could prate no more;
Norton, from Daniel and Ostrœa sprung,
Bless'd with his father's front, and mother's tongue,
Hung silent down his never-blushing head;
And all was hush'd, as folly's self lay dead.
Thus the soft gifts of sleep conclude the day,
And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, poets lay.
Why should I sing, what bards the nightly muse
Did slumbering visit, and convey to stews?
Who prouder march'd with magistrates in state,
To some famed round-house, ever-open gate?
How Henley lay inspired beside a sink,
And to mere mortals seem'd a priest in drink:
While others, timely, to the neighbouring Fleet
(Haunt of the muses) made their safe retreat?

BOOK THE THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

After the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest the goddess transports the king to her temple, and there lays him to slumber, with his head on her lap; a position of marvellous virtue, which causeth all the visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, inamoratos, castle-builders, chemists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of fancy, and led by a mad poetical Sibyl to the Elysian shade; where, on the banks of Lethe, the souls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he himself is destined to perform. He takes him to a mount of vision, from whence he shows him the past triumphs of the empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future: how small a part of the world was ever conquered by science, how soon those conquests were stopped, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then distinguishing the island of Great Britain, shows by what aids, by what persons, and by what degrees it shall be brought to her empire. Some of the persons he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprising and unknown to the king himself, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of these. He prophesies how first the nation shall be overrun with farces, operas, and shows; the throne of Dulness shall be advanced over the theatres, and set up even at court: then how her sons shall preside in the seats of arts and sciences; giving a glimpse, or Pisgah sight, of the future fulness of her glory, the accomplishment whereof is the subject of the fourth and last book.

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Ver. 413. Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er,] A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of annals, political collections, &c.—William Law, A. M. wrote with great zeal against the stage; Mr. Dennis answered with as great; their books were printed in 1726. The same Mr. Law is author of a book entitled, An Appeal to all that doubt of or disbelieve the truth of the Gospel; in which he has detailed a system of the rankest Spinosism, for the most exalted theology; and amongst other things as rare, has informed us of this, that sir Isaac Newton stole the principles of his philosophy from one Jacob Behmen, a German cobbler.

Ver. 414. Morgan] A writer against religion, distinguished no otherwise from the rabble of his tribe, than by the pompousness of his title; for having stolen his morality from Tindal, and his philosophy from Spinosa, he calls himself, by the courtesy of England, a moral philosopher.

Ibid. Mandevil] This writer who prided himself in the reputation of an immoral philosopher, was author of a famous book called the Fable of the Bees; written to prove that moral virtue is the invention of knaves, and Christian virtue the imposition of fools; and that vice is necessary, and alone sufficient to render society flourishing and happy.

Ver. 415. Norton,] Norton De Foe, offspring of the famous Daniel, *fortes creantur fortibus*. One of the authors of the Flying Post, in which well-bred work Mr. P. had sometime the honour to be abused with his betters; and of many hired scurrilities and daily papers, to which he never set his name.

Ver. 427. Fleet,] A prison for insolvent debtors on the bank of the ditch.

BOOK III.

But in her temple's last recess enclosed,
On Dulness' lap the anointed head reposed.
Him close she curtains round with vapours blue,
And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew,
Then raptures high the seat of sense o'erflow,
Which only heads refined from reason know.
Hence from the straw where Bedlam's prophet nods,
He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods:
Hence the fool's paradise, the statesman's scheme,
The air-built castle, and the golden dream,
The maid's romantic wish, the chemist's flame,
And poet's vision of eternal fame.
And now, on fancy's easy wing convey'd,
The king descending, views the Elysian shade.
A slip-shod Sibyl led his steps along,
In lofty madness meditating song;
Her tresses staring from poetic dreams,
And never wash'd, but in Castalia's streams.
Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar,
(Once swan of Thames, though now he sings no more.)

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Ver 5, 6, &c.] Hereby is intimated that the following vision is no more than the chimera of the dreamer's brain, and not a real or intended satire on the present age, doubtless more learned, more enlightened, and more abounding with great geniuses in divinity, politics, and whatever arts and sciences, than all the preceding. For fear of any such mistake of our poet's honest meaning, he hath again, at the end of the vision, repeated this monition, saying that it all passed through the ivory gate, which (according to the ancients) denoteth falsity. *Scribl.*

How much the good Scriblerus was mistaken, may be seen from the fourth book, which, it is plain from hence, he had never seen. *Bentl.*

Ver. 15. A slip-shod Sibyl.] This allegory is extremely just, no conformation of the mind so much subjecting it to real madness, as that which produces real dulness. Hence we find the religious (as well as the poetical) enthusiasts of all ages were ever, in their natural state, most heavy and lumpish; but on the least application of heat, they ran like lead, which of all metals falls quickest into fusion. Whereas fire in a genius is truly Promethean; it hurts not its constituent parts, but only fits it (as it does well-tempered steel) for the necessary impressions of art. But the common people have been taught (I do not know on what foundation) to regard lunacy as a mark of wit, just as the Turks and our modern Methodists do of holiness. But if the cause of madness assigned by a great philosopher be true, it will unavoidably fall upon the dunces. He supposes it to be the dwelling over-long on one object or idea. Now as this attention is occasioned either by grief or study, it will be fixed by dulness: which hath not quickness enough to comprehend what it seeks, nor force and vigour enough to divert the imagination from the object it laments.

Ver. 19. Taylor.] John Taylor, the water poet, an honest man, who owns he learned not so much as the accidence: a rare example of modesty in a poet!

> 'I must confess I do want eloquence,
> And never scarce did learn my accidence:
> For having got from *possum* to *posset*,
> I there was gravell'd, could no farther get.'

He wrote fourscore books in the reign of James I. and Charles I. and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an alehouse in Long-acre. He died in 1654.

Benlowes, propitious still to blockheads, bows;
And Shadwell nods the poppy on his brows.
Here, in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls,
Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls,
And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull
Of solid proof, impenetrably dull:
Instant, when dipp'd, away they wing their flight,
Where Brown and Meers unbar the gates of light,
Demand new bodies, and in calf's array,
Rush to the world, impatient for the day.
Millions and millions on these banks he views,
Thick as the stars of night, or morning dews,
As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory.
Wondering he gazed; when, lo! a sage appears,
By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,

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Ver. 21. Benlowes,] A country gentleman, famous for his own bad poetry, and for patronizing bad poets, as may be seen from many dedications of Quarles and others to him. Some of these anagramed his name Benlows into Benevolus: to verify which, he spent his whole estate upon them.

Ver. 22. And Shadwell nods the poppy, &c.] Shadwell took opium for many years; and died of too large a dose, in the year 1692.

Ver. 24. Old Bavius sits.] Bavius was an ancient poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like causes as Bays by our author, though not in so Christian-like a manner: for heathenishly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be hated and detested for his evil works; *qui Bavium non odit:* whereas we have often had occasion to observe our poet's great good nature and mercifulness through the whole course of this poem. *Scribl.*

Ver. 28. Brown and Meers] Booksellers, printers for any body. The allegory of the souls of the dull coming forth in the form of books, dressed in calf's leather, and being let abroad in vast numbers by booksellers, is sufficiently intelligible.

Ver. 34. Ward in pillory.] John Ward, of Hackney, esq. member of parliament, being convicted of forgery, was first expelled the house, and then sentenced to the pillory on the 17th of February, 1727. Mr. Curll (having likewise stood there) looks upon the mention of such a gentleman in a satire, as a great act of barbarity, Key to Dunc. 3d edit. p. 16. And another author reasons thus upon it: Durgen. 8vo. p. 11, 12. 'How unworthy is it of Christian charity to animate the rabble to abuse a worthy man in such a situation! What could move the poet thus to mention a brave sufferer, a gallant prisoner, exposed to the view of all mankind? It was laying aside his senses, it was committing a crime for which the law is deficient not to punish him! nay, a crime which man can scarce forgive, or time efface! nothing surely could have induced him to it but being bribed by a great lady,' &c. (to whom this brave, honest, worthy gentleman was guilty of no offence but forgery, proved in open court.) But it is evident this verse could not be meant of him; it being notorious that no eggs were thrown at that gentleman. Perhaps, therefore, it might be intended of Mr. Edward Ward, the poet, when he stood there.

Ver. 36. And length of ears,] This is a sophisticated reading. I think I may venture to affirm all the copyists are mistaken here: I believe I may say the same of the critics; Dennis, Oldmixon, Welsted, have passed it in silence. I have also stumbled at it, and wondered how an error so manifest could escape such accurate persons. I dare assert, it proceeded originally from the inadvertency of some transcriber, whose head ran on the pillory, mentioned two lines before; it is therefore amazing that Mr. Curll himself should overlook it! Yet that scholiast takes not the least notice hereof. That the learned Mist also read it thus, is plain from his ranging this passage among those in which our author was blamed for personal satire on a man's face (whereof doubtless he might take the ear to be a part;) so likewise Concanen, Ralph, the Flying Post, and all the herd of commentators—*Tota armenta sequuntur.*

A very little sagacity (which all these gentlemen, therefore wanted) will restore to us the true sense of the poet thus:

'By his broad shoulders known, and length of years.'

See how easy a change of one single letter! That Mr. Settle was old, is most certain; but he was (happily) a stranger to the pillory. This note is partly Mr. Theobald's, partly Scribl.

Known by the band and suit which Settle wore
(His only suit) for twice three years before:
All as the vest, appear'd the wearer's frame,
Old in new state, another, yet the same.
Bland and familiar as in life, begun
Thus the great father to the greater son:
'Oh born to see what none can see awake.
Behold the wonders of the oblivious lake!
Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore;
The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
But blind to former, as to future fate,
What mortal knows his pre-existent state?
Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul
Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll?
How many Dutchmen she vouchsafed to thrid?
How many stages through old monks she rid?
And all who since, in wild benighted days,
Mix'd the owl's ivy with the poet's bays.
As man's meanders to the vital spring
Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;
Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,
Suck the thread in, then yield it out again:
All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
Shall, in thee centre, from thee circulate.
For this, our queen unfolds to vision true
Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:
Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind,
Shall, first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind:
Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign,
And let the past and future fire thy brain.
Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
Her boundless empire over seas and lands:
See, round the poles, where keener spangles shine,
Where spices smoke, beneath the burning line,
(Earth's wide extremes,) her sable flag display'd,
And all the nations cover'd in her shade!
Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the sun
And orient science their bright course begun:
One godlike monarch all that pride confounds,
He, whose long wall the wandering Tartar bounds
Heavens! what a pile! whole ages perish there,
And one bright blaze turns learning into air.

REMARKS.

Ver. 37. Settle.] Elkanah Settle was once a writer in vogue as well as Cibber, both for dramatic poetry and politics. Mr. Dennis tells us, that 'he was a formidable rival to Mr. Dryden, and that in the university of Cambridge there were those who gave him the preference.' Mr. Welsted goes yet farther in his behalf! 'Poor Settle was formerly the mighty rival of Dryden; nay, for many years, bore his reputation above him.' Pref. to his Poems, 8vo. p. 31. And Mr. Milbourne cried out, 'How little was Dryden able, even when his blood run high, to defend himself against Mr. Settle!' Notes on Dryd. Virg. p. 175. These are comfortable opinions; and no wonder some authors indulge them.

He was author or publisher of many noted pamphlets, in the time of king Charles II. He answered all Dryden's political poems; and being cried up on one side, succeeded not a little in his tragedy of the Empress of Morocco, the first that was ever printed with cuts. 'Upon this he grew insolent, the wits writ against his play, he replied, and the town judged he had the better. In short, Settle was then thought a very formidable rival to Mr. Dryden; and not only the town, but the university of Cambridge was divided which to prefer; and in both places the younger sort inclined to Elkanah.' Dennis, Pref. to Rem. on Hom.

Ver. 50. Might from Bœotian, &c.] Bœotia lay under the ridicule of the wits formerly, as Ireland does now, though it produced one of the greatest poets and one of the greatest generals of Greece:

'Bœotum crasso jurares aëre natum.'—*Hor.*

Ver. 75. Chi Ho-am-ti, emperor of China, the same who built the great wall between China and Tartary, destroyed all the books and learned men of that empire.

Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes;
There rival flames with equal glory rise,
From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
And lick up all their physic of the soul.

How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at best, the beams of science fall:
Soon as they dawn, from hyperborean skies
Embodied dark, what clouds of Vandals rise!
Lo! where Mœotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanaïs through a waste of snows,
The North by myriads pours her mighty sons,
Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns!
See Alaric's stern port! the martial frame
Of Genseric; and Attila's dread name!
See, the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall;
See, the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul!
See, where the morning gilds the palmy shore
(The soil that arts and infant letters bore)
His conquering tribes the Arabian prophet draws,
And saving ignorance enthrones by laws:
See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep,
And all the western world believe and sleep.

Lo! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
Of arts, but thundering against heathen lore:
Her gray-hair'd synods damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn,
And e'en the Antipodes Virgilius mourn.
See, the Cirque falls, the unpillar'd temple nods,
Streets paved with heroes, Tyber choked with gods:
Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moses lends his Pagan horn;
See graceful Venus to a virgin turn'd,
Or Phidias broken, and Appelles burn'd.

Behold yon isle, by palmers, pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,
Peel'd, patch'd, and piebald, linsey-wolsey brothers,
Grave mummers! sleeveless some, and shirtless others
That once was Britain—Happy! had she seen
No fiercer sons, had Easter never been.
In peace, great goddess, ever be adored;
How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword!
Thus visit not thy own! on this bless'd age
O spread thy influence, but restrain thy rage.

And see, my son! the hour is on its way,
That lifts our goddess to imperial sway;
This favourite isle, long sever'd from her reign,
Dove-like she gathers to her wings again.
Now look through fate! behold the scene she draws!
What aids, what armies, to assert her cause!
See all her progeny, illustrious sight!
Behold and count them, as they rise to light.
As Berecynthia, while her offspring vie
In homage to the mother of the sky,
Surveys around her, in the bless'd abode
A hundred sons, and every son a god:
Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd
Shall take through Grub-street her triumphant round;
And, her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
Behold a hundred sons, and each a dunce.

Mark first that youth who takes the foremost place,
And thrusts his person full into your face.
With all thy father's virtues bless'd, be born!
And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.

A second see, by meeker manners known,
And modest as the maid that sips alone;
From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,
Another D'Urfey, Ward! shall sing in thee:
Thee shall each alehouse, thee each gillhouse mourn,
And answering gin-shops sourer sighs return.
Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe;
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of law.

REMARKS.

Ver. 81, 82. The caliph, Omar I. having conquered Egypt, caused his general to burn the Ptolemæan library, on the gates of which was this inscription,

The physic of the soul.

Ver. 96. (The soil that arts and infant letters bore.)] Phœnicia, Syria, &c. where letters are said to have been invented. In these countries Mahomet began his conquests.

Ver. 102. Thundering against heathen lore:] A strong instance of this pious rage is placed to pope Gregory's account. John of Salisbury gives a very odd encomium of this pope, at the same time that he mentions one of the strangest effects of this excess of zeal in him: 'Doctor sanctissimus ille Gregorius, qui melleo prædicationis imbre totam rigavit et inebriavit ecclesiam; non modo mathesin jussit ab aulâ, sed, ut traditur a majoribus, incendio dedit probatæ lectionis scripta, Palatinus quæcunque tenebat Apollo?' And in another place: 'Fertur beatus Gregorius bibliothecam combussisse gentilem; quo divinæ paginæ gratior esset locus, et major auctoritas, et diligentia studiosior.' Desiderius, archbishop of Vienna, was sharply reproved by him for teaching grammar and literature, and explaining the poets: because (says this pope) 'In uno se ore cum Jovis laudibus Christi laudes non capiunt: Et quam grave nefandumque sit episcopis canere quod nec laico religioso conveniat, ipse considera.' He is said among the rest to have burned Livy; 'Quia in superstitionibus et sacris Romanorum perpetuo versatur.' The same pope is accused by Vossius, and others, of having caused the noble monuments of the old Roman magnificence to be destroyed, lest those who came to Rome should give more attention to triumphal arches, &c. than to holy things. Bayle, Dict.

Ver. 109. Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn.] After the government of Rome devolved to the Popes, their zeal was for some time exerted in demolishing the heathen temples and statues, so that the Goths scarce destroyed more monuments of antiquity out of rage, than these out of devotion. At length they spared some of the temples, by converting them into images of saints. In much later times, it was thought necessary to change the statues of Apollo and Pallas, on the tomb of Sannazarius, into David and Judith; the lyre easily became a harp, and the Gorgon's head turned to that of Holofernes.

REMARKS.

Ver. 117, 118. Happy! had Easter never been.] Wars in England anciently, about the right time of celebrating Easter.

Ver. 126. Dove-like, she gathers.] This is fulfilled in the fourth book.

Ver. 128. What aids, what armies, to assert her cause!] i. e. Of poets, antiquaries, critics, divines, freethinkers. But as this revolution is only here set on foot by the first of these classes, the poets, they only are here particularly celebrated, and they only properly fall under the care and review of this colleague of Dulness, the laureate. The others, who finish the great work, are reserved for the fourth book, where the goddess herself appears in full glory.

Ver. 140. Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe;] 'This gentleman is son of a considerable master of Romsey in Southamptonshire, and bred to the law under a very eminent attorney, who, between his more laborious studies, has diverted himself with poetry. He is a great admirer of poets and their works, which has occasioned him to try his genius that way. He has writ in Prose the Lives of the poets, Essays, and a great many law books, The Accomplished Conveyancer, Modern Justice, &c.' Giles Jacob of himself, Lives of Poets, vol. i. He very grossly and unprovoked, abused in that book the author's friend, Mr. Gay.

Ver. 149, 150.

Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe;
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of law.]

There may seem some error in these verses, Mr. Jacob having proved our author to have a respect for him, by this undeniable argument: 'He had once a regard for my judgment; otherwise he never would have subscribed two guineas to me, for one small book in octavo.' Jacob's Letter to Dennis, printed in Dennis's Remarks on the Dunciad, p. 49. Therefore I should think the appellation of blunderbuss to Mr. Jacob, like that of thunderbolt to Scipio, was meant in his honour.

Lo, P—p—le's brow, tremendous to the town,
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal frown.
Lo sneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
A fiend in glee, ridiculously grim.
Each cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,
Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass:
Each songster, riddler, every nameless name,
All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame.
Some strain in rhyme; the muses, on their racks,
Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks;
Some, free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck;
Down, down the larum, with impetuous whirl,
The Pindars and the Miltons of a Curll.
Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And make night hideous—Answer him, ye owls!
Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and dead
Let all give way,—and Morris may be read.
Flow, Welsted, flow! like thine inspirer, beer,
Though stale, not ripe; though thin, yet never clear;
So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;
Heady, not strong; o'erflowing, though not full.
Ah Dennis! Gildon, ah! what ill-starr'd rage
Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age?
Blockheads with reason wicked wits ahhor,
But fool with fool is barbarous civil war.
Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!
Nor glad vile poets with true critics' gore.
Behold yon pair, in strict embraces join'd;
How like in manners and how like in mind!

REMARKS.

Mr. Dennis argues the same way: 'My writings having made great impression on the minds of all sensible men. Mr. P. repented, and to give proof of his repentance, subscribed to my two volumes of Select Works, and afterwards to my two volumes of Letters.' Ibid. p. 80. We should hence believe, the name of Mr. Dennis hath also crept into this poem by some mistake. But from hence, gentle reader! thou mayest beware, when thou givest thy money to such authors, not to flatter thyself that thy motives are good nature or charity.

Ver. 152. Horneck and Roome.] These two were virulent party-writers, worthily coupled together, and one would think propnetically, since, after the publishing of this piece, the former dying, the latter succeeded him in honour and employment. The first was Philip Horneck, author of a Billingsgate paper, called the High German Doctor. Edward Roome was son of an undertaker for funerals in Fleet-street, and writ some of the papers called Pasquin, where, by malicious inuendos, he endeavoured to represent our author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under prosecution of parliament. Of this man was made the following epigram:

'You ask why Roome diverts you with his jokes?
Yet if he writes, is dull as other folks!
You wonder at it—This, sir, is the case,
The jest is lost unless he prints his face.'

P—le was the author of some vile plays and pamphlets. He published abuses on our author in a paper called the Prompter.

Ver. 153. Goode,] An ill-natured critic, who writ a satire on our author, called the Mock Æsop, and many anonymous libels in newspapers for hire.

Ver. 156. Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass:] There were several successions of these sorts of minor poets at Tunbridge, Bath, &c. singing the praise of the annuals flourishing for that season; whose names, indeed, would be nameless, and therefore the poet slurs them over with others in general.

Ver. 165. Ralph.] James Ralph, a name inserted after the first editions, not known to our author till he writ a swearing piece, called Sawney, very abusive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himself. These lines allude to a thing of his, entitled Night, a Poem. This low writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the Journals, and once in particular praised himself highly above Mr. Addison, in wretched remarks upon that author's account of English Poets, printed in a London Journal, Sept. 1728. He was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even French. Being advised to read the rules of dramatic poetry before he began a play, he smiled and replied, 'Shakspeare writ without rules.' He ended at last in the common sink of all such writers, a political newspaper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnall, and received a small pittance for pay.

Ver. 168. Morris] Besaleel. See Book ii.

Ver. 169. Flow, Welsted, &c.] Of this author see the Remark on Book ii. v. 209. But (to be impartial) add to it the following different character of him:

'Mr. Welsted had, in his youth, raised so great expectations of his future genius, that there was a kind of struggle between the most eminent of the two universities, which should have the honour of his education. To compound this he (civilly) became a member of both, and after having passed some time at the one, he removed to the other. From thence he returned to town, where he became the darling expectation of all the polite writers, whose encouragement he acknowledged in his occasional poems, in a manner that will make no small part of the fame of his protectors. It also appears from his works, that he was happy in the patronage of the most illustrious characters of the present age.—Encouraged by such a combination in his favour, he—published a book of poems, some in the Ovidian, some in the Horatian manner; in both which the most exquisite judges pronounce he even rivalled his masters.—His love-verses have rescued that way of writing from contempt.—In his translations, he has given us the very soul and spirit of his author. His Ode—his Epistle—his Verses—his Love-tale—all, are the most perfect things in all poetry.' Welsted of himself, Char. of the Times, 8vo. 1728, page 23, 24. It should not be forgot for his honour, that he received at one time the sum of five hundred pounds for secret service, among the other excellent authors hired to write anonymously for the ministry. See Report of the secret Committee, &c. in 1742.

Ver. 173. Ah, Dennis! Gildon, ah!] Those men became the public scorn by a mere mistake of their talents. They would needs turn critics of their own country writers (just as Aristotle and Longinus did of theirs,) and discourse upon the beauties and defects of composition:

'How parts relate to parts, and they to whole;
The body's harmony, the beaming soul.'

Whereas had they followed the example of those microscopes of wit, Kuster, Burman, and their followers, in verbal criticism on the learned languages, their acuteness and industry might have raised them a name equal to the most famous of the scholiasts. We cannot, therefore, but lament the late apostacy of the prebendary of Rochester, who beginning in so good a train has now turned short to write comments on the Fire-side, and dreams upon Shakspeare: where we find the spirit of Oldmixon, Gildon, and Dennis, all revived in his belaboured observations. *Scribl.*

Here Scriblerus, in this affair of the Fire-side, I want thy usual candour. It is true, Mr. Upton did write notes upon it, but with all the honour and good faith in the world. He took it to be a panegyric on his patron. This it is to have to do with wits; a commerce unworthy a scholiast of so solid learning. *Aris.*

Ver. 173. Ah, Dennis, &c.] The reader who has seen through the course of these notes, what a constant attendance Mr. Dennis paid to our author and all his works, may perhaps wonder he should be mentioned but twice, and so slightly touched, in this poem. But in truth he looked upon him with some esteem, for having (more generously than all the rest) set his name to such writings. He was also a very old man at this time. By his own account of himself, in Mr. Jacob's lives, he must have been above threescore, and happily lived many years after. So that he was senior to Mr. D'Urfey, who hitherto, of all our poets, enjoyed the longest bodily life.

Ver. 179. Behold yon pair, &c.] One of these was author of a weekly paper called The Grumbler, as the other was concerned in another called Pasquin, in which Mr. Pope was abused with the duke of Buckingham, and bishop of Rochester. They also joined in a piece against his first undertaking to translate the Iliad, entitled Homerides, by sir Iliad Doggrel, printed 1715.

Of the other works of these gentlemen the world has heard no more, than it would of Mr. Pope's, had their united laudable endeavours discouraged him from pursuing his studies. How few good works had ever appeared (since men of true merit are always the least presuming) had there been always such champions to stifle them in their conception! And were it not better for the public, that a million of monsters should come into the world, which are sure to die as soon as born, than that the serpents should strangle one Hercules in his cradle?

Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler write:
Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
That shines a consul, this commissioner.'
'But who is he, in closet closely-pent,
Of sober face, with learned dust besprent?'
'Right well mine eyes arede the myster wight,
On parchment scraps y-fed, and Wormius hight.
To future ages may the dulness last,
As thou preservest the dulness of the past!
There, dim in clouds, the poring scholiasts mark,
Wits who, like owls, see only in the dark,
A lumber-house of books in every head,
For ever reading, never to be read:
But, where each science lifts its modern type,
History her pot, divinity her pipe,
While proud philosophy repines to show,
Dishonest sight! his breeches rent below;
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.
How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung!
Still break the benches, Henley! with thy strain,
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson, preach in vain.
Oh great restorer of the good old stage,
Preacher at once, and zany of thy age!
Oh worthy thou of Egypt's wise abodes,
A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods!
But fate with butchers placed thy priestly stall,
Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and maul;
And bade thee live, to Crown Britannia's praise,
In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolston's days.
Yet oh, my sons, a father's words attend:
(So may the fates preserve the ears your lend:)
'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:
But oh! with One, immortal One dispense,
The source of Newton's light, of Bacon's sense.
Content each emanation of his fires
That beams on earth, each virtue he inspires,
Each art he prompts, each charm he can create,
Whate'er he gives, are given for your hate.

REMARKS.

The union of these two authors gave occasion to this epigram:

'Burnet and Ducket, friends in spite,
Came hissing out in verse;
Both were so forward, each would write—
So dull, each hung an a—.
Thus Amphisbœna (I have read)
At either end assails;
None knows which leads or which is led,
For both heads are but tails.'

After many editions of this poem, the author thought fit to omit the names of these two persons, whose injury to him was of so old a date.

Ver. 184. That shines a consul, this commissioner.] Such places were given at this time to such sort of writers.

Ver. 187. Myster wight.] Uncouth mortal.

Ver. 188. Wormius hight.] Let not this name, purely fictitious, be conceited to mean the learned Olaus Wormius; much less (as it was unwarrantably foisted into the surreptitious editions) our own antiquary, Mr. Thomas Hearne, who had no way aggrieved our poet, but on the contrary published many curious tracts which he hath to his great contentment perused.

Ver. 192. Wits who, like owls, &c.] These few lines exactly describe the right verbal critic: the darker his author is, the better he is pleased; like the famous quack doctor, who put up in his bills, he delighted in matters of difficulty. Somebody said well of these men, that their heads were libraries out of order.

Ver. 199. Lo! Henley stands, &c.] J. Henley the orator; he preached on the Sundays upon theological matters, and on the Wednesdays upon all other sciences. Each auditor paid one shilling. He declaimed some years against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our author that honour. Welsted, in Oratory Transactions, No. 1, published by Henley himself, gives the following account of him: 'He was born at Melton Mowbray, in Leicestershire. From his own parish school he went to St. John's College, in Cambridge. He began there to be uneasy; for it shocked him to find he was commanded to believe against his own judgment in points of religion, philosophy, &c. for his genius leading him freely to dispute all propositions, and call all points to account, he was impatient under those fetters of the free-born mind. Being admitted to priest's orders, he found the examination very short and superficial, and that it was not necessary to conform to the Christian religion, in order either to deaconship or priesthood. He came to town, and after having for some years been a witer for booksellers, he had an ambition to be so for ministers of state. The only reason he did not rise in the church, we are told, 'was the envy of others, and a disrelish entertained of him, because he was not qualified to be a complete spaniel.' However he offered the service of his pen to two great men, of opinions and interests directly opposite: by both of whom being rejected, he set up a new project, and styled himself the Restorer of ancient Eloquence. He thought 'it as lawful to take a licence from the king and parliament in one place as another; at Hickes's Hall, as at Doctors' Commons; so set up his oratory in Newport-market, Butcher-row. There,' says his friend, 'he had the assurance to form a plan, which no mortal ever thought of; he had success against all opposition; challenged his adversaries to fair disputations, and none would dispute with him; writ, read, and studied twelve hours a day; composed three dissertations a week on all subjects; undertook to teach in one year what schools and universities teach in five; was not terrified by menaces, insults, or satires, but still proceeded, matured his bold scheme, and put the church, and all that, in danger.'—Welsted, Narrative in Orat. Transact. No. 1.

After having stood some prosecutions, he turned his rhetoric to buffoonery upon all public and private occurrences. All this passed in the same room, where sometimes he broke jests, and sometimes that bread which he called the primitive eucharist. This wonderful person struck medals, which he dispersed as tickets to his subscribers; the device a star rising to the meridian, with this motto, AD SVMMA: and below, INVENIAM VIAM AVT FACIAM. This man had a hundred pounds a year given him for the secret service of a weekly paper of unintelligible nonsense, called the Hyp-Doctor.

Ver. 204. Sherlock, Hare, Gibson,] Bishops of Salisbury, Chichester, and London; whose sermons and pastoral letters did honour to their country as well as stations.

Ver. 212. Of Toland, and Tindal, see Book ii. Tho. Woolston was an impious madman, who wrote in a most insolent style against the miracles of the Gospel, in the year 1726, &c.

Ver. 213. Yet oh, my sons, &c.] The caution against blasphemy here given by a deputed son of Dulness to his yet existing brethren, is, as the poet rightly intimates, not out of tenderness to the ears of others, but their own. And so we see that when that danger is removed, on the open establishment of the goddess in the fourth book, she encourages her sons, and they beg assistance to pollute the source of light itself, with the same virulence they had before done the purest emanations from it.

Ver. 215. 'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:]

Thankfully received, and freely used, is this gracious licence by the beloved disciple of that prince of cabalistic dunces, the tremendous Hutchinson. Hear with what honest plainness he treateth our great geometer. 'As to mathematical demonstrations,' saith he, 'founded upon the proportions of lines and circles to each other, and the ringing of changes upon figures, these have no more to do with the greatest part of philosophy, than they have with the man in the moon. Indeed, the zeal for this sort of gibberish (mathematical principles) is greatly abated of late: and though it is now upwards of twenty years that the Dagon of modern philosophers, sir Isaac Newton, has lain with his face upon the ground before the ark of God, Scripture philosophy; for so long Moses's Principia have been published; and the Treatise of Power Essential and Mechanical, in which sir Isaac Newton's philosophy is treated with the utmost contempt, has been published a dozen years; yet is there not one of the whole society who hath had the courage to attempt to raise him up. And so let him lie.' The Philosophical Prin-

Persist, by all divine in man unawed,
But, Learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God.'
Thus he, for then a ray of reason stole
Half through the solid darkness of his soul;
But soon the cloud return'd, and thus the sire:
See now, what Dulness and her sons admire!
See what the charms, that smite the simple heart
Not touch'd by nature, and not reach'd by art.'
His never-blushing head he turn'd aside,
(Not half so pleased when Goodman prophesied;)
And look'd, and saw a sable sorcerer rise,
Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:
All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragons glare,
And ten horn'd fiends and giants rush to war.
Hell rises, heaven descends, and dance on earth;
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration swallows all.
Thence a new world, to nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heaven its own;
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other suns.
The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,
Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;
And last, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vast egg produces human race.
Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought:
'What power,' he cries, 'what power these wonders wrought?'
'Son; what thou seek'st is in thee! Look, and find
Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind.
Yet wouldst thou more? in yonder cloud behold,
Whose sarsenet skirts are edged with flaming gold,
A matchless youth! his nod these worlds controls,
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.
Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground:
Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire.

Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease
'Midst snows of paper, and fierce hail of peas;
And, proud his mistress' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.
But lo! to dark encounter in mid air,
New wizards rise; I see my Cibber there!
Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrined,
On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.
Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn;
Contending theatres our empire raise,
Alike their labours, and alike their praise.
And are these wonders, son, to thee unknown?
Unknown to thee? These wonders are thy own.
These fate reserved to grace thy reign divine,
Foreseen by me, but, ah! withheld from mine.
In Lud's old walls though long I ruled, renown'd
Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound;
Though my own aldermen conferr'd the bays,
To me committing their eternal praise,
Their full fed heroes, their pacific mayors,
Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars:
Though long my party built on me their hopes,
For writing pamphlets, and for roasting popes:
Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on!
Reduced at last to hiss in my own dragon.
Avert it, Heaven! that thou, my Cibber, e'er
Shouldst wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair!
Like the vile straw that 's blown about the streets,
The needy poet sticks to all he meets,
Coach'd, carted, trode upon, now loose, now fast,
And carried off in some dog's tail at last.

REMARKS.

ciples of Moses asserted, &c. p. 2, by Julias Bate, A. M. chaplain to the right honourable the earl of Harrington. London, 1744, 8vo. *Scribl.*

Ver. 224. But, Learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God.'] The hardest lesson a dunce can learn. For being bred to scorn what he does not understand, that which he understands least he will be apt to scorn most. Of which, to the disgrace of all government, and, in the poet's opinion, even of that of Dulness herself, we have had a late example, in a book entitled Philosophical Essays concerning Human Understanding.

Ver. 224. Not to scorn your God.']. See this subject pursued in Book iv.

Ver. 232. (Not half so pleased, when Goodman prophesied.)] Mr. Cibber tells us, in his Life, p. 149, that Goodman being at the rehearsal of a play, in which he had a part, clapp'd him on the shoulder, and cried, 'If he does not make a good actor, I'll be d—d.' 'And,' says Mr. Cibber, 'I make it a question, whether Alexander himself, or Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, when at the head of their first victorious armies, could feel a greater transport in their bosoms than I did in mine.'

Ver. 233. A sable sorcerer.] Dr. Faustus, the subject of a set of farces, which lasted in vogue two or three seasons, in which both playhouses strove to outdo each other for some years. All the extravagances in the sixteen lines following, were introduced on the stage, and frequented by persons of the first quality in England, to the twentieth and thirtieth time.

Ver. 237. Hell rises, heaven descends, and dance on earth:] This monstrous absurdity was actually represented in Tibbald's Rape of Proserpine.

Ver. 248. Lo! one vast egg.] In another of these farces Harlequin is hatched upon the stage, out of a large egg.

REMARKS.

Ver. 261. Immortal Rich!] Mr. J. Rich, master of the theatre-royal in Covent-garden, was the first that excelled this way.

Ver. 266. I see my Cibber there!] The history of the foregoing absurdities is verified by himself, in these words, (Life, chap. xv.) 'Then sprung forth that succession of monstrous medleys that have so long infested the stage, which arose upon one another alternately at both houses, outvieing each other in expense.' He then proceeds to excuse his own part in them, as follows:—'If I am asked why I assented? I have no better excuse for my error than to confess I did it against my conscience, and had not virtue enough to starve. Had Henry IV. of France a better for changing his religion? I was still in my heart, as much as he could be, on the side of truth and sense: but with this difference, that I had their leave to quit them when they could not support me. But let the question go which way it will, Harry IVth has always been allowed a great man.' This must be confessed a full answer: only the question still seems to be, 1. How the doing a thing against one's conscience is an excuse for it? and, 2dly, It will be hard to prove how he got the leave of truth and sense to quit their service, unless he can produce a certificate that he ever was in it.

Ver. 266, 267. Booth and Cibber were joint managers of the theatre in Drury-lane.

Ver. 268. On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.] In his letter to Mr. P. Mr. C. solemnly declares this not to be literally true. We hope, therefore, the reader will understand it allegorically only.

Ver. 282. Annual trophies on the lord-mayor's day; and monthly wars in the artillery ground.

Ver. 283. Though long my party.] Settle, like most party writers, was very uncertain in his political principles. He was employed to hold the pen in the character of a popish successor, but afterwards printed his narrative on the other side. He had managed the ceremony of a famous pope-burning, on Nov. 17, 1680; then became a trooper in king James's army, at Hounslow-heath. After the Revolution, he kept a booth at Bartholomew-fair, where, in the droll called St. George for England, he acted in his old age, in a dragon of green leather of his own invention; he was at last taken into the Charter-house, and there died, aged sixty years.

Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone,
Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,
Safe in its heaviness shall never stray,
But lick up every blockhead in the way.
Thee shall the patriot, thee the courtier taste,
And every year be duller than the last,
Till raised from booths, to theatre, to court,
Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport.
Already opera prepares the way,
The sure forerunner of her gentle sway;
Let her thy heart, next drabs and dice, engage,
The third mad passion of thy doting age.
Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar,
And scream thyself as none e'er scream'd before!
To aid our cause, if heaven thou canst not bend,
Hell thou shalt move; for Faustus is our friend;
Pluto with Cato thou for this shalt join,
And link the Mourning Bride to Proserpine.
Grub-street! thy fall should men and gods conspire,
Thy stage shall stand, insure it but from fire;
Another Æschylus appears! prepare
For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
In flames, like Semele's, be brought to bed,
While opening hell spouts wild-fire at your head.
Now, Bavius, take the poppy from thy brow,
And place it here! here, all ye heroes, bow!
This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes:
The Augustus born to bring Saturnian times.
Signs following signs lead on the mighty year;
See! the dull stars roll round and re-appear.
See, see, our own true Phœbus wears thy bays!
Our Midas sits lord chancellor of plays!
On poets' tombs see Benson's titles writ!
Lo! Ambrose Phillips is preferr'd for wit!

See under Ripley rise a new Whitehall,
While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:
While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends,
Gay dies unpension'd, with a hundred friends;
Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy fate;
And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.

REMARKS.

Ver. 297. Thee shall the patriot, thee the courtier taste,] It stood in the first edition with blanks, * * and * *. Concanen was sure 'they must needs mean nobody but King George and Queen Caroline; and said he would insist it was so, till the poet cleared himself by filling up the blanks otherwise, agreeably to the context, and consistent with his allegiance.' Pref. to a collection of verses, letters, &c. against Mr. P. printed for A. Moore, p. 6.

Ver. 305. Polypheme.] He translated the Italian opera of Polifemo; but unfortunately lost the whole jest of the story. The Cyclop asks Ulysses his name, who tells him his name is Noman: after his eye is put out, he roars and calls the brother Cyclops to his aid: they inquire who has hurt him? he answers Noman: whereupon they all go away again. Our ingenious translator made Ulysses answer, I take no name; whereby all that followed became unintelligible. Hence it appears that Mr. Cibber (who values himself on subscribing to the English translation of Homer's Iliad) had not that merit with respect to the Odyssey, or he might have been better instructed in the Greek punnology.

Ver. 308, 309. Faustus, Pluto, &c.] Names of miserable farces which it was the custom to act at the end of the best tragedies, to spoil the digestion of the audience.

Ver. 312. Insure it but from fire.] In Tibbald's farce of Proserpine, a corn field was set on fire; whereupon the other playhouse had a barn burnt down for the recreation of the spectators. They also rivalled each other in showing the burnings of hell-fire, in Dr. Faustus.

Ver. 313. Another Æschylus appears!] It is reported of Æschylus, that when his tragedy of the Furies was acted, that the audience were so terrified, that the children fell into fits, and the big-bellied women miscarried.

Ver. 325. On poets' tombs see Benson's titles writ!] W—m Benson (surveyor of the buildings to his majesty K. George I.) gave in a report to the lords, that their House and Painted-chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling. Whereupon the lords met in a committee to appoint some other place to sit in, while the house should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other builders first to inspect it, they found it in very good condition. The lords, upon this, were going upon an address to the king against Benson, for such a misrepresentation; but the earl of Sunderland, then secretary, gave them an assurance that his majesty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous sir Christopher Wren, who had been architect to the crown for above fifty years, who had built most of the churches in London, laid the first stone of St. Paul's, and lived to finish it, had been displaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years.

Ver. 326. Ambrose Phillips.] 'He was,' saith Mr. Jacob, 'one of the wits at Button's, and a justice of the peace:' but he hath since met with higher preferment in Ireland: and a much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gildon's Complete Art of Poetry, vol. i. p. 157. 'Indeed he confesses, he dares not set him quite on the same foot with Virgil, lest it should seem flattery, but he is much mistaken if posterity does not afford him a greater esteem than he at present enjoys.' He endeavoured to create some misunderstanding between our author and Mr. Addison, whom also soon after he abused as much. His constant cry was, that Mr. P. was an enemy to the government; and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very industriously spread, that he had a hand in a party-paper called the Examiner: a falsehood well known to those yet living, who had the direction and publication of it.

Ver. 328. While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:] At the time when this poem was written, the banqueting-house of Whitehall, the church and piazza of Covent-garden, and the palace and chapel of Somerset-house, the works of the famous Inigo Jones, had been for many years so neglected, as to be in danger of ruin. The portico of Covent-garden church had been just then restored and beautified, at the expense of the earl of Burlington; who, at the same time, by his publication of the designs of that great master and Palladio, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true taste of architecture in this kingdom.

Ver. 330. Gay dies unpension'd, &c.] See Mr. Gay's fable of the Hare and many Friends. This gentleman was early in the friendship of our author, which continued to his death. He wrote several works of humour with great success, the Shepherd's Week, Trivia, the What d'ye call it, Fables, and lastly the celebrated Beggar's Opera; a piece of satire which hit all tastes and degrees of men, from those of the highest quality to the very rabble: that verse of Horace,

'Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim,'

could never be so justly applied as to this. The vast success of it was unprecedented, and almost incredible: what is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient music or tragedy hardly came up to it: Sophocles and Euripides were less followed and famous. It was acted in London sixty-three days, uninterrupted; and renewed the next season with equal applauses. It spread into all the great towns of England, was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time, and at Bath and Bristol fifty, &c. It made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland where it was performed twenty-four days together; it was last acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confined to the author only; the ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it in fans; and houses were furnished with it in screens. The person who acted Polly, till then obscure, became at once the favourite of the town: her pictures were engraved, and sold in great numbers, her life written, books of letters and verses to her published; and pamphlets made even of her sayings and jests.

Furthermore, it drove out of England, for that season, the Italian opera, which had carried all before it for ten years. That idol of the nobility and people, which the great critic Mr. Dennis by the labours and outcries of a whole life could not overthrow, was demolished by a single stroke of this gentleman's pen. This happened in the year 1728. Yet so great was his modesty, that he constantly prefixed to all the editions of it this motto: *Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.*

Ver. 332. And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.] The author here plainly laments, that he was so long employed in translating and commenting. He began the Iliad in 1713, and finished it in 1719. The edition of Shakspeare (which he undertook merely because nobody else

Proceed, great days! till learning fly the shore,
Till birch shall blush with noble blood no more,
Till Thames see Eton's sons for ever play,
Till Westminster's whole year be holiday,
Till Isis' elders reel, their pupils sport,
And *alma mater* lie dissolved in port!'

'Enough! enough!'—the raptured monarch cries,
And through the ivory gate the vision flies. 340

BOOK THE FOURTH

ARGUMENT.

The poet being, in this book, to declare the completion of the prophecies mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new invocation; as the greater poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. He shows the goddess coming in her majesty, to destroy order and science, and to substitute the kingdom of the Dull upon earth. How she leads captive the sciences, and silences the muses; and what they be who succeed in their stead. All her children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her; and bear along with them divers others, who promote her empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of arts; such as half-wits, tasteless admirers, vain pretenders, the flatterers of dunces, or the patrons of them. All these crowd round her; one of them, offering to approach her, is driven back by a rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form are the geniuses of the schools, who assure her of their care to advance her cause by confining youth to words, and keeping them out of the way of real knowledge. Their address, and her gracious answer; with her charge to them and the universities. The universities appear by their proper deputies, and assure her that the same method is observed in the progress of education. The speech of Aristarchus on this subject. They are driven off by a band of young gentlemen returned from travel with their tutors; one of whom delivers to the goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole conduct and fruits of their travels; presenting to her at the same time a young nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and endues him with the happy quality of want of shame. She sees loitering about her a number of indolent persons abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness: to these approaches the antiquary Annius, entreating her to make them virtuosos, and assign them over to him; but Mummius, another antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a troop of people fantastically adorned, offering her strange and exotic presents: amongst them, one stands forth and demands justice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greatest curiosities in nature; but he justifies himself so well, that the goddess gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the indolents before mentioned, in the study of butterflies, shells, birds' nests, moss, &c., but with particular caution, not to proceed beyond trifles, to any useful or extensive views of nature, or of the Author of nature. Against the last of these apprehensions, she is secured by a hearty address from the minute philosophers and free-thinkers, one of whom speaks in the name of the rest. The youth thus instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of Silenus; and then admitted to taste the cup of the Magus, her high priest, which causes a total oblivion of all obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To these, her adepts, she sends priests, attendants, and comforters, of various kinds; confers on them orders and degrees; and then dismissing them with a speech, confirming to each his privileges, and telling what she expects from each, concludes with a yawn of extraordinary virtue: the progress and effects whereof on all orders of men, and the consummation of all in the restoration of night and chaos, conclude the poem.

REMARKS.

would) took up near two years more in the drudgery of comparing impressions, rectifying the scenery, &c. and the translation of the Odyssey employed him from that time to 1725.

Ver. 333. Proceed, great days! &c.] It may, perhaps, seem incredible, that so great a revolution in learning as is here prophesied, should be brought about by such weak instruments as have been [hitherto] described in our poem: but do not thou, gentle reader, rest too secure in thy contempt of these instruments. Remember what the Dutch stories somewhere relate, that a great part of their provinces was once overflowed, by a small opening made in one of their dykes by a single water-rat.

However, that such is not seriously the judgment of our poet, but that he conceiveth better hopes from the diligence of our schools, from the regularity of our universities, the discernment of our great men, the accomplishments of our nobility, the encouragement of our patrons, and the genius of our writers of all kinds (notwithstanding some few exceptions in each,) may plainly be seen from his conclusion; where, causing all this vision to pass through the ivory gate, he expressly, in the language of poesy, declares all such imaginations to be wild, ungrounded, and fictitious.

Scribl.

BOOK IV.

YET, yet a moment, one dim ray of light
Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night!
Of darkness visible so much be lent,
As half to show, half veil the deep intent.
Ye powers! whose mysteries restored I sing,
To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,
Suspend a while your force inertly strong,
Then take at once the poet and the song.

Now flamed the dog-star's unpropitious ray,
Smote every brain, and wither'd every bay: 10
Sick was the sun, the owl forsook his bower,
The moon-struck prophet felt the madding hour:
Then rose the seed of Chaos and of Night,
To blot out order, and extinguish light,
Of dull and venal a new world to mould,
And bring Saturnian days of lead and gold.

REMARKS.

This book may properly be distinguished from the former, by the name of the Greater Dunciad, not so indeed in size, but in subject; and so far contrary to the distinction anciently made of the Greater and Lesser Iliad. But much are they mistaken who imagine this work in any wise inferior to the former, or of any other hand than of our poet; of which I am much more certain than that the Iliad itself was the work of Solomon, or the Batrachomuomachia of Homer, as Barnes hath affirmed. *Bentl.*

Ver. 1, &c.] This is an invocation of much piety. The poet, willing to approve himself a genuine son, beginneth by showing (what is ever agreeable to Dulness) his high respect for antiquity and a great family, how dead or dark soever: next declareth his passion for explaining mysteries; and lastly his impatience to be re-united to her. *Scribl.*

Ver. 2. Dread Chaos, and eternal Night!] Invoked, as the restoration of their empire is the action of the poem.

Ver. 14. To blot out order, and extinguish light.] The two great ends of her mission; the one in quality of daughter of Chaos, the other as daughter of Night. Order here is to be understood extensively, both as civil and moral; the distinction between high and low in society, and true and false in individuals: light as intellectual only, wit, science, arts.

Ver. 15. Of dull and venal.] The allegory continued; dull referring to the extinction of light or science: venal to the destruction of order, and the truth of things.

Ibid. A new world.] In allusion to the Epicurean opinion, that from the dissolution of the natural world into Night and Chaos, a new one should arise; this the poet alluding to, in the production of a new moral world, makes it partake of its original principles.

Ver. 16. Lead and gold.] i. e. dull and venal.

She mounts the throne: her head a cloud conceal'd,
In broad effulgence all below reveal'd:
('Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines:)
Soft on her lap her laureate son reclines.
Beneath her footstool, science groans in chains,
And wit dreads exile, penalties, and pains.
There foam'd rebellious logic, gagg'd and bound;
There, stripp'd, fair rhetoric languish'd on the ground;
His blunted arms by sophistry are borne,
And shameless Billingsgate her robes adorn.
Morality, by her false guardians drawn,
Chicane in furs, and casuistry in lawn,
Gasps, as they straighten at each end the cord,
And dies, when Dulness gives her Page the word.
Mad Mathesis alone was unconfined,
Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
Now to pure space lifts her ecstatic stare,
Now running round the circle, finds it square.
But held in tenfold bonds the Muses lie,
Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flattery's eye;
There to her heart sad Tragedy address'd
The dagger wont to pierce the tyrant's breast;
But sober History restrain'd her rage,
And promised vengeance on a barbarous age
There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,
Had not her sister Satire held her head:
Nor couldst thou, Chesterfield! a tear refuse;
Thou weptst, and with thee wept each gentle muse;
When lo! a harlot form soft sliding by,
With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye:
Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
In patch-work fluttering, and her head aside;
By singing peers upheld on either hand,
She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand,
Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look,
Then thus in quaint *recitativo* spoke:
'O Cara! Cara! silence all that train:
Joy to great Chaos! let division reign:
Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence,
Break all their nerves and fritter all their sense;
One trill shall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,
Wake the dull church, and lull the ranting stage;
To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,
And all thy yawning daughters cry, *encore*.

REMARKS.

Ver. 20. Her laureate son reclines.] With great judgment it is imagined by the poet, that such a colleague as Dulness had elected, should sleep on the throne, and have very little share in the action of the poem. Accordingly he hath done little or nothing from the day of his anointing; having passed through the second book without taking part in any thing that was transacted about him; and through the third in profound sleep. Nor ought this, well considered, to seem strange in our days, when so many king-consorts have done the like. *Scribl.*

This verse our excellent laureate took so to heart, that he appealed to all mankind, 'if he was not as seldom asleep as any fool!' But it is hoped the poet hath not injured him, but rather verified his prophecy (p. 243 of his own Life, 8vo. ch. ix.) where he says, 'the reader will be as much pleased to find me a dunce in my old age, as he was to prove me a brisk blockhead in my youth. Wherever there was any room for briskness, or alacrity of any sort, even in sinking, he hath had it allowed; but here, where there is nothing for him to do but to take his natural rest, he must permit his historian to be silent. It is from their actions only that princes have their character, and poets from their works; and if in those he be as much asleep as any fool, the poet must leave him and them to sleep to all eternity.' *Bentl.*

Ibid. Her laureate.] 'When I find my name in the satirical works of this poet, I never look upon it as any malice meant to me, but profit to himself. For he considers that my face is more known than most in the nation; and therefore a lick at the laureate will be a sure bait *ad captandum vulgus*, to catch little readers.' Life of Colley Cibber, ch. ii.

Now if it be certain, that the works of our poet have owed their success to this ingenious expedient, we hence derive an unanswerable argument, that this fourth Dunciad, as well as the former three, hath had the author's last hand, and was by him intended for the press: or else to what purpose hath he crowned it, as we see, by this finishing stroke, the profitable lick at the laureate? *Bentl.*

Ver. 21, 22. Beneath her footstool, &c.] We are next presented with the picture of those whom the goddess leads into captivity. Science is only depressed and confined so as to be rendered useless; but wit or genius, as a more dangerous and active enemy, punished, or driven away: Dulness being often reconciled in some degree with learning, but never upon any terms with wit. And accordingly it will be seen that she admits something like each science, as casuistry, sophistry, &c. but nothing like wit; opera alone supplying its place.

Ver. 30. Gives her Page the word.] There was a judge of this name, always ready to hang any man that came before him, of which he was suffered to give a hundred miserable examples, during a long life, even to his dotage.—Though the candid Scribblerus imagined Page here to mean no more than a page or mute, and to allude to the custom of strangling state criminals in Turkey by mutes or pages. A practice more decent than that of our Page, who before he hanged any one, loaded him with reproachful language. *Scribl.*

REMARKS.

Ver. 39. But sober History.] History attends on tragedy, satire on comedy, as their substitutes in the discharge of their distinct functions; the one in high life, recording the crimes and punishments of the great; the other in low, exposing the vices or follies of the common people. But it may be asked, how came history and satire to be admitted with impunity to administer comfort to the Muses, even in the presence of the goddess, and in the midst of all her triumphs? 'A question,' says Scribblerus, 'which we thus resolve: History was brought up in her infancy by Dulness herself; but being afterwards espoused into a noble house, she forgot (as is usual) the humility of her birth, and the cares of her early friends. This occasioned a long estrangement between her and Dulness. At length, in process of time, they met together in a monk's cell, were reconciled, and became better friends than ever. After this they had a second quarrel, but it held not long, and are now again on reasonable terms, and so are likely to continue.' This accounts for the connivance shown to history on this occasion. But the boldness of satire springs from a very different cause; for the reader ought to know, that she alone of all the sisters is unconquerable, never to be silenced, when truly inspired and animated (as should seem) from above, for this very purpose, to oppose the kingdom of Dulness to her last breath.

Ver. 43. Nor couldst thou, &c.] 'This noble person in the year 1737, when the act aforesaid was brought into the house of Lords, opposed it in an excellent speech,' says Mr. Cibber, 'with a lively spirit, and uncommon eloquence.' This speech had the honour to be answered by the said Mr. Cibber, with a lively spirit also, and in a manner very uncommon, in the eighth chapter of his Life and Manners. And here, gentle reader, would I gladly insert the other speech, whereby thou mightest judge between them; but I must defer it on account of some differences not yet adjusted between the noble author and myself, concerning the true reading of certain passages. *Bentl.*

Ver. 45. When lo! a harlot form] The attitude given to this phantom represents the nature and genius of the Italian opera; its affected airs, effeminate sounds, and the practice of patching up these operas with favourite songs, incoherently put together. These things were supported by the subscriptions of the nobility. This circumstance, that opera should prepare for the opening of the grand sessions, was prophesied of in Book iii. ver. 305.

'Already Opera prepares the way,
The sure forerunner of her gentle sway.'

Ver. 54. Let division reign:] Alluding to the false taste of playing tricks in music with numberless divisions, to the neglect of that harmony which conforms to the sense, and applies to the passions. Mr. Handel had introduced a great number of hands, and more variety of instruments into the orchestra, and employed even drums and cannon to make a fuller chorus; which proved so much too manly for the fine gentlemen of his age, that he was obliged to remove his music into Ireland. After which they were reduced, for want of composers, to practice the patch-work above-mentioned

Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
But soon, ah soon! rebellion will commence,
If music meanly borrows aid from sense:
Strong in new arms, lo! giant Handel stands,
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands:
To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.
Arrest him, empress, or you sleep no more—'
She heard, and drove him to the Hibernian shore.
And now had Fame's posterior trumpet blown,
And all the nations summon'd to the throne.
The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
One instinct seizes, and transports away.
None need a guide, by sure attraction led,
And strong impulsive gravity of head:
None want a place, for all their centre found,
Hung to the goddess, and coher'd around.
Not closer, orb in orb, conglob'd are seen
The buzzing bees about their dusky queen.
The gathering number, as it moves along,
Involves a vast involuntary throng,
Who, gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
Roll in her vortex, and her pow'r confess:
Not those alone who passive own her laws,
But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause.
Whate'er of Dunce in college or in town
Sneers at another, in toupee or gown;
Whate'er of mongrel no one class admits,
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.
Nor absent they, no members of her state,
Who pay her homage in her sons, the great;
Who, false to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal,
Or impious, preach his word without a call;
Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead,
Withhold the pension, and set up the head;
Or vest dull flattery in the sacred gown,
Or give from fool to fool the laurel crown:
And (last and worst) with all the cant of wit,
Without the soul, the muse's hypocrite.
There march'd the bard and blockhead side by side,
Who rhym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride.
Narcissus, prais'd with all a parson's power,
Look'd a white lily sunk beneath a shower.
There mov'd Montalto with superior air;
His stretch'd-out arm display'd a volume fair;
Courtiers and patriots in two ranks divide,
Through both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to side;
But as in graceful act, with awful eye,
Compos'd he stood, bold Benson thrust him by:
On two unequal crutches propt he came,
Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name.
The decent knight retir'd with sober rage,
Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page;
But (happy for him as the times went then)
Appear'd Apollo's mayor and aldermen,
On whom three hundred gold-capt youths wait,
To lug the ponderous volume off in state.
When Dulness, smiling—'thus revive the wits!
But murder first, and mince them all to bits;
As erst Medea (cruel, so to save!)
A new edition of old Æson gave;
Let standard authors thus, like trophies borne,
Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn.
And you, my critics! in the chequer'd shade,
Admire new light thro' holes yourselves have made
Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,
A page, a grave, that they can call their own;
But spread, my sons, your glory thin or thick,
On passive paper, or on solid brick;
So by each bard an alderman shall sit,
A heavy lord shall hang at every wit,
And while on Fame's triumphant car they ride,
Some slave of mine be pinion'd to their side.'
Now crowds on crowds around the goddess press,
Each eager to present the first address.
Dunce scorning dunce beheld the next advance,
But fop shows fop superior complaisance.

REMARKS.

Ver. 76 to 101. It ought to be observed that here are three classes in this assembly. The first, of men absolutely and avowedly dull, who naturally adhere to the goddess, and are imaged in the simile of the bees about their queen. The second involuntarily drawn to her, though not caring to own her influence; from ver. 81 to 90. The third, of such as, though not members of her state, yet advance her service by flattering Dulness, cultivating mistaken talents, patronising vile scribblers, discouraging living merit, or setting up for wits, and men of taste in arts they understand not; from ver. 91 to 101.

Ver. 108. —bow'd from side to side:] As being of no one party.

Ver. 110. Bold Benson.] This man endeavoured to raise himself to fame by erecting monuments, striking coins, setting up heads, and procuring translations of Milton; and afterwards by as great a passion for Arthur Johnston, a Scotch physician's Version of the Psalms, of which he printed many fine editions. See more of him, Book iii. ver. 325.

REMARKS.

Ver. 113. The decent knight.] An eminent person who was about to publish a very pompous edition of a great author at his own expense.

Ver. 115, &c.] These four lines were printed in a separate leaf by Mr. Pope in the last edition, which he himself gave, of the Dunciad, with directions to the printer, to put this leaf into its place as soon as Sir T. H.'s Shakspeare should be published.

Ver. 119. 'Thus revive,' &c.] The goddess applauds the practice of tacking the obscure names of persons not eminent in any branch of learning, to those of the most distinguished writers; either by printing editions of their works with impertinent alterations of their text, as in former instances; or by setting up monuments disgraced with their own vile names and inscriptions, as in the latter.

Ver. 128. A page, a grave,] For what less than a grave can he granted to a dead author! or what less than a page can be allowed a living one?

Ibid. A page,] *Pagina*, not *pedissequus*. A page of a book, not a servant, follower, or attendant; no poet having had a page since the death of Mr. Thomas Durfey. *Scribl.*

Ver. 131. So by each bard an alderman, &c.] Vide the Tombs of the Poets, *editio Westmonasteriensis*.

Ibid. —an alderman shall sit,] Alluding to the monument erected for Butler by alderman Barber.

Ver. 132. A heavy lord shall hang at every wit.] How unnatural an image, and how ill supported! saith Aristarchus. Had it been,

A heavy wit shall hang at every lord,

something might have been said, in an age so distinguished for well-judging patrons. For lord, then, read load; that is, of debts here, and of commentaries hereafter. To this purpose, conspicuous is the case of the poor author of Hudibras, whose body, long since weighed down to the grave by a load of debts, has lately had a more unmerciful load of commentaries laid upon his spirit; wherein the editor has achieved more than Virgil himself, when he turned critic, could boast of, which was only, that he had picked gold out of another man's dung; whereas the editor has picked it out of his own. *Scribl.*

Aristarchus thinks the common reading right: and that the author himself had been struggling, and but just shaken off his load, when he wrote the following epigram:

My lord complains, that Pope, stark mad with gardens,
Has lopp'd three trees, the value of three farthings:
But he's my neighbour, cries the peer polite,
And if he 'll visit me, I'll wave my right.
What! on compulsion? and against my will,
A lord's acquaintance? Let him file his bill.

When lo! a spectre rose, whose index-hand
Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand;
His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
Dropping with infants' blood and mothers' tears.
O'er every vein a shuddering horror runs;
Eton and Winton shake through all their sons.
All flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race
Shrink, and confess the Genius of the place:
The pale boy-senator yet tingling stands,
And holds his breeches close with both his hands.
Then thus: 'Since man from beast by words is known,
Words are man's province, words we teach alone.
When reason, doubtful, like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Placed at the door of learning, youth to guide,
We never suffer it to stand too wide.
To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,
As fancy opens the quick springs of sense,
We ply the memory, we load the brain,
Bind rebel wit, and double chain on chain,
Confine the thought to exercise the breath;
And keep them in the pale of words till death
Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
A poet the first day he dips his quill;
And what the last? a very poet still.
Pity! the charm works only in our wall,
Lost, lost too soon in yonder house or hall.
There truant Windham every muse gave o'er,
There Talbot sunk, and was a wit no more!
How sweet an Ovid, Murray was our boast!
How many Martials were in Pulteney lost!
Else sure some bard, to our eternal praise,
In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
Had reach'd the work, the all that mortal can;
And South beheld that master-piece of man.
'Oh,' cried the goddess, 'for some pedant reign!
Some gentle James, to bless the land again;
To stick the doctor's chair into the throne,
Give law to words, or war with words alone.
Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the council to a grammar-school!
For sure, if Dulness sees a grateful day,
'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway.
O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one sufficient for a king;
That which my priests, and mine alone, maintain,
Which, as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign:
May you, my Cam, and Isis, preach it long,
"The right divine of kings to govern wrong."'
Prompt at the call, around the goddess roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal:
Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.
Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day,
[Though Christ-church long kept prudishly away.]
Each staunch polemic, stubborn as a rock,
Each fierce logician, still expelling Locke,
Came whip and spur, and dash'd through thin and thick
On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.
As many quit the streams that murmuring fall
To lull the sons of Margaret and Clare-hall,
Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
In troubled waters, but now sleeps in port.

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Ver. 137, 138.

Dunce scorning dunce beheld the next advance,
But fop shows fop superior complaisance.]

This is not to be ascribed so much to the different manners of a court and college, as to the different effects which a pretence to learning and a pretence to wit, have on block-heads. For as judgment consists in finding out the differences in things, and wit in finding out their likenesses, so the dunce is all discord and dissension, and constantly busied in reproving, examining, confuting, &c. while the fop flourishes in peace, with songs and hymns of praise, addresses, characters, epithalamiums, &c.

Ver. 140. The dreadful wand;] A cane usually borne by schoolmasters, which drives the poor souls about like the wand of Mercury. *Scribl.*

Ver. 151. Like the Samian Letter.] The letter Y used by Pythagoras, as an emblem of the different roads of virtue and vice.

'Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos.'—*Pers.*

Ver. 174. That master-piece of man.] Viz. an epigram. The famous Dr. South declared a perfect epigram to be as difficult a performance as an epic poem. And the critics say, 'An epic poem is the greatest work human nature is capable of.'

Ver. 176. Some gentle James, &c.] Wilson tells us that this king, James the first, took upon himself to teach the Latin tongue to Car, earl of Somerset; and that Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, would speak false Latin to him, on purpose to give him the pleasure of correcting it, whereby he wrought himself into his good graces.

This great prince was the first who assumed the title of Sacred Majesty, which his loyal clergy transferred from God to him. 'The principles of passive obedience and non-resistance,' says the author of the Dissertation on Parties, Letter 8, 'which before his time had skulked, perhaps in some old homily, were talked, written, and preached into vogue in that inglorious reign.'

Ver. 194. Though Christ-church, &c.] This line is doubtless spurious, and foisted in by the impertinence of the editor; and accordingly we have put it in between hooks. For I affirm this college came as early as any other, by its proper deputies; nor did any college pay homage to Dulness in its whole body. *Bentl.*

Ver. 196. Still expelling Locke.] In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the University of Oxford, to censure Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding, and to forbid the reading of it. See his Letters in the last edition.

Ver. 198. On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.] There seems to be an improbability that the doctors and heads of houses should ride on horseback, who of late days being gouty or unwieldy, have kept their coaches. But these are horses of great strength, and fit to carry any weight, as their German and Dutch extraction may manifest; and very famous we may conclude, being honoured with names, as were the horses Pegasus and Bucephalus. *Scribl.*

Though I have the greatest deference to the penetration of this eminent scholiast, and must own that nothing can be more natural than his interpretation, or juster than that rule of criticism, which directs us to keep the literal sense, when no apparent absurdity accompanies it (and sure there is no absurdity in supposing a logician on horseback,) yet still I must needs think the hackneys here celebrated were not real horses, nor even Centaurs, which, for the sake of the learned Chiron, I should rather be inclined to think, if I were forced to find them four legs, but downright plain men, though logicians: and only thus metamorphosed by a rule of rhetoric, of which Cardinal Perron gives us an example, where he calls Clavius, *Un esprit pesant, lourd, sans subtilite, ni gentilesse, un gros cheval d' Allemayne.*'

Here I profess to go opposite to the whole stream of commentators. I think the poet only aimed, though awkwardly, at an elegant Græcism in this representation; for in that language the word 'ιππος (horse) was often prefixed to others, to denote greatness of strength; as ιππολαπαθον, ιππογλωσσον, ιππομαραθρον, and particularly ΙΠΠΟΓΝΩΜΟΝ, a great connoisseur, which comes nearest to the case in hand. *Scip. Maff.*

Ver. 199. The streams.] The river Cam, running by the walls of these colleges, which are particularly famous for their skill in disputation.

Ver. 202. Sleeps in port,] Viz. 'Now retired into harbour, after the tempests that had long agitated his society.' So Scriblerus. But the learned Scipio Maffei understands it of a certain wine called Port, from Oporto, a city of Portugal, of which this professor invited him to drink abundantly. Scip. Maff. De Compotationibus Academicis. [And to the

Before them march'd that awful Aristarch;
Plow'd was his front with many a deep remark:
His hat, which never vail'd to human pride,
Walker with reverence took, and laid aside,
Low bow'd the rest: he, kingly, did but nod:
So upright quakers please both man and God.
'Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne:
Avaunt——is Aristarchus yet unknown?
The mighty scholiast, whose unwearied pains
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.
Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,
Critics like me shall make it prose again.
Roman and Greek grammarians! know your better;
Author of something yet more great than letter;
While towering o'er your alphabet, like Saul,
Stands our digamma, and o'ertops them all.
'Tis true, on words is still our whole debate,
Disputes of Me or Te, of Aut or At.
To sound or sink in *cano* O or A,
Or give up Cicero to C or K.
Let Freind affect to speak as Terence spoke,
And Alsop never but like Horace joke:

REMARKS.

opinion of Maffei inclineth the sagacious annotator on Dr. King's advice to Horace.]

Ver. 210. Aristarchus.] A famous commentator and corrector of Homer, whose name has been frequently used to signify a complete critic. The compliment paid by our author to this eminent professor, in applying to him so great a name, was the reason that he hath omitted to comment on this part which contains his own praises. We shall, therefore, supply that loss to our best ability. *Scribl.*

Ver 214. Critics like me—] Alluding to two famous editions of Horace and Milton; whose richest veins of poetry he had prodigally reduced to the poorest and most beggarly prose.—Verily the learned scholiast is grievously mistaken. Aristarchus is not boasting here of the wonders of his art in annihilating the sublime; but of the usefulness of it, in reducing the turgid to its proper class; the words 'make it prose again,' plainly showing that prose it was, though ashamed of its original, and therefore to prose it should return. Indeed, much it is to be lamented that Dulness doth not confine her critics to this useful task; and commission them to dismount what Aristophanes calls Ῥημάτ' ἐπποβάμονα, all prose on horse-back. *Scribl.*

Ver. 216. Author of something yet more great than letter;] Alluding to those grammarians, such as Palamedes and Simonides, who invented single letters. But Aristarchus, who had found out a double one, was therefore worthy of double honour. *Scribl.*

Ver. 217, 218. While towering o'er your alphabet, like Saul.—Stands, our digamma,] Alludes to the boasted restoration of the Æolic digamma, in his long projected edition of Homer. He calls it something more than letter, from the enormous figure it would make among the other letters, being one gamma, set upon the shoulders of another.

Ver. 220. Of Me or Te.] It was a serious dispute, about which the learned were much divided, and some treatises written: had it been about *meum* and *tuum* it could not be more contested, than whether at the end of the first Ode of Horace, to read, *Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium*, or *Te doctarum hederæ*—By this the learned scholiast would seem to insinuate that the dispute was not about *meum* and *tuum*, which is a mistake: for as a venerable sage observeth, words are the counters of wise men, but the money of fools; so that we see their property was indeed concerned. *Scribl.*

Ver. 222. Or give up Cicero to C or K.] Grammatical disputes about the manner of pronouncing Cicero's name in Greek. It is a dispute whether in Latin the name of Hermagoras should end in as or a. Quintilian quotes Cicero as writing it, Hermagora, which Bentley rejects, and says, Quintilian must be mistaken, Cicero could not write it so, and that in this case he would not believe Cicero himself. These are his very words: *Ego vero Ciceronem ita scripsisse ne Ciceroni quidem affirmanti crediderim.—Epist. ad Mill. in fin. Frag. Menand. et Phil.*

Ver. 223, 224. Freind—Alsop.] Dr. Robert Freind, master of Westminster-school, and canon of Christ-church—Dr. Anthony Alsop, a happy imitator of the Horatian style.

Ver. 226. Manilius and Solinus.] Some critics having

For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny
Manilius or Solinus shall supply:
For Attic phrase in Plato let them seek,
I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek.
In ancient sense if any needs will deal,
Be sure I give them fragments, not a meal;
What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,
Or chew'd by blind old scholiasts o'er and o'er,
The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit:
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,
The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
Are things which Kuster, Burnham, Wasse shall see
When man's whole frame is obvious to a flea.
'Ah think not, mistress! more true dulness lies
In folly's cap, than wisdom's grave disguise.
Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
On learning's surface we but lie and nod:
Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
And much divinity without a Νους.
Nor could a Barrow work on every block,
Nor has one Atterbury spoil'd the flock.
See! still thy own, the heavy cannon roll,
And metaphysic smokes involve the pole;
For these we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
With all such reading as was never read:
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, goddess, and about it:
So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
And labours till it clouds itself all o'er.
What though we let some better sort of fool
Thrid every science, run through every school?
Never by tumbler through the hoops was shown
Such skill in passing all, and touching none.
He may indeed (if sober all this time)
Plague with dispute, or persecute with rhyme.
We only furnish what he cannot use,
Or wed to what he must divorce, a muse;
Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a genius to a dunce:
Or, set on metaphysic ground to prance,
Show all his paces, not a step advance.
With the same cement, ever sure to bind,
We bring to one dead level every mind;
Then take him to develope, if you can,
And hew the block off, and get out the man.
But wherefore waste I words? I see advance
Whore, pupil, and lac'd governor, from France.

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had it in their choice to comment either on Virgil or Manilius, Pliny or Solinus, have chosen the worse author, the more freely to display their critical capacity.

Ver. 228, &c. Suidas, Gellius, Stobæus.] The first a dictionary-writer, a collector of impertinent facts and barbarous words; the second a minute critic; the third an author, who gave his common place book to the public, where we happen to find much mince-meat of old books.

Ver. 245, 246. Barrow, Atterbury.] Isaac Barrow, master of Trinity, Francis Atterbury, dean of Christ-church, both great geniuses and eloquent preachers; one more conversant in the sublime geometry, the other in classical learning; but who equally made it their care to advance the polite arts in their several societies.

Ver. 272. Laced governor.] Why laced? Because gold and silver are necessary trimming to denote the dress of a person of rank, and the governor must be supposed so in foreign countries, to be admitted into courts and other places of fair reception. But how comes Aristarchus to know at sight that this governor came from France? Know? Why, by the laced coat. *Scribl.*

Ibid. Whore, pupil, and laced governor.] Some critics have objected to the order here, being of opinion that the governor should have the precedence before the whore, if

Walker! our hat'——nor more he deign'd to say,
But stern as Ajax' spectre strode away.
In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race,
And titt'ring push'd the pedants off the place:
Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd
By the French-horn or by the opening hound.
The first came forward with an easy mien,
As if he saw St. James's and the queen.
When thus th' attendant orator begun:
'Receive, great empress! thy accomplish'd son;
Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God.
The sire saw, one by one, his virtues wake;
The mother begg'd the blessing of a rake.
Thou gav'st that ripeness, which so soon began,
And ceas'd so soon, he ne'er was boy nor man.
Through school and college, thy kind clouds o'ercast,
Safe and unseen the young Æneas past:
Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,
Stunn'd with his giddy larum half the town.
Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew;
Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.
There all thy gifts and graces we display,
Thou, only thou, directing all our way:
To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons;
Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
Vain of Italian arts, Italian souls;
To happy convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
Where slumber abbots, purple as their wines:
To isles of fragrance, lily-silver'd vales,
Diffusing languor in the panting gales:
To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves,
Love-whispering woods, and lute resounding waves;
But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
And Cupids ride the lion of the deeps;
Where, eased of fleets, the Adriatic main
Wafts the smooth eunuch and enamour'd swain.
Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd every vice on Christian ground;
Saw every court, heard every king declare
His royal sense of operas or the fair;
The stews and palace equally explored,
Intrigued with glory, and with spirit whored;
Tried all *hors d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defined,
Judicious drank, and greatly daring dined;
Dropp'd the dull lumber of the Latin store,
Spoil'd his own language, and acquired no more;
All classic learning lost on classic ground;
And last turn'd air, the echo of a sound;
See now, half-cured, and perfectly well-bred,
With nothing but a solo in his head;
As much estate, and principle, and wit,
As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber shall think fit;
Stolen from a duel, follow'd by a nun,
And if a borough choose him, not undone:
See, to my country happy I restore
This glorious youth, and add one Venus more.
Her too receive (for her my soul adores,)
So may the sons of sons of sons of whores
Prop thine, O empress! like each neighbour throne,
And make a long posterity thy own.'
Pleased, she accepts the hero and the dame,
Wraps in her veil, and frees from sense of shame.
Then look'd, and saw a lazy, lolling sort,
Unseen at church, at senate, or at court,
Of ever-listless loiterers, that attend
No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend.
Thee too, my Paridel! she mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,

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not before the pupil. But were he so placed, it might be thought to insinuate that the governor led the pupil to the whore; and were the pupil placed first, he might be supposed to lead the governor to her. But our impartial poet, as he is drawing their picture, represents them in the order in which they are generally seen; namely, the pupil between the whore and the governor; but placeth the whore first, as she usually governs both the other.

Ver. 280. As if he saw St. James's.] Reflecting on the disrespectful and indecent behaviour of several forward young persons in the presence, so offensive to all serious men, and to none more than the good Scriblerus.

Ver. 281. The attendant orator.] The governor above said. The poet gives him no particular name: being unwilling, I presume, to offend or to do injustice to any, by celebrating one only with whom this character agrees, in preference to so many who equally deserve it. *Scribl.*

Ver. 284. A dauntless infant! never scared with God.] i. e. brought up in the enlarged principles of modern education; whose great point is, to keep the infant mind free from the prejudices of opinion, and the growing spirit unbroken by terrifying names. Amongst the happy consequences of this reformed discipline, it is not the least that we have never afterwards any occasion for the priest, whose trade, as a modern wit informs us, is only to finish what the nurse began. *Scribl.*

Ver. 286. The blessing of a rake.] Scriblerus is here much at a loss to find out what this blessing should be. He is sometimes tempted to imagine it might be the marrying a great fortune: but this again, for the vulgarity of it, he rejects, as something uncommon seemed to be prayed for: and after many strange conceits, not at all to the honour of the fair sex, he at length rests in this, that it was, that her son might pass for a wit: in which opinion he fortifies himself by ver. 316, where the orator, speaking of his pupil, says that he

Intrigued with glory, and with spirit whored,

which seems to insinuate that her prayer was heard. Here the good scholiast, as, indeed, every where else, lays open the very soul of modern criticism, while he makes his own ignorance of a poetical expression hold open the door to much erudition and learned conjecture: the blessing of a rake signifying no more than that he might be a rake; the effects of a thing for the thing itself, a common figure. The careful mother only wished her son might be a rake, as well knowing that its attendant blessings would follow of course.

Ver. 307. But chief, &c.] These two lines, in their force of imagery and colouring, emulate and equal the pencil of Rubens.

Ver. 308. And Cupids ride the lion of the deeps;] The winged lion, the arms of Venice. This republic, heretofore the most considerable in Europe, for her naval force and the extent of her commerce; now illustrious for her carnivals.

Ver. 318. Greatly daring dined:] It being, indeed, no small risk to eat through those extraordinary compositions, whose disguised ingredients are generally unknown to the guests, and highly inflammatory and unwholesome.

Ver. 324. With nothing but a solo in his head;] With nothing but a solo? Why, if it be a solo, how should there be any thing else? Palpable tautology! Read boldly an opera, which is enough of conscience for such a head as has lost all its Latin. *Bentl.*

Ver. 326. Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber,] Three very eminent persons, all managers of plays: who, though not governors by profession, had, each in his way, concerned themselves in the education of youth; and regulated their wits, their morals, or their finances, at that period of their age which is the most important, their entrance into the polite world. Of the last of these, and his talents for this end, see Book i. ver. 199, &c.

Ver. 331. Her too receive, &c.] This confirms what the learned Scriblerus advanced in his note on ver. 272, that the governor, as well as the pupil, had a particular interest in this lady.

Ver. 341. Thee too, my Paridel!] The poet seems to speak of this young gentleman with great affection. The name is taken from Spenser, who gives it to a wandering courtly 'squire, that travelled about for the same reason for which many young 'squires are now fond of travelling, and especially to Paris.

And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness.
She pitied! but her pity only shed
Benigner influence on thy nodding head.
But Annius, crafty seer, with ebon wand,
And well-dissembled emerald on his hand,
False as his gems, and canker'd as his coins,
Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio dines.
Soft as the wily fox is seen to creep,
Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,
Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
So he; but pious, whisper'd first his prayer:
'Grant, gracious goddess! grant me still to cheat;
O may thy cloud still cover the deceit!
Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
But pour them thickest on the noble head.
So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
See other Cæsars, other Homers rise;
Through twilight ages hunt the Athenian fowl,
Which Chalcis gods, and mortals call an owl:
Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
Nay, Mahomet! the pigeon at thine ear:
Be rich in ancient brass, though not in gold,
And keep his Lares, though his house be sold;
To headless Phœbe his fair bride postpone,
Honour a Syrian prince above his own;
Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
Bless'd in one Niger, till he knows of two.'
Mummius o'erheard him; Mummius, fool-renown'd,
Who like his Cheops stinks above the ground,
Fierce as adder, swell'd and said,
Rattling an ancient sistrum at his head:
'Speak'st thou of Syrian princes? Traitor base!
Mine, goddess! mine is all the horned race.
True, he had wit, to make their value rise:
From foolish Greeks to steal them, was as wise;
More glorious yet, from barbarous hands to keep,
When Sallee rovers chased him on the deep.
Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
Down his own throat he risk'd the Grecian gold.
Received each demi-god, with pious care,
Deep in his entrails—I revered them there;
I bought them, shrouded in that living shrine,
And, at their second birth, they issue mine.'
'Witness, great Ammon! by whose horns I swore,'
Replied soft Annius, 'this our paunch before
Still bears them faithful; and that thus I eat,
Is to refund the medals with the meat.
To prove me, goddess! clear of all design,
Bid me with Pollio sup, as well as dine:
There all the learn'd shall at the labour stand,
And Douglas lend his soft, obstetric hand.'
The goddess, smiling, seem'd to give consent;
So back to Pollio, hand in hand they went.
Then thick as locusts blackening all the ground,
A tribe with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,
Each with some wondrous gift approach'd the power,
A nest, a toad, a fungus, or a flower.
But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal,
And aspect ardent, to the throne appeal.
The first thus open'd: 'Hear thy suppliant's call,
Great queen, and common mother of us all!
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flower,
Suckled, and cheer'd, with air, and sun, and shower:
Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
Bright with the gilded button tipp d his head;
Then throned in glass and named it Caroline:
Each maid cried, Charming! and each youth, Divine!
Did nature's pencil ever blend such rays,
Such varied light in one promiscuous blaze?
Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No maid cries, Charming! and no youth, Divine!
And lo the wretch! whose vile, whose insect lust
Laid this gay daughter of the spring in dust.
Oh punish him, or to the Elysian shades
Dismiss my soul, where no carnation fades!'
He ceased, and wept. With innocence of mien,
The accused stood forth, and thus address'd the queen:
'Of all the enamell'd race, whose silvery wing
Waves to the tepid zephyrs of the spring,

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Ver. 347. Annius,] The name taken from Annius the monk of Viterbo, famous for many impositions and forgeries of ancient manuscripts and inscriptions, which he was prompted to by mere vanity: but our Annius had a more substantial motive.

Ver. 363. Attys and Cecrops.] The first king of Athens, of whom it is hard to suppose any coins are extant; but not so improbable as what follows, that there should be any of Mahomet, who forbade all images; and the story of whose pigeon was a monkish fable. Nevertheless, one of these Anniuses made a counterfeit medal of that impostor, now in the collection of a learned nobleman.

Ver. 371. Mummius.] This name is not merely an allusion to the Mummius he was so fond of, but probably referred to the Roman general of that name, who burned Corinth, and committed the curious statues to the captain of a ship, assuring him, 'that if they were lost or broken, he should procure others to be made in their stead;' by which it should seem (whatever may be pretended) that Mummius was no virtuoso.

Ibid. Fool-renown'd,] A compound epithet in the Greek manner, renowned by fools, or renowned for making fools.

Ver. 372. Cheops.] A king of Egypt whose body was certainly to be known, as being buried alone in his pyramid, and is therefore more genuine than any of the Cleopatras. This royal mummy, being stolen by a wild Arab, was purchased by the consul of Alexandria, and transmitted to the museum of Mummius; for proof of which he brings a passage in Sandy's Travels, where that accurate and learned voyager assures us that he saw the sepulchre empty, which agrees exactly, saith he, with the time of the theft abovementioned. But he omits to observe that Herodotus tells the same thing of it in his time.

Ver. 375. Speak'st thou of Syrian princes? &c.] The strange story following, which may be taken for a fiction of the poet, is justified by a true relation in Spon's Voyages. Vaillant (who wrote the History of the Syrian kings as it is to be found on medals) coming from the Levant, where he had been collecting various coins, and being pursued by a corsair of Sallee, swallowed down twenty gold medals. A sudden borasque freed him from the rover, and he got to land with them in his belly. On his road to Avignon he met two physicians, of whom he demanded assistance. One advised purgations, the other vomits. In this uncertainty he took neither, but pursued his way to Lyons, where he found his ancient friend the famous physician and antiquary Dufour, to whom he related his adventure. Dufour, without staying to inquire about the uneasy symptoms of the burthen he carried, first asked him, whether the medals were of the higher empire? He assured him they were. Dufour was ravished with the hope of possessing so rare a treasure; he bargained with him on the spot for the most curious of them, and was to recover them at his own expense.

Ver. 387. Witness great Ammon!] Jupiter Ammon is called to witness, as the father of Alexander, to whom those kings succeeded in the division of the Macedonian empire, and whose horns they wore on their medals.

Ver. 394. Douglas.] A physician of great learning and no less taste; above all, curious in what related to Horace, of whom he collected every edition, translation, and comment, to the number of several hundred volumes.

Ver. 409. And named it Caroline:] It is a compliment which the florists usually pay to princes and great persons, to give their names to the most curious flowers of their raising: some have been very jealous of vindicating this honour, but none more than that ambitious gardener at Hammersmith, who caused his favourite to be painted on his sign, with this inscription: This is my Queen Caroline

Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
Once brightest shined this child of heat and air.
I saw, and started from its vernal bower
The rising game, and chased from flower to flower.
It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
It stopp'd, I stopp'd; it moved, I moved again.
At last it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleased,
And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seized;
Rose or carnation was below my care;
I meddle, goddess! only in my sphere.
I tell the naked fact without disguise,
And to excuse it, need but show the prize;
Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye,
Fair e'en in death! this peerless butterfly.'
'My sons!' she answer'd, 'both have done your parts:
Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
But hear a mother, when she recommends
To your fraternal care our sleeping friends.
The common soul, of Heaven's more frugal make,
Serves but to keep fools pert and knaves awake;
A drowsy watchman, that just gives a knock,
And breaks our rest to tell us what's a clock.
Yet by some object every brain is stirr'd;
The dull may waken to a humming-bird;
The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
Congenial matter in the cockle kind;
The mind in metaphysics at a loss,
May wander in a wilderness of moss;
The head that turns at superlunar things,
Poised with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.
'O! would the sons of men once think their eyes
And reason given them but to study flies!
See nature in some partial narrow shape,
And let the author of the whole escape;
Learn but to trifle; or, who most observe,
To wonder at their Maker, not to serve.'
'Be that my task,' replies a gloomy clerk,
Sworn foe to mystery, yet divinely dark;
Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
When moral evidence shall quite decay,
And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize:
'Let others creep by timid steps and slow,
On plain experience lay foundations low,
By common sense to common knowledge bred,
And last, to nature's Cause through nature led.
All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
Mother of arrogance, and source of pride!
We nobly take the high *priori* road,
And reason downward till we doubt of God;
Make nature still encroach upon his plan,
And shove him off as far as e'er we can:
Thrust some mechanic cause into his place,
Or bind in matter, or diffuse in space.
Or, at one bound, o'erleaping all his laws,
Make God man's image, man the final cause:
Find virtue local, all relation scorn,
See all in self, and but for self be born:
Of nought so certain as our reason still,
Of nought so doubtful as of soul and will.
Oh hide the God still more! and make us see
Such as Lucretius drew, a god like thee:
Wrapp'd up in self, a god without a thought,
Regardless of our merit or default.
Or that bright image to our fancy draw
Which Theocles in raptured visions saw
Wild through poetic scenes the genius roves,
Or wanders wild in academic groves;
That nature our society adores,
Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores.'
Roused at his name up rose the bowzy sire,
And shook from out his pipe the seeds of fire;
Then snapp'd his box, and stroked his belly down,
Rosy and reverend, though without a gown.
Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
Led up the youth, and call'd the goddess dame.
Then thus: 'From priestcraft happily set free,
Lo! every finish'd son returns to thee:
First, slave to words, then, vassal to a name,
Then, dupe to party; child and man the same;
Bounded by nature, narrow'd still by art,
A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen,
Smiling on all, and smiled on by a queen!
Mark'd out for honours, honour'd for their birth,
To thee the most rebellious things on earth:

REMARKS.

Ver. 452. Wilkins' wings.] One of the first projectors of the Royal Society, who, among many enlarged and useful notions, entertained the extravagant hope of a possibility to fly to the moon; which has put some volatile geniuses upon making wings for that purpose.

Ver. 462. When moral evidence shall quite decay.] Alluding to a ridiculous and absurd way of some mathematicians, in calculating the gradual decay of moral evidence by mathematical proportions: according to which calculation, in about fifty years it will be no longer probable that Julius Cæsar was in Gaul, or died in the senate-house. See Craig's Theologiæ Christianæ Principia Mathematica. But, as it seems evident, that facts of a thousand years old, for instance, are now as probable as they were five hundred years ago; it is plain, that if in fifty more they quite disappear, it must be owing, not to their arguments, but to the extraordinary power of our goddess; for whose help, therefore, they have reason to pray.

REMARKS.

Ver. 492. Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores.] It cannot be denied but that this fine stroke of satire against atheism was well intended. But how must the reader smile at our author's officious zeal, when he is told, that at the time this was written, you might as soon have found a wolf in England as an atheist? The truth is, the whole species was exterminated. There is a trifling difference, indeed, concerning the author of the achievement. Some, as Dr. Ashenhurst, gave it to Bentley's Boylean Lectures. And he so well convinced that great man of the truth, that wherever afterwards he found atheist, he always read it A theist. But, in spite of a claim so well made out, others gave the honour of this exploit to a later Boylean lecturer. A judicious apologist for Dr. Clarke against Mr. Whiston, says, with no less elegance than positiveness of expression, 'It is a most certain truth, that the Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God, has extirpated and banished atheism out of the Christian world, p. 18. It is much to be lamented, that the clearest truths have still their dark side. Here we see it becomes a doubt which of the two Hercules' was the monster-queller. But what of that? Since the thing is done, and the proof of it so certain, there is no occasion for so nice a canvassing of circumstances. *Scribl.*

Ver. 492. Silenus.] Silenus was an Epicurean philosopher, as appears from Virgil, Eclog. vi. where he sings the principles of that philosophy in his drink.

Ver. 501. First slave to words, &c.] A recapitulation of the whole course of modern education described in this book, which confines youth to the study of words only in schools; subjects them to the authority of systems in the universities; and deludes them with the names of party distinctions in the world; all equally concurring to narrow the understanding, and establish slavery and error in literature, philosophy, and politics. The whole finished in modern free-thinking: the completion of whatever is vain, wrong, and destructive to the happiness of mankind; as it establishes self-love for the sole principle of action.

Ver. 506. Smiled on by a queen!] i. e. This queen or goddess of Dulness.

Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,
All melted down in pension, or in punk!
So K*, so B**, sneak'd into the grave,
A monarch's half, and half a harlot's slave.
Poor W**, nipp'd in folly's broadest bloom,
Who praises now? his chaplain on his tomb.
Then take them all, oh take them to thy breast,
Thy Magus, goddess! shall perform the rest.'
With that, a wizard old his cup extends;
Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends.
Sire, ancestors, himself. One casts his eyes
Up to a star, and like Endymion dies:
A feather, shooting from another's head,
Extracts his brain; and principle is fled;
Lost is his God, his country, every thing;
And nothing left but homage to a king!
The vulgar herd turn off to roll with hogs,
To run with horses, or to hunt with dogs;
But, sad example! never to escape
Their infamy, still keep the human shape.
But she, good goddess, sent to every child
Firm impudence, or stupefaction mild;
And straight succeeded, leaving shade no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.
Kind self-conceit to some her glass applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes;
But, as the flatterer or dependant paint,
Beholds himself a patriot, chief, or saint.
On others, interest her gay livery flings,
Interest, that waves on party-colour'd wings:
Turn'd to the sun, she casts a thousand dyes,
And, as she turns, the colours fall or rise.

REMARKS.

Ver. 517. With that, a wizard old, &c.] Here beginneth the celebration of the greater mysteries of the goddess, which the poet, in his invocation, ver. 5, promised to sing.

Ver. 518. —forgets his former friends.] Surely there little needed the force of charms or magic to set aside a useless friendship. For of all the accommodations of fashionable life, as there are none more reputable, so there are none of so little charge as friendship. It fills up the void of life with a name of dignity and respect: and at the same time is ready to give place to every passion that offers to dispute possession with it. *Scribl.*

Ver. 523, 524. Lost is his God, his country—and nothing left but homage to a king!] So strange as this may seem to a mere English reader, the famous Mons. de la Bruyere declares it to be the character of every good subject in a monarchy: 'Where,' says he, 'there is no such thing as love of our country, the interest, the glory, and service of the prince, supply its place.' De la Republique, chap x.

Of this duty another celebrated French author speaks indeed a little more disrespectfully; which for that reason we shall not translate, but give in his own words: 'L'amour de la patrie, le grand motif des prémiers heros, n'est plus regardé que comme une chimère; l'idée du service du roi, etendue jusqu'à l'oubli de tout autre principe, tient lieu de ce qu'on appelloit autrefois grandeur d'ame et fidélité.'—Boulainvilliers Hist. des Anciens Parlements de France, &c.

Ver. 528. Still keep the human shape.] The effects of the Magus's cup, by which is allegorized a total corruption of heart, are just contrary to that of Circe, which only represents the sudden plunging into pleasures. Hers, therefore, took away the shape, and left the human mind; his takes away the mind, and leaves the human shape.

Ver. 529. But she, good goddess, &c.] The only comfort people can receive, must be owing in some shape or other to Dulness; which makes some stupid, others impudent, gives self-conceit to some, upon the flatteries of their dependants, presents the false colours of interest to others, and busies, or amuses the rest with idle pleasures or sensuality, till they become easy under any infamy. Each of which species is here shadowed under allegorical persons.

Ver. 532. Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.] i. e. she communicates to them of her own virtue, or of her royal colleagues. The Cibberian forehead being to fit them for self-conceit, self-interest, &c. and the Cimmerian gloom, for the pleasures of opera and the table. *Scribl.*

Others the syren sisters warble round,
And empty heads console with empty sound.
No more, alas! the voice of fame they hear,
The balm of Dulness trickling in their ear.
Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*,
Why all your toils? your sons have learn'd to sing.
How quick ambition hastes to ridicule!
The sire is made a peer, the son a fool.
On some, a priest succinct in amice white
Attends; all flesh is nothing in his sight!
Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge boar is shrunk into an urn:
The board with specious miracles he loads,
Turns hares to larks, and pigeons into toads
Another (for in all what one can shine?)
Explains the *seve* and *verdeur* of the vine.
What cannot copious sacrifice atone?
Thy truffles, Perigord! thy hams, Bayonne?
With French libation, and Italian strain,
Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hay's stain.
Knight lifts the head: for what are crowds undone,
To three essential partridges in one?
Gone every blush, and silent all reproach,
Contending princes mount them in their coach.
Next, bidding all draw near on bended knees,
The queen confers her titles and degrees.
Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,
Who study Shakspeare at the inns of court,

REMARKS.

Ver. 553. The board with specious miracles he loads, &c.] Scriblerus seems at a loss in this place. *Speciosa miracula* (says he) according to Horace, were the monstrous fables of the Cyclops, Læstrygons, Scylla, &c. What relation have these to the transformation of hares into larks, or of pigeons into toads? I shall tell thee. The Læstrygons spitted men upon spears as we do larks upon skewers; and the fair pigeon turned to a toad, is similar to the fair virgin Scylla ending in a filthy beast. But here is the difficulty, why pigeons in so shocking a shape should be brought to a table. Hares, indeed, might be cut into larks, at a second dressing, out of frugality: yet that seems no probable motive, when we consider the extravagance before mentioned, of dissolving whole oxen and boars into a small vial of jelly; nay, it is expressly said, that all flesh is nothing in his sight. I have searched in Appicus, Pliny, and the feast of Trimalchio, in vain; I can only resolve it into some mysterious superstitious rite, as it is said to be done by a priest, and soon after called a sacrifice, attended (as all ancient sacrifices were) with libation and song. *Scribl.*

This good scholiast, not being acquainted with modern luxury, was ignorant that these were only the miracles of French cookery, and that particularly *pigeons en crapeau* were a common dish.

Ver. 556. *Seve* and *verdeur*] French terms relating to wines, which signify their flavour and poignancy.

Et je gagerois que chez le commandeur,
Villandri priseroit sa seve et sa verdeur.
Despreaux.

St. Evremont has a very pathetic letter to a nobleman in disgrace, advising him to seek comfort in a good table, and particularly to be attentive to these qualities in his champaigne.

Ver. 560. Bladen—Hays.] Names of gamesters. Bladen is a black man. Robert Knight, Cashier of the South-Sea Company, who fled from England in 1720, (afterwards pardoned in 1742.) These lived with the utmost magnificence at Paris, and kept open tables frequented by persons of the first quality in England, and even by princes of the blood of France.

Ibid. Bladen, &c.] The former note of 'Bladen is a black man,' is very absurd. The manuscript here is partly obliterated, and doubtless could only have been, Wash blackmoors white, alluding to a known proverb. *Scribl.*

Ver. 567.

Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,
Who study Shakspeare at the inns of court,]

Ill would that scholiast discharge his duty, who should neglect to honour those whom Dulness has distinguished; or

Impale a glow-worm, or *virtu* profess,
Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.
Some, deep free-masons, join the silent race
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:
Some botanists, or florists at the least,
Or issue members of an annual feast.
Nor pass'd the meanest unregarded: one
Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon:
The last, not least in honour or applause,
Isis and Cam made Doctors of her laws.
Then blessing all, 'Go, children of my care,
To practice now from theory repair.
All my commands are easy, short, and full:
My sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.
Guard my prerogative, assert my throne;
This nod confirms each privilege your own.

REMARKS.

suffer them to lie forgotten, when their rare modesty would have left them nameless. Let us not, therefore, overlook the services which have been done her cause, by one Mr. Thomas Edwards, a gentleman, as he is pleased to call himself, of Lincoln's-inn; but in reality, a gentleman only of the Dunciad; or, to speak him better, in the plain language of our honest ancestors to such mushrooms, a gentleman of the last edition: who, nobly eluding the solicitude of his careful father, very early retained himself in the cause of Dulness against Shakspeare, and with the wit and learning of his ancestor Tom Thimble in the Rehearsal, and with the air of good nature and politeness of Caliban in the Tempest, hath now happily finished the Dunce's progress, in personal abuse. For a libeller is nothing but a Grub-street critic run to seed.

Lamentable is the Dulness of these gentlemen of the Dunciad. This Fungoso and his friends, who are all gentlemen, have exclaimed much against us for reflecting his birth, in the words, 'a gentleman of the last edition,' which we hereby declare concern not his birth, but his adoption only; and mean no more than that he is become a gentleman of the last edition of the Dunciad. Since gentlemen, then, are so captious, we think it proper to declare, that Mr. Thomas Thimble, who is here said to be Mr. Thomas Edward's ancestor, is only related to him by the Muse's side. *Scribl.*

This tribe of men, which Scriblerus has here so well exemplified, our poet hath elsewhere admirably characterized in that happy line,

A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead.

For the satire extends much farther than to the person who occasioned it, and takes in the whole species of those on whom a good education (to fit them for some useful and learned profession) has been bestowed in vain. That worthless band

Of ever-listless loiterers, that attend
No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend;

who, with an understanding too dissipated and futile for the offices of civil life; and a heart too lumpish, narrow, and contracted for those of social, become fit for nothing; and so turn wits and critics, where sense and civility are neither required nor expected.

Ver. 571. Some, deep free-masons, join the silent race.] The poet all along expresses a very particular concern for this silent race. He has here provided, that in case they will not waken or open (as was before proposed) to a humming-bird or a cockle, yet at worst they may be made free-masons; where taciturnity is the only essential qualification, as it was the chief of the disciples of Pythagoras.

Ver. 576. A Gregorian, one a Gormogon:] A sort of lay-brothers, slips from the roots of the free-masons.

Ver. 584. Each privilege your own, &c.] This speech of Dulness to her sons at parting, may possibly fall short of the reader's expectation; who may imagine the goddess might give them a charge of more consequence, and, from such a theory as is before delivered, incite them to the practice of something more extraordinary, than to personate running footmen, jockeys, stage-coachmen, &c.

But if it be well-considered, that whatever inclination they might have to do mischief, her sons are generally rendered harmless by their inability; and that it is the common effect of Dulness (even in her greatest efforts) to defeat her own design; the poet, I am persuaded, will be justified, and it will be allowed that these worthy persons, in their several ranks, do as much as can be expected from them.

The cap and switch be sacred to his grace;
With staff and pumps the marquis leads the race;
From stage to stage the licensed earl may run,
Pair'd with his fellow-charioteer the sun.
The learned baron butterflies design,
Or draw to silk Arachne's subtile line;
The judge to dance his brother sergeant call,
The senator at cricket urge the ball;
The bishop stow (pontific luxury!)
A hundred souls of turkeys in a pie;
The sturdy 'squire to Gallic masters stoop,
And drown his lands and manors in a soup.
Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach kings to fiddle, and make senates dance.
Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
Proud to my list to add one monarch more.
And, nobly conscious, princes are but things
Born for first ministers, as slaves for kings,
Tyrant supreme! shall three estates command,
And make one mighty Dunciad of the land!'
More she had spoke, but yawn'd—All nature nods:
What mortal can resist the yawn of gods?
Churches and chapels instantly it reach'd:
(St. James's first, for leaden G— preach'd:)
Then catch'd the schools; the Hall scarce kept awake;
The convocation gaped, but could not speak:

REMARKS.

Ver. 585. The cap and switch, &c.] The goddess's political balance of favour, in the distribution of her rewards, deserves our notice. It consists of joining with those honours claimed by birth and high place, others more adapted to the genius and talents of the candidates. And thus her great forerunner, John of Leyden, king of Munster, entered on his government by making his ancient friend and companion, Knipperdolling, general of his horse, and hangman. And had but fortune seconded his great schemes of reformation, it is said he would have established his whole household on the same reasonable footing. *Scribl.*

Ver. 590. Arachne's subtile line;] This is one of the most ingenious employments assigned, and therefore recommended only to peers of learning. Of weaving stockings of the webs of spiders, see the Phil. Trans.

Ver. 591. The judge to dance his brother serjeant call;] Alluding perhaps to that ancient and solemn dance, entitled, A call of sergeants.

Ver. 598. Teach kings to fiddle.] An ancient amusement of sovereign princes (viz.) Achilles, Alexander, Nero; though despised by Themistocles, who was a republican.—Make senates dance, either after their prince, or to Pointoise, or Siberia.

Ver. 606. What mortal can resist the yawn of gods?] This verse is truly Homerical; as is the conclusion of the action, where the great mother composes all, in the same manner as Minerva at the period of the Odyssey. It may, indeed, seem a very singular epitasis of a poem, to end as this does, with a great yawn; but we must consider it as the yawn of a god, and of powerful effects. It is not out of nature; most long and grave councils concluding in this very manner: nor without authority, the incomparable Spenser having ended one of the most considerable of his works with a roar; but then it is the roar of a lion; the effects thereof are described as the catastrophe of the poem.

Ver 607. Churches and chapels, &c.] The progress of the yawn is judicious, natural, and worthy to be noted. First it seizeth the churches and chapels, then catcheth the schools, where, though the boys be unwilling to sleep, the masters are not. Next Westminster-hall, much more hard, indeed, to subdue, and not totally put to silence even by the goddess. Then the convocation, which though extremely desirous to speak, yet cannot. Even the house of commons, justly called the sense of the nation, is lost (that is to say suspended) during the yawn; (far be it from our author to suggest it could be lost any longer!) but it spreadeth at large over all the rest of the kingdom to such a degree, that Palinurus himself (though as incapable of sleeping as Jupiter) yet noddeth for a moment; the effect of which, though ever so momentary, could not but cause some relaxation, for the time, in all public affairs. *Scribl.*

Ver. 610. The convocation gaped, but could not speak;]

Lost was the nation's sense, nor could be found,
While the long solemn unison went round:
Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm,
E'en Palinurus nodded at the helm;
The vapour mild o'er each committee crept;
Unfinish'd treaties in each office slept;
And chiefless armies dozed out the campaign!
And navies yawn'd for orders on the main.
O muse! relate (for you can tell alone,
Wits have short memories, and dunces none)
Relate who first, who last resign'd to rest;
Whose heads she partly, whose completely bless'd:
What charms could faction, what ambition lull,
The venal quiet, and entrance the dull;
Till drown'd was sense, and shame, and right, and wrong—
O sing, and hush the nations with thy song!
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *
In vain, in vain, the all-composing hour
Resistless falls! the muse obeys the power.
She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
Of night primeval, and of Chaos old!
Before her, fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away.
Wit shoots in vain his momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
The sickening stars fade off the ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppress'd,
Closed one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after art goes out, and all is night:
See skulking truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of casuistry heap'd o'er her head!
Philosophy, that lean'd on Heaven before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
Physic of metaphysic begs defence,
And metaphysic calls for aid on sense!
See mystery to mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And unawares morality expires.
Nor public flame, nor private dares to shine;
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is restored;
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall
And universal darkness buries all.

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Implying a great desire so to do, as the learned scholiast on the place rightly observes. Therefore, beware, reader, lest thou take this gape for a yawn, which is attended with no desire but to go to rest, by no means the disposition of the convocation; whose melancholy case in short is this: she was, as is reported, infected with the general influence of the goddess: and while she was yawning carelessly at her ease, a wanton courtier took her at advantage, and in the very nick clapped a gag into her chops. Well, therefore, may we know her meaning by her gaping; and this distressful posture our poet here describes, just as she stands at this day, a sad example of the effects of Dulness and Malice, unchecked and despised. *Bentl*

Ver. 615, 618. These verses were written many years ago, and may be found in the state poems of that time. So that Scriblerus is mistaken, or whoever else have imagined this poem of a fresher date.

Ver. 620. Wits have short memories,)] This seems to be the reason why the poets, when they give us a catalogue, constantly call for help on the muses, who, as the daughters of memory, are obliged not to forget any thing. So Homer, Iliad B. II.

Πληθυν δ' ουκ αν εγω μυθησομαι ουδ' ονομηνω,
Ει μη 'Ολυμπιαδες Μουσαι, Διος αιγιοχοιο
Θυγατερες, μνησαισθ'—

And Virgil, Æn. VII.

Et meministis enim, divæ, et memorare potestis:
Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura.

But our poet had yet another reason for putting this task upon the muse, that, all besides being asleep, she only could relate what passed. *Scribl.*

Ver. 624. The venal quiet, and, &c.] It were a problem worthy the solution of Mr. Ralph and his patron, who had lights that we know nothing of, which required the greatest effort of our goddess's power—to entrance the dull, or to quiet the venal. For though the venal may be more unruly than the dull, yet, on the other hand, it demands a much greater expense of her virtue to entrance than barely to quiet. *Scribl.*

Ver. 629. She comes! she comes! &c.] Here the muse, like Jove's eagle, after a sudden stoop at ignoble game, soareth again to the skies. As prophecy hath ever been one of the chief provinces of poesy, our poet here foretels from what we feel, what we are to fear; and, in the style of other prophets, hath used the future tense for the preterit; since what he says shall be, is already to be seen in the writings of some even of our most adored authors, in divinity, philosophy, physics, metaphysics, &c. who are too good, indeed, to be named in such company.

Ibid. The sable throne behold] The sable thrones of Night and Chaos, here represented as advancing to extinguish the light of the sciences, in the first place blot out the colours of fancy, and damp the fire of wit, before they proceed to their work.

Ver. 641. Truth to her old cavern fled,] Alluding to the saying of Democritus, that 'Truth lay at the bottom of a deep well, from whence he had drawn her;' though Butler says, 'He first put her in, before he drew her out.'

Ver. 649. Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,] Blushing as well at the memory of the past overflow of Dulness, when the barbarous learning of so many ages was wholly employed in corrupting the simplicity, and defiling the purity of religion, as at the view of these her false supports in the present; of which it would be endless to recount the particulars. However, amidst the extinction of all other lights, she is said only to withdraw hers! as hers alone in its own nature is unextinguishable and eternal.

Ver. 650. And unawares morality expires.] It appears from hence that our poet was of very different sentiments from the author of the Characteristics, who has written a formal treatise on virtue, to prove it not only real, but durable without the support of religon. The word Unawares alludes to the confidence of those men, who suppose that morality would flourish best without it, and consequently to the surprise such would be in (if any such there are) who, indeed, love virtue, and yet do all they can to root out the religion of their country.

THE

ILIAD OF HOMER,

TRANSLATED BY ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

PREFACE.

Homer is universally allowed to have had the greatest invention of any writer whatever. The praise of judgment Virgil has justly contested with him, and others may have their pretensions as to particular excellences; but his invention remains yet unrivalled. Nor is it a wonder if he has ever been acknowledged the greatest of poets, who most excelled in that which is the very foundation of poetry. It is the invention that in different degrees distinguishes all great geniuses: the utmost stretch of human study, learning, and industry, which masters every thing besides, can never attain to this. It furnishes Art with all her materials, and without it Judgment itself can at best but steal wisely: for Art is only like a prudent steward, that lives on managing the riches of Nature. Whatever praises may be given to works of judgment, there is not even a single beauty in them to which the invention must not contribute: as in the most regular gardens, Art can only reduce the beauties of Nature to more regularity, and such a figure, which the common eye may better take in, and is therefore more entertained with. And perhaps the reason why common critics are inclined to prefer a judicious and methodical genius to a great and fruitful one, is, because they find it easier for themselves to pursue their observations through an uniform and bounded walk of Art, than to comprehend the vast and various extent of Nature.

Our author's work is a wild Paradise, where, if we cannot see all the beauties so distinctly as in an ordered garden, it is only because the number of them is infinitely greater. It is like a copious nursery, which contains the seeds and first productions of every kind, out of which those who followed him have but selected some particular plants, each according to his fancy, to cultivate and beautify. If some things are too luxuriant, it is owing to the richness of the soil; and if others are not arrived to perfection or maturity, it is only because they are overrun and oppressed by those of a stronger nature.

It is to the strength of this amazing invention we are to attribute that unequalled fire and rapture which is so forcible in Homer, that no man of a true poetical spirit is master of himself while he reads him. What he writes, is of the most animated nature imaginable; every thing moves, every thing lives, and is put in action. If a council be called, or a battle fought, you are not coldly informed of what was said or done as from a third person; the reader is hurried out of himself by the force of the poet's imagination, and turns in one place to a hearer, in another to a spectator. The course of his verses resembles that of the army he describes,

Οι δ' αρ' ισαν, ωσει τε πυρι χθων πασα νεμοιτο.

'They pour along like a fire that sweeps the whole earth before it.' It is, however, remarkable that his fancy which is every where vigorous, is not discovered immediately at the beginning of his poem in its fullest splendour: it grows in the progress both upon himself and others, and becomes on fire, like a chariot-wheel, by its own rapidity. Exact disposition, just thought, correct elocution, polished numbers, may have been found in a thousand; but this poetic fire, this 'vivida vis animi,' in a very few. Even in works where all those are imperfect or neglected, this can overpower criticism, and make us admire even while we disapprove. Nay, where this appears, though attended with absurdities, it brightens all the rubbish about it, till we see nothing but its own splendour. This fire is discerned in Virgil, but discerned as through a glass, reflected from Homer, more shining than fierce, but every where equal and constant: in Lucian and Statius it bursts out in sudden, short, and interrupted flashes: in Milton it glows like a furnace kept up to an uncommon ardour by the force of art: in Shakspeare, it strikes before we are aware, like an accidental fire from heaven; but in Homer, and in him only, it burns every where clearly, and every where irresistibly.

I shall here endeavour to show how this vast invention exerts itself in a manner superior to that of any poet, through all the main constituent parts of his work, as it is the great and peculiar characteristic which distinguishes him from all other authors.

This strong and ruling faculty was like a powerful star, which, in the violence of its course, drew all things within its vortex. It seemed not enough to have taken in the whole circle of arts, and the whole compass of nature, to supply his maxims and reflections: all the inward passions and affections of mankind, to furnish his characters; and all the outward forms and images of things for his descriptions; but wanting yet an ampler sphere to expatiate in, he

opened a new and boundless walk for his imagination, and created a world for himself in the invention of fable. That which Aristotle calls 'the soul of poetry,' was first breathed into it by Homer. I shall begin with considering him in this part, as it is naturally the first; and I speak of it both as it means the design of a poem, as it is taken for fiction.

Fable may be divided into the Probable, the Allegorical, and the Marvellous. The Probable Fable is the recital of such actions as, though they did not happen, yet might in the common course of nature; or of such as though they did, become fables by the additional episodes and manner of telling them. Of this sort is the main story of an Epic poem, the return of Ulysses, the settlement of the Trojans in Italy, or the like. That of the Iliad is the anger of Achilles, the most short and single subject that ever was chosen by any poet. Yet this he has supplied with a vaster variety of incidents and events, and crowded with a greater number of councils, speeches, battles, and episodes of all kinds, than are to be found even in those poems whose schemes are of the utmost latitude and irregularity. The action is hurried on with the most vehement spirit, and its whole duration employs not so much as fifty days. Virgil, for want of so warm a genius, aided himself by taking in a more extensive subject, as well as a greater length of time, and contracting the design of both Homer's poems into one, which is yet but a fourth part as large as his. The other Epic poets have used the same practice, but generally carried it so far as to superinduce a multiplicity of fables, destroy the unity of action, and lose their readers in an unreasonable length of time. Nor is it only in the main design that they have been unable to add to his invention, but they have followed him in every episode and part of the story. If he has given a regular catalogue of an army, they all draw up their forces in the same order. If he has funeral games for Patroclus, Virgil has the same for Anchisis; and Statius (rather than omit them) destroys the unity of his action for those of Archemorus. If Ulysses visit the shades, the Æneas of Virgil, and Scipio of Sillus, are sent after him. If he be detained from his return by the allurements of Calypso, so is Æneas by Dido, and Rinaldo by Armida. If Achilles be absent from the army on the score of a quarrel through half the poem, Rinaldo must absent himself just as long on the like account. If he gives his hero a suit of celestial armour, Virgil and Tasso make the same present to theirs. Virgil has not only observed this close imitation of Homer, but, where he had not led the way, supplied the want from other Greek authors. Thus the story of Simon and the taking of Troy was copied (says Macrobius) almost word for word from Pisander, as the loves of Dido and Æneas are taken from those of Medea and Jason in Apollonius, and several others in the same manner.

To proceed to the Allegorical Fable: if we reflect upon those innumerable knowledges, those secrets of nature and physical philosophy, which Homer is generally supposed to have wrapped up in his allegories, what a new and ample scene of wonder may this consideration afford us! how fertile will that imagination appear, which was able to clothe all the properties of elements, the qualifications of the mind, the virtues and vices, in forms and persons; and to introduce them into actions agreeable to the nature of the things they shadowed! This is a field in which no succeeding poets could dispute with Homer; and whatever commendations have been allowed them on this head, are by no means for their invention in having enlarged his circle, but for their judgment in having contracted it. For when the mode of learning changed in following ages, and science was delivered in a plainer manner, it then became as reasonable in the more modern poets to lay it aside, as it was in Homer to make use of it. And perhaps it was no unhappy circumstance for Virgil, that there was not in his time that demand upon him of so great an invention, as might be capable of furnishing all those allegorical parts of a poem.

The Marvellous Fable includes whatever is supernatural, and especially the machines of the gods. He seems the first who brought them into a system of machinery for poetry, and such a one as makes its greatest importance and dignity. For we find those authors who have been offended at the literal notion of the gods, constantly laying their accusation against Homer as the chief support of it. But whatever cause there might be to blame his machines in a philosophical or religious view, they are so perfect in the poetic, that mankind have been ever since contented to follow them; none have been able to enlarge the sphere of poetry beyond the limits he has set: every attempt of this nature has proved unsuccessful: and after all the various changes of times and religions, his gods continue to this day the gods of poetry.

We come now to the characters of his persons; and here we shall find no author has ever drawn so many, with so visible and surprising a variety, or given us such lively and affecting impressions of them. Every one has something so singularly his own, that no painter could have distinguished them more by their features than the poet has by their manners. Nothing can be more exact than the distinctions he has observed in the different degrees of virtues and vices. The single quality of courage is wonderfully diversified in the several characters of the Iliad. That of Achilles is furious and untractable; that of Diomede forward, yet listening to advice and subject to command; that of Ajax is heavy, and self-confiding; of Hector, active and vigilant: the courage of Agamemnon is inspirited by love of empire and ambition; that of Menelaus mixed with softness and tenderness for his people: we find in Idomenus a plain direct soldier; in Sarpedon a gallant and generous one. Nor is this judicious and astonishing diversity to be found only in the principal quality which constitutes the main of each character, but even in the under part of it, to which he takes care to give a tincture of that principal one. For example, the main characters of Ulysses and Nestor consist in wisdom; and they are distinct in this, that the wisdom of one is artificial and various; of the other, natural, open, and regular. But they have, besides, characters of courage, and this quality also takes a different turn in each from the difference of his prudence: for one in the war depends still upon caution, the other upon experience. It would be endless to produce instances of these kinds. The characters of Virgil are far from striking us in this open manner; they lie in a great degree hidden and undistinguished, and where they are marked most evidently, affect us not in proportion to those of Homer. His characters of valour are much alike: even

that of Turnus seems no way peculiar, but as it is in a superior degree; and we see nothing that differences the courage of Mnesthus from that of Sergesthus, Cloanthus, or the rest. In like manner it may be remarked of Statius's heroes, that an air of impetuosity runs through them all; the same horrid and savage courage appears in his Capaneus, Tydeus, Hippomedon, &c. They have a parity of character, which makes them seem brothers of one family. I believe when the reader is led into this track of reflection, if he will pursue it through the Epic and Tragic writers, he will be convinced how infinitely superior in this point, the invention of Homer was to that of all others.

The speeches are to be considered as they flow from the characters, being perfect or defective as they agree or disagree with the manners of those who utter them. As there is more variety of characters in the Iliad, so there is of speeches, than in any other poem. Every thing in it has manners (as Aristotle expresses it;) that is, every thing is acted or spoken. It is hardly credible in a work of such length, how small a number of lines are employed in narration. In Virgil, the dramatic part is less in proportion to the narrative; and the speeches often consist of general reflections or thoughts which might be equally just in any person's mouth upon the same occasion. As many of his persons have no apparent characters, so many of his speeches escape being applied and judged by the rules of propriety. We oftener think of the author himself when we read Virgil, than when we are engaged in Homer: all which are the effects of a colder invention, that interests us less in the action described: Homer makes us hearers, and Virgil leaves us readers.

If in the next place we take a view of the sentiments, the same presiding faculty is eminent in the sublimity and spirit of his thoughts. Longinus has given his opinion, that it was in this part Homer principally excelled. What were alone sufficient to prove the grandeur and excellence of his sentiments in general, is, that they have so remarkable a parity with those of the Scripture: Dupori, in his Gnomologia Homerica, has collected innumerable instances of this sort. And it is with justice an excellent modern writer allows, that if Virgil has not so many thoughts that are low and vulgar, he has not so many that are sublime and noble; and that the Roman author seldom rises into very astonishing sentiments, where he is not fired by the Iliad.

If we observe his descriptions, images, and similes, we shall find the invention still predominant. To what else can we ascribe that vast comprehension of images of every sort, where we see each circumstance of art, and individual of nature, summoned together, by the extent and fecundity of his imagination; to which all things, in their various views, presented themselves in an instant, and had their impressions taken off to perfection, at a heat? Nay, he not only gives the full prospects of things, but several unexpected peculiarities and side-views, unobserved by any painter but Homer. Nothing is so surprising as the descriptions of his battles, which take up no less than half the Iliad, and are supplied with so vast a variety of incidents, that no one bears a likeness to another; such different kinds of deaths, that no two heroes are wounded in the same manner; and such a profusion of noble ideas, that every battle rises above the last in greatness, horror and confusion. It is certain there is not near that number of images and descriptions in any Epic poet; though every one has assisted himself with a great quantity out of him: and it is evident of Virgil especially, that he has scarce any comparisons which are not drawn from his master.

If we descend from hence to the expression, we see the bright imagination of Homer shining out in the most enlivened forms of it. We acknowledge him the father of poetical diction, the first who taught that language of the gods to men. His expression is like the colouring of some great masters, which discovers itself to be laid on boldly, and executed with rapidity. It is indeed the strongest and most glowing imaginable, and touched with the greatest spirit. Aristotle had reason to say, He was the only poet who had found out living words; there are in him more daring figures and metaphors than in any good author whatever An arrow is impatient to be on the wing, a weapon thirsts to drink the blood of an enemy, and the like. Yet his expression is never too big for the sense, but justly great in proportion to it. It is the sentiment that swells and fills out the diction, which rises with it, and forms itself about it: for in the same degree that a thought is warmer, an expression will be brighter; as that is more strong, this will become more perspicuous: like glass in the furnace, which grows to a greater magnitude and refines to a greater clearness, only as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intense.

To throw his language more out of prose, Homer seems to have affected the compound epithets. This was a sort of composition peculiarly proper to poetry, not only as it heightened the diction, but as it assisted and filled the numbers with greater sound and pomp, and likewise conduced in some measure to thicken the images. On this last consideration I cannot but attribute these also to the fruitfulness of his invention, since (as he has managed them) they are a sort of supernumerary pictures of the persons or things to which they are joined. We see the motion of Hector's plumes in the epithet κορυθαιολος, the landscape of Mount Neritus in that of εινοσιφυλλος, and so of others; which particular images could not have been insisted upon so long as to express them in a description (though but of a single line) without diverting the reader too much from the principal action or figure. As a metaphor is a short simile, one of these epithets is a short description.

Lastly, if we consider his versification, we shall be sensible what a share of praise is due to his invention in that. He was not satisfied with his language as he found it settled in any one part of Greece, but searched through its different dialects with this particular view, to beautify and perfect his numbers: he considered these as they had a greater mixture of vowels or consonants, and accordingly employed them as the verse required a greater smoothness or strength. What he most affected was the Ionic, which has a peculiar sweetness from its never using contractions, and from its custom of resolving the diphthongs into two syllables, so as to make the words open themselves with a more spreading and sonorous fluency With this he mingled the Attic contractions, the broader Doric, and the feebler Æolic, which often rejects its aspirate, or takes off its accent; and completed this variety by altering some letters with the license of poetry. Thus his measures, instead of

being fetters to his sense, were always in readiness to run along with the warmth of his rapture, and even to give a farther representation of his notions, in the correspondence of their sounds to what they signified. Out of all these he had derived that harmony, which makes us confess he had not only the richest head, but the finest ear in the world. This is so great a truth, that whoever will but consult the tune of his verses, even without understanding them (with the same sort of diligence as we daily see practised in the case of Italian operas,) will find more sweetness, variety, and majesty of sound, than in any other language or poetry. The beauty of his numbers is allowed by the critics to be copied but faintly by Virgil himself, though they are so just to ascribe it to the nature of the Latin tongue: indeed the Greek has some advantages, both from the natural sound of its words, and the turn and cadence of its verse, which agree with the genius of no other language. Virgil was very sensible of this, and used the utmost diligence in working up a more intractable language to whatsoever graces it was capable of; and in particular, never failed to bring the sound of his line to a beautiful agreement with its sense. If the Grecian poet has not been so frequently celebrated on this account as the Roman, the only reason is, that fewer critics have understood one language than the other. Dionysius of Halicarnassus has pointed out many of our author's beauties in this kind, as his treatise of the Composition of Words. It suffices at present to observe of his numbers, that they flow with so much ease, as to make one imagine Homer had no other care than to transcribe as fast as the muses dictated: and at the same time with so much force and inspiriting vigour, that they awaken and raise us like the sound of a trumpet. They roll along as a plentiful river, always in motion, and always full; while we are borne away by a tide of verse, the most rapid, and yet the most smooth imaginable.

Thus on whatever side we contemplate Homer, what principally strikes us is his invention. It is that which forms the character of each part of his work; and accordingly we find it to have made his fable more extensive and copious than any other, his manners more lively and strongly marked, his speeches more affecting and transported, his sentiments more warm and sublime, his images and descriptions more full and animated, his expression more raised and daring, and his numbers more rapid and various. I hope, in what has been said of Virgil, with regard to any of these heads, I have no way derogated from his character. Nothing is more absurd or endless, than the common method of comparing eminent writers by an opposition of particular passages in them, and forming a judgment from thence of their merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain knowledge of the principal character and distinguished excellence of each: it is in that we are to consider him, and in proportion to his degree in that we are to admire him. No author or man ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty; and as Homer has done this in invention, Virgil has in judgment. Not that we are to think Homer wanted judgment, because Virgil had it in a more eminent degree; or that Virgil wanted invention, because Homer possessed a larger share of it: each of these great authors had more of both than perhaps any man besides, and are only said to have less in comparison with one another. Homer was the greatest genius, Virgil the better artist. In one we most admire the man, in the other the work: Homer hurries and transports us with a commanding impetuosity, Virgil leads us with attractive majesty: Homer scatters with a generous profusion, Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence: Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundless overflow: Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a gentle and constant stream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two poets resemble the heroes they celebrate: Homer, boundless and irresistible as Achilles, bears all before him, and shines more and more as the tumult increases: Virgil, calmly daring like Æneas, appears undisturbed in the midst of the action; disposes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer seems like his own Jupiter in his terrors shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens; Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence, counselling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

But after all, it is with great parts as with great virtues, they naturally border on some imperfection; and it is often hard to distinguish exactly where the virtue ends, or the fault begins. As prudence may sometimes sink to suspicion, so may a great judgment decline to coldness; and as magnanimity may run up to profusion or extravagance, so may a great invention to redundancy or wildness. If we look upon Homer in this view, we shall perceive the chief objections against him to proceed from so noble a cause as the excess of this faculty.

Among these we may reckon some of his Marvellous Fictions, upon which so much criticism has been spent, as surpassing all the bounds of probability. Perhaps it may be with great and superior souls as with gigantic bodies, which, exerting themselves with unusual strength, exceed what is commonly thought the due proportion of parts, to become miracles in the whole; and, like the old heroes of that make, commit something near extravagance, amidst a series of glorious and inimitable performances. Thus Homer has his speaking horses, and Virgil his myrtles distilling blood, where the latter has not so much as contrived the easy intervention of a Deity to save the probability.

It is owing to the same vast invention, that his similes have been thought too exuberant and full of circumstances. The force of this faculty is seen in nothing more, than its inability to confine itself to that single circumstance upon which the comparison is grounded; it runs out into embellishments of additional images, which, however, are so managed as not to overpower the main one. His similes are like pictures, where the principal figure has not only its proportion given agreeable the original, but is also set off with occasional ornaments and prospects. The same will account for his manner of heaping a number of comparisons together in one breath, when his fancy suggested to him at once so many various and correspondent images. The reader will easily extend this observation to more objections of the same kind.

If there are others which seem rather to charge him with a defect or narrowness of genius, than an excess of it, those seeming defects will be found upon examination to proceed wholly from the nature of the times he lived in. Such are his grosser representations of

the gods, and the vicious and imperfect manners of his heroes. But I must here speak a word of the latter, as it is a point generally carried into extremes, both by the censurers and defenders of Homer. It must be a strange partiality to antiquity, to think with Madame Dacier, 'that those times and manners are so much the more excellent, as they are more contrary to ours.'* Who can be so prejudiced in their favour as to magnify the felicity of those ages, when a spirit of revenge and cruelty, joined with the practice of rapine and robbery, reigned through the world; when no mercy was shown, but for the sake of lucre, when the greatest princes were put to the sword, and their wives and daughters made slaves and concubines? On the other side, I would not be so delicate as those modern critics, who are shocked at the servile offices and mean employments in which we sometimes see the heroes of Homer engaged. There is a pleasure in taking a view of that simplicity, in opposition to the luxury of succeeding ages; in beholding monarchs without their guards, princes tending their flocks, and princesses drawing water from the springs. When we read Homer, we ought to reflect that we are reading the most ancient author in the heathen world; and those who consider him in this light, will double their pleasure in the perusal of him. Let them think they are growing acquainted with nations and people that are now no more; that they are stepping almost three thousand years back into the remotest antiquity, and entertaining themselves with a clear and surprising vision of things no where else to be found, the only true mirror of that ancient world. By this means alone their greatest obstacles will vanish; and what usually creates their dislike will become a satisfaction.

This consideration may further serve to answer for the constant use of the same epithets to his gods and heroes, such as the far-darting Phœbus, the blue-eyed Pallas, the swift-footed Achilles, &c. which some have censured as impertinent and tediously repeated. Those of the gods depended upon the powers and offices then believed to belong to them, and had contracted a weight and veneration from the rites and solemn devotions in which they were used: they were a sort of attributes with which it was a matter of religion to salute them on all occasions, and which it was an irreverence to omit. As for the epithets of great men, Mons. Boileau is of opinion, that they were in the nature of surnames, and repeated as such; for the Greeks having no names derived from their fathers, were obliged to add some other distinction of each person; either naming his parents expressly, or his place of birth, profession, or the like: as Alexander the son of Philip, Herodotus of Halicarnassus, Diogenes the Cynic, &c. Homer, therefore, complying with the custom of his country, used such distinctive additions as better agreed with poetry. And indeed we have something parallel to these in modern times, such as the names of Harold Harefoot, Edmund Ironside, Edward Longshanks, Edward the Black Prince, &c. If yet this be thought to account better for the propriety than for the repetition, I shall add a farther conjecture. Hesiod, dividing the world into its different ages, has placed a fourth age between the brazen and the iron one, of 'Heroes distinct from other men; a divine race who fought at Thebes and Troy, are called demigods, and live by the care of Jupiter in the islands of the blessed.'† Now among the divine honours, which were paid them, they might have also in common with the gods, not to be mentioned without the solemnity of an epithet, and such as might be acceptable to them by its celebrating their families, actions, or qualities.

What other cavils have been raised against Homer, are such as hardly deserve a reply, but will yet be taken notice of as they occur in the course of the work. Many have been occasioned by an injudicious endeavour to exalt Virgil; which is much the same, as if one should think to raise the superstructure by undermining the foundation: one would imagine by the whole course of their parallels, that these critics never so much as heard of Homer's having written first; a consideration which, whoever compares these two poets, ought to have always in his eye. Some accuse him for the same things which they overlook or praise in the other; as when they prefer the fable and moral of the Æneis to those of the Iliad, for the same reasons which might set the Odysses above the Æneis: as that the hero is a wiser man; and the action of the one more beneficial to his country than that of the other: or else they blame him for not doing what he never designed; as because Achilles is not as good a prince as Æneas, when the very moral of his poem required a contrary character: it is thus that Rapin judges in his comparison of Homer and Virgil. Others select those particular passages of Homer, which are not so laboured as some that Virgil drew out of them; this is the whole management of Scaliger in his Poetices. Others quarrel with what they take for low and mean expressions, sometimes through a false delicacy and refinement, oftener from an ignorance of the graces of the original; and then triumph in the awkwardness of their own translations: this is the conduct of Perault in his Parallels. Lastly, there are others, who, pretending to a fairer proceeding, distinguish between the personal merit of Homer, and that of his work; but when they come to assign the causes of the great reputation of the Iliad, they found it upon the ignorance of his times and the prejudice of those that followed: and in pursuance of this principle, they make those accidents (such as the contention of the cities, &c.) to be the causes of his fame, which were in reality the consequences of his merit. The same might as well be said of Virgil or any great author, whose general character will infallibly raise many casual additions to their reputation. This is the method of Mons. de la Motte; who yet confesses upon the whole, that in whatever age Homer had lived, he must have been the greatest poet of his nation, and that he may be said in this sense to be the master even of those who surpassed him.

In all these objections we see nothing that contradicts his title to the honour of the chief invention; and as long as this (which is indeed the characteristic of poetry itself) remains unequalled by his followers, he still continues superior to them. A cooler judgment may commit fewer faults, and be more approved in the eyes of one sort of critics: but that warmth of fancy will carry the loudest and most universal applauses, which holds the heart of a reader under the strongest enchantment. Homer not only appears the inventor of poetry, but excels all the inventors of other arts in this, that he has swallowed up the honour of those who succeeded him. What

* Preface to her Homer.

† Hesiod. lib. i. ver. 155, &c.

he has done admitted no increase, it only left room for contraction or regulation. He showed all the stretch of fancy at once; and if he has failed in some of his flights, it was but because he attempted every thing. A work of this kind seems like a mighty tree which rises from the most vigorous seed, is improved with industry, flourishes and produces the finest fruit: nature and art conspire to raise it: pleasure and profit join to make it valuable: and they who find the justest faults, have only said, that a few branches (which run luxuriant through a richness of nature) might be lopped into form to give it a more regular appearance.

Having now spoken of the beauties and defects of the original, it remains to treat of the translation, with the same view to the chief characteristic. As far as that is seen in the main parts of the poem, such as the fable, manners, and sentiments, no translator can prejudice it but by wilful omissions and contractions. As it also breaks out in every particular image, description, and simile; whoever lessens or too much softens those, takes off from this chief character. It is the first grand duty of an interpreter, to give his author entire and unmaimed; and for the rest, the diction and versification only are his proper province; since these must be his own; but the others, he is to take as he finds them.

It should then be considered what methods may afford some equivalent in our language for the graces of these in the Greek. It is certain no literal translation can be just to an excellent original in a superior language: but it is a great mistake to imagine (as many have done) that a rash paraphrase can make amends for this general defect; which is no less in danger to lose the spirit of an ancient, by deviating into the modern manners of expression. If there be sometimes a darkness, there is often a light in antiquity, which nothing better preserves than a version almost literal. I know no liberties one ought to take, but those which are necessary for transfusing the spirit of the original, and supporting the poetical style of the translation: and I will venture to say, there have not been more men misled in former times by a servile dull adherence to the letter, than have been deluded in ours by a chimerical and insolent hope of raising and improving their author. It is not to be doubted that the fire of the poem is what a translator should principally regard, as it is most likely to expire in his managing: however, it is his safest way to be content with preserving this to his utmost in the whole, with endeavouring to be more than he finds his author is, in any particular place. It is a great secret in writing to know when to be plain, and when to be poetical and figurative; and it is what Homer will teach us, if we will but follow modestly in his footsteps. Where his diction is bold and lofty, let us raise ours as high as we can; but where his is plain and humble, we ought not to be deterred from imitating him by the fear of incurring the censure of a mere English critic. Nothing that belongs to Homer seems to have been more commonly mistaken than the just pitch of his style: some of his translators having swelled into fustian in a proud confidence of the sublime; others sunk into flatness in a cold and timorous notion of simplicity. Methinks I see these different followers of Homer, some sweating and straining after him by violent leaps and bounds (the certain signs of false mettle;) others slowly and servilely creeping in his train, while the poet himself is all the time proceeding with an unaffected and equal majesty before them. However, of the two extremes, one could sooner pardon frenzy than frigidity: no author is to be envied for such commendations as he may gain by that character of style, which his friends must agree together to call simplicity, and the rest of the world will call dulness. There is a graceful and dignified simplicity, as well as a bald and sordid one, which differ as much from each other as the air of a plain man from that of a sloven; it is one thing to be tricked up, and another not to be dressed at all. Simplicity is the mean between ostentation and rusticity.

This pure and noble simplicity is no where in such perfection as in the Scripture and our author. One may affirm, with all respect to the inspired writings, that the divine Spirit made use of no other words but what were intelligible and common to men at that time, and in that part of the world; and as Homer is the author nearest to those, his style must of course bear a greater resemblance to the sacred books than that of any other writer. This consideration (together with what has been observed of the parity of some of his thoughts) may methinks induce a translator on the one hand to give into several of those general phrases and manners of expression, which have attained a veneration even in our language from being used in the Old Testament; as on the other, to avoid those which have been appropriated to the Divinity, and in a manner consigned to mystery and religion.

For a farther preservation of this air of simplicity, a particular care should be taken to express with all plainness those moral sentences and proverbial speeches which are so numerous in this poet. They have something venerable, and as I may say oracular, in that unadorned gravity and shortness with which they are delivered: a grace which would be utterly lost by endeavouring to give them what we call a more ingenious (that is, a more modern) turn in the paraphrase.

Perhaps the mixture of some Græcisms and old words after the manner of Milton, if done without too much affectation, might not have an ill effect in a version of this particular work, which most of any other seems to require a venerable antique cast. But certainly the use of modern terms of war and government, such as platoon, campaign, junto, or the like (into which some of his translators have fallen) cannot be allowable; those only excepted, without which it is impossible to treat the subjects in any living language.

There are two peculiarities in Homer's diction which are a sort of marks, or moles, by which every common eye distinguishes him at first sight: those who are not his greatest admirers look upon them as defects, and those who are, seem pleased with them as beauties. I speak of his compound epithets, and of his repetitions. Many of the former cannot be done literally into English without destroying the purity of our language. I believe such should be retained as slide easily of themselves into an English compound, without violence to the ear or to the received rules of composition: as well as those which have received a sanction from the authority of our best poets, and are become familiar through their use of them; such as the cloud-compelling Jove, &c. As

for the rest, whenever any can be as fully and significantly expressed in a single word as in a compound one, the course to be taken is obvious.

Some that cannot be so turned as to preserve their full image by one or two words, may have justice done them by circumlocution: as the epithet εινοσιφυλλος to a mountain, would appear little or ridiculous translated literally "leaf-shaking," but affords a majestic idea in the periphrasis: "The lofty mountain shakes his waving woods." Others that admit of differing significations, may receive an advantage by a judicious variation according to the occasions on which they are introduced. For example, the epithet of Apollo, εκηβολος, or "far-shooting," is capable of two explications; one literal in respect to the darts and bow, the ensigns of that god; the other allegorical with regard to the rays of the sun: therefore in such places where Apollo is represented as a god in person, I would use the former interpretation; and where the effects of the sun are described, I would make choice of the latter. Upon the whole, it will be necessary to avoid that perpetual repetition of the same epithets which we find in Homer: and which, though it might be accommodated (as has been already shown) to the ear of those times, is by no means so to ours: but one may wait for opportunities of placing them, where they derive an additional beauty from the occasions on which they are employed; and in doing this properly, a translator may at once show his fancy and his judgment.

As for Homer's repetitions, we may divide them into three sorts; of whole narrations and speeches, of single sentences, and of one verse or hemistich. I hope it is not impossible to have such a regard to these, as neither to lose so known a mark of the author on the one hand, nor to offend the reader too much on the other. The repetition is not ungraceful in those speeches where the dignity of the speaker renders it a sort of insolence to alter his words; as in the messages from gods to men, or from higher powers to inferiors in concerns of state, or where the ceremonial of religion seems to require it, in the solemn forms of prayers, oaths, or the like. In other cases, I believe, the best rule is, to be guided by the nearness, or distance, at which the repetitions are placed in the original: when they follow too close, one may vary the expression; but it is a question whether a professed translator be authorised to omit any: if they be tedious, the author is to answer for it.

It only remains to speak of the versification. Homer (as has been said) is perpetually applying the sound to the sense, and varying it on every new subject. This is indeed one of the most exquisite beauties of poetry, and attainable by very few: I know only of Homer eminent for it in the Greek, and Virgil in Latin. I am sensible it is what may sometimes happen by chance, when a writer is warm, and fully possessed of his image: however, it may be reasonably believed they designed this, in whose verse it so manifestly appears in a superior degree to all others. Few readers have the ear to be judges of it; but those who have, will see I have endeavoured at this beauty.

Upon the whole, I must confess myself utterly incapable of doing justice to Homer. I attempt him in no other hope but that which one may entertain without much vanity, of giving a more tolerable copy of him than any entire translation in verse has yet done. We have only those of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. Chapman has taken the advantage of an immeasurable length of verse, notwithstanding which, there is scarce any paraphrase more loose and and rambling than his. He has frequently interpolations of four or six lines, and I remember one in the thirteenth book of the Odysses, ver. 312, where he has spun twenty verses out of two. He is often mistaken in so bold a manner, that one might think he deviated on purpose, if he did not in other places of his notes insist so much upon verbal trifles. He appears to have had a strong affectation of extracting new meanings out of his author, insomuch as to promise, in his rhyming preface, a poem of the mysteries he had revealed in Homer: and perhaps he endeavoured to strain the obvious sense to this end His expression is involved in fustian, a fault for which he was remarkable in his original writings, as in the tragedy of Bussy d'Amboise, &c. In a word, the nature of the man may account for his whole performance; for he appears, from his preface and remarks, to have been of an arrogant turn, and an enthusiast in poetry. His own boast of having finished half the Iliad in less than fifteen weeks, shows with what negligence his version was performed. But that which is to be allowed him, and which very much contributed to cover his defects, is a daring fiery spirit that animates his translation, which is something like what one might imagine Homer himself would have writ before he arrived at years of discretion.

Hobbes has given us a correct explanation of the sense in general; but for particulars and circumstances he continually lops them, and often omits the most beautiful. As for its being esteemed a close translation, I doubt not many have been led into that error by the shortness of it, which proceeds not from his following the original line by line, but from the contractions above mentioned. He sometimes omits whole similes and sentences, and is now and then guilty of mistakes, into which no writer of his learning could have fallen, but through carelessness. His poetry, as well as Ogilby's, is too mean for criticism.

It is a great loss to the poetical world that Mr. Dryden did not live to translate the Iliad. He has left us only the first book, and a small part of the sixth: in which if he has, in some places, not truly interpreted the sense, or preserved the antiquities, it ought to be excused on account of the haste he was obliged to write in. He seems to have had too much regard to Chapman, whose words he sometimes copies, and has unhappily followed him in passages where he wanders from the original. However, had he translated the whole work, I would no more have attempted Homer after him than Virgil, his version of whom (notwithstanding some human errors) is the most noble and spirited translation I know in any language. But the fate of great geniuses is like that of great ministers; though they are confessedly the first in the commonwealth of letters, they must be envied and calumniated, only for being at the head of it.

That which in my opinion ought to be the endeavour of any one who translates Homer, is above all things to keep alive that spirit and fire which makes his chief character; in particular places where the sense can bear any doubt, to follow the strongest and most poetical, as most agreeing with that character; to copy him in all the variations of his style, and the

different modulations of his numbers; to preserve, in the more active or descriptive parts, a warmth and elevation; in the more sedate or narrative, a plainness and solemnity; in the speeches, a fulness and perspicuity; in the sentences, a shortness and gravity: not to neglect even the little figures and turns on the words, nor sometimes the very cast of the periods; neither to omit nor confound any rites or customs of antiquity: perhaps too he ought to include the whole in a shorter compass, than has been hitherto done by any translator, who has tolerably preserved either the sense or poetry. What I would farther recommend to him, is to study his author rather from his own text, than from any commentaries, how learned soever, or whatever figure they may make in the estimation of the world; to consider him attentively in comparison with Virgil above all the ancients, and with Milton above all the moderns. Next these, the archbishop of Cambray's Telemachus may give him the truest idea of the spirit and turn of our author, and Bossu's admirable treatise of the Epic Poem the justest notion of his design and conduct. But after all, with whatever judgment and study a man may proceed, or with whatever happiness he may perform such a work, he must hope to please but a few; those only who have at once a taste of poetry, and competent learning. For to satisfy such as want either, is not in the nature of this undertaking; since a mere modern wit can like nothing that is not modern, and a pedant nothing that is not Greek.

What I have done is submitted to the pnblic, from whose opinions I am prepared to learn; though I fear no judges so little as our best poets, who are more sensible of the weight of this task. As for the worst, whatever they shall please to say, they may give me some concern as they are unhappy men, but none as they are malignant writers. I was guided in this translation by judgments very different from theirs, and persons for whom they can have no kindness, if an old observation be true, that the strongest antipathy in the world is that of fools to men of wit. Mr. Addison was the first whose advice determined me to undertake this task, who was pleased to write to me on that occasion in such terms as I cannot repeat without vanity. I was obliged to Sir Richard Steel for a very early recommendation of my undertaking to the public. Dr. Swift promoted my interest with that warmth with which he always serves his friend. The humanity and frankness of Sir Samuel Garth are what I never knew wanting on any occasion. I must also acknowledge, with infinite pleasure, the many friendly offices, as well as sincere criticisms of Mr. Congreve, who had led me the way in translating some parts of Homer; as I wish for the sake of the world he had prevented me in the rest. I must add the names of Mr. Rowe and Dr. Parnell, though I shall take a farther opportunity of doing justice to the last, whose good nature (to give it a great panegyric) is no less extensive than his learning. The favour of these gentlemen is not entirely undeserved by one who bears them so true an affection. But what can I say of the honour so many of the great have done me, while the first names of the age appear as my subscribers, and the most distinguished patrons and ornaments of learning as my chief encouragers? Amongst these it is a particular pleasure to me to find, that my highest obligations are to such who have done most honour to the name of poet: that his grace the duke of Buckingham was not displeased I should undertake the author to whom he has given (in his excellent Essay) so complete a praise:

> 'Read Homer once, and you can read no more;
> For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
> Verse will seem prose: but still persist to read,
> And Homer will be all the books you need:

That the earl of Halifax was one of the first to favour me, of whom it is hard to say whether the advancement of the polite arts is more owing to his generosity or his example: that such a genius as my lord Bolingbroke, not more distinguished in the great scenes of business than in all the useful and entertaining parts of learning, has not refused to be the critic of these sheets, and the patron of their writer: and that so excellent an imitator of Homer as the noble author of the tragedy of Heroic Love, has continued his partiality to me, from my writing Pastorals, to my attempting the Iliad. I cannot deny myself the pride of confessing, that I have had the advantage not only of their advice for the conduct in general, but their correction of several particulars of this translation.

I could say a great deal of the pleasure of being distinguished by the earl of Carnarvon; but it is almost absurd to particularize any one generous action in a person whose whole life is a continued series of them. Mr. Stanhope, the present secretary of state, will pardon my desire of having it known that he was pleased to promote this affair. The particular zeal of Mr. Harcourt (the son of the late lord chancellor) gave me a proof how much I am honoured in a share of his friendship. I must attribute to the same motive that of several others of my friends, to whom all acknowledgments are rendered unnecessary by the privileges of a familiar correspondence: and I am satisfied I can no way better oblige men of their turn, than by my silence.

In short, I have found more patrons than ever Homer wanted. He would have thought himself happy to have met the same favour at Athens that has been shown me by its learned rival, the university of Oxford. If my author had the wits of after-ages for his defenders, his translator has had the beauties of the present for his advocates; a pleasure too great to be changed for any fame in reversion. And I can hardly envy him those pompous honours he received after death, when I reflect on the enjoyment of so many agreeable obligations, and easy friendships, which make the satisfaction of life. This distinction is the more to be acknowledged, as it is shown to one whose pen has never gratified the prejudices of particular parties, or the vanities of particular men. Whatever the success may prove, I shall never repent of an undertaking in which I have experienced the candour and friendship of so many persons of merit; and in which I hope to pass some of those years of youth that are generally lost in a circle of follies, after a manner neither wholly unuseful to others, nor disagreeable to myself.

THE

ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

The Contention of Achilles and Agamemnon.

In the war of Troy, the Greeks, having sacked some of the neighbouring towns, and taken from thence two beautiful captives, Chryseïs and Briseïs, allotted the first to Agamemnon, and last to Achilles. Chryses, the father of Chryseïs, and priest of Apollo, comes to the Grecian camp to ransom her; with which the action of the poem opens, in the tenth year of the siege. The priest being refused, and insolently dismissed by Agamemnon, entreats for vengeance from his god, who inflicts a pestilence on the Greeks. Achilles calls a council, and encourages Chalcas to declare the cause of it, who attributes it to the refusal of Chryseïs. The king being obliged to send back his captive, enters into a furious contest with Achilles, which Nestor pacifies; however, as he had the absolute command of the army, he seizes on Briseïs in revenge. Achilles in discontent withdraws himself and his forces from the rest of the Greeks; and complaining to Thetis, she supplicates Jupiter to render them sensible of the wrong done to her son, by giving victory to the Trojans. Jupiter granting her suit incenses Juno, between whom the debate runs high, till they are reconciled by the address of Vulcan.

The time of two-and-twenty days is taken up in this book; nine during the plague, one in the council and quarrel of the princes, and twelve with Jupiter's stay with the Æthiopians, at whose return Thetis prefers her petition. The scene lies in the Grecian camp, then changes to Chrysa, and lastly to Olympus.

BOOK I.

ACHILLES' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly goddess, sing!
That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain;
Whose limbs unburied on the naked shore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore;
Since great Achilles and Atrides strove.
Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will of Jove!

Declare, O Muse! in what ill-fated hour
Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended power?
Latona's son a dire contagion spread,
And heap'd the camp with mountains of the dead;
The king of men his reverend priest defied,
And for the king's offence the people died.

For Chryses sought with costly gifts to gain
His captive daughter from the victor's chain.
Suppliant the venerable father stands,
Apollo's awful ensigns grace his hands:
By these he begs; and lowly bending down,
Extends the sceptre and the laurel crown.
He sued to all, but chief implored for grace
The brother-kings of Atreus' royal race.

Ye kings and warriors! may your vows be crown'd,
And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground:
May Jove restore you, when your toils are o'er,
Safe to the pleasures of your native shore;
But oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain,
And give Chryseïs to these arms again;
If mercy fail, yet let my presents move,
And dread avenging Phœbus, son of Jove.

The Greeks in shouts their joint assent declare,
The priest to reverence, and release the fair.
Not so Atrides: he, with kingly pride,
Repulsed the sacred sire, and thus replied:

Hence, on thy life, and fly these hostile plains,
Nor ask, presumptuous, what the king detains;
Hence, with thy laurel crown and golden rod,
Nor trust too far those ensigns of thy god.
Mine is thy daughter, priest, and shall remain;
And prayers, and tears, and bribes, shall plead in vain,
Till time shall rifle every youthful grace,
And age dismiss her from my cold embrace,
In daily labours of the loom employ'd,
Or doom'd to deck the bed she once enjoy'd.
Hence then, to Argos shall the maid retire,
Far from her native soil and weeping sire.

The trembling priest along the shore return'd,
And in the anguish of a father, mourn'd.
Disconsolate, not daring to complain,
Silent he wander'd by the sounding main:
Till, safe at distance, to his god he prays,
The god who darts around the world his rays

O Smintheus! sprung from fair Latona's line,
Thou guardian power of Cilla the divine,
Thou source of light! whom Tenedos adores,
And whose bright presence gilds thy Chrysa's shores:
If e'er with wreaths I hung thy sacred fane,
Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain;
God of the silver bow! thy shafts employ,
Avenge thy servant, and the Greeks destroy.

Thus Chryses pray'd: the favouring power attends
And from Olympus' lofty tops descends.
Bent was his bow, the Grecian hearts to wound,
Fierce as he moved, his silver shafts resound.
Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread,
And gloomy darkness roll'd around his head.
The fleet in view, he twang'd his deadly bow,
And hissing fly the feather'd fates below.
On mules and dogs the infection first began;
And last, the vengeful arrows fix'd on man.

For nine long nights through all the dusky air,
The pyres, thick-flaming, shot a dismal glare.
But ere the tenth revolving day was run,
Inspired by Juno, Thetis' godlike son
Convened to council all the Grecian train;
For much the goddess mourn'd her heroes slain.
The assembly seated, rising o'er the rest,
Achilles thus the king of men address'd:
Why leave we not the fatal Trojan shore,
And measure back the seas we cross'd before?
The plague destroying whom the sword would spare,
'Tis time to save the few remains of war.
But let some prophet, or some sacred sage,
Explore the cause of great Apollo's rage;
Or learn the wasteful vengeance to remove,
By mystic dreams, for dreams descend from Jove.
If broken vows this heavy curse have laid,
Let altars smoke, and hecatombs be paid.
So heaven, atoned, shall dying Greece restore,
And Phœbus dart his burning shafts no more.
He said, and sat: when Chalcas thus replied;
Chalcas the wise, the Grecian priest and guide,
That sacred seer, whose comprehensive view
The past, the present, and the future knew:
Uprising slow, the venerable sage
Thus spoke the prudence and the fears of age.
Beloved of Jove, Achilles! wouldst thou know
Why angry Phœbus bends his fatal bow?
First give thy faith, and plight a prince's word
Of sure protection, by thy power and sword.
For I must speak what wisdom would conceal,
And truths, invidious to the great, reveal.
Bold is the task, when subjects, grown too wise,
Instruct a monarch where his error lies:
For though we deem the short-lived fury past,
'Tis sure, the mighty will revenge at last.
To whom Pelides: From thy inmost soul
Speak what thou know'st, and speak without controul:
E'en by that god I swear, who rules the day,
To whom thy hands the vows of Greece convey,
And whose bless'd oracles thy lips declare;
Long as Achilles breathes this vital air,
No daring Greek of all the numerous band
Against his priest shall lift an impious hand:
Not e'en the chief by whom our hosts are led,
The king of kings, shall touch that sacred head.
Encouraged thus, the blameless man replies:
Nor vows unpaid, nor slighted sacrifice,
But he, our chief, provoked the raging pest,
Apollo's vengeance for his injured priest.
Nor will the god's awaken'd fury cease,
But plagues shall spread, and funeral fires increase,
Till the great king, without a ransom paid,
To her own Chrysa send the black-eyed maid.
Perhaps, with added sacrifice and prayer,
The priest may pardon, and the god may spare.
The prophet spoke; when with a gloomy frown
The monarch started from his shining throne;
Black choler fill'd his breast that boil'd with ire,
And from his eye-balls flash'd the living fire.
Augur accursed! denouncing mischief still,
Prophet of plagues, for ever boding ill!
Still must that tongue some wounding message bring,
And still thy priestly pride provoke thy king?
For this are Phœbus' oracles explored,
To teach the Greeks to murmur at their lord?
For this with falsehoods is my honour stain'd,
Is heaven offended, and a priest profaned;
Because my prize, my beauteous maid I hold,
And heavenly charms prefer to proffer'd gold?
A maid, unmatch'd in manners as in face,
Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with every grace.
Not half so dear were Clytæmnestra's charms,
When first her blooming beauties bless'd my arms.
Yet if the gods demand her, let her sail;
Our cares are only for the public weal:
Let me be deem'd the hateful cause of all,
And suffer, rather than my people fall.
The prize, the beauteous prize, I will resign,
So dearly valued, and so justly mine.
But since for common good I yield the fair,
My private loss let grateful Greece repair;
Nor unrewarded let your prince complain,
That he alone has fought and bled in vain.
Insatiate king! (Achilles thus replies)
Fond of the power, but fonder of the prize!
Wouldst thou the Greeks their lawful prey should yield,
The due reward of many a well-fought field?
The spoils of cities ras'd, and warriors slain,
We share with justice, as with toil we gain:
But to resume whate'er thy avarice craves
(That trick of tyrants) may be borne by slaves.
Yet if our chief for plunder only fight,
The spoils of Ilion shall thy loss requite,
Whene'er by Jove's decree our conquering powers
Shall humble to the dust her lofty towers.
Then thus the king: Shall I my prize resign
With tame content, and thou possess'd of thine?
Great as thou art, and like a god in fight,
Think not to rob me of a soldier's right.
At thy demand shall I restore the maid?
First let the just equivalent be paid;
Such as a king might ask; and let it be
A treasure worthy her, and worthy me.
Or grant me this, or with a monarch's claim
This hand shall seize some other captive dame
The mighty Ajax shall his prize resign,
Ulysses spoils, or e'en thy own be mine.
The man who suffers loudly may complain;
And rage he may, but he shall rage in vain.
But this when time requires.—It now remains
We launch a bark to plough the watery plains,
And waft the sacrifice to Chrysa's shores,
With chosen pilots and with labouring oars.
Soon shall the fair the sable ship ascend,
And some deputed prince the charge attend;
This Creta's king, or Ajax shall fulfil,
Or wise Ulysses see perform'd our will;
Or, if our royal pleasure shall ordain,
Achilles' self conduct her o'er the main:
Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage,
The god propitiate, and the pest assuage.
At this, Pelides, frowning stern, replied:
O tyrant, arm'd with insolence and pride!
Inglorious slave to interest, ever join'd
With fraud, unworthy of a royal mind!
What generous Greek, obedient to thy word,
Shall form an ambush, or shall lift the sword?
What cause have I to war at thy decree?
The distant Trojans never injured me;
To Phthia's realms no hostile troops they led;
Safe in her vales my warlike coursers fed;
Far hence removed, the hoarse-resounding main,
And walls of rocks, secure my native reign;
Whose fruitful soil luxuriant harvests grace,
Rich in her fruits, and in her martial race.

Hither we sail'd, a voluntary throng,
To avenge a private, not a public wrong:
What else to Troy the assembled nations draws,
But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cause?
Is this the pay our blood and toils deserve;
Disgraced and injured by the man we serve?
And darest thou threat to snatch my prize away,
Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day?
A prize as small, O tyrant! match'd with thine,
As thy own actions if compared to mine.
Thine in each conquest is the wealthy prey,
Though mine the sweat and danger of the day.
Some trivial present to my ships I bear,
Or barren praises pay the wounds of war.
But know, proud monarch! I'm thy slave no more;
My fleet shall waft me to Thessalia's shore.
Left by Achilles on the Trojan plain,
What spoils, what conquest, shall Atrides gain?
To this the king: Fly, mighty warrior! fly,
Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy.
There want not chiefs in such a cause to fight,
And Jove himself shall guard a monarch's right.
Of all the kings (the gods' distinguish'd care)
To power superior none such hatred bear:
Strife and debate thy restless soul employ,
And wars and horrors are thy savage joy.
If thou hast strength, 'twas heaven that strength bestow'd;
For know, vain man! thy valour is from God.
Haste, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away,
Rule thy own realms with arbitrary sway:
I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate
Thy short-lived friendship, and thy groundless hate.
Go, threat thy earth-born Myrmidons; but here
'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear.
Know, if the god the beauteous dame demand,
My bark shall waft her to her native land;
But then prepare, imperious prince! prepare
Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair:
E'en in thy tent I'll seize the blooming prize,
Thy loved Briseïs with the radiant eyes.
Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the hour
Thou stood'st a rival of imperial power;
And hence to all our host it shall be known,
That kings are subject to the gods alone.
Achilles heard, with grief and rage oppress'd,
His heart swell'd high, and labour'd in his breast.
Distracting thoughts by turns his bosom ruled,
Now fired by wrath, and now by reason cool'd:
That prompts his hand to draw the deadly sword,
Force thro' the Greeks, and pierce their haughty lord;
This whispers soft, his vengeance to controul,
And calm the rising tempest of his soul.
Just as in anguish of suspense he stay'd,
While half unsheath'd appear'd the glittering blade,
Minerva swift descended from above,
Sent by the sister and the wife of Jove;
(For both the princes claim'd her equal care;)
Behind she stood, and by the golden hair
Achilles seized; to him alone confess'd;
A sable cloud conceal'd her from the rest.
He sees, and sudden to the goddess cries,
(Known by the flames that sparkle from her eyes:)
Descends Minerva in her guardian care,
A heavenly witness of the wrongs I bear
From Atreus' son! then let those eyes that view
The daring crime, behold the vengeance too.
Forbear! (the progeny of Jove replies)
To calm thy fury I forsake the skies:
Let great Achilles, to the gods resign'd,
To reason yield the empire o'er his mind.
By awful Juno this command is given;
The king and you are both the care of heaven.
The force of keen reproaches let him feel,
But sheath, obedient, thy revenging steel.
For I pronounce (and trust a heavenly power)
Thy injured honour has its fated hour,
When the proud monarch shall thy arms implore,
And bribe thy friendship with a boundless store.
Then let revenge no longer bear the sway,
Command thy passions, and the gods obey.
To her Pelides: With regardful ear
'Tis just, O goddess! I thy dictates hear.
Hard as it is, my vengeance I suppress:
Those who revere the gods, the gods will bless.
He said, observant of the blue-eyed maid;
Then in the sheath return'd the shining blade.
The goddess swift to high Olympus flies,
And joins the sacred senate of the skies.
Nor yet the rage his boiling breast forsook,
Which thus redoubling on Atrides broke;
O monster! mix'd of insolence and fear,
Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!
When wert thou known in ambush'd fights to dare,
Or nobly face the horrid front of war?
'Tis ours the chance of fighting fields to try,
Thine to look on, and bid the valiant die.
So much 'tis safer through the camp to go,
And rob a subject, than despoil a foe.
Scourge of thy people, violent and base!
Sent in Jove's anger on a slavish race,
Who, lost to sense of generous freedom past,
Are tamed to wrongs, or this had been thy last.
Now by this sacred sceptre hear me swear,
Which never more shall leaves or blossoms bear,
Which sever'd from the trunk (as I from thee)
On the bare mountains left its parent tree;
This sceptre, form'd by temper'd steel to prove
An ensign of the delegates of Jove,
From whom the power of laws and justice springs
(Tremendous oath! inviolate to kings:)
By this I swear, when bleeding Greece again
Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain.
When, flush'd with slaughter, Hector comes to spread
The purpled shore with mountains of the dead,
Then shalt thou mourn the affront thy madness gave
Forced to deplore, when impotent to save:
Then rage in bitterness of soul, to know
This act has made the bravest Greek thy foe.
He spoke; and furious hurl'd against the ground
His sceptre starr'd with golden studs around.
Then sternly silent sat. With like disdain
The raging king return'd his frowns again.
To calm their passions with the words of age,
Slow from his seat arose the Pylian sage,
Experienced Nestor, in persuasion skill'd,
Words sweet as honey from his lips distill'd;
Two generations now had pass'd away,
Wise by his rules, and happy by his sway;
Two ages o'er his native realm he reign'd,
And now the example of the third remain'd.
All view'd with awe the venerable man;
Who thus with mild benevolence began:
What shame, what woe is this to Greece! what joy
To Troy's proud monarch, and the friends of Troy!

That adverse gods commit to stern debate
The best, the bravest of the Grecian state.
Young as ye are, this youthful heat restrain,
Nor think your Nestor's years and wisdom vain.
A godlike race of heroes once I knew,
Such as no more these aged eyes shall view!
Lives there a chief to match Pirithous' fame,
Dryas the bold, or Ceneus' deathless name;
Theseus, endued with more than mortal might,
Or Polyphemus, like the gods in fight?
With these of old to toils of battle bred,
In early youth my hardy days I led;
Fired with the thirst which virtuous envy breeds,
And smit with love of honourable deeds.
Strongest of men, they pierced the mountain boar,
Ranged the wild deserts red with monsters' gore,
And from their hills the shaggy Centaurs tore.
Yet these with soft persuasive arts I sway'd;
When Nestor spoke, they listen'd and obey'd.
If in my youth e'en these esteem'd me wise,
Do you, young warriors, hear my age advise.
Atrides, seize not on the beauteous slave;
That prize the Greeks by common suffrage gave:
Nor thou, Achilles, treat our prince with pride;
Let kings be just, and sovereign power preside.
Thee, the first honours of the war adorn,
Like gods in strength, and of a goddess born;
Him awful majesty exalts above
The powers of earth, and scepter'd sons of Jove.
Let both unite, with well-consenting mind,
So shall authority with strength be join'd.
Leave me, O king! to calm Achilles' rage;
Rule thou thyself, as more advanced in age.
Forbid it, gods! Achilles should be lost,
The pride of Greece, and bulwark of our host.
  This said, he ceased. The king of men replies:
Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise:
But that imperious, that unconquer'd soul,
No laws can limit, no respect controul.
Before his pride must his superiors fall,
His word the law, and he the lord of all?
Him must our hosts, our chiefs, ourselves obey?
What king can bear a rival in his sway?
Grant that the gods his matchless force have given;
Has foul reproach a privilege from heaven?
  Here on the monarch's speech Achilles broke
And furious thus, and interrupting, spoke:
Tyrant! I well deserved thy galling chain,
To live thy slave, and still to serve in vain,
Should I submit to each unjust decree;
Command thy vassals, but command not me.
Seize on Briseïs, whom the Grecians doom'd
My prize of war, yet tamely see resumed:
And seize secure; no more Achilles draws
His conquering sword in any woman's cause;
The gods command me to forgive the past;
But let this first invasion be the last:
For know, thy blood, when next thou darest invade,
Shall stream in vengeance on my reeking blade.
  At this they ceased: the stern debate expired:
The chiefs in sullen majesty retired.
Achilles with Patroclus took his way,
Where near his tents his hollow vessels lay.
Meantime Atrides launch'd with numerous oars
A well-rigg'd ship for Chrysa's sacred shores:
High on the deck was fair Chryseïs placed,
And sage Ulysses with the conduct graced:
Safe in her sides the hecatomb they stow'd,
Then swiftly sailing, cut the liquid road.
  The host to expiate, next the king prepares,
With pure lustrations, and with solemn prayers.
Wash'd by the briny wave, the pious train
Are cleansed, and cast the ablutions in the main.
Along the shore whole hecatombs were laid,
And bulls and goats to Phœbus' altars paid.
The sable fumes in curling spires arise,
And waft their grateful odours to the skies.
  The army thus in sacred rites engaged,
Atrides still with deep resentment raged.
To wait his will two sacred heralds stood,
Talthybius and Eurybates the good.
Haste to the fierce Achilles' tent (he cries;)
Thence bear Briseïs as our royal prize:
Submit he must! or, if they will not part,
Ourself in arms shall tear her from his heart.
  The unwilling heralds act their lord's commands;
Pensive they walk along the barren sands:
Arrived, the hero in his tent they find,
With gloomy aspect, on his arm reclined.
At awful distance long they silent stand,
Loath to advance, or speak their hard command;
Decent confusion! This the godlike man
Perceived, and thus with accent mild began:
  With leave and honour enter our abodes,
Ye sacred ministers of men and gods!
I know your message; by constraint you came;
Not you, but your imperious lord I blame.
Patroclus, haste, the fair Briseïs bring;
Conduct my captive to the haughty king.
But witness, heralds, and proclaim my vow,
Witness to gods above, and men below!
But first, and loudest, to your prince declare,
That lawless tyrant whose commands you bear,
Unmoved as death Achilles shall remain,
Though prostrate Greece should bleed at every vein:
The raging chief, in frantic passion lost,
Blind to himself, and useless to his host,
Unskill'd to judge the future by the past,
In blood and slaughter shall repent at last.
  Patroclus now the unwilling beauty brought;
She, in soft sorrows and in pensive thought,
Pass'd silent, as the heralds held her hand,
And oft look'd back, slow moving o'er the strand.
Not so his loss the fierce Achilles bore;
But sad retiring to the sounding shore,
O'er the wild margin of the deep he hung,
That kindred deep from whence his mother sprung:
There, bathed in tears of anger and disdain,
Thus loud lamented to the stormy main:
  O parent goddess! since in early bloom
Thy son must fall, by too severe a doom;
Sure, to so short a race of glory born,
Great Jove in justice should this span adorn:
Honour and fame at least the Thunderer owed;
And ill he pays the promise of a god,
If yon proud monarch thus thy son defies,
Obscures my glories, and resumes my prize.
  Far in the deep recesses of the main,
Where aged Ocean holds his watery reign,
The goddess-mother heard. The waves divide:
And like a mist she rose above the tide;
Beheld him mourning on the naked shores,
And thus the sorrows of his soul explores:
Why grieves my son? Thy anguish let me share,
Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care.

He, deeply sighing, said: To tell my woe,
Is but to mention what too well you know.
From Thebè, sacred to Apollo's name,
(Aëtion's realm,) our conquering army came,
With treasure loaded and triumphant spoils,
Whose just division crown'd the soldier's toils;
But bright Chryseïs, heavenly prize! was led,
By vote selected, to the general's bed.
The priest of Phœbus sought by gifts to gain
His beauteous daughter from the victor's chain;
The fleet he reach'd, and lowly bending down,
Held forth the sceptre and the laurel crown,
Entreating all: but chief implored for grace,
The brother-kings of Atreus' royal race:
The generous Greeks their joint consent declare,
The priest to reverence, and release the fair.
Not so Atrides: he, with wonted pride,
The sire insulted, and his gifts denied.
The insulted sire (his god's peculiar care)
To Phœbus pray'd, and Phœbus heard the prayer:
A dreadful plague ensues; the avenging darts
Incessant fly, and pierce the Grecian hearts.
A prophet then, inspired by heaven, arose,
And points the crime, and thence derives the woes.
Myself the first the assembled chiefs incline
To avert the vengeance of the power divine;
Then rising in his wrath, the monarch storm'd;
Incensed he threaten'd, and his threats perform'd:
The fair Chryseïs to her sire was sent,
With offer'd gifts to make the god relent;
But now he seized Briseïs' heavenly charms,
And of my valour's prize defrauds my arms,
Defrauds the votes of all the Grecian train;
And service, faith, and justice, plead in vain.
But, goddess! thou thy suppliant son attend,
To high Olympus' shining court ascend,
Urge all the ties to former service owed,
And sue for vengeance to the thundering god.
Oft hast thou triumph'd in the glorious boast,
That thou stood'st forth of all the ethereal host,
When bold rebellion shook the realms above,
The undaunted guard of cloud-compelling Jove.
When the bright partner of his awful reign,
The warlike maid, and monarch of the main,
The traitor-gods, by mad ambition driven,
Durst threat with chains the Omnipotence of heaven,
Then call'd by thee, the monster Titan came
(Whom gods Briareus, men Ægeon name,)
Through wondering skies, enormous stalk'd along;
Not he that shakes the solid earth so strong:*
With giant-pride at Jove's high throne he stands,
And brandish'd round him all his hundred hands;
The affrighted gods confess'd their awful lord,
They dropp'd the fetters, trembled, and adored.
This, goddess, this to his remembrance call,
Embrace his knees, at his tribunal fall;
Conjure him far to drive the Grecian train,
To hurl them headlong to their fleet and main,
To heap the shores with copious death, and bring
The Greeks to know the curse of such a king:
Let Agamemnon lift his haughty head
O'er all his wide dominion of the dead,
And mourn in blood, that e'er he durst disgrace
The boldest warrior of the Grecian race.
Unhappy son! (fair Thetis thus replies,
While tears celestial trickle from her eyes)
Why have I born thee with a mother's throes,
To fates averse, and nursed for future woes?
So short a space the light of heaven to view!
So short a space! and fill'd with sorrow too!
O might a parent's careful wish prevail,
Far, far from Ilion should thy vessels sail!
And thou, from camps remote, the danger shun,
Which now, alas! too nearly threats my son.
Yet (what I can) to move thy suit I'll go
To great Olympus crown'd with fleecy snow.
Meantime, secure within thy ships, from far
Behold the field, nor mingle in the war.
The sire of gods and all the ethereal train,
On the warm limits of the farthest main,
Now mix with mortals, nor disdain to grace
The feasts of Æthiopia's blameless race;
Twelve days the powers indulge the genial rite,
Returning with the twelfth revolving light.
Then will I mount the brazen dome, and move
The high tribunal of immortal Jove.
The goddess spoke: the rolling waves unclose:
Then down the deep she plunged from whence she rose,
And left him sorrowing on the lonely coast,
In wild resentment for the fair he lost.
In Chrysa's port now sage Ulysses rode;
Beneath the deck the destined victims stow'd;
The sails they furl'd, they lash'd the mast aside,
And dropp'd their anchors, and the pinnace tied.
Next on the shore their hecatomb they land,
Chryseïs last descending on the strand.
Her, thus returning from the furrow'd main,
Ulysses led to Phœbus' sacred fane;
Where at his solemn altar, as the maid
He gave to Chryses, thus the hero said:
Hail, reverend priest! To Phœbus' awful dome
A suppliant I from great Atrides come:
Unransom'd here receive the spotless fair;
Accept the hecatomb the Greeks prepare;
And may thy god who scatters darts around,
Atoned by sacrifice, desist to wound.
At this, the sire embraced the maid again,
So sadly lost, so lately sought in vain.
Then near the altar of the darting king,
Disposed in rank, their hecatomb they bring:
With water purify their hands, and take
The sacred offering of the salted cake;
While thus with arms devoutly raised in air,
And solemn voice, the priest directs his prayer:
God of the silver bow, thy ear incline,
Whose power encircles Cilla the divine;
Whose sacred eye thy Tenedos surveys,
And gilds fair Chrysa with distinguish'd rays!
If, fired to vengeance at thy priest's request,
Thy direful darts inflict the raging pest;
Once more attend! avert the wasteful woe,
And smile propitious, and unbend thy bow.
So Chryses pray'd. Apollo heard his prayer:
And now the Greeks their hecatomb prepare;
Between their horns the salted barley threw,
And with their heads to heaven the victims slew:
The limbs they sever from the enclosing hide;
The thighs, selected to the gods, divide:
On these, in double cauls involved with art,
The choicest morsels lay from every part.
The priest himself before his altar stands,
And burns the offering with his holy hands,
Pours the black wine, and sees the flames aspire;
The youths with instruments surround the fire.

* Neptune.

The thighs thus sacrificed, and entrails dress'd,
The assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest:
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.
When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
With pure libations they conclude the feast;
The youths with wine the copious goblets crown'd,
And pleas'd dispense the flowing bowls around.
With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends,
The Pæans lengthen'd till the sun descends;
The Greeks, restored, the grateful notes prolong;
Apollo listens, and approves the song.
'Twas night; the chiefs beside their vessel lie,
Till rosy morn had purpled o'er the sky:
Then launch, and hoist the mast; indulgent gales,
Supplied by Phœbus, fill the swelling sails;
The milk-white canvass bellying as they blow,
The parted ocean foams and roars below:
Above the bounding billows swift they flew,
Till now the Grecian camp appear'd in view.
Far on the beach they haul their bark to land,
(The crooked keel divides the yellow sand;)
Then part, where stretch'd along the winding bay
The ships and tents in winding prospect lay.
But raging still, amidst his navy sat
The stern Achilles, steadfast in his hate;
Nor mix'd in combat, nor in council join'd;
But wasting cares lay heavy on his mind:
In his black thoughts revenge and slaughter roll,
And scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul.
Twelve days were past, and now the dawning light
The gods had summon'd to the Olympian height:
Jove first ascending from the watery bowers,
Leads the long order of ethereal powers.
When like the morning mist in early day,
Rose from the flood the daughter of the sea;
And to the seats divine her flight address'd.
There, far apart, and high above the rest,
The Thunderer sat; where old Olympus shrouds
His hundred heads in heaven, and props the clouds.
Suppliant the goddess stood: one hand she placed
Beneath his beard, and one his knees embraced.
If e'er, O father of the gods! (she said,)
My words could please thee, or my actions aid;
Some marks of honour on my son bestow,
And pay in glory what in life you owe.
Fame is at least by heavenly promise due
To life so short, and now dishonour'd too.
Avenge this wrong, oh ever just and wise!
Let Greece be humbled, and the Trojans rise;
Till the proud king, and all the Achaian race,
Shall heap with honours him they now disgrace.
Thus Thetis spoke: but Jove in silence held,
The sacred counsels of his breast conceal'd.
Not so repulsed, the goddess closer press'd,
Still grasp'd his knees, and urged the dear request.
O sire of gods and men! thy suppliant hear;
Refuse, or grant: for what has Jove to fear?
Or, oh! declare, of all the powers above,
Is wretched Thetis least the care of Jove?
She said: and sighing thus the god replies,
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies:
What hast thou ask'd? Ah why should Jove engage
In foreign contests, and domestic rage,
The gods' complaints, and Juno's fierce alarms,
While I, too partial, aid the Trojan arms?
Go, lest the haughty partner of my sway
With jealous eyes thy close access survey:
But part in peace, secure thy prayer is sped:
Witness the sacred honours of our head,
The nod that ratifies the will divine,
The faithful, fix'd, irrevocable sign;
This seals thy suit, and this fulfils thy vows—
He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows;
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod;
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god:
High heaven with trembling the dread signal took,
And all Olympus to the centre shook.
Swift to the seas profound the goddess flies,
Jove to his starry mansion in the skies.
The shining synod of the immortals wait
The coming god, and from their thrones of state
Arising silent, rapt in holy fear,
Before the majesty of heaven appear.
Trembling they stand, while Jove assumes the throne,
All, but the god's imperious queen alone:
Late had she view'd the silver-footed dame,
And all her passions kindled into flame.
Say, artful manager of heaven (she cries,)
Who now partakes the secrets of the skies?
Thy Juno knows not the decrees of fate,
In vain the partner of imperial state.
What favourite goddess then those cares divides,
Which Jove in prudence from his consort hides?
To this the Thunderer: Seek not thou to find
The sacred counsels of almighty mind:
Involved in darkness lies the great decree,
Nor can the depths of fate be pierced by thee.
What fits thy knowledge, thou the first shalt know;
The first of gods above and men below;
But thou, nor they, shall search the thoughts that roll
Deep in the close recesses of my soul.
Full on the sire the goddess of the skies
Roll'd the large orbs of her majestic eyes,
And thus return'd: Austere Saturnius, say,
From whence this wrath, or who controuls thy sway?
Thy boundless will, for me, remains in force,
And all thy counsels take the destined course.
But 'tis for Greece I fear: for late was seen
In close consult the silver-footed queen.
Jove to his Thetis nothing could deny,
Nor was the signal vain that shook the sky.
What fatal favour has the goddess won,
To grace her fierce inexorable son?
Perhaps in Grecian blood to drench the plain,
And glut his vengeance with my people slain.
Then thus the god: Oh restless fate of pride,
That strives to learn what heaven resolves to hide!
Vain is the search, presumptuous and abhorr'd,
Anxious to thee, and odious to thy lord.
Let this suffice, the immutable decree
No force can shake: what is, that ought to be.
Goddess, submit, nor dare our will withstand,
But dread the power of this avenging hand:
The united strength of all the gods above
In vain resist the omnipotence of Jove.
The Thunderer spoke, nor durst the queen reply;
A reverend horror silenced all the sky.
The feast disturb'd, with sorrow Vulcan saw
His mother menaced, and the gods in awe;
Peace at his heart, and pleasure his design,
Thus interposed the architect divine:
The wretched quarrels of the mortal state
Are far unworthy, gods! of your debate:
Let men their days in senseless strife employ;
We, in eternal peace, and constant joy.

Thou, goddess-mother, with our sire comply,
Nor break the sacred union of the sky;
Lest, roused to rage, he shake the blest abodes,
Launch the red lightning, and dethrone the gods.
If you submit, the Thunderer stands appeased;
The gracious power is willing to be pleased.
Thus Vulcan spoke; and rising with a bound,
The double bowl with sparkling nectar crown'd,
Which held to Juno in a cheerful way,
Goddess (he cried) be patient and obey:
Dear as you are, if Jove his arm extend,
I can but grieve, unable to defend.
What god so daring in your aid to move,
Or lift his hand against the force of Jove?
Once in your cause I felt his matchless might,
Hurl'd headlong downward from the ethereal height;
Toss'd all the day in rapid circles round;
Nor till the sun descended, touch'd the ground:
Breathless I fell, in giddy motion lost;
The Sinthians raised me on the Lemnian coast.
He said, and to her hands the goblet heaved,
Which, with a smile, the white-arm'd queen received.
Then to the rest he fill'd; and in his turn,
Each to his lips applied the nectar'd urn.
Vulcan with awkward grace his office plies,
And undistinguish'd laughter shakes the skies.
Thus the blest gods the genial day prolong,
In feasts ambrosial, and celestial song.
Apollo tuned the lyre; the Muses round
With voice alternate aid the silver sound.
Meantime the radiant sun, to mortal sight
Descending swift, roll'd down the rapid light.
Then to their starry domes the gods depart,
The shining monuments of Vulcan's art:
Jove on his couch reclined his awful head,
And Juno slumber'd on the golden bed.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

The Trial of the Army, and Catalogue of the Forces.

Jupiter in pursuance of the request of Thetis, sends a deceitful vision to Agamemnon, persuading him to lead the army to battle; in order to make the Greeks sensible of their want of Achilles. The general who is deluded with the hopes of taking Troy without his assistance, but fears the army was discouraged by his absence and the late plague, as well as by the length of time, contrives to make trial of their disposition by a stratagem. He first communicates his design to the princes in council, that he would propose a return to the soldiers, and that they should put a stop to them if the proposal was embraced. Then he assembles the whole host, and upon moving for a return to Greece, they unanimously agree to it, and run to prepare the ships. They are detained by the management of Ulysses, who chastises the insolence of Thersites. The assembly is recalled, several speeches made on the occasion, and at length the advice of Nestor followed, which was to make a general muster of the troops, and to divide them into their several nations, before they proceeded to battle. This gives occasion to the poet to enumerate all the forces of the Greeks and Trojans, in a large catalogue.

The time employed in this book consists not entirely of one day. The scene lies in the Grecian camp, and upon the sea-shore; toward the end, it removes to Troy.

BOOK II.

Now pleasing sleep had seal'd each mortal eye,
Stretch'd in the tents the Grecian leaders lie,
The immortals slumber'd on their thrones above;
All, but the ever-wakeful eyes of Jove.
To honour Thetis' son he bends his care,
And plunge the Greeks in all the woes of war:
Then bids an empty phantom rise to sight,
And thus commands the vision of the night:
Fly hence, deluding dream! and light as air,
To Agamemnon's ample tent repair.
Bid him in arms draw forth the embattled train,
Lead all his Grecians to the dusty plain.
Declare, e'en now 'tis given him to destroy
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.
For now no more the gods with fate contend,
At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end.
Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,
And nodding Ilion waits the impending fall.
Swift as the word the vain illusion fled,
Descends, and hovers o'er Atrides' head;
Clothed in the figure of the Pylian sage,
Renown'd for wisdom, and revered for age;
Around his temples spreads his golden wing,
And thus the flattering dream deceives the king:
Canst thou, with all a monarch's cares oppress'd,
Oh Atreus' son! canst thou indulge thy rest?
Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,
Directs in council, and in war presides,
To whom its safety a whole people owes,
To waste long nights in indolent repose.
Monarch, awake! 'tis Jove's command I bear,
Thou, and thy glory, claim his heavenly care.
In just array draw forth the embattled train,
Lead all thy Grecians to the dusty plain;
E'en now, O king! 'tis given thee to destroy
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.
For now no more the gods with fate contend,
At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end.
Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,
And nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall.
Awake, but waking, this advice approve,
And trust the vision that descends from Jove.
The phantom said; then vanish'd from his sight,
Resolves to air, and mixes with the night.
A thousand schemes the monarch's mind employ;
Elate in thought, he sacks untaken Troy:
Vain as he was, and to the future blind;
Nor saw what Jove and secret fate design'd;
What mighty toils to either host remain,
What scenes of grief, and numbers of the slain!
Eager he rises, and in fancy hears
The voice celestial murmuring in his ears.
First on his limbs a slender vest he drew,
Around him next the regal mantle threw,
The embroider'd sandals on his feet were tied:
The starry faulchion glitter'd at his side;
And last his arm the massy sceptre loads,
Unstain'd, immortal, and the gift of gods.
Now rosy morn ascends the court of Jove,
Lifts up her light, and opens day above.
The king despatch'd his heralds with commands
To range the camp and summon all the bands:
The gathering hosts the monarch's word obey;
While to the fleet Atrides bends his way.
In his black ship the Pylian prince he found;
There calls a senate of the peers around:

The assembly placed, the king of men express'd
The counsels labouring in his artful breast.
Friends and confederates! with attentive ear
Receive my words, and credit what you hear.
Late as I slumber'd in the shades of night,
A dream divine appear'd before my sight,
Whose visionary form like Nestor came,
The same in habit, and in mien the same.
The heavenly phantom hover'd o'er my head,
And, dost thou sleep, oh Atreus' son? (he said;)
Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,
Directs in council, and in war presides,
To whom its safety a whole people owes,
To waste long nights in indolent repose.
Monarch, awake! 'tis Jove's command I bear,
Thou and thy glory claim his heavenly care.
In just array draw forth the embattled train,
And lead the Grecians to the dusty plain;
E'en now, O king! 'tis given thee to destroy
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.
For now no more the gods with fate contend,
At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end.
Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,
And nodding Ilion waits the impending fall.
This hear observant, and the gods obey!
The vision spoke, and pass'd in air away.
Now, valiant chiefs! since heaven itself alarms,
Unite, and rouse the sons of Greece to arms.
But first with caution try what yet they dare,
Worn with nine years of unsuccessful war
To move the troops to measure back the main,
Be mine; and yours the province to detain.
He spoke, and sat; when Nestor rising said
(Nestor, whom Pylos' sandy realms obey'd:)
Princes of Greece, your faithful ears incline,
Nor doubt the vision of the powers divine;
Sent by great Jove to him who rules the host,—
Forbid it heaven! this warning should be lost!
Then let us haste, obey the god's alarms,
And join to rouse the sons of Greece to arms.
Thus spoke the sage. The kings without delay
Dissolve the council, and their chief obey:
The sceptred rulers lead: the following host,
Pour'd forth by thousands, darkens all the coast.
As from some rocky cliff the shepherd sees
Clustering in heaps on heaps the driving bees,
Rolling, and blackening, swarms succeeding swarms,
With deeper murmurs and more hoarse alarms;
Dusky they spread, a close embodied crowd,
And o'er the vale descends the living cloud.
So, from the tents and ships, a lengthening train
Spreads all the beach, and wide o'ershades the plain:
Along the region runs a deafening sound:
Beneath their footsteps groans the trembling ground:
Fame flies before, the messenger of Jove,
And shining soars, and claps her wings above.
Nine sacred heralds now, proclaiming loud
The monarch's will, suspend the listening crowd.
Soon as the throngs in order ranged appear,
And fainter murmurs died upon the ear,
The king of kings his awful figure raised;
High in his hand the golden sceptre blazed:
The golden sceptre, of celestial frame,
By Vulcan form'd, from Jove to Hermes came:
To Pelops he the immortal gift resign'd;
The immortal gift great Pelops left behind,
In Atreus' hand, which not with Atreus ends,
To rich Thyestes next the prize descends;
And now the mark of Agamemnon's reign
Subjects all Argos and controuls the main.
On this bright sceptre now the king reclined,
And artful thus pronounced the speech design'd:
Ye sons of Mars! partake your leader's care,
Heroes of Greece, and brothers of the war!
Of partial Jove with justice I complain,
And heavenly oracles believed in vain.
A safe return was promised to our toils,
Renown'd, triumphant, and enrich'd with spoils;
Now shameful flight alone can save the host,
Our blood, our treasure, and our glory lost.
So Jove decrees, resistless lord of all!
At whose command whole empires rise or fall:
He shakes the feeble props of human trust.
And towns and armies humbles to the dust.
What shame to Greece a fruitless war to wage,
Oh lasting shame in every future age!
Once great in arms, the common scorn we grow,
Repulsed and baffled by a feeble foe.
So small their number, that if wars were ceased,
And Greece triumphant held a general feast,
All rank'd by tens; whole decads when they dine
Must want a Trojan slave to pour the wine.
But other forces have our hopes o'erthrown,
And Troy prevails by armies not her own.
Now nine long years of mighty Jove are run,
Since first the labours of this war begun.
Our cordage torn, decay'd our vessels lie,
And scarce insure the wretched power to fly.
Haste then, for ever leave the Trojan wall!
Our weeping wives, our tender children call:
Love, duty, safety, summon us away,
'Tis nature's voice, and nature we obey.
Our shatter'd barks may yet transport us o'er,
Safe and inglorious, to our native shore.
Fly, Grecians, fly, your sails and oars employ
And dream no more of heaven-defended Troy.
His deep design unknown, the hosts approve
Atrides' speech. The mighty numbers move.
So roll the billows to the Icarian shore,
From east and south where winds begin to roar,
Burst their dark mansions in the clouds and sweep
The whitening surface of the ruffled deep.
And as on corn when western gusts descend,
Before the blast the lofty harvests bend;
Thus o'er the field the moving host appears,
With nodding plumes and groves of waving spears.
The gathering murmur spreads, their trampling feet
Beat the loose sands, and thicken to the fleet.
With long-resounding cries they urge the train
To fit the ships, and launch into the main.
They toil, they sweat, thick clouds of dust arise,
The doubling clamours echo to the skies.
E'en then the Greeks had left the hostile plain,
And fate decreed the fall of Troy in vain;
But Jove's imperial queen their flight survey'd,
And sighing thus bespoke the blue-eyed maid:
Shall then the Grecians fly? O dire disgrace!
And leave unpunish'd this perfidious race?
Shall Troy, shall Priam, and the adulterous spouse,
In peace enjoy the fruits of broken vows?
And bravest chiefs, in Helen's quarrel slain,
Lie unrevenged on yon detested plain?
No: let my Greeks, unmoved by vain alarms,
Once more refulgent shine in brazen arms.
Haste, goddess, haste! the flying host detain,
Nor let one sail be hoisted on the main.

Pallas obeys, and from Olympus' height,
Swift to the ships precipitates her flight:
Ulysses, first in public cares, she found,
For prudent council like the gods renown'd:
Oppress'd with generous grief the hero stood,
Nor drew his sable vessels to the flood:
And is it thus, divine Laertes' son!
Thus fly the Greeks (the martial maid begun)
Thus to their country bear their own disgrace,
And fame eternal leave to Priam's race?
Shall beauteous Helen still remain unfreed?
Still unrevenged a thousand heroes bleed?
Haste, generous Ithacus! prevent the shame,
Recall your armies, and your chiefs reclaim.
Your own resistless eloquence employ,
And to the immortals trust the fall of Troy.
The voice divine confess'd the warlike maid,
Ulysses heard, nor uninspired obey'd:
Then meeting first Atrides, from his hand
Received the imperial sceptre of command.
Thus graced, attention and respect to gain,
He runs, he flies through all the Grecian train,
Each prince of name, or chief in arms approved,
He fired with praise, or with persuasion moved.
Warriors like you, with strength and wisdom blest,
By brave examples should confirm the rest.
The monarch's will not yet reveal'd appears;
He tries our courage, but resents our fears.
The unwary Greeks his fury may provoke;
Not thus the king in secret council spoke.
Jove loves our chief, from Jove his honour springs;
Beware! for dreadful is the wrath of kings.
But if a clamorous vile plebeian rose,
Him with reproof he check'd, or tamed with blows.
Be still, thou slave, and to thy betters yield!
Unknown alike in council and in field!
Ye gods, what dastards would our host command?
Swept to the war, the lumber of a land.
Be silent, wretch, and think not here allow'd
That worst of tyrants, an usurping crowd.
To one sole monarch Jove commits the sway;
His are the laws, and him let all obey.
With words like these the troops Ulysses rul'd;
The loudest silenced, and the fiercest cool'd.
Back to the assembly roll the thronging train,
Desert the ships, and pour upon the plain.
Murmuring they move, as when old Ocean roars,
And heaves huge surges to the trembling shores:
The groaning banks are burst with bellowing sound,
The rocks remurmer and the deeps rebound.
At length the tumult sinks, the noises cease,
And a still silence lulls the camp to peace.
Thersites only clamour'd in the throng,
Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue:
Awed by no shame, by no respect controll'd,
In scandal busy, in reproaches bold:
With witty malice studious to defame:
Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim.
But chief he gloried with licentious style,
To lash the great, and monarchs to revile.
His figure such as might his soul proclaim;
One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame:
His mountain-shoulders half his breast o'erspread,
Thin hairs bestrew'd his long mis-shapen head.
Spleen to mankind his envious heart possess'd,
And much he hated all, but most the best.
Ulysses or Achilles still his theme:
But royal scandal his delight supreme.

Long had he lived the scorn of every Greek,
Vext when he spoke, yet still they heard him speak
Sharp was his voice; which, in the shrillest tone
Thus with injurious taunts attack'd the throne:
Amidst the glories of so bright a reign,
What moves the great Atrides to complain?
'Tis thine whate'er the warrior's breast inflames,
The golden spoil, and thine the lovely dames.
With all the wealth our wars and blood bestow
Thy tents are crowded, and thy chests o'erflow.
Thus at full ease in heaps of riches roll'd,
What grieves the monarch? Is it thirst for gold?
Say, shall we march with our unconquer'd powers
(The Greeks and I,) to Ilion's hostile towers,
And bring the race of royal bastards here
For Troy to ransom at a price too dear?
But safer plunder thy own host supplies:
Say, wouldst thou seize some valiant leader's prize?
Or, if thy heart to generous love be led,
Some captive fair, to bless thy kingly bed?
Whate'er our master craves, submit we must,
Plagued with his pride, or punish'd for his lust.
Oh women of Achaia! men no more!
Hence let us fly, and let him waste his store
In loves and pleasures on the Phrygian shore.
We may be wanted on some busy day,
When Hector comes: so great Achilles may:
From him he forced the prize we jointly gave,
From him the fierce, the fearless, and the brave:
And durst he, as he ought, resent that wrong,
This mighty tyrant were no tyrant long.
Fierce from his seat at this Ulysses springs,
In generous vengeance of the king of kings.
With indignation sparkling in his eyes,
He views the wretch, and sternly thus replies:
Peace, factious monster, born to vex the state,
With wrangling talents form'd for foul debate:
Curb that impetuous tongue, nor rashly vain
And singly mad, asperse the sovereign reign.
Have we not known thee, slave! of all our host,
The man who acts the least, upbraids the most?
Think not the Greeks to shameful flight to bring,
Nor let those lips profane the name of king.
For our return we trust the heavenly powers;
Be that their care; to fight like men be ours.
But grant the host with wealth the general load,
Except detraction, what hast thou bestow'd?
Suppose some hero should his spoils resign,
Art thou that hero? could those spoils be thine?
Gods! let me perish on this hateful shore,
And let these eyes behold my son no more,
If, on thy next offence, this hand forbear
To strip those arms thou ill deservest to wear,
Expel the council where our princes meet,
And send thee scourged and howling through the fleet.
He said, and cowering as the dastard bends;
The weighty sceptre on his back descends:
On the round bunch the bloody tumours rise;
The tears spring starting from his haggard eyes:
Trembling he sat, and shrunk in abject fears,
From his vile visage wiped the scalding tears.
While to his neighbour each express'd his thought:
Ye gods! what wonders has Ulysses wrought!
What fruits his conduct and his courage yield,
Great in the council, glorious in the field!
Generous he rises in the crown's defence,
To curb the factious tongue of insolence.

Such just examples on offenders shown,
Sedition silence, and assert the throne.
'Twas thus the general voice the hero praised,
Who rising, high the imperial sceptre raised:
The blue-eyed Pallas, his celestial friend,
(In form a herald) bade the crowds attend.
The expecting crowds in still attention hung,
To hear the wisdom of his heavenly tongue.
Then deeply thoughtful, pausing ere he spoke,
His silence thus the prudent hero broke:
Unhappy monarch! whom the Grecian race,
With shame deserting, heap with vile disgrace.
Not such at Argos was their generous vow,
Once all their voice, but ah! forgotten now,
Ne'er to return, was then the common cry,
Till Troy's proud structures should in ashes lie.
Behold them weeping for their native shore!
What could their wives or helpless children more?
What heart but melts to leave the tender train,
And, one short month, endure the wintry main?
Few leagues removed, we wish our peaceful seat,
When the ship tosses, and the tempests beat:
Then well may this long stay provoke their tears,
The tedious length of nine revolving years.
Not for their grief the Grecian host I blame;
But vanquish'd! baffled! oh eternal shame!
Expect the time to Troy's destruction given,
And try the fate of Calchas and of heaven.
What pass'd at Aulis, Greece can witness bear,
And all who live to breathe this Phrygian air.
Beside a fountain's sacred brink we raised
Our verdant altars, and the victims blazed;
('Twas where the plane-tree spread its shades around,)
The altars heaved; and from the crumbling ground
A mighty dragon shot, of dire portent;
From Jove himself the dreadful sign was sent.
Straight to the tree his sanguine spires he roll'd,
And curl'd around in many a winding fold.
The topmost branch a mother-bird possess'd;
Eight callow infants fill'd the mossy nest;
Herself the ninth; the serpent as he hung,
Stretch'd his black jaws, and crash'd the crying young;
While hovering near, with miserable moan,
The drooping mother wail'd her children gone.
The mother last as round the nest she flew,
Seized by the beating wing, the monster slew:
Nor long survived; to marble turn'd he stands
A lasting prodigy on Aulis' sands.
Such was the will of Jove; and hence we dare
Trust in his omen, and support the war.
For while around we gazed with wondering eyes,
And trembling sought the powers with sacrifice,
Full of his god, the reverend Calchas cried:
Ye Grecian warriors! lay your fears aside.
This wondrous signal, Jove himself displays,
Of long, long labours, but eternal praise.
As many birds as by that snake were slain,
So many years the toils of Greece remain;
But wait the tenth, for Ilion's fall decreed;
Thus spoke the prophet, thus the fates succeed.
Obey, ye Grecians: with submission wait,
Nor let your flight avert the Trojan fate.
He said: the shores with loud applauses sound,
The hollow ships each deafening shout rebound.
Then Nestor thus: these vain debates forbear,
Ye talk like children, not like heroes dare.
Where now are all your high resolves at last?
Your leagues concluded, your engagements past?
Vow'd with libations and with victims then,
Now vanish'd like their smoke: the faith of men!
While useless words consume the unactive hours,
No wonder Troy so long resists our powers.
Rise, great Atrides! and with courage sway:
We march to war if thou direct the way.
But leave the few that dare resist thy laws,
The mean deserters of the Grecian cause,
To grudge the conquests mighty Jove prepares,
And view with envy our successful wars.
On that great day when first the martial train,
Big with the fate of Ilion, plough'd the main;
Jove, on the right, a prosperous signal sent,
And thunder rolling shook the firmament.
Encouraged hence, maintain the glorious strife,
Till every soldier grasp a Phrygian wife,
Till Helen's woes at full revenged appear,
And Troy's proud matrons render tear for tear.
Before that day, if any Greek invite
His country's troops to base, inglorious flight;
Stand forth that Greek! and hoist his sail to fly,
And die the dastard first, who dreads to die.
But now, O monarch! all thy chiefs advise:
Nor what they offer, thou thyself despise.
Among those counsels let not mine be vain;
In tribes and nations to divide thy train;
His separate troops let every leader call,
Each strengthen each, and all encourage all.
What chief, or soldier, of the numerous band,
Or bravely fights, or ill obeys command,
When thus distinct they war, shall soon be known,
And what the cause of Ilion not o'erthrown;
If fate resists, or if our arms are slow,
If gods above prevent, or men below.
To him the king: How much thy years excel
In arts of council, and in speaking well!
O would the gods, in love to Greece, decree
But ten such sages as they grant in thee;
Such wisdom soon should Priam's force destroy,
And soon should fall the haughty towers of Troy!
But Jove forbids, who plunges those he hates
In fierce contention and in vain debates.
Now great Achilles from our aid withdraws,
By me provoked; a captive maid the cause:
If e'er as friends we join, the Trojan wall
Must shake, and heavy will the vengeance fall.
But now, ye warriors, take a short repast;
And, well refresh'd, to bloody conflict haste.
His sharpen'd spear let every Grecian wield,
And every Grecian fix his brazen shield;
Let all excite the fiery steeds of war,
And all for combat fit the rattling car.
This day, this dreadful day, let each contend;
No rest, no respite, till the shades descend,
Till darkness, or till death, shall cover all,
Let the war bleed, and let the mighty fall;
Till bathed in sweat be every manly breast,
With the huge shield each brawny arm deprest,
Each aching nerve refuse the lance to throw,
And each spent courser at the chariot blow.
Who dare, inglorious, in his ships to stay,
Who dares to tremble on this signal day,
That wretch, too mean to fall by martial power,
The birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour.
The monarch spoke; and straight a murmur rose,
Loud as the surges when the tempest blows,
That dash'd on broken rocks tumultuous roar,
And foam and thunder on the stony shore.

Straight to the tents the troops dispersing bend,
The fires are kindled, and the smokes ascend;
With hasty feats they sacrifice, and pray
To avert the dangers of the doubtful day.
A steer of five years' age, large limb'd and fed,
To Jove's high altars Agamemnon led;
There bade the noblest of the Grecian peers;
And Nestor first, as most advanced in years.
Next came Idomenus, and Tydeus' son,
Ajax the less, and Ajax Telamon;
Then wise Ulysses in his rank was placed;
And Menelaus came unbid, the last.
The chiefs surround the destined beast, and take
The sacred offering of the salted cake:
When thus the king prefers his solemn prayer:
Oh thou! whose thunder rends the clouded air,
Who in the heaven of heavens hast fix'd thy throne,
Supreme of gods! unbounded and alone!
Hear! and before the burning sun descends,
Before the night her gloomy veil extends,
Low in the dust be laid yon hostile spires,
Be Priam's palace sunk in Grecian fires,
In Hector's breast be plunged this shining sword,
And slaughter'd heroes groan around their lord!
Thus pray'd the chief: his unavailing prayer
Great Jove refused and toss'd in empty air:
The god, averse, while yet the fumes arose,
Prepare new toils, and doubled woes on woes.
Their prayers perform'd, the chiefs the rite pursue,
The barley sprinkled, and the victim slew.
The limbs they sever from the inclosing hide,
The thighs, selected to the gods, divide.
On these, in double cauls involved with art,
The choicest morsels lie from every part.
From the cleft wood the crackling flames aspire,
While the fat victim feeds the sacred fire.
The thighs thus sacrificed, and entrails dress'd,
The assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest;
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,
Each takes his seat and each receives his share.
Soon as the rage of hunger was suppress'd,
The generous Nestor thus the prince address'd:
Now bid thy heralds sound the loud alarms,
And call the squadrons sheath'd in brazen arms:
Now seize the occasion, now the troops survey,
And lead to war when heaven directs the way.
He said: the monarch issued his commands;
Straight the loud heralds call the gathering bands.
The chiefs inclose their king; the host divide,
In tribes and nations rank'd on either side.
High in the midst the blue-eyed virgin flies;
From rank to rank she darts her ardent eyes:
The dreadful ægis, Jove's immortal shield,
Blazed on her arm, and lighten'd all the field:
Round the vast orb a hundred serpents roll'd,
Form'd the bright fringe, and seem'd to burn in gold.
With this each Grecian's manly breast she warms,
Swells their bold hearts, and strings their nervous arms;
No more they sigh, inglorious to return,
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.
As on some mountain, through the lofty grove,
The crackling flames ascend, and blaze above,
The fires expanding, as the winds arise,
Shoot their long beams, and kindle half the skies:
So from the polish'd arms, and brazen shields,
A gleamy splendour flash'd along the fields.
Not less their number than the embodied cranes,
Or milk-white swans in Asius' watry plains,
That o'er the winding of Cäyster's springs,
Stretch their long necks, and clap their rustling wings,
Now tower aloft, and course in airy rounds;
Now light with noise: with noise the field resounds
Thus numerous and confused extending wide,
The legions croud Scamander's flowery side;
With rushing troops the plains are cover'd o'er,
And thundering footsteps shake the sounding shore.
Along the river's level meads they stand,
Thick as in spring the flowers adorn the land,
Or leaves the trees; or thick as insects play,
The wandering nation of a summer's day,
That, drawn by milky steams at evening hours,
In gather'd swarms surround the rural bowers;
From pail to pail with busy murmur run
The gilded legions, glittering in the sun.
So throng'd, so close the Grecian squadrons stood
In radiant arms, and thirst for Trojan blood.
Each leader now his scatter'd force conjoins,
In close array, and forms the deepening lines.
Not with more ease, the skilful shepherd swain
Collects his flock from thousands on the plain.
The king of kings, majestically tall,
Towers o'er his armies, and outshines them all:
Like some proud bull that round the pastures leads
His subject herds, the monarch of the meads.
Great as the gods, the exalted chief was seen,
His strength like Neptune, and like Mars his mien;
Jove o'er his eyes celestial glories spread,
And dawning conquest play'd around his head.
Say, virgins, seated round the throne divine,
All-knowing goddesses! immortal Nine!
Since earth's wide regions, heaven's unmeasured height,
And hell's abyss, hide nothing from your sight,
(We, wretched mortals! lost in doubts below,
But guess by rumour, and but boast we know,)
Oh say what heroes, fired by thirst of fame,
Or urged by wrongs, to Troy's destruction came?
To count them all, demands a thousand tongues,
A throat of brass, and adamantine lungs.
Daughters of Jove, assist! inspired by you,
The mighty labour dauntless I pursue:
What crowded armies, from what climes they bring
Their names, their numbers, and their chiefs, I sing.

The Catalogue of the Ships.

The hardy warriors whom Bœotia bred,
Penelius, Leitus, Prothoënor led:
With these Arcesilaus and Clonius stand,
Equal in arms, and equal in command.
These head the troops that rocky Aulis yields
And Eteon's hills, and Hyrie's watry fields,
And Schœnos, Scholos, Græa near the main,
And Mycalessia's ample piny plain.
Those who in Peteon or Ilesion dwell,
Or Harma, where Apollo's prophet fell;
Heleon and Hylè, which the springs o'erflow;
And Medeon lofty, and Ocalea low;
Or in the meads of Haliartus stray,
Or Thespia sacred to the god of day.
Onchestus, Neptune's celebrated groves;
Copæ, and Thisbè, famed for silver doves,
For flocks Erythræ, Glissa for the vine;
Platea green, and Nisa the divine.
And they whom Thebe's well-built walls inclose,
Where Mydè, Eutresis, Coronè rose;

And Arnè rich, with purple harvests crown'd:
And Anthedon, Bœotia's utmost bound.
Full fifty ships they send, and each conveys
Twice sixty warriors through the foaming seas.
To these succeed Aspledon's martial train,
Who plough the spacious Orchomenian plain.
Two valiant brothers rule the undaunted throng,
Ialmen and Ascalaphus the strong,
Sons of Astyochè, the heavenly fair,
Whose virgin charms subdued the god of war:
(In Actor's court as she retired to rest,
The strength of Mars the blushing maid compress'd:)
Their troops in thirty sable vessels sweep,
With equal oars, the hoarse-resounding deep.
The Phocians next in forty barks repair,
Epistrophus and Schedius head the war.
From those rich regions where Cephissus leads,
His silver current through the flowery meads;
From Panopëa, Chrysa the divine,
Where Anemoria's stately turrets shine,
Where Pytho, Daulis, Cyparissus, stood,
And fair Lilæa views the rising flood.
These ranged in order on the floating tide,
Close, on the left, the bold Bœotians' side.
Fierce Ajax led the Locrian squadrons on,
Ajax the less, Oïleus' valiant son;
Skill'd to direct the flying dart aright;
Swift in pursuit, and active in the fight.
Him, as their chief, the chosen troops attend,
Which Bessa, Thronus, and rich Cynos send:
Opus, Calliarus, and Scarphè's bands;
And those who dwell where pleasing Augia stands,
And where Boëgrius floats the lowly lands,
Or in fair Tarphè's sylvan seats reside,
In forty vessels cut the liquid tide.
Euboë next her martial sons prepares,
And sends the brave Abantes to the wars:
Breathing revenge, in arms they take their way
From Chalcis' walls, and strong Eretria;
The Isteian fields for generous vines renown'd,
The fair Carystos, and the Styrian ground;
Where Dios from her towers o'erlooks the plain,
And high Cerinthus views the neighbouring main.
Down their broad shoulders falls a length of hair;
Their hands dismiss not the long lance in air;
But with protended spears in fighting fields,
Pierce the tough corslets and the brazen shields.
Twice twenty ships transport the warlike bands,
Which bold Elphenor, fierce in arms, commands.
Full fifty more from Athens stem the main,
Led by Menestheus through the liquid plain,
(Athens the fair, where great Erectheus sway'd,
That owed his nurture to the blue-eyed maid,
But from the teeming furrow took his birth,
The mighty offspring of the foodful earth.
Him Pallas placed amidst her wealthy fane,
Adored with sacrifice and oxen slain;
Where, as the years revolve, her altars blaze,
And all the tribes resound the goddess' praise.)
No chief like thee, Menestheus! Greece could yield,
To marshal armies in the dusty field,
The extended wings of battle to display,
Or close the embodied host in firm array.
Nestor alone, improved by length of days,
For martial conduct bore an equal praise.
With these appear the Salaminian bands,
Whom the gigantic Telamon commands;
In twelve black ships to Troy they steer their course,
And with the great Athenians join their force.
Next move to war the generous Argive train,
From high Trœzenè, and Maseta's plain,
And fair Ægina circled by the main:
Whom strong Tyrithè's lofty walls surround,
And Epidaur with viny harvests crown'd;
And where fair Asinen and Hermion show
Their cliffs above, and ample bay below.
These by the brave Euryalus were led,
Great Sthenelus, and greater Diomed;
But chief Tydides bore the sovereign sway;
In fourscore barks they plough the watery way.
The proud Mycenè arms her martial powers,
Cleonè, Corinth, with imperial towers,
Fair Aræthyrea, Ornia's fruitful plain,
And Ægion, and Adrastus' ancient reign:
And those who dwell along the sandy shore,
And where Pellenè yields her fleecy store,
Where Helicè and Hypéresia lie,
And Gonoëssa's spires salute the sky.
Great Agamemnon rules the numerous band,
A hundred vessels in long order stand,
And crowded nations wait his dread command.
High on the deck the king of men appears,
And his refulgent arms in triumph wears;
Proud of his host, unrivall'd in his reign,
In silent pomp he moves along the main.
His brother follows, and to vengeance warms
The hardy Spartans, exercised in arms:
Phares and Brysia's valiant troops, and those
Whom Lacedæmon's lofty hills inclose:
Or Messe's towers for silver doves renown'd,
Amyclæ, Laäs, Augia's happy ground,
And those whom Œtylos' low walls contain,
And Helos, on the margin of the main:
These, o'er the bending ocean, Helen's cause,
In sixty ships with Menelaüs draws:
Eager and loud from man to man he flies,
Revenge and fury flaming in his eyes;
While, vainly fond, in fancy oft he hears
The fair-one's grief, and sees her falling tears.
In ninety sail, from Pylos' sandy coast,
Nestor the sage conducts his chosen host:
From Amphigenia's ever-fruitful land;
Where Æpy high, and little Pteleon stand;
Where beauteous Arenè her structures shows,
And Thryon's walls Alpheüs' streams inclose:
And Dorion, famed for Thamyris' disgrace,
Superior once of all the tuneful race,
Till, vain of mortals' empty praise, he strove
To match the seed of cloud-compelling Jove!
Too daring bard! whose unsuccessful pride
The immortal muses in their art defied.
The avenging Muses of the light of day
Deprived his eyes, and snatch'd his voice away;
No more his heavenly voice was heard to sing,
His hand no more awaked the silver string.
Where under high Cyllenè, crown'd with wood,
The shaded tomb of old Æpytus stood;
From Ripè, Stratie, Tegea's bordering towns,
The Phenean fields, and Orchomenian downs,
Where the fat herds in plenteous pasture rove,
And Stymphelus with her surrounding grove,
Parrhasia, on her snowy cliffs reclined,
And high Enispè shook by wintry wind,

And fair Mantinea's ever-pleasing site;
In sixty sail the Arcadian bands unite.
Bold Agapenor, glorious at their head
(Ancæus' son,) the mighty squadron led.
Their ships, supplied by Agamemnon's care,
Through roaring seas the wondering warriors bear;
The first to battle on the appointed plain,
But new to all the dangers of the main.
Those, where fair Helis and Buprasium join;
Whom Hyrmin here, and Myrsinus confine,
And bounded there, where o'er the valleys rose
The Olenian rock; and where Alisium flows;
Beneath four chiefs (a numerous army) came;
The strength and glory of the Epean name.
In separate squadrons these their train divide,
Each leads ten vessels through the yielding tide.
One was Amphimacus, and Thalpius one;
(Eurytus' this, and that Teätus' son;)
Diores sprung from Amarynceus' line;
And great Polyxenus, of force divine.
But those who view fair Elis o'er the seas
From the bless'd islands of the Echinades,
In forty vessels under Meges move,
Begot by Phileus the beloved of Jove.
To strong Dulichium from his sire he fled,
And thence to Troy his hardy warriors led.
Ulysses follow'd through the watery road,
A chief, in wisdom equal to a god.
With those whom Cephalenia's isle inclosed,
Or till their fields along the coast opposed;
Or where fair Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
Where high Neritos shakes his waving woods,
Where Ægilipa's rugged sides are seen,
Crocylià rocky, and Zacynthus green.
These in twelve galleys with vermilion prores,
Beneath his conduct sought the Phrygian shores.
Thoas came next, Andræmon's valiant son,
From Pleuron's walls, and chalky Calydon,
And rough Pylenè, and the Olenian steep,
And Chalcis beaten by the rolling deep.
He led the warriors from the Etolian shore,
For now the sons of Œneus were no more!
The glories of the mighty race were fled!
Œneus himself, and Meleager dead!
To Thoas' care now trust the martial train,
His forty vessels follow through the main.
Next eighty barks the Cretan king commands,
Of Gnossus, Lyctus, and Gortyna's bands,
And those who dwell where Rhytion's domes arise,
Or white Lycastus glitters to the skies,
Or where by Phæstus silver Jardan runs;
Crete's hundred cities pour forth all her sons.
These march'd, Idomeneus, beneath thy care,
And Merion, dreadful as the god of war.
Tlepolemus, the son of Hercules,
Led nine swift vessels through the foamy seas;
From Rhodes with everlasting sunshine bright,
Jalyssus, Lindus, and Carmirus white.
His captive mother fierce Alcides bore,
From Ephyr's walls, and Sello's winding shore,
Where mighty towns in ruins spread the plain,
And saw their blooming warriors early slain.
The hero, when to manly years he grew,
Alcides' uncle, old Licymnius, slew;
For this, constrain'd to quit his native place,
And shun the vengeance of the Herculean race,
A fleet he built, and with a numerous train
Of willing exiles, wander'd o'er the main;
Where many seas and many sufferings past,
On happy Rhodes the chief arrived at last:
There in three tribes divides his native band,
And rules them peaceful in a foreign land:
Increased and prosper'd in their new abodes,
By mighty Jove, the sire of men and gods,
With joy they saw the growing empire rise,
And showers of wealth descending from the skies.
Three ships with Nireus sought the Trojan shore
Nireus, whom Agläe to Charopus bore;
Nireus, in faultless shape and blooming grace,
The loveliest youth of all the Grecian race;
Pelides only match'd his early charms;
But few his troops, and small his strength in arms.
Next thirty galleys cleave the liquid plain,
Of those Calydnæ's sea-girt isles contain;
With them the youth of Nisyrus repair,
Casus the strong, and Crapathus the fair,
Cos, where Eurypylus possess'd the sway,
Till great Alcides made the realms obey:
These Antiphus and bold Phidippus bring,
Sprung from the god by Thessalus the king.
Now, Muse, recount Pelasgic Argos' powers,
From Alos, Alopè, and Trechin's towers;
From Phthia's spacious vales; and Hella, bless'd
With female beauty far beyond the rest.
Full fifty ships beneath Achilles' care,
The Achaians, Myrmidons, Hellenians bear;
Thessalians all, though various in their name;
The same their nation, and their chief the same.
But now inglorious, stretch'd along the shore,
They hear the brazen voice of war no more;
No more the foe they face in dire array:
Close in his fleet their angry leader lay,
Since fair Briseïs from his arms was torn,
The noblest spoil from sack'd Lyrnessus borne,
Then, when the chief the Theban walls o'erthrew,
And the bold sons of great Evenus slew.
There mourn'd Achilles, plunged in depth of care,
But soon to rise in slaughter, blood, and war.
To these the youth of Phylacè succeed,
Itona, famous for her fleecy breed,
And grassy Pteleon deck'd with cheerful greens,
The bowers of Ceres, and the sylvan scenes,
Sweet Pyrrhasus, with blooming flowrets crown'd,
And Antron's watry dens, and cavern'd ground.
These own'd as chief Protesilas the brave,
Who now lay silent in the gloomy grave:
The first who boldly touch'd the Trojan shore,
And dyed a Phrygian lance with Grecian gore,
There lies, far distant from his native plain;
Unfinish'd, his proud palaces remain,
And his sad consort beats her breast in vain.
His troops in forty ships Podacres led,
Iphiclus' son, and brother to the dead;
Nor he unworthy to command the host;
Yet still they mourn'd their ancient leader lost.
The men who Glaphyra's fair soil partake,
Where hills encircle Bœbe's lowly lake,
Where Phære hears the neighbouring waters fall,
Or proud Iölcus lifts her airy wall,
In ten black ships embark'd for Ilion's shore,
With bold Eumelus, whom Alcestè bore:
All Pelias' race Alcestè far outshined,
The grace and glory of the beauteous kind.
The troops Methomè or Thaumacia yields,
Olizon's rocks, or Melibœa's fields,

With Philoctetes sail'd, whose matchless art
From the tough bow directs the feather'd dart.
Seven were his ships; each vessel fifty row,
Skill'd in his science of the dart and bow:
But he lay raging on the Lemnian ground;
A poisonous Hydra gave the burning wound;
There groan'd the chief in agonising pain,
Whom Greece at length shall wish, nor wish in vain.
His forces Medon led from Lemnos' shore,
Oïleus' son, whom beauteous Rhena bore.
The Œchalian race, in those high towers contain'd,
Where once Eurytus in proud triumph reign'd,
Or where her humbler turrets Tricca rears,
Or where Ithomè, rough with rocks, appears,
In thirty sail the sparkling waves divide,
Which Podalirius and Machaon guide.
To these his skill their parent-god* imparts,
Divine professors of the healing arts.
The bold Ormenian and Asterian bands
In forty barks Eurypylus commands,
Where Titan hides his hoary head in snow,
And where Hyperia's silver fountains flow.
Thy troops, Argissa, Polypœtes leads,
And Eleon, shelter'd by Olympus' shades.
Gyrtonè's warriors: and where Orthè lies,
And Oleösson's chalky cliffs arise.
Sprung from Pirithoüs of immortal race,
The fruit of fair Hippodamè's embrace,
(That day, when hurl'd from Pelion's cloudy head,
To distant dens the shaggy Centaurs fled,)
With Polypœtes join'd in equal sway
Leonteus leads, and forty ships obey.
In twenty sail the bold Perrhæbians came
From Cyphus; Guneus was their leader's name.
With these the Enians join'd, and those who freeze
Where cold Dodona lifts her holy trees;
Or where the pleasing Titaresius glides,
And into Peneus rolls his easy tides;
Yet o'er the silver surface pure they flow,
The sacred stream unmix'd with streams below,
Sacred and awful! From the dark abodes
Styx pours them forth, the dreadful oath of gods!
Last under Prothous the Magnesians stood,
Prothous the swift, of old Tenthedron's blood,
Who dwell where Pelion, crown'd with piny boughs,
Obscures the glade, and nods his shaggy brows;
Or where through flowery Tempé Peneus stray'd,
(The region stretch'd beneath his mighty shade.)
In forty sable barks they stemm'd the main;
Such were the chiefs, and such the Grecian train.
Say next, O Muse! of all Achaia breeds,
Who bravest fought, or rein'd the noblest steeds?
Eumelus' mares were foremost in the chase,
As eagles fleet, and of Pheretian race:
Bred where Pieria's fruitful fountains flow,
And train'd by him who bears the silver bow.
Fierce in the fight, their nostrils breath'd a flame,
Their height, their colour, and their age the same;
O'er fields of death they whirl the rapid car,
And break the ranks, and thunder through the war.
Ajax in arms the first renown acquired.
While stern Achilles in his wrath retired:
(His was the strength that mortal might exceeds,
And his the unrival'd race of heavenly steeds.)

But Thetis' son now shines in arms no more:
His troops, neglected on the sandy shore,
In empty air their sportive javelins throw,
Or whirl the disk, or bend an idle bow:
Unstain'd with blood his cover'd chariots stand;
The immortal coursers graze along the strand;
But the brave chiefs the inglorious life deplored,
And wandering o'er the camp, required their lord.
Now, like a deluge, covering all around,
The shining armies swept along the ground;
Swift as a flood of fire, when storms arise,
Floats the wide field, and blazes to the skies.
Earth groan'd beneath them; as when angry Jove
Hurls down the forky lightning from above,
On Arimè when he the thunder throws,
And fires Typhæus with redoubled blows,
Where Typhon, press'd beneath the burning load,
Still feels the fury of the avenging god.
But various Iris, Jove's commands to bear,
Speeds on the wings of winds through liquid air:
In Priam's porch the Trojan chiefs she found,
The old consulting, and the youths around.
Polites' shape, the monarch's son, she chose,
Who from Æsetes' tomb observed the foes,
High on the mound; from whence in prospect lay
The fields, the tents, the navy, and the bay.
In this dissembled form, she hastes to bring
The unwelcome message to the Phrygian king.
Cease to consult; the time for action calls;
War, horrid war, approaches to your walls!
Assembled armies oft have I beheld,
But ne'er till now such numbers charged a field.
Thick as autumnal leaves or driving sand,
The moving squadrons blacken all the strand.
Thou, godlike Hector! all thy force employ,
Assemble all the united bands of Troy;
In just array let every leader call
The foreign troops: this day demands them all.
The voice divine the mighty chief alarms:
The council breaks, the warriors rush to arms.
The gates unfolding pour forth all their train,
Nations on nations fill the dusky plain.
Men, steeds, and chariots, shake the trembling ground!
The tumult thickens, and the skies resound.
Amidst the plain in sight of Ilion stands
A rising mount, the work of human hands.
(This for Myrinné's tomb the immortals know,
Though call'd Bateïa in the world below;)
Beneath their chiefs in martial order here,
The auxiliar troops and Trojan hosts appear.
The godlike Hector, high above the rest,
Shakes his huge spear, and nods his plumy crest:
In throngs around his native bands repair,
And groves of lances glitter in the air.
Divine Æneas brings the Dardan race,
Anchises' son by Venus' stolen embrace,
Born in the shades of Ida's secret grove,
(A mortal mixing with the queen of love.)
Archilochus and Acamas divide
The warrior's toils, and combat by his side.
Who fair Zeleia's wealthy valleys till,
Fast by the foot of Ida's sacred hill,
Or drink, Æsepus, of thy sable flood,
Were led by Pandarus of royal blood;
To whom his art Apollo deign'd to show,
Graced with the presents of his shafts and bow.
From rich Apæsus and Adrestia's towers,
High Teree's summits, and Pityea's bowers;

* Æsculapius.

From these the congregated troops obey
Young Amphius and Adrastus' equal sway:
Old Merop's sons; whom, skill'd in fates to come,
The sire forewarn'd, and prophesied their doom:
Fate urged them on; the sire forewarn'd in vain,
They rush'd to war, and perish'd on the plain.
From Practius' stream, Percoté's pasture lands,
And Sestos' and Abydos' neighbouring strands,
From great Arisba's walls and Sellé's coast,
Asius Hyrtacides conducts his host:
High on his car he shakes the flowing reins,
His fiery coursers thunder o'er the plains.
The fierce Pelasgi next, in war renown'd,
March from Larissa's ever-fertile ground:
In equal arms their brother leaders shine,
Hippothous bold, and Pyleus the divine.
Next Acamus and Pyrous lead their hosts,
In dread array, from Thracia's wintry coasts;
Round the bleak realms where Hellespontus roars,
And Boreas beats the hoarse-resounding shores.
With great Euphemus the Ciconians move,
Sprung from Trœzenian Ceus, loved by Jove.
Pyræchmes the Pæonian troops attend,
Skill'd in the fight, their crooked bows to bend;
From Axius' ample bed he leads them on,
Axius, that laves the distant Amydon;
Axius, that swells with all his neighbouring rills,
And wide around the floating region fills.
The Paphlagonians Pylœmenes rules,
Where rich Henetia breeds her savage mules,
Where Erythinus' rising cliffs are seen,
Thy groves of box, Cytorus! ever green;
And where Ægialus and Cromna lie,
And lofty Seramus invades the sky;
And where Parthenius, roll'd through banks of flowers,
Reflects her bordering palaces and bowers.
Here march'd in arms the Halizonian band,
Whom Odius and Epistrophus command,
From those far regions where the sun refines
The ripening silver in Alybean mines.
There, mighty Chromis led the Mysian train,
And augur Ennomus, inspired in vain;
For stern Achilles lopp'd his sacred head,
Roll'd down Scamander with the vulgar dead.
Phorcys and brave Ascanius here unite
The Ascanian Phrygians, eager for the fight.
Of those who round Mæonia's realms reside,
Or whom the vales in shade of Tmolus hide,
Mestles and Antiphus the charge partake;
Born on the banks of Gyges' silent lake.
There, from the fields where wild Mæander flows,
High Mycalé, and Latmos' shady brows,
And proud Miletus, came the Carian throngs,
With mingled clamours, and with barbarous tongues.
Amphimacus and Naustes guide the train,
Naustes the bold, Amphymacus the vain,
Who, trick'd with gold, and glittering on his car,
Rode like a woman to the field of war;
Fool that he was! by fierce Achilles slain,
The river swept him to the briny main:
There whelm'd with waves the gaudy warrior lies;
The valiant victor seized the golden prize.
The forces last in fair array succeed,
Which blameless Glaucus and Sarpedon lead;
The warlike bands that distant Lycia yields,
Where gulfy Xanthus foams along the fields.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

The Duel of Menelaus and Paris.

The armies being ready to engage, a single combat is agreed upon between Menelaus and Paris (by the intervention of Hector) for the determination of the war. Iris is sent to call Helen to behold the fight. She leads her to the walls of Troy, where Priam sat with his counsellors, observing the Grecian leaders on the plain below, to whom Helen gives an account of the chief of them. The kings on either part take the solemn oath for the conditions of the combat. The duel ensues, wherein Paris being overcome, is snatched away in a cloud by Venus, and transported to his apartment. She then calls Helen from the walls, and brings the lovers together. Agamemnon, on the part of the Grecians, demands the restoration of Helen, and the performance of the articles.

The three-and-twentieth day still continues throughout this book. The scene is sometimes in the fields before Troy, and sometimes in Troy itself.

BOOK III.

Thus by their leader's care each martial band
Moves into ranks, and stretches o'er the land.
With shouts the Trojans rushing from afar,
Proclaim their motions, and provoke the war:
So when inclement winters vex the plain
With piercing frosts, or thick descending rain,
To warmer seas the cranes embodied fly,
With noise, and order, through the mid-way sky:
To pigmy nations wounds and death they bring,
And all the war descends upon the wing.
But silent, breathing rage, resolved and skill'd
By mutual aids to fix a doubtful field,
Swift march the Greeks: the rapid dust around
Darkening arises from the labour'd ground.
Thus from his flaggy wings when Notus sheds
A night of vapours round the mountain-heads,
Swift-gliding mists the dusky fields invade,
To thieves more grateful than the midnight shade;
While scarce the swains their feeding flocks survey,
Lost and confused amidst the thicken'd day:
So wrapt in gathering dust, the Grecian train,
A moving cloud, swept on, and hid the plain.
Now front to front the hostile armies stand,
Eager of fight, and only wait command;
When, to the van, before the sons of fame
Whom Troy sent forth, the beauteous Paris came,
In form a god! the panther's speckled hide
Flow'd o'er his armour with an easy pride,
His bended bow across his shoulders flung,
His sword beside him negligently hung;
Two pointed spears he shook with gallant grace,
And dared the bravest of the Grecian race.
As thus, with glorious air and proud disdain,
He boldly stalk'd, the foremost on the plain,
Him Menelaüs, loved of Mars, espies,
With heart elated, and with joyful eyes:
So joys a lion, if the branching deer,
Or mountain goat, his bulky prize, appear;
Eager he seizes and devours the slain,
Press'd by bold youths and baying dogs in vain.
Thus fond of vengeance, with a furious bound,
In clanging arms he leaps upon the ground
From his high chariot: him, approaching near,
The beauteous champion views with marks of fear;

Smit with a conscious sense, retires behind,
And shuns the fate he well deserved to find.
As when some shepherd, from the rustling trees,
Shot forth to view, a scaly serpent sees,
Trembling and pale, he starts with wild affright,
And all confused, precipitates his flight:
So from the king the shining warrior flies,
And plunged amid the thickest Trojans lies.
As godlike Hector sees the prince retreat,
He thus upbraids him with a generous heat:
Unhappy Paris! but to woman brave!
So fairly form'd, and only to deceive!
Oh! hadst thou died when first thou saw'st the light,
Or died at least before thy nuptual rite!
A better fate than vainly thus to boast,
And fly, the scandal of thy Trojan host.
Gods! how the scornful Greeks exult to see
Their fears of danger undeceived in thee!
Thy figure promised with a martial air,
But ill thy soul supplies a form so fair.
In former days, in all thy gallant pride,
When thy tall ships triumphant stemm'd the tide,
When Greece beheld thy painted canvass flow,
And crowds stood wondering at the passing show,
Say, was it thus, with such a baffled mien,
You met the approaches of the Spartan queen?
Thus from her realm convey'd the beauteous prize,
And both* her warlike lords outshined in Helen's eyes?
This deed, thy foes' delight, thy own disgrace,
Thy father's grief, and ruin of thy race;
This deed recalls thee to the proffer'd fight:
Or hast thou injured whom thou darest not right?
Soon to thy cost the field would make thee know
Thou keep'st the consort of a braver foe.
Thy graceful form instilling soft desire,
Thy curling tresses, and thy silver lyre,
Beauty and youth; in vain to these you trust,
When youth and beauty shall be laid in dust:
Troy yet may wake, and one avenging blow
Crush the dire author of his country's woe.
His silence here, with blushes, Paris breaks:
'Tis just, my brother, what your anger speaks;
But who like thee can boast a soul sedate,
So firmly proof to all the shocks of fate!
Thy force like steel a temper'd hardness shows,
Still edged to wound, and still untired with blows,
Like steel, uplifted by some strenuous swain,
With falling woods to strew the wasted plain.
Thy gifts I praise; nor thou despise the charms
With which a lover golden Venus arms;
Soft moving speech, and pleasing outward show,
No wish can gain them, but the gods bestow.
Yet, wouldst thou have the proffer'd combat stand,
The Greeks and Trojans seat on either hand;
Then let a mid-way space our hosts divide,
And, on that stage of war, the cause be tried:
By Paris there the Spartan king be fought,
For beauteous Helen and the wealth she brought:
And who his rival can in arms subdue,
His be the fair, and his the treasure too.
Thus with a lasting league your toils may cease,
And Troy possess her fertile fields in peace;
Thus may the Greeks review their native shore,
Much famed for generous steeds, for beauty more.

He said. The challenge Hector heard with joy,
Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy,
Held by the midst, athwart, and near the foe
Advanced with steps majestically slow:
While round his dauntless head the Grecians pour
Their stones and arrows in a mingled shower.
Then thus the monarch, great Atrides, cry'd;
Forbear, ye warriors! lay the darts aside:
A parley Hector asks, a message bears;
We know him by the various plume he wears.
Awed by his high command the Greeks attend,
The tumult silence, and the fight suspend.
While from the centre Hector rolls his eyes
On either host, and thus to both applies:
Hear, all ye Trojans, all ye Grecian bands!
What Paris, author of the war, demands.
Your shining swords within the sheath restrain,
And pitch your lances in the yielding plain.
Here in the midst, in either army's sight,
He dares the Spartan king to single fight;
And wills, that Helen and the ravish'd spoil,
That caused the contest, shall reward the toil.
Let these the brave triumphant victor grace,
And differing nations part in leagues of peace.
He spoke: in still suspense on either side
Each army stood:—the Spartan chief replied:
Me too, ye warriors, hear, whose fatal right
A world engages in the toils of fight.
To me the labour of the field resign;
Me Paris injured; all the war be mine.
Fall he that must, beneath his rival's arms;
And live the rest, secure of future harms.
Two lambs, devoted by our country's rite,
To Earth a sable, to the Sun a white,
Prepare, ye Trojans! while a third we bring,
Select to Jove, the inviolable king.
Let reverend Priam in the truce engage,
And add the sanction of considerate age;
His sons are faithless, headlong in debate,
And youth itself an empty wavering state:
Cool age advances venerably wise,
Turns on all hands its deep-discerning eyes;
Sees what befell, and what may yet befall,
Concludes from both, and best provides for all.
The nations hear, with rising hopes possess'd,
And peaceful prospects dawn in every breast.
Within the lines they draw their steeds around,
And from their chariots issued on the ground:
Next all unbuckling the rich mail they wore,
Laid their bright arms along the sable shore.
On either side the meeting hosts are seen
With lances fix'd, and close the space between.
Two heralds now despatch'd to Troy, invite
The Phrygian monarch to the peaceful rite;
Talthybius hastens to the fleet, to bring
The lamb for Jove, the inviolable king.
Meantime, to beauteous Helen, from the skies,
The various goddess of the rainbow flies,
(Like fair Laodicé in form and face,
The loveliest nymph of Priam's royal race.)
Her in the palace, at her loom she found;
The golden web her own sad story crown'd.
The Trojan wars she weaved (herself the prize)
And the dire triumphs of her fatal eyes.
To whom the goddess of the painted bow:
Approach, and view the wondrous scene below!
Each hardy Greek, and valiant Trojan knight,
So dreadful late, and furious for the fight,

* Theseus and Menelaus.

Now rest their spears, or lean upon their shields,
Ceased is the war, and silent all the fields.
Paris alone and Sparta's king advance,
In single fight to toss the beamy lance;
Each met in arms, the fate of combat tries,
Thy love the motive, and thy charms the prize.
This said, the many-colour'd maid inspires
Her husband's love, and wakes her former fires:
Her country, parents, all that once were dear,
Rush to her thought, and force a tender tear.
O'er her fair face a snowy veil she threw,
And, softly sighing, from the loom withdrew:
Her handmaids Clymenè and Æthra wait
Her silent footsteps to the Scæan gate.
There sat the seniors of the Trojan race
(Old Priam's chiefs, and most in Priam's grace:)
The king the first; Thymœtes at his side;
Lampus and Clytius, long in counsel tried;
Panthus and Hicetäon, once the strong;
And next, the wisest of the reverend throng,
Antenor grave, and sage Ucalegon,
Lean'd on the walls, and bask'd before the sun.
Chiefs, who no more in bloody fight engage,
But wise through time, and narrative with age,
In summer-days like grasshoppers rejoice,
A bloodless race, that send a feeble voice.
These, when the Spartan queen approach'd the tower,
In secret own'd resistless beauty's power:
They cried, No wonder, such celestial charms
For nine long years have set the world in arms;
What winning graces! what majestic mien!
She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen!
Yet hence, oh Heaven! convey that fatal face,
And from destruction save the Trojan race.

The good old Priam welcomed her; and cried,
Approach, my child, and grace thy father's side.
See on the plain thy Grecian spouse appears,
The friends and kindred of thy former years.
No crime of thine our present sufferings draws,
Not thou, but Heaven's disposing will, the cause;
The gods these armies and this force employ,
The hostile gods conspire the fate of Troy.
But lift thy eyes, and say, what Greek is he
(Far as from hence these aged orbs can see)
Around whose brow such martial graces shine,
So tall, so awful, and almost divine?
Though some of larger stature tread the green,
None match his grandeur and exalted mien:
He seems a monarch, and his country's pride.
Thus ceased the king, and thus the fair replied:

Before thy presence, father, I appear
With conscious shame and reverential fear.
Ah! had I died, ere to these walls I fled,
False to my country, and my nuptial bed;
My brothers, friends, and daughter left behind,
False to them all, to Paris only kind!
For this I mourn, till grief or dire disease
Shall waste the form whose crime it was to please.
The king of kings, Atrides, you survey,
Great in the war, and great in arts of sway;
My brother once, before my days of shame;
And oh that still he bore a brother's name!

With wonder Priam view'd the godlike man,
Extoll'd the happy prince, and thus began:
O bless'd Atrides! born to prosperous fate,
Successful monarch of a mighty state!
How vast thy empire! of yon matchless train
What numbers lost, what numbers yet remain!
In Phrygia once were gallant armies known,
In ancient time, when Otreus fill'd the throne,
When godlike Mygdon led their troops of horse,
And I, to join them, raised the Trojan force:
Against the manlike Amazons we stood,
And Sangar's stream ran purple with their blood.
But far inferior those, in martial grace
And strength of numbers, to this Grecian race.

This said, once more he view'd the warrior train:
What's he, whose arms lie scatter'd on the plain;
Broad is his breast, his shoulders larger spread,
Though great Atrides overtops his head.
Nor yet appear his care and conduct small:
From rank to rank he moves, and orders all.
The stately ram thus measures o'er the ground,
And, master of the flock, surveys them round.

Then Helen thus: whom your discerning eyes
Have singled out, is Ithacus the wise:
A barren island boasts his glorious birth:
His fame for wisdom fills the spacious earth.

Antenor took the word, and thus began:
Myself, O king! have seen that wondrous man,
When trusting Jove and hospitable laws,
To Troy he came, to plead the Grecian cause,
(Great Menelaus urged the same request;)
My house was honour'd with each royal guest:
I knew their persons, and admired their parts,
Both brave in arms, and both approved in arts.
Erect, the Spartan most engaged our view:
Ulysses, seated, greater reverence drew.
When Atreus' son harangued the listening train,
Just was his sense, and his expression plain;
His words succinct, yet full, without a fault;
He spoke no more than just the thing he ought.
But when Ulysses rose, in thought profound,
His modest eyes he fix'd upon the ground,
As one unskill'd, or dumb, he seem'd to stand,
Nor raised his head, nor stretch'd his scepter'd hand:
But, when he speaks, what elocution flows!
Soft as the fleeces of descending snows,
The copious accents fall, with easy art;
Melting they fall, and sink into the heart!
Wondering we hear, and, fix'd in deep surprise,
Our ears refute the censure of our eyes.

The king then ask'd (as yet the camp he view'd)
What chief is that, with giant strength endued,
Whose brawny shoulders, and whose swelling chest,
And lofty stature, far exceed the rest?
Ajax the great (the beauteous queen replied)
Himself a host: the Grecian strength and pride.
See! bold Idomeneus superior towers
Amidst yon circle of his Cretan powers,
Great as a god! I saw him once before,
With Menelaüs, on the Spartan shore.
The rest I know and could in order name:
All valiant chiefs, and men of mighty fame.
Yet two are wanting of the numerous train,
Whom long my eyes have sought, but sought in vain:
Castor and Pollux, first in martial force,
One bold on foot, and one renown'd for horse.
My brothers these; the same our native shore,
One house contain'd us, as one mother bore.
Perhaps the chiefs, from warlike toils at ease,
For distant Troy refused to sail the seas:
Perhaps their swords some nobler quarrel draws,
Ashamed to combat in their sister's cause.

So spoke the fair, nor knew her brothers' doom,
Wrapt in the cold embraces of the tomb;

Adorn'd with honours in their native shore,
Silent they slept, and heard of wars no more.
Meantime the heralds through the crowded town,
Bring the rich wine and destined victims down,
Idæus' arms the golden goblets press'd,
Who thus the venerable king address'd:
Arise, O father of the Trojan state!
The nations call, thy joyful people wait
To seal the truce and end the dire debate.
Paris thy son, and Sparta's king advance,
In measured lists to toss the weighty lance;
And who his rival shall in arms subdue,
His be the dame, and his the treasure too.
Thus with a lasting league our toils may cease,
And Troy possess her fertile fields in peace;
So shall the Greeks review their native shore,
Much famed for generous steeds, for beauty more.
With grief he heard, and bade the chief prepare
To join his milk-white coursers to the car:
He mounts the seat, Antenor at his side;
The gentle steeds through Scæa's gates they guide:
Next from the car descending on the plain,
Amid the Grecian host and Trojan train
Slow they proceed: the sage Ulysses then
Arose, and with him rose the king of men.
On either side a sacred herald stands,
The wine they mix, and on each monarch's hands
Pour the full urn; then draws the Grecian lord
His cutlass, sheath'd beside his ponderous sword;
From the sign'd victims crops the curling hair,
The heralds part it and the princes share;
Then loudly thus before the attentive bands
He calls the gods, and spreads his lifted hands:
O first and greatest power! whom all obey,
Who high on Ida's holy mountain sway,
Eternal Jove! and you bright orb that roll
From east to west, and view from pole to pole!
Thou mother Earth! and all ye living Floods;
Infernal Furies! and Tartarian Gods,
Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
For perjured kings, and all who falsely swear!
Hear, and be witness. If by Paris slain,
Great Menelaüs press the fatal plain,
The dame and treasures let the Trojan keep,
And Greece returning plough the watery deep.
If by my brother's lance the Trojan bleed;
Be his the wealth and beauteous dame decreed:
The appointed fine let Ilion justly pay,
And age to age record the signal day.
This if the Phrygians shall refuse to yield,
Arms must revenge, and Mars decide the field.
With that the chief the tender victims slew,
And in the dust their bleeding bodies threw:
The vital spirit issued at the wound,
And left the members quivering on the ground.
From the same urn they drink the mingled wine,
And add libations to the powers divine.
While thus their prayers united mount the sky:
Hear, mighty Jove! and hear, ye Gods on high!
And may their blood, who first the league confound,
Shed like this wine, distain the thirsty ground;
May all their consorts serve promiscuous lust,
And all their race be scatter'd as the dust!
Thus either host their imprecations join'd,
Which Jove refused, and mingled with the wind.
The rites now finish'd, reverend Priam rose,
And thus express'd a heart o'ercharged with woes:
Ye Greeks and Trojans, let the chiefs engage,
But spare the weakness of my feeble age:
In yonder walls that object let me shun,
Nor view the danger of so dear a son.
Whose arms shall conquer, and what prince shall fall,
Heaven only knows, for Heaven disposes all.
This said, the hoary king no longer stay'd,
But on his car the slaughter'd victims laid;
Then seized the reins his gentle steeds to guide,
And drove to Troy, Antenor at his side.
Bold Hector and Ulysses now dispose
The lists of combat, and the ground enclose;
Next to decide by sacred lots prepare,
Who first shall launch his pointed spear in air.
The people pray with elevated hands,
And words like these are heard through all the bands:
Immortal Jove, high heaven's superior lord,
On lofty Ida's holy mount adored!
Whoe'er involved us in this dire debate,
Oh give that author of the war to fate
And shades eternal! let division cease,
And joyful nations join in leagues of peace.
With eyes averted Hector hastes to turn
The lots of fight, and shakes the brazen urn.
Then, Paris, thine leap'd forth; by fatal chance
Ordain'd the first to whirl the weighty lance.
Both armies sat the combat to survey,
Beside each chief his azure armour lay,
And round the lists the generous coursers neigh.
The beauteous warrior now arrays for fight,
In gilded arms magnificently bright;
The purple cuishes clasp his thighs around,
With flowers adorn'd, with silver buckles bound:
Lycaon's corslet his fair body dress'd,
Braced in, and fitted to his softer breast:
A radiant baldric, o'er his shoulder tied,
Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side:
His youthful face a polish'd helm o'erspread;
The waving horse-hair nodded on his head:
His figured shield, a shining orb, he takes,
And in his hand a pointed javelin shakes.
With equal speed, and fired by equal charms,
The Spartan hero sheaths his limbs in arms.
Now round the lists the admiring army stand,
With javelins fix'd, the Greek and Trojan band.
Amidst the dreadful vale, the chiefs advance,
All pale with rage, and shake the threatening lance.
The Trojan first his shining javelin threw:
Full on Atrides' ringing shield it flew;
Nor pierced the brazen orb, but with a bound
Leap'd from the buckler blunted on the ground.
Atrides then his massy lance prepares,
In act to throw, but first prefers his prayers:
Give me, great Jove! to punish lawless lust,
And lay the Trojan gasping in the dust:
Destroy the aggressor, aid my righteous cause,
Avenge the breach of hospitable laws:
Let this example future times reclaim,
And guard from wrong fair friendship's holy name.
He said, and poised in air the javelin sent:
Through Paris' shield the forceful weapon went,
His corselet pierces, and his garment rends,
And, glancing downward, near his flank descends.
The wary Trojan, bending from the blow,
Eludes the death and disappoints his foe:
But fierce Atrides waved his sword, and struck
Full on his casque; the crested helmet shook;

The brittle steel, unfaithful to his hand,
Broke short: the fragments glitter'd on the sand.
The raging warrior to the spacious skies
Raised his upbraiding voice and angry eyes:
Then is it vain in Jove himself to trust?
And is it thus the gods assist the just?
When crimes provoke us, heaven success denies;
The dart falls harmless, and the falchion flies.
Furious he said, and toward the Grecian crew
(Seized by the crest) the unhappy warrior drew;
Struggling he follow'd, while the embroider'd thong,
That tied his helmet, dragg'd the chief along.
Then had his ruin crown'd Atrides' joy,
But Venus trembled for the prince of Troy:
Unseen she came, and burst the golden band,
And left an empty helmet in his hand.
The casque, enraged, amidst the Greeks he threw;
The Greeks with smiles the polish'd trophy view.
Then, as once more he lifts the deadly dart,
In thirst for vengeance, at his rival's heart,
The queen of love her favour'd champion shrouds
(For gods can all things) in a veil of clouds.
Raised from the field the panting youth she led.
And gently laid him on the bridal bed,
With pleasing sweets his fainting sense renews,
And all the dome perfumes with heavenly dews.
Meantime the brightest of the female kind,
The matchless Helen, o'er the walls reclined,
To her, beset with Trojan beauties, came
In borrow'd form the laughter-loving dame.*
(She seem'd an ancient maid, well skill'd to cull
The snowy fleece, and wind the twisted wool.)
The goddess softly shook her silken vest,
That shed perfumes, and whispering thus address'd:
Haste, happy nymph! for thee thy Paris calls,
Safe from the fight in yonder lofty walls,
Fair as a god! with odours round him spread
He lies, and waits thee on the well-known bed:
Not like a warrior parted from the foe,
But some gay dancer in the public show.
She spoke, and Helen's secret soul was moved;
She scorn'd the champion, but the man she loved.
Fair Venus' neck, her eyes that sparkled fire,
And breast, reveal'd the queen of soft desire.
Struck with her presence, straight the lively red
Forsook her cheek; and, trembling, thus she said:
Then is it still thy pleasure to deceive?
And woman's frailty always to believe?
Say, to new nations must I cross the main,
Or carry wars to some soft Asian plain?
For whom must Helen break her second vow?
What other Paris is thy darling now?
Left to Atrides (victor in the strife)
An odious conquest, and a captive wife,
Hence let me sail; and if thy Paris bear
My absence ill, let Venus ease his care.
A handmaid goddess at his side to wait,
Renounce the glories of thy heavenly state,
Be fix'd for ever to the Trojan shore,
His spouse, or slave; and mount the skies no more.
For me, to lawless love no longer led,
I scorn the coward, and detest his bed;
Else should I merit everlasting shame,
And keen reproach from every Phrygian dame:
Ill suits it now the joys of love to know,
Too deep my anguish, and too wild my woe.
Then thus, incensed, the Paphian queen replies:
Obey the power from whom thy glories rise:
Should Venus leave thee, every charm must fly,
Fade from thy cheek, and languish in thy eye.
Cease to provoke me, lest I make thee more
The world's aversion, than their love before;
Now the bright prize for which mankind engage,
Then the sad victim of the public rage.
At this, the fairest of her sex obey'd,
And veil'd her blushes in a silken shade;
Unseen, and silent, from the train she moves,
Led by the goddess of the Smiles and Loves.
Arrived, and enter'd at the palace-gate,
The maids officious round their mistress wait;
Then all dispersing, various tasks attend;
The queen and goddess to the prince ascend.
Full in her Paris' sight, the queen of love
Had placed the beauteous progeny of Jove;
Where, as he view'd her charms, she turn'd away
Her glowing eyes, and thus began to say.
Is this the chief, who lost to sense of shame,
Late fled the field, and yet survives his fame?
Oh hadst thou died beneath the righteous sword
Of that brave man whom once I call'd my lord!
The boaster Paris oft desired the day
With Sparta's king to meet in single fray:
Go now, once more thy rival's rage excite,
Provoke Atrides, and renew the fight:
Yet Helen bids thee stay, lest thou, unskill'd,
Shouldst fall an easy conquest on the field.
The prince replies: Ah! cease, divinely fair,
Nor add reproaches to the wounds I bear:
This day the foe prevail'd by Pallas' power:
We yet may vanquish in a happier hour:
There want not gods to favour us above:
But let the business of our life be love:
These softer moments let delights employ,
And kind embraces snatch the hasty joy.
Not thus I loved thee, when from Sparta's shore
My forced, my willing, heavenly prize I bore,
When first entranced in Cranaë's isle I lay,
Mix'd with thy soul, and all dissolved away!
Thus having spoke, the enamour'd Phrygian boy
Rush'd to the bed, impatient for the joy.
Him Helen follow'd slow with bashful charms,
And clasp'd the blooming hero in her arms.
While these to love's delicious rapture yield,
The stern Atrides rages round the field:
So some fell lion, whom the woods obey,
Roars through the desert, and demands his prey.
Paris he seeks, impatient to destroy,
But seeks in vain along the troops of Troy:
Even those had yielded to a foe so brave
The recreant warrior, hateful as the grave.
Then speaking thus, the king of kings arose:
Ye Trojans, Dardans, all our generous foes!
Hear, and attest! from heaven, with conquest crown'd,
Our brother's arms the just success have found:
Be therefore now the Spartan wealth restored,
Let Argive Helen own her lawful lord;
The appointed fine let Ilion justly pay,
And age to age record this signal day.
He ceased; his army's loud applauses rise,
And the long shout runs echoing through the skies

* Venus.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

The Breach of the Truce, and the first Battle.

The gods deliberate in council concerning the Trojan war: they agree upon the continuation of it, and Jupiter sends down Minerva to break the truce. She persuades Pandarus to aim an arrow at Menelaus, who is wounded, but cured by Machaon. In the mean time some of the Trojan troops attack the Greeks. Agamemnon is distinguished in all the parts of a good general: he reviews the troops, and exhorts the leaders, some by praises, and others by reproofs. Nestor is particularly celebrated for his military discipline. The battle joins, and great numbers are slain on both sides.

The same day continues through this, as through the last book (as it does also through the two following, and almost to the end of the seventh book.) The scene is wholly in the field before Troy.

BOOK IV.

And now Olympus' shining gates unfold!
The gods, with Jove, assume their thrones of gold:
Immortal Hebé, fresh with bloom divine,
The golden goblet crowns with purple wine:
While the full bowls flow round, the powers employ
Their careful eyes on long-contended Troy.
When Jove, disposed to tempt Saturnia's spleen,
Thus waked the fury of his partial queen.
Two powers divine the son of Atreus aid,
Imperial Juno, and the martial maid;
But high in heaven they sit, and gaze from far
The tame spectators of his deeds of war.
Not thus fair Venus helps her favour'd knight;
The queen of pleasures shares the toils of fight,
Each danger wards, and constant in her care,
Saves in the moment of the last despair.
Her act has rescued Paris' forfeit life,
Though great Atrides gain'd the glorious strife.
Then say, ye powers! what signal issue waits
To crown this deed, and finish all the Fates?
Shall heaven by peace the bleeding kingdoms spare,
Or rouse the Furies, and awake the war?
Yet, would the gods for human good provide,
Atrides soon might gain his beauteous bride,
Still Priam's walls in peaceful honours grow,
And through his gates the crowding nations flow.
Thus while he spoke, the queen of heaven, enraged,
And queen of war in close consult engaged:
Apart they sit, their deep designs employ,
And meditate the future woes of Troy.
Though secret anger swell'd Minerva's breast,
The prudent goddess yet her wrath suppress'd;
But Juno, impotent of passion, broke
Her sullen silence, and with fury spoke:
Shall then, O tyrant of the ethereal reign!
My schemes, my labours, and my hopes, be vain?
Have I, for this, shook Ilion with alarms,
Assembled nations, set two worlds in arms?
To spread the war, I flew from shore to shore;
The immortal coursers scarce the labour bore.
At length ripe vengeance o'er their heads impends,
But Jove himself the faithless race defends:
Loath as thou art to punish lawless lust,
Not all the gods are partial and unjust.
The sire, whose thunder shakes the cloudy skies,
Sighs from his inmost soul, and thus replies:
Oh lasting rancour! oh insatiate hate
To Phrygia's monarch, and the Phrygian state!
What high offence has fired the wife of Jove?
Can wretched mortals harm the powers above,
That Troy and Troy's whole race thou wouldst confound,
And yon fair structures level with the ground?
Haste, leave the skies, fulfil thy stern desire,
Burst all her gates, and wrap her walls in fire!
Let Priam bleed! if yet thou thirst for more,
Bleed all his sons, and Ilion float with gore;
To boundless vengeance the wide realm be given,
Till vast destruction glut the queen of heaven!
So let it be, and Jove his peace enjoy,
When heaven no longer hears the name of Troy.
But should this arm prepare to wreak our hate
On thy loved realms, whose guilt demands their fate,
Presume not thou the lifted bolt to stay:
Remember Troy, and give the vengeance way.
For know, of all the numerous towns that rise
Beneath the rolling sun and starry skies,
Which gods have raised, or earth-born men enjoy
None stands so near to Jove as sacred Troy.
No mortals merit more distinguish'd grace
Than godlike Priam, or than Priam's race!
Still to our name their hecatombs expire,
And altars blaze with unextinguish'd fire.
At this the goddess roll'd her radiant eyes,
Then on the Thunderer fix'd them, and replies:
Three towns are Juno's on the Grecian plains,
More dear than all the extended earth contains,
Mycenæ, Argos, and the Spartan wall:
These thou may'st rase, nor I forbid their fall:
'Tis not in me the vengeance to remove;
The crime 's sufficient that they share my love.
Of power superior why should I complain?
Resent I may, but must resent in vain.
Yet some distinction Juno might require,
Sprung with thyself from one celestial sire;
A goddess born to share the realms above,
And styled the consort of the thundering Jove:
Nor thou a wife and sister's right deny;
Let both consent, and both by turns comply;
So shall the gods our joint decrees obey,
And heaven shall act as we direct the way.
See ready Pallas waits thy high commands,
To raise in arms the Greek and Phrygian bands;
Their sudden friendship by her arts may cease.
And the proud Trojans first infringe the peace.
The sire of men and monarch of the sky
The advice approved, and bade Minerva fly,
Dissolve the league, and all her arts employ
To make the breach the faithless act of Troy.
Fired with the charge, she headlong urged her flight,
And shot like lightning from Olympus' height.
As the red comet, from Saturnius sent,
To fright the nations with a dire portent,
(A fatal sign to armies on the plain,
Or trembling sailors on the wintry main,)
With sweeping glories glides along in air,
And shakes the sparkles from its blazing hair;
Between both armies thus, in open sight,
Shot the bright goddess in a trail of light.
With eyes erect the gazing hosts admire
The power descending, and the heavens on fire!
The gods (they cried) the gods this signal sent,
And fate now labours with some vast event:

Jove seals the league, or bloodier scenes prepares,
Jove, the great arbiter of peace and wars!
They said, while Pallas through the Trojan throng
(In shape a mortal) pass'd disguised along.
Like bold Laödocus, her course she bent,
Who from Antenor traced his high descent,
Amidst the ranks Lycaön's son she found,
The warlike Pandarus, for strength renown'd;
Whose squadrons, led from black Æsepus' flood,
With flaming shields in martial circle stood.
To him the goddess: Phrygian! canst thou hear
A well-timed counsel with a willing ear?
What praise were thine, couldst thou direct thy dart,
Amidst this triumph to the Spartan's heart!
What gifts from Troy, from Paris wouldst thou gain,
Thy country's foe, the Grecian glory slain!
Then seize the occasion, dare the mighty deed,
Aim at his breast, and may that aim succeed!
But first, to speed the shaft, address thy vow
To Lycian Phœbus with the silver bow,
And swear the firstlings of thy flock to pay
On Zelia's altars, to the god of day.
He heard, and madly at the motion pleased,
His polish'd bow with hasty rashness seized.
'Twas form'd of horn, and smooth'd with artful toil,
A mountain goat resign'd the shining spoil,
Who pierced long since beneath his arrows bled;
The stately quarry on the cliffs lay dead,
And sixteen palms his brow's large honours spread:
The workman join'd, and shaped the bended horns,
And beaten gold each taper point adorns.
This, by the Greeks unseen, the warrior bends,
Screen'd by the shields of his surrounding friends.
There meditates the mark: and couching low,
Fits the sharp arrow to the well-strung bow.
One from a hundred feather'd deaths he chose,
Fated to wound, and cause of future woes:
Then offers vows with hecatombs to crown
Apollo's altars in his native town.
Now with full force the yielding horn he bends,
Drawn to an arch, and joins the doubling ends;
Close to his breast he strains the nerve below,
Till the barb'd point approach the circling bow;
The impatient weapon whizzes on the wing:
Sounds the tough horn, and twangs the quivering string.
But thee, Atrides! in that dangerous hour,
The gods forgot not, nor thy guardian power.
Pallas assists, and (weaken'd in its force)
Diverts the weapon from its destined course:
So from her babe, when slumber seals his eye,
The watchful mother wafts the envenom'd fly.
Just where his belt with golden buckles join'd,
Where linen folds the double corslet lined,
She turn'd the shaft, which hissing from above,
Pass'd the broad belt, and through the corslet drove;
The folds it pierced, the plaited linen tore,
And raised the skin, and drew the purple gore.
As when some stately trappings are decreed
To grace a monarch on his bounding steed,
A nymph in Caria or Mæonia bred,
Stains the pure ivory with a lively red;
With equal lustre various colours vie,
The shining whiteness, and the Tyrian dye:
So, great Atrides! show'd thy sacred blood,
As down thy snowy thigh distill'd the streaming flood.
With horror seized, the king of men descried
The shaft infix'd, and saw the gushing tide:
Nor less the Spartan fear'd, before he found
The shining barb appear above the wound.
Then, with a sigh that heaved his manly breast,
The royal brother thus his grief express'd,
And grasp'd his hand; while all the Greeks around
With answering sighs return'd the plaintive sound.
Oh dear as life! did I for this agree
The solemn truce, a fatal truce to thee!
Wert thou exposed to all the hostile train,
To fight for Greece, and conquer to be slain?
The race of Trojans in thy ruin join,
And faith is scorn'd by all the perjured line.
Not thus our vows, confirm'd with wine and gore:
Those hands we plighted, and those oaths we swore
Shall all be vain: when heaven's revenge is slow,
Jove but prepares to strike the fiercer blow.
The day shall come, that great avenging day,
Which Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay;
When Priam's powers and Priam's self shall fall,
And one prodigious ruin swallow all.
I see the god, already, from the pole
Bare his red arm, and bid the thunder roll;
I see the Eternal all his fury shed,
And shake his ægis o'er their guilty head.
Such mighty woes on perjured princes wait;
But thou, alas! deservest a happier fate.
Still must I mourn the period of thy days,
And only mourn, without my share of praise?
Deprived of thee, the heartless Greeks no more
Shall dream of conquests on the hostile shore;
Troy seized of Helen, and our glory lost,
Thy bones shall moulder on a foreign coast:
While some proud Trojan thus insulting cries
(And spurns the dust where Menelaüs lies:)
'Such are the trophies Greece from Ilion brings,
And such the conquests of her king of kings.
Lo, his proud vessels scatter'd o'er the main,
And unrevenged his mighty brother slain.'
Oh! ere that dire disgrace shall blast my fame,
O'erwhelm me, earth! and hide a monarch's shame.
He said: a leader's and a brother's fears
Possess his soul, which thus the Spartan cheers;
Let not thy words the warmth of Greece abate;
The feeble dart is guiltless of my fate:
Stiff with the rich embroider'd work around,
My varied belt repell'd the flying wound.
To whom the king: My brother and my friend,
Thus, always thus, may heaven thy life defend!
Now seek some skilful hand, whose powerful art
May staunch the effusion, and extract the dart.
Herald, be swift, and bid Machaön bring
His speedy succour to the Spartan king;
Pierced with a winged shaft (the deed of Troy,)
The Grecian's sorrow, and the Dardan's joy.
With hasty zeal the swift Talthybius flies;
Through the thick files he darts his searching eyes,
And finds Machaön, where sublime he stands
In arms encircled with his native bands.
Then thus: Machaön, to the king repair,
His wounded brother claims thy timely care;
Pierced by some Lycian or Dardanian bow,
A grief to us, a triumph to the foe.
The heavy tidings grieved the godlike man;
Swift to his succour through the ranks he ran;
The dauntless king yet standing firm he found,
And all the chiefs in deep concern around.
Where to the steely point the reed was join'd
The shaft he drew, but left the head behind.

Straight the broad belt with gay embroidery graced,
He loosed; the corselet from his breast unbraced;
Then suck'd the blood, and sovereign balm infused,
Which Chiron gave, and Æsculapius used.
While round the prince the Greeks employ their care,
The Trojans rush tumultuous to the war;
Once more they glitter in refulgent arms.
Once more the fields are fill'd with dire alarms.
Nor had you seen the king of men appear
Confused, unactive, or surprised with fear;
But fond of glory with severe delight,
His beating bosom claim'd the rising fight.
No longer with his warlike steeds he stay'd,
Or press'd the car with polish'd brass inlaid:
But left Eurymedon the reins to guide:
The fiery coursers snorted at his side.
On foot through all the martial ranks he moves,
And these encourages, and those reproves.
Brave men! he cries, (to such who boldly dare
Urge your swift steeds to face the coming war,)
Your ancient valour on the foes approve;
Jove is with Greece, and let us trust in Jove.
'Tis not for us, but guilty Troy to dread,
Whose crimes sit heavy on her perjured head;
Her sons and matrons Greece shall lead in chains,
And her dead warriors strew the mournful plains.
Thus with new ardour he the brave inspires;
Or thus the fearful with reproaches fires:
Shame to your country, scandal of your kind!
Born to the fate ye well deserve to find!
Why stand ye gazing round the dreadful plain,
Prepared for flight, but doom'd to fly in vain?
Confused and panting thus, the hunted deer
Falls as he flies, a victim to his fear.
Still must ye wait the foes, and still retire,
Till yon tall vessels blaze with Trojan fire?
Or trust ye, Jove a valiant foe shall chase,
To save a trembling, heartless, dastard race?
This said, he stalk'd with ample strides along,
To Crete's brave monarch and his martial throng!
High at their head he saw the chief appear,
And bold Meriones excite the rear.
At this the king his generous joy express'd,
And clasp'd the warrior to his armed breast.
Divine Idomeneus! what thanks we owe
To worth like thine! what praise shall we bestow?
To thee the foremost honours are decreed,
First in the fight, and every graceful deed.
For this, in banquets, when the generous bowls
Restore our blood, and raise the warriors' souls,
Though all the rest with stated rules we bound,
Unmix'd, unmeasured, are thy goblets crown'd.
Be still thyself; in arms a mighty name;
Maintain thy honours, and enlarge thy fame.
To whom the Cretan thus his speech address'd:
Secure of me, O king! exhort the rest:
Fix'd to thy side, in every toil I share,
Thy firm associate in the day of war.
But let the signal be this moment given;
To mix in fight is all I ask of heaven.
The field shall prove how perjuries succeed,
And chains or death avenge their impious deed.
Charm'd with this heat, the king his course pursues,
And next the troops of either Ajax views:
In one firm orb the bands were ranged around,
A cloud of heroes blacken'd all the ground.
Thus from the lofty promontory's brow
A swain surveys the gathering storm below:
Slow from the main the heavy vapours rise,
Spread in dim streams, and sail along the skies,
Till black as night the swelling tempest shows,
The cloud condensing as the west wind blows:
He dreads the impending storm, and drives his flock
To the close covert of an arching rock.
Such, and so thick, the embattled squadrons stood,
With spears erect, a moving iron wood;
A shady light was shot from glimmering shields,
And their brown arms obscured the dusky fields.
O heroes! worthy such a dauntless train,
Whose godlike virtue we but urge in vain
(Exclaim'd the king;) who raise your eager bands
With great examples, more than loud commands.
Ah! would the gods but breathe in all the rest,
Such souls as burn in your exalted breast,
Soon should our arms with just success be crown'd,
And Troy's proud walls lie smoking on the ground.
Then to the next the general bends his course
(His heart exults, and glories in his force;)
There reverend Nestor ranks his Pylian bands,
And with inspiring eloquence commands;
With strictest order sets his train in arms,
The chiefs advises, and the soldiers warms.
Alastor, Chromius, Hæmon round him wait,
Bias the good, and Pelagon the great.
The horse and chariots to the front assign'd,
The foot (the strength of war) he ranged behind;
The middle space suspected troops supply,
Enclosed by both, nor left the power to fly;
He gives command to curb the fiery steed,
Nor cause confusion, nor the ranks exceed;
Before the rest let none too rashly ride;
No strength nor skill, but just in time, be tried:
The charge once made, no warrior turn the rein,
But fight, or fall; a firm, embodied train.
He whom the fortune of the field shall cast
From forth his chariot, mount the next in haste;
Nor seek unpractised to direct the car,
Content with javelins to provoke the war.
Our great forefathers held this prudent course,
Thus ruled their ardour, thus preserved their force;
By laws like these immortal conquest made,
And earth's proud tyrants low in ashes laid.
So spoke the master of the martial art,
And touch'd with transport great Atrides' heart.
Oh! hadst thou strength to match thy brave desires,
And nerves to second what thy soul inspires!
But wasting years, that wither human race,
Exhaust thy spirits, and thy arms unbrace.
What once thou wert, oh ever might'st thou be!
And age the lot of any chief but thee.
Thus to the experienced prince Atrides cried;
He shook his hoary locks, and thus replied:
Well might I wish, could mortal wish renew
That strength which once in boiling youth I knew;
Such as I was, when Ereuthalion slain
Beneath this arm fell prostrate on the plain.
But heaven its gifts not all at once bestows,
These years with wisdom crowns, with action those:
The field of combat fits the young and bold,
The solemn council best becomes the old:
To you the glorious conflict I resign,
Let sage advice, the palm of age, be mine.
He said. With joy the monarch march'd before,
And found Menestheus on the dusty shore,
With whom the firm Athenian phalanx stands;
And next Ulysses, with his subject bands.

Remote their forces lay, nor knew so far
The peace infringed, nor heard the sounds of war;
The tumult late begun, they stood intent
To watch the motion, dubious of the event.
The king, who saw their squadrons yet unmoved,
With hasty ardour thus the chiefs reproved:
Can Peleus' son forget a warrior's part;
And fears Ulysses, skill'd in every art?
Why stand you distant, and the rest expect
To mix in combat which yourselves neglect?
From you 'twas hoped among the first to dare
The shock of armies, and commence the war;
For this your names are call'd, before the rest,
To share the pleasures of the genial feast:
And can you, chiefs! without a blush survey
Whole troops before you labouring in the fray?
Say, is it thus those honours you requite;
The first in banquets, but the last in fight?
Ulysses heard: the hero's warmth o'erspread
His cheek with blushes; and severe, he said:
Take back the unjust reproach! Behold we stand
Sheath'd in bright arms, and but expect command.
If glorious deeds afford thy soul delight,
Behold me plunging in the thickest fight.
Then give thy warrior-chief a warrior's due,
Who dares to act whate'er thou darest to view.
Struck with his generous wrath, the king replies:
Oh great in action, and in council wise!
With ours, thy care and ardour are the same,
Nor need I to command, nor ought to blame.
Sage as thou art, and learn'd in human kind,
Forgive the transport of a martial mind.
Haste to the fight, secure of just amends;
The gods that make, shall keep the worthy friends.
He said, and pass'd where great Tydides lay,
His steeds and chariots wedged in firm array,
(The warlike Sthenelus attends his side:)
To whom with stern reproach the monarch cried:
Oh son of Tydeus! (he, whose strength could tame
The bounding steed, in arms a mighty name.)
Canst thou, remote, the mingling hosts descry,
With hands unactive, and a careless eye?
Not thus thy sire the fierce encounter fear'd;
Still first in front the matchless prince appear'd:
What glorious toils, what wonders they recite,
Who view'd him labouring through the ranks of fight!
I saw him once, when, gathering martial powers,
A peaceful guest, he sought Mycenæ's towers;
Armies he ask'd, and armies had been given,
Not we denied, but Jove forbade from heaven;
While dreadful comets glaring from afar
Forewarn'd the horrors of the Theban war.
Next, sent by Greece from where Asopus flows,
A fearless envoy, he approach'd the foes;
Thebe's hostile walls, unguarded and alone,
Dauntless he enters, and demands the throne.
The tyrant feasting with his chiefs he found,
And dares to combat all those chiefs around;
Dared and subdued, before their haughty lord;
For Pallas strung his arm, and edged his sword.
Stung with the shame, within the winding way,
To bar his passage fifty warriors lay;
Two heroes led the secret squadron on,
Mæon the fierce, and hardy Lycophon;
Those fifty slaughter'd in the gloomy vale,
He spared but one to bear the dreadful tale.
Such Tydeus was, and such his martial fire,
Gods! how the son degenerates from the sire.
No words the godlike Diomed return'd,
But heard respectful, and in secret burn'd.
Not so fierce Capaneus' undaunted son,
Stern as his sire, the boaster thus begun:
What needs, O monarch, this invidious praise,
Ourselves to lessen, while our sires you raise?
Dare to be just, Atrides! and confess
Our valour equal, though our fury less.
With fewer troops we storm'd the Theban wall,
And happier saw the sevenfold city fall.
In impious acts the guilty father died;
The sons subdued, for heaven was on their side.
Far more than heirs of all our parents' fame,
Our glories darken their diminish'd name.
To him Tydides thus: My friend, forbear,
Suppress thy passion, and the king revere:
His high concern may well excuse this rage,
Whose cause we follow, and whose war we wage;
His the first praise, were Ilion's towers o'erthrown,
And, if we fail, the chief disgrace his own.
Let him the Greeks to hardy toils excite,
'Tis ours to labour in the glorious fight.
He spoke, and ardent on the trembling ground
Sprung from his car; his ringing arms resound.
Dire was the clang, and dreadful from afar,
Of arm'd Tydides rushing to the war.
As when the winds, ascending by degrees,
First move the whitening surface of the seas,
The billows float in order to the shore,
The wave behind rolls on the wave before:
Till, with the growing storm, the deeps arise,
Foam o'er the rocks, and thunder to the skies:
So to the fight the thick battalions throng,
Shields urged on shields, and men drove men along.
Sedate and silent move the numerous bands;
No sound, no whisper, but their chief's commands,
Those only heard; with awe the rest obey,
As if some god had snatch'd their voice away.
Not so the Trojans; from their host ascends
A general shout that all the region rends.
As when the fleecy flocks unnumber'd stand
In wealthy folds, and wait the milker's hand,
The hollow vales incessant bleating fills,
The lambs reply from all the neighbouring hills:
Such clamours rose from various nations round,
Mix'd was the murmur, and confused the sound.
Each host now joins, and each a god inspires,
These Mars incites, and those Minerva fires.
Pale Flight around, and dreadful Terror reign,
And Discord raging bathes the purple plain;
Discord! dire sister of the slaughtering power,
Small at her birth, but rising every hour,
While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,
She stalks on earth and shakes the world around;
The nations bleed, where'er her steps she turns,
The groan still deepens and the combat burns.
Now shield with shield, with helmet helmet closed,
To armour armour, lance to lance opposed,
Host against host with shadowy squadrons drew,
The sounding darts in iron tempests flew;
Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,
And shrilling shouts and dying groans arise;
With streaming blood the slippery fields are dyed,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.
As torrents roll, increased by numerous rills,
With rage impetuous down their echoing hills;
Rush to the vales, and, pour'd along the plain,
Roar through a thousand channels to the main;

The distant shepherd trembling hears the sound:
So mix both hosts, and so their cries rebound.
The bold Antilochus the slaughter led,
The first who struck a valiant Trojan dead:
At great Echepolus the lance arrives,
Raised his high crest, and through his helmet drives;
Warm'd in the brain the brazen weapon lies,
And shades eternal settle o'er his eyes.
So sinks a tower, that long assaults had stood
Of force and fire; its walls besmear'd with blood.
Him, the bold leader of the Abantian throng* 530
Seized to despoil, and dragg'd the corpse along:
But while he strove to tug the inserted dart,
Agenor's javelin reach'd the hero's heart.
His flank, unguarded by his ample shield,
Admits the lance: he falls, and spurns the field;
The nerves, unbraced, support his limbs no more,
The soul comes floating in a tide of gore.
The war renews, the warriors bleed again;
Trojans and Greeks now gather round the slain;
As o'er their prey rapacious wolves engage, 540
Man dies on man, and all is blood and rage.
In blooming youth fair Simoïsius fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell:
Fair Simoïsius, whom his mother bore,
Amid the flocks on silver Simois' shore:
The nymph descending from the hills of Ide,
To seek her parents on his flowery side,
Brought forth the babe, their common care and joy,
And thence from Simois named the lovely boy.
Short was his date: by dreadful Ajax slain, 550
He falls, and renders all their cares in vain!
So falls a poplar, that in watery ground
Raised high the head, with stately branches crown'd,
(Fell'd by some artist with his shining steel,
To shape the circle of the bending wheel;)
Cut down, it lies, tall, smooth and largely spread,
With all its beauteous honours on its head;
There, left a subject to the wind and rain,
And scorch'd by suns, it withers on the plain.
Thus, pierced by Ajax, Simoïsius lies 560
Stretch'd on the shore, and thus neglected dies.
At Ajax Antiphus his javelin threw;
The pointed lance with erring fury flew,
And Leucas, loved by wise Ulysses, slew.
He drops the corpse of Simoïsius slain,
And sinks a breathless carcass on the plain.
This saw Ulysses, and with grief enraged,
Strode where the foremost of the foes engaged:
Arm'd with his spear, he meditates the wound,
In act to throw; but, cautious, look'd around. 570
Struck at his sight the Trojans backward drew,
And, trembling, heard the javelin as it flew.
A chief stood nigh, who from Abydos came,
Old Priam's son, Democoön was his name;
The weapon enter'd close above his ear,
Cold through his temples glides the whizzing spear;
With piercing shrieks the youth resigns his breath,
His eye-balls darken with the shades of death;
Ponderous he falls; his clanging arms resound;
And his broad buckler rings against the ground. 580
Seized with affright the boldest foes appear;
E'en godlike Hector seems himself to fear;
Slow he gave way, the rest tumultuous fled;
The Greeks with shouts press on, and spoil the dead.

* Elphenor.

But Phœbus now from Ilion's towering height
Shines forth reveal'd, and animates the fight.
Trojans, be bold, and force with force oppose;
Your foaming steeds urge headlong on the foes!
Nor are their bodies rocks, nor ribb'd with steel,
Your weapons enter, and your strokes they feel. 590
Have ye forgot what seem'd your dread before?
The great, the fierce Achilles fights no more.
Apollo thus, from Ilion's lofty towers
Array'd in terrors, roused the Trojan powers:
While War's fierce goddess fires the Grecian foe,
And shouts and thunders in the fields below.
Then great Diores fell, by doom divine,
In vain his valour and illustrious line.
A broken rock the force of Pirus threw
(Who from cold Ænus led the Thracian crew;) 600
Full on his ankle dropp'd the ponderous stone,
Burst the strong nerves, and crash'd the solid bone:
Supine he tumbles on the crimson sands,
Before his helpless friends and native bands,
And spreads for aid his unavailing hands.
The foe rush'd furious as he pants for breath,
And through his navel drove the pointed death;
His gushing entrails smoked upon the ground,
And the warm life came issuing from the wound.
His lance bold Thaos at the conqueror sent, 610
Deep in his breast above the pap it went;
Amid the lungs was fix'd the winged wood,
And quivering in his heaving bosom stood:
Till from the dying chief, approaching near,
The Ætolian warrior tugg'd his weighty spear:
Then sudden waved his flaming falchion round,
And gash'd his belly with a ghastly wound.
The corpse now breathless on the bloody plain,
To spoil his arms the victor strove in vain;
The Thracian bands against the victor press'd; 620
A grove of lances glitter'd at his breast.
Stern Thaos, glaring with revengeful eyes,
In sullen fury slowly quits the prize.
Thus fell two heroes; one the pride of Thrace,
And one the leader of the Epeian race:
Death's sable shade at once o'ercast their eyes,
In dust the vanquish'd and the victor lies.
With copious slaughter all the fields are red,
And heap'd with growing mountains of the dead.
Had some brave chief this martial scene beheld,
By Pallas guarded through the dreadful field; 631
Might darts be bid to turn their points away,
And swords around him innocently play;
The war's whole art with wonder had he seen,
And counted heroes where he counted men.
So fought each host with thirst of glory fired,
And crowds on crowds triumphantly expired.

BOOK V.

ARGUMENT.

The Acts of Diomed.

Diomed, assisted by Pallas, performs wonders in this day's battle. Pandarus wounds him with an arrow, but the goddess cures him, enables him to discern gods from mortals, and prohibits him from contending with any of the former, excepting Venus. Æneas joins Pandarus to oppose him; Pandarus is killed, and Æneas in great danger, but for the assistance of Venus; who, as she is removing her son from fight, is wounded on the hand by Diomed. Apollo seconds her in his rescue, and at length carries off Æneas to Troy where he is

healed in the temple of Pergamus. Mars rallies the Trojans, and assists Hector to make a stand. In the mean time Æneas is restored to the field, and they overthrow several of the Greeks; among the rest Tlepolemus is slain by Sarpedon. Juno and Minerva descend to resist Mars; the latter incites Diomed to go against that god; he wounds him, and sends him groaning to heaven.

The first battle continues through this book. The scene is the same as in the former.

BOOK V.

But Pallas now Tydides' soul inspires,
Fills with her force, and warms with all her fires,
Above the Greeks his deathless fame to raise,
And crown her hero with distinguish'd praise.
High on his helm celestial lightnings play,
His beamy shield emits a living ray;
The unwearied blaze incessant streams supplies,
Like the red star that fires the autumnal skies,
When fresh he rears his radiant orb to sight,
And bath'd in Ocean shoots a keener light.
Such glories Pallas on the chief bestow'd,
Such, from his arms, the fierce effulgence flow'd:
Onward she drives him, furious to engage,
Where the fight burns, and where the thickest rage.
The sons of Dares first the combat sought,
A wealthy priest, but rich without a fault;
In Vulcan's fane the father's days were led,
The sons to toils of glorious battle bred:
These, singled from their troops, the fight maintain,
These from their steeds, Tydides on the plain.
Fierce for renown the brother chiefs draw near,
And first bold Phegeus cast his sounding spear,
Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,
And spent in empty air its erring force.
Not so, Tydides, flew thy lance in vain,
But pierced his breast, and stretch'd him on the plain.
Seized with unusual fear, Idæus fled,
Left the rich chariot, and his brother dead:
And had not Vulcan lent celestial aid,
He too had sunk to death's eternal shade.
But in a smoky cloud the god of fire
Preserved the son, in pity to the sire.
The steeds and chariot, to the navy led,
Increased the spoils of gallant Diomed.
Struck with amaze and shame, the Trojan crew
Or slain, or fled, the sons of Dares view;
When by the blood-stain'd hand Minerva press'd
The god of battles, and this speech address'd:
Stern power of war! by whom the mighty fall,
Who bathe in blood, and shake the lofty wall!
Let the brave chiefs their glorious toils divide;
And whose the conquest mighty Jove decide;
While we from interdicted fields retire,
Nor tempt the wrath of heaven's avenging sire.
Her words allay'd the impetuous warrior's heat,
The god of arms and martial maid retreat;
Removed from fight, on Xanthus' flowery bounds
They sat, and listen'd to the dying sounds.
Meantime, the Greeks the Trojan race pursue,
And some bold chieftain every leader slew:
First Odius falls, and bites the bloody sand,
His death ennobled by Atrides' hand:
As he to flight his wheeling car address'd,
The speedy javelin drove from back to breast.
In dust the mighty Halizonian lay,
His arms resound, the spirit wings its way.

Thy fate was next, O Phæstus! doom'd to feel
The great Idomeneus' protended steel;
Whom Borus sent (his son and only joy)
From fruitful Tarné to the fields of Troy.
The Cretan javelin reach'd him from afar,
And pierced his shoulder as he mounts his car;
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground,
And everlasting shades his eyes surround.
Then died Scamandrius, expert in the chase,
In woods and wilds to wound the savage race;
Diana taught him all her sylvan arts,
To bend the bow, and aim unerring darts:
But vainly here Diana's art he tries,
The fatal lance arrests him as he flies;
From Menelaüs arm the weapon sent,
Through his broad back and heaving bosom went;
Down sinks the warrior with a thundering sound,
His brazen armour rings against the ground.
Next artful Phereclus untimely fell:
Bold Merion sent him to the realms of hell.
Thy father's skill, O Phereclus, was thine,
The graceful fabric and the fair design;
For, loved by Pallas, Pallas did impart
To him the shipwright's and the builder's art.
Beneath his hand the fleet of Paris rose,
The fatal cause of all his country's woes;
But he, the mystic will of heaven unknown,
Nor saw his country's peril, nor his own.
The hapless artist, while confused he fled,
The spear of Merion mingled with the dead,
Through his right hip with forceful fury cast,
Between the bladder and the bone it pass'd:
Prone on his knees he falls with fruitless cries,
And death in lasting slumber seals his eyes.
From Meges' force the swift Pedæus fled,
Antenor's offspring from a foreign bed,
Whose generous spouse, Theano, heavenly fair,
Nursed the young stranger with a mother's care.
How vain those cares! when Meges in the rear
Full in his nape infix'd the fatal spear;
Swift through his crackling jaws the weapon glides,
And the cold tongue the grinning teeth divides.
Then died Hypsenor, generous and divine,
Sprung from the brave Dolopian's mighty line,
Who near adored Scamander made abode,
Priest of the stream, and honour'd as a god.
On him, amidst the flying numbers found,
Eurypylus inflicts a deadly wound;
On his broad shoulder fell the forceful brand,
Then glancing downward, lopp'd his holy hand,
Which stain'd with sacred blood the blushing sand.
Down sunk the priest: the purple hand of death
Closed his dim eye, and fate suppress'd his breath.
Thus toil'd the chiefs, in different parts engaged,
In every quarter fierce Tydides raged,
Amid the Greek, amid the Trojan train,
Rapt through the ranks he thunders o'er the plain;
Now here, now there, he darts from place to place,
Pours on the rear, or lightens in their face.
Thus from high hills the torrents swift and strong
Deluge whole fields, and sweep the trees along;
Through ruin'd moles the rushing waves resounds,
O'erwhelms the bridge, and bursts the lofty bounds.
The yellow harvests of the ripen'd year,
And flatted vineyards, one sad waste appear!
While Jove descends in sluicy sheets of rain,
And all the labours of mankind are vain

So raged Tydides boundless in his ire,
Drove armies back, and made all Troy retire.
With grief the leader of the Lycian band*
Saw the wide waste of his destructive hand:
His bended bow against the chief he drew:
Swift to the mark, the thirsty arrow flew,
Whose forky point the hollow breast-plate tore,
Deep in his shoulder pierced, and drank the gore:
The rushing stream his brazen armour dyed,
While the proud archer thus exulting cried:
Hither ye Trojans, hither drive your steeds!
Lo! by our hand the bravest Grecian bleeds.
Not long the dreadful dart he can sustain;
Or Phœbus urged me to these fields in vain.
So spoke he, boastful; but the winged dart
Stopp'd short of life, and mock'd the shooter's art;
The wounded chief behind his car retired,
The helping hand of Sthenelus required;
Swift from his seat he leap'd upon the ground,
And tugg'd the weapon from the gushing wound:
When thus the king his guardian power address'd,
The purple current wandering o'er his vest:
O progeny of Jove! unconquer'd maid!
If e'er my godlike sire deserved thy aid,
If e'er I felt thee in the fighting field;
Now, goddess, now thy sacred succour yield.
Oh give my lance to reach the Trojan knight,
Whose arrow wounds the chief thou guard'st in fight;
And lay the boaster groveling on the shore,
That vaunts these eyes shall view the light no more.
Thus pray'd Tydides, and Minerva heard;
His nerves confirm'd, his languid spirit cheer'd,
He feels each limb with wonted vigour light;
His beating bosom claims the promised fight.
Be bold (she cried,) in every combat shine,
War be thy province, thy protection mine;
Rush to the fight, and every foe controul;
Wake each paternal virtue in the soul:
Strength swells thy boiling breast, infused by me,
And all thy godlike father breathes in thee!
Yet more, from mortal mists I purge thy eyes,
And set to view the warring deities.
These see thou shun, through all the embattled plain,
Nor rashly strive where human force is vain.
If Venus mingle in the martial band,
Her shalt thou wound: so Pallas gives command.
With that the blue-eyed virgin wing'd her flight;
The hero rush'd impetuous to the fight;
With tenfold ardour now invades the plain,
Wild with delay, and more enraged by pain.
As on the fleecy flocks, when hunger calls,
Amidst the field a brindled lion falls;
If chance some shepherd with a distant dart
The savage wound, he rouses at the smart,
He foams, he roars; the shepherd dares not stay,
But trembling leaves the scattering flocks a prey;
Heaps fall on heaps; he bathes with blood the ground,
Then leaps victorious o'er the lofty mound.
Not with less fury stern Tydides flew,
And two brave leaders at an instant slew;
Astynoüs breathless fell, and by his side
His people's pastor, good Hypenor, died;
Astynoüs' breast the deadly lance receives,
Hypenor's shoulder his broad falchion cleaves.
Those slain he left; and sprung with noble rage
Abas and Polyïdus to engage;
Sons of Eurydamus, who, wise and old,
Could fates foresee, and mystic dreams unfold:
The youths return'd not from the doubtful plain,
And the sad father tried his arts in vain;
No mystic dream could make their fates appear,
Though now determined by Tydides' spear.
Young Xanthus next, and Thoön felt his rage:
The joy and hope of Phænops' feeble age;
Vast was his wealth, and these the only heirs
Of all his labours, and a life of cares.
Cold death o'ertakes them in their blooming years,
And leaves the father unavailing tears:
To strangers now descends his heapy store,
The race forgotten, and the name no more.
Two sons of Priam in one chariot ride,
Glittering in arms, and combat side by side.
As when the lordly lion seeks his food
Where grazing heifers range the lonely wood,
He leaps amidst them with a furious bound,
Bends their strong necks, and tears them to the ground
So from their seats the brother chiefs are torn,
Their steeds and chariot to the navy borne.
With deep concern divine Æneas view'd
The foe prevailing, and his friends pursued.
Through the thick storm of singing spears he flies,
Exploring Pandarus with careful eyes.
At length he found Lycaon's mighty son;
To whom the chief of Venus' race begun:
Where, Pandarus, are all thy honours now,
Thy winged arrows, and unerring bow,
Thy matchless skill, thy yet unrival'd fame,
And boasted glory of the Lycian name?
Oh pierce that mortal! if we mortal call
That wondrous force by which whole armies fall;
Or god incensed, who quits the distant skies
To punish Troy for slighted sacrifice;
(Which, oh avert from our unhappy state!
For what so dreadful as celestial hate?)
Whoe'er he be, propitiate Jove with prayer;
If man, destroy; if god, entreat to spare.
To him the Lycian: Whom your eyes behold,
If right I judge, is Diomed the bold!
Such coursers whirl him o'er the dusty field,
So towers his helmet, and so flames his shield.
If 'tis a god, he wears that chief's disguise;
Or if that chief, some guardian of the skies,
Involved in clouds, protects him in the fray,
And turns unseen the frustrate dart away.
I wing'd an arrow, which not idly fell,
The stroke had fix'd him to the gates of hell;
And, but some god, some angry god withstands,
His fate was due to these unerring hands.
Skill'd in the bow, on foot I sought the war,
Nor join'd swift horses to the rapid car.
Ten polish'd chariots I possess'd at home,
And still they grace Lycaon's princely dome:
There veil'd in spacious coverlets they stand;
And twice ten coursers wait their lord's command.
The good old warrior bade me trust to these,
When first for Troy I sail'd the sacred seas;
In fields, aloft, the whirling car to guide;
And through the ranks of death triumphant ride.
But vain with youth, and yet to thrift inclined,
I heard his councils with unheedful mind,
And thought the steeds (your large supplies unknown)
Might fail of forage in the straiten'd town;
So took my bow and pointed darts in hand,
And left the chariots in my native land.

* Pandarus.

Too late, O friend! my rashness I deplore;
These shafts, once fatal, carry death no more.
Tydeus' and Atreus' sons their points have found,
And undissembled gore pursued the wound.
In vain they bled: this unavailing bow
Serves not to slaughter, but provoke the foe.
In evil hour these bended horns I strung,
And seized the quiver where it idly hung.
Cursed be the fate that sent me to the field,
Without the warrior's arms, the spear and shield!
If e'er with life I quit the Trojan plain,
If e'er I see my spouse and sire again,
This bow unfaithful to my glorious aims,
Broke by my hand, shall feed the blazing flames.
To whom the leader of the Dardan race:
Be calm, nor Phœbus' honour'd gift disgrace.
The distant dart be praised, though here we need
The rushing chariot, and the bounding steed.
Against yon hero let us bend our course,
And, hand to hand, encounter force with force.
Now mount my seat, and from the chariot's height
Observe my father's steeds, renown'd in fight.
Practised alike to turn, to stop, to chase,
To dare the shock, or urge the rapid race:
Secure with these, through fighting fields we go;
Or safe to Troy, if Jove assist the foe.
Haste, seize the whip, and snatch the guiding rein;
The warrior's fury let this arm sustain;
Or, if to combat thy bold heart incline,
Take thou the spear, the chariot's care be mine.
O prince! (Lycaon's valiant son replied)
As thine the steeds, be thine the task to guide.
The horses, practised to their lord's command,
Shall hear the rein, and answer to thy hand.
But if, unhappy, we desert the fight,
Thy voice alone can animate their flight:
Else shall our fates be number'd with the dead,
And these, the victor's prize, in triumph led.
Thine be the guidance then: with spear and shield
Myself will charge this terror of the field.
And now both heroes mount the glittering car;
The bounding coursers rush amidst the war.
Their fierce approach the bold Sthenelus espied,
Who thus, alarm'd, to great Tydides cried:
O friend! two chiefs of force immense I see,
Dreadful they come, and bend their rage on thee:
Lo the brave heir of old Lycaon's line,
And great Æneas, sprung from race divine!
Enough is given to fame. Ascend thy car;
And save a life, the bulwark of our war.
At this the hero cast a gloomy look,
Fix'd on the chief with scorn: and thus he spoke:
Me dost thou bid to shun the coming fight?
Me wouldst thou move to base, inglorious flight?
Know, 'tis not honest in my soul to fear,
Nor was Tydides born to tremble here.
I hate the cumbrous chariot's slow advance,
And the long distance of the flying lance;
But while my nerves are strong, my force entire
Thus front the foe, and emulate my sire.
Nor shall yon steeds that fierce to fight convey
Those threatening heroes, bear them both away;
One chief at least beneath this arm shall die,
So Pallas tells me, and forbids to fly.
But if she dooms, and if no god withstand,
That both shall fall by one victorious hand;
Then heed my words: my horses here detain,
Fix'd to the chariot by the straiten'd rein,
Swift to Æneas' empty seat proceed,
And seize the coursers of ethereal breed:
The race of those, which once the thundering god
For ravish'd Ganymede on Tros bestow'd,
The best that e'er on earth's broad surface run,
Beneath the rising or the setting sun.
Hence great Anchises stole a breed, unknown
By mortal mares, from fierce Laomedon:
Four of this race his ample stalls contain,
And two transport Æneas o'er the plain.
These, were the rich immortal prize our own,
Through the wide world should make our glory known.
Thus while they spoke, the foe came furious on,
And stern Lycaon's warlike race begun:
Prince, thou art met. Though late in vain assail'd,
The spear may enter where the arrow fail'd.
He said, then shook the ponderous lance, and flung;
On his broad shield the sounding weapon rung,
Pierced the tough orb, and in his cuirass hung.
He bleeds! the pride of Greece! (the boaster cries)
Our triumph now, the mighty warrior lies!
Mistaken vaunter! Diomed replied;
Thy dart has err'd, and now my spear be tried:
Ye 'scape not both; one, headlong from his car,
With hostile blood shall glut the god of war.
He spoke, and rising hurl'd his forceful dart,
Which, driven by Pallas, pierced a vital part:
Full in his face it enter'd, and betwixt
The nose and eye-ball the proud Lycian fix'd;
Crash'd all his jaws, and cleft the tongue within,
Till the bright point look'd out beneath the chin.
Headlong he falls, his helmet knocks the ground;
Earth groans beneath him, and his arms resound;
The starting coursers tremble with affright;
The soul indignant seeks the realms of night.
To guard his slaughter'd friend Æneas flies,
His spear extending where the carcass lies;
Watchful he wheels, protects it every way,
As the grim lion stalks around his prey.
O'er the fall'n trunk his ample shield display'd,
He hides the hero with his mighty shade,
And threats aloud: the Greeks with longing eyes
Behold at distance, but forbear the prize.
Then fierce Tydides stoops; and from the fields,
Heaved with vast force, a rocky fragment wields:
Not two strong men the enormous weight could raise,
Such men as live in these degenerate days.
He swung it round; and gathering strength to throw
Discharged the ponderous ruin at the foe.
Where to the hip the inserted thigh unites,
Full on the bone the pointed marble lights;
Through both the tendons broke the rugged stone,
And stripp'd the skin, and crack'd the solid bone.
Sunk on his knees, and staggering with his pains,
His falling bulk his bended arm sustains;
Lost in a dizzy mist the warrior lies,
A sudden cloud comes swimming o'er his eyes.
There the brave chief, who mighty numbers sway'd,
Oppress'd had sunk to death's eternal shade;
But heavenly Venus, mindful of the love
She bore Anchises in the Idæan grove,
His danger views with anguish and despair,
And guards her offspring with a mother's care:
About her much-loved son her arms she throws,
Her arms whose whiteness match the falling snows.
Screen'd from the foe behind her shining veil,
The swords wave harmless, and the javelins fail:

Safe through the rushing horse, and feather'd flight
Of sounding shafts, she bears him from the fight.
Nor Sthenelus, with unassisting hands,
Remain'd unheedful of his lord's commands:
His panting steeds, removed from out the war,
He fix'd with straiten'd traces to the car.
Next rushing to the Dardan spoil, detains
The heavenly coursers with the flowing manes: 400
These, in proud triumph to the fleet convey'd,
No longer now a Trojan lord obey'd.
That charge to bold Deïpylus he gave,
(Whom most he loved, as brave men love the brave,)
Then mounting on his car, resumed the rein,
And follow'd where Tydides swept the plain.
Meanwhile (his conquest ravish'd from his eyes)
The raging chief in chase of Venus flies:
No goddess she commission'd to the field,
Like Pallas dreadful with her sable shield, 410
Or fierce Bellona thundering at the wall,
While flames ascend, and mighty ruins fall;
He knew soft combats suit the tender dame,
New to the field, and still a foe to fame.
Through breaking ranks his furious course he bends,
And at the goddess his broad lance extends;
Through her bright veil the daring weapon drove,
The ambrosial veil which all the Graces wove;
Her snowy hand the razing steel profaned,
And the transparent skin with crimson stain'd. 420
From the clear vein a stream immortal flow'd,
Such stream as issues from a wounded god:
Pure emanation; uncorrupted flood;
Unlike our gross, diseased, terrestrial blood:
(For not the bread of man their life sustains,
Nor wine's inflaming juice supplies their veins.)
With tender shrieks the goddess fill'd the place,
And dropp'd her offspring from her weak embrace.
Him Phœbus took: he casts a cloud around
The fainting chief, and wards the mortal wound. 430
Then, with a voice that shook the vaulted skies,
The king insults the goddess as she flies:
Ill with Jove's daughter bloody fights agree,
The field of combat is no scene for thee;
Go, let thy own soft sex employ thy care,
Go, lull the coward, or delude the fair:
Taught by this stroke, renounce the war's alarms,
And learn to tremble at the name of arms.
Tydides thus. The goddess, seized with dread,
Confused, distracted, from the conflict fled. 440
To aid her, swift the winged Iris flew,
Wrapt in a mist above the warring crew;
The queen of love with faded charms she found,
Pale was her cheek, and livid look'd the wound.
To Mars, who sat remote, they bent their way,
Far on the left, with clouds involved he lay;
Beside him stood his lance, distain'd with gore,
And, rein'd with gold, his foaming steeds before.
Low at his knee, she begg'd with streaming eyes
Her brother's car, to mount the distant skies, 450
And show'd the wound by fierce Tydides given,
A mortal man, who dares encounter heaven.
Stern Mars attentive hears the queen complain,
And to her hand commits the golden rein;
She mounts the seat, oppress'd with silent woe,
Driven by the goddess of the painted bow.
The lash resounds, the rapid chariot flies,
And in a moment scales the lofty skies:
There stopp'd the car, and there the coursers stood,
Fed by fair Iris with ambrosial food. 460
Before her mother, Love's bright queen appears,
O'erwhelm'd with anguish, and dissolved in tears;
She raised her in her arms, beheld her bleed,
And ask'd what god had wrought this guilty deed.
Then she: This insult from no god I found,
An impious mortal gave the daring wound!
Behold the deed of haughty Diomed!
'Twas in the son's defence the mother bled.
The war with Troy no more the Grecians wage,
But with the gods (the immortal gods) engage. 470
Dioné then: Thy wrongs with patience bear,
And share those griefs inferior powers must share:
Unnumber'd woes mankind from us sustain,
And men with woes afflict the gods again.
The mighty Mars in mortal fetters bound,
And lodged in brazen dungeons underground,
Full thirteen moons imprison'd roar'd in vain;
Otus and Ephialtes held the chain:
Perhaps had perish'd; had not Hermes' care
Restored the groaning god to upper air. 480
Great Juno's self has borne her weight of pain,
The imperial partner of the heavenly reign;
Amphytrion's son infix'd the deadly dart,
And fill'd with anguish her immortal heart.
E'en hell's grim king Alcides' power confess'd,
The shaft found entrance in his iron breast;
To Jove's high palace for a cure he fled,
Pierced in his own dominions of the dead,
Where Phæon, sprinkling heavenly balm around,
Assuaged the glowing pangs, and closed the wound.
Rash, impious man! to stain the blest abodes, 491
And drench his arrows in the blood of gods!
But thou (though Pallas urged thy frantic deed)
Whose spear ill-fated makes a goddess bleed,
Know thou, whoe'er with heavenly power contends,
Short is his date, and soon his glory ends;
From fields of death when late he shall retire,
No infant on his knees shall call him sire.
Strong as thou art, some god may yet be found,
To stretch thee pale and gasping on the ground; 500
Thy distant wife, Ægialé the fair,
Starting from sleep with a distracted air,
Shall rouse thy slaves, and her lost lord deplore,
The brave the great, the glorious, now no more!
This said, she wiped from Venus' wounded palm
The sacred ichor, and infused the balm.
Juno and Pallas with a smile survey'd,
And thus to Jove began the blue-eyed maid:
Permit thy daughter, gracious Jove! to tell
How this mischance the Cyprian queen befell. 510
As late she tried with passion to inflame
The tender bosom of a Grecian dame,
Allured the fair with moving thoughts of joy,
To quit her country for some youth of Troy;
The clasping zone, with golden buckles bound,
Razed her soft hand with this lamented wound.
The sire of gods and men superior smiled,
And, calling Venus, thus address'd his child:
Not these, O daughter, are thy proper cares,
Thee milder arts befit, and softer wars; 520
Sweet smiles are thine, and kind endearing charms:
To Mars and Pallas leave the deeds of arms.
Thus they in heaven: while on the plain below
The fierce Tydides charged his Dardan foe,
Flush'd with celestial blood pursued his way,
And fearless dared the threatening god of day;
Already in his hopes he saw him kill'd,
Though screen'd behind Apollo's mighty shield.

Thrice, rushing furious, at the chief he struck;
His blazing buckler thrice Apollo shook:
He tried the fourth; when, breaking from the cloud,
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud:
O son of Tydeus, cease! be wise, and see
How vast the difference of the gods and thee;
Distance immense! between the powers that shine
Above, eternal, deathless, and divine,
And mortal man! a wretch of humble birth,
A short-lived reptile in the dust of earth.
So spoke the god who darts celestial fires:
He dreads his fury, and some steps retires.
Then Phœbus bore the chief of Venus' race
To Troy's high fane, and to his holy place;
Latona there and Phœbe heal'd the wound,
With vigour arm'd him, and with glory crown'd.
This done, the patron of the silver bow
A phantom raised, the same in shape and show
With great Æneas; such the form he bore,
And such in fight the radiant arms he wore.
Around the spectre bloody wars are waged,
And Greece and Troy with clashing shields engaged.
Meantime on Ilion's tower Apollo stood,
And, calling Mars, thus urged the raging god:
Stern power of arms, by whom the mighty fall;
Who bathest in blood, and shak'st the embattled wall,
Rise in thy wrath! to hell's abhorr'd abodes
Dispatch yon Greek, and vindicate the gods.
First rosy Venus felt his brutal rage;
Me next he charged, and dares all heaven engage:
The wretch would brave high heaven's immortal sire,
His triple thunder, and his bolts of fire.
The god of battle issues on the plain,
Stirs all the ranks, and fires the Trojan train;
In form like Acamas, the Thracian guide,
Enraged, to Troy's retiring chiefs he cried:
How long, ye sons of Priam! will ye fly,
And unrevenged see Priam's people die?
Still unresisted shall the foe destroy,
And stretch the slaughter to the gates of Troy?
Lo brave Æneas sinks beneath his wound,
Not godlike Hector more in arms renown'd.
Haste all, and take a generous warrior's part:
He said; new courage swell'd each hero's heart.
Sarpedon first his ardent soul express'd,
And, turn'd to Hector, these bold words address'd:
Say, chief! is all thy ancient valour lost?
Where are thy threats, and where thy glorious boast,
That propp'd alone by Priam's race should stand
Troy's sacred walls, nor need a foreign hand?
Now, now thy country calls her wonted friends,
And the proud vaunt in just derision ends:
Remote they stand, while alien troops engage,
Like trembling hounds before the lion's rage.
Far distant hence I held my wide command,
Where foaming Xanthus laves the Lycian land,
With ample wealth (the wish of mortals) blest,
A beauteous wife, and infant at her breast;
With those I left whatever dear could be;
Greece, if she conquers, nothing wins from me.
Yet first in fight my Lycian bands I cheer
And long to meet this mighty man ye fear;
While Hector idle stands, nor bids the brave
Their wives, their infants, and their altars save.
Haste, warrior, haste! preserve thy threaten'd state;
Or one vast burst of all-involving fate
Full o'er your towers shall fall, and sweep away
Sons, sires, and wives, an undistinguish'd prey.
Rouse all thy Trojans, urge thy aids to fight;
These claim thy thoughts by day, thy watch by night:
With force incessant the brave Greeks oppose;
Such cares thy friends deserve, and such thy foes.
Stung to the heart the generous Hector hears;
But just reproof with decent silence bears.
From his proud car the prince impetuous springs,
On earth he leaps; his brazen armour rings.
Two shining spears are brandish'd in his hands,
Thus arm'd, he animates his drooping bands,
Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight,
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.
They turn, they stand, the Greeks their fury dare,
Condense their powers, and wait the growing war.
As when, on Ceres' sacred floor, the swain
Spreads the wide fan to clear the golden grain,
And the light chaff, before the breezes borne,
Ascends in clouds from off the heapy corn;
The grey dust, rising with collected winds,
Drives o'er the barn, and whitens all the hinds:
So white with dust the Grecian host appears,
From trampling steeds, and thundering charioteers;
The dusky clouds from labour'd earth arise,
And roll in smoking volumes to the skies.
Mars hovers o'er them with his sable shield;
And adds new horrors to the darken'd field:
Pleased with his charge, and ardent to fulfil,
In Troy's defence, Apollo's heavenly will:
Soon as from fight the blue-eyed maid retires,
Each Trojan bosom with new warmth he fires.
And now the god, from forth his sacred fane,
Produced Æneas to the shouting train;
Alive, unharm'd, with all his peers around,
Erect he stood, and vigorous from his wound:
Inquiries none they made; the dreadful day
No pause of words admits, no dull delay;
Fierce Discord storms, Apollo loud exclaims,
Fame calls, Mars thunders, and the field 's in flames.
Stern Diomed with either Ajax stood,
And great Ulysses, bathed in hostile blood.
Embodied close, the labouring Grecian train
The fiercest shock of charging hosts sustain.
Unmoved and silent, the whole war they wait,
Serenely dreadful, and as fix'd as fate.
So when the embattled clouds in dark array,
Along the skies their gloomy lines display;
When now the North his boisterous rage has spent,
And peaceful sleeps the liquid element;
The low-hung vapours, motionless and still,
Rest on the summits of the shaded hill;
Till the mass scatters as the winds arise,
Dispersed and broken through the ruffled skies.
Nor was the general wanting to his train;
From troop to troop he toils through all the plain.
Ye Greeks, be men! the charge of battle bear;
Your brave associates and yourselves revere!
Let glorious acts more glorious acts inspire,
And catch from breast to breast the noble fire!
On valour's side the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The wretch who trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame.
These words he seconds with his flying lance,
To meet whose point was strong Deïcoon's chance.
Æneas' friend, and in his native place
Honour'd and loved like Priam's royal race:
Long had he fought the foremost in the field,
But now the monarch's lance transpierced his shield.

His shield too weak the furious dart to stay,
Through his broad belt the weapon forced its way;
The grizly wound dismiss'd his soul to hell,
His arms around him rattled as he fell.
Then fierce Æneas, brandishing his blade,
In dust Orsilochus and Crethon laid,
Whose sire Diöcleus, wealthy, brave, and great,
In well-built Pheræ held his lofty seat:
Sprung from Alpheüs' plenteous stream, that yields
Increase of harvests to the Pylian fields.
He got Orsilochus, Diöcleus he,
And these descended in the third degree.
Too early expert in the martial toil,
In sable ships they left their native soil,
To avenge Atrides: now, untimely slain,
They fell with glory on the Phrygian plain.
So two young mountain lions, nursed with blood
In deep recesses of the gloomy wood,
Rush fearless to the plains, and uncontroll'd
Depopulate the stalls, and waste the fold;
Till pierced at distance from their native den,
O'erpower'd they fall beneath the force of men.
Prostrate on earth their beauteous bodies lay,
Like mountain firs, as tall and straight as they.
Great Menelaüs views with pitying eyes,
Lifts his bright lance, and at the victor flies;
Mars urged him on; yet, ruthless in his hate,
The god but urged him to provoke his fate.
He thus advancing, Nestor's valiant son
Shakes for his danger, and neglects his own:
Struck with the thought, should Helen's lord be slain,
And all his country's glorious labours vain.
Already met, the threatening heroes stand;
The spears already tremble in their hand:
In rush'd Antilochus, his aid to bring,
And fall or conquer by the Spartan king.
These seen, the Dardan backward turn'd his course,
Brave as he was, and shunn'd unequal force.
The breathless bodies to the Greeks they drew,
Then mix in combat, and their toils renew.
First, Pylæmenes, great in battle, bled,
Who, sheath'd in brass, the Paphlagonians led.
Atrides mark'd him where sublime he stood;
Fix'd in his throat, the javelin drank his blood.
The faithful Mydon, as he turn'd from fight,
His flying coursers, sunk to endless night:
A broken rock by Nestor's son was thrown;
His bended arm received the falling stone,
From his numb'd hand the ivory-studded reins,
Dropp'd in the dust, are trail'd along the plains
Meanwhile his temples feel a deadly wound;
He groans in death, and pondrous sinks to ground;
Deep drove his helmet in the sands, and there
The head stood fix'd, the quivering legs in air,
Till trampled flat beneath the coursers' feet:
The youthful victor mounts his empty seat,
And bears the prize in triumph to the fleet:
Great Hector saw, and raging at the view,
Pours on the Greeks; the Trojan troops pursue:
He fires his host with animating cries,
And brings along the furies of the skies.
Mars, stern destroyer! and Bellona dread,
Flame in the front, and thunder at their head:
This swells the tumult and the rage of fight;
That shakes a spear that casts a dreadful light.
Where Hector march'd the god of battle shined,
Now storm'd before him, and now raged behind.

Tydides paused amidst his full career;
Then first the hero's manly breast knew fear.
As when some simple swain his cot forsakes,
And wide through fens an unknown journey takes;
If chance a swelling brook his passage stay,
And foam impervious cross the wanderer's way,
Confused he stops, a length of country past,
Eyes the rough waves, and, tired, returns at last:
Amazed no less the great Tydides stands;
He stay'd, and, turning, thus address'd his bands:
No wonder, Greeks! that all to Hector yield;
Secure of favouring gods, he takes the field;
His strokes they second, and avert our spears:
Behold where Mars in mortal arms appears!
Retire then, warriors, but sedate and slow;
Retire, but with your faces to the foe.
Trust not too much your unavailing might;
'Tis not with Troy, but with the gods ye fight.
Now near the Greeks the black battalions drew;
And first two leaders valiant Hector slew!
His force Anchialus and Mnesthes found,
In every art of glorious war renown'd;
In the same car the chiefs to combat ride,
And fought united, and united died,
Struck at the sight, the mighty Ajax glows
With thirst of vengeance, and assaults the foes
His massy spear with matchless fury sent,
Through Amphius' belt and heaving belly went:
Amphius Apæsus' happy soil possess'd,
With herds abounding, and with treasures bless'd;
But fate resistless from his country led
The chief, to perish at his people's head.
Shook with his fall, his brazen armour rung;
And fierce, to seize it, conquering Ajax sprung;
Around his head an iron tempest rain'd;
A wood of spears his ample shield sustain'd;
Beneath one foot the yet warm corpse he press'd,
And drew his javelin from the bleeding breast.
He could no more; the showering darts denied
To spoil his glittering arms and plumy pride.
Now foes on foes came pouring on the fields,
With bristling lances, and compacted shields;
Till, in the steely circle straiten'd round,
Forced he gives way, and sternly quits the ground.
While thus they strive, Tlepolemus the great,
Urged by the force of unresisted fate,
Burns with desire Sarpedon's strength to prove,
Alcides' offspring meets the son of Jove.
Sheath'd in bright arms each adverse chief came on,
Jove's great descendant, and his greater son.
Prepared for combat, ere the lance he toss'd,
The daring Rhodian vents his haughty boast:
What brings this Lycian counsellor so far,
To tremble at our arms, not mix in war?
Know thy vain self; nor let their flattery move,
Who style thee son of cloud-compelling Jove.
How far unlike those chiefs of race divine!
How vast the difference of their deeds and thine!
Jove got such heroes as my sire, whose soul
No fear could daunt, nor earth nor hell controul;
Troy felt his arm, and yon proud ramparts stand
Raised on the ruins of his vengeful hand:
With six small ships, and but a slender train,
He left the town a wide-deserted plain.
But what art thou? who deedless look'st around,
While unrevenged thy Lycians bite the ground;
Small aid to Troy thy feeble force can be,
But, wert thou greater, thou must yield to me.

Pierced by my spear, to endless darkness go!
I make this present to the shades below.
The son of Hercules, the Rhodian guide,
Thus haughty spoke. The Lycian king replied:
Thy sire, O prince! o'erturn'd the Trojan state,
Whose perjured monarch well deserved his fate;
Those heavenly steeds the hero sought so far,
False he detain'd, the just reward of war.
Nor so content, the generous chief defied,
With base reproaches and unmanly pride.
But you, unworthy the high race you boast,
Shall raise my glory when thy own is lost:
Now meet thy fate, and by Sarpedon slain,
Add one more ghost to Pluto's gloomy reign.
He said: both javelins at an instant flew;
Both struck, both wounded; but Sarpedon's slew:
Full in the boaster's neck the weapon stood,
Transfix'd his throat, and drank the vital blood;
The soul disdainful seeks the caves of night,
And his seal'd eyes for ever lose the light.
Yet not in vain, Tlepolemus, was thrown
Thy angry lance; which, piercing to the bone
Sarpedon's thigh, had robb'd the chief of breath:
But Jove was present, and forbade the death.
Borne from the conflict by his Lycian throng,
The wounded hero dragg'd the lance along.
(His friends, each busied in his several part,
Through haste, or danger, had not drawn the dart.)
The Greeks with slain Tlepolemus retired;
Whose fall Ulysses view'd, with fury fired;
Doubtful if Jove's great son he should pursue,
Or pour his vengeance on the Lycian crew.
But heaven and fate the first design withstand,
Nor this great death must grace Ulysses's hand.
Minerva drives him on the Lycian train;
Alastor, Cromius, Halius, strew'd the plain,
Alcander, Prytanis, Noëmon fell:
And numbers more his sword had sent to hell,
But Hector saw; and furious at the sight,
Rush'd terrible amidst the ranks of fight.
With joy Sarpedon view'd the wish'd relief,
And, faint, lamenting, thus implored the chief:
Oh suffer not the foe to bear away
My helpless corpse, an unassisted prey;
If I, unbless'd, must see my son no more,
My much-loved consort, and my native shore,
Yet let me die in Ilion's sacred wall;
Troy, in whose cause I fell, shall mourn my fall.
He said; nor Hector to the chief replies,
But shakes his plume, and fierce to combat flies;
Swift as a whirlwind, drives the scattering foes,
And dyes the ground with purple as he goes.
Beneath a beech, Jove's consecrated shade,
His mournful friends divine Sarpedon laid:
Brave Pelagon, his favourite chief, was nigh,
Who wrench'd the javelin from his sinewy thigh.
The fainting soul stood ready wing'd for flight,
And o'er his eye-balls swam the shades of night;
But Boreas rising fresh, with gentle breath,
Recall'd his spirit from the gates of death.
The generous Greeks recede with tardy pace,
Though Mars and Hector thunder in their face;
None turn their backs to mean ignoble flight,
Slow they retreat, and e'en retreating fight.
Who first, who last, by Mars' and Hector's hand,
Stretch'd in their blood, lay gasping on the sand?
Teuthras the great, Orestes the renown'd
For managed steeds, and Trechus press'd the ground;
Next Œnomaus, and Œnops' offspring died;
Oresbius last fell groaning at their side;
Oresbius in his painted mitre gay,
In fat Bœotia held his wealthy sway,
Where lakes surround low Hylè's watery plain,
A prince and people studious of their gain.
The carnage Juno from the skies survey'd,
And touch'd with grief, bespoke the blue-eyed maid:
Oh sight accursed! shall faithless Troy prevail,
And shall our promise to our people fail?
How vain the word to Menelaüs given
By Jove's great daughter and the queen of heaven,
Beneath his arms that Priam's towers should fall;
If warring gods for ever guard the wall!
Mars, red with slaughter, aids our hated foes:
Haste, let us arm, and force with force oppose!
She spoke: Minerva burns to meet the war:
And now heaven's empress calls her blazing car.
At her command rush forth the steeds divine;
Rich with immortal gold their trappings shine.
Bright Hebé waits; by Hebé, ever young,
The whirling wheels are to the chariot hung.
On the bright axle turns the bidden wheel
Of sounding brass; the polish'd axle steel.
Eight brazen spokes in radiant order flame;
The circles gold, of uncorrupted frame,
Such as the heavens produce: and round the gold
Two brazen rings of work divine were roll'd.
The bossy naves of solid silver shone;
Braces of gold suspend the moving throne:
The car behind an arching figure bore;
The bending concave form'd an arch before;
Silver the beam, the extended yoke was gold,
And golden reins the immortal coursers hold.
Herself, impatient, to the ready car,
The coursers join, and breathes revenge and war.
Pallas disrobes; her radiant veil untied,
With flowers adorn'd, with art diversified,
(The labour'd veil her heavenly fingers wove,)
Flows on the pavement of the court of Jove.
Now heaven's dread arms her mighty limbs invest,
Jove's cuirass blazes on her ample breast;
Deck'd in sad triumph for the mournful field,
O'er her broad shoulders hangs his horrid shield,
Dire, black, tremendous! Round the margin roll'd,
A fringe of serpents hissing guards the gold:
Here all the terrors of grim war appear,
Here rages Force, here tremble Flight and Fear,
Here storm'd Contention, and here Fury frown'd,
And the dire orb portentous Gorgon crown'd.
The massy golden helm she next assumes,
That dreadful nods with four o'ershading plumes,
So vast, the broad circumference contains
A hundred armies on a hundred plains.
The goddess thus the imperial car ascends,
Shook by her arm the mighty javelin bends,
Ponderous and huge; that, when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.
Swift at the scourge the ethereal coursers fly,
While the smooth chariot cuts the liquid sky.
Heaven's gates spontaneous open to the powers,
Heaven's golden gates, kept by the winged Hours;
Commission'd in alternate watch thy stand,
The sun's bright portals and the skies command,
Involve in clouds the eternal gates of day,
Or the dark barrier roll with ease away.
The sounding hinges ring: on either side
The gloomy volumes, pierced with light, divide.

The chariot mounts, where deep in ambient skies
Confused, Olympus' hundred heads arise;
Where far apart the Thunderer fills his throne;
O'er all the gods superior and alone.
There with her snowy hand the queen restrains
The fiery steeds, and thus to Jove complains:
O sire! can no resentment touch thy soul?
Can Mars rebel, and does no thunder roll?
What lawless rage on yon forbidden plain!
What rash destruction! and what heroes slain!
Venus, and Phœbus with the dreadful bow,
Smile on the slaughter, and enjoy my woe.
Mad, furious power! whose unrelenting mind
No god can govern, and no justice bind.
Say, mighty father! shall we scourge his pride,
And drive from fight the impetuous homicide?
To whom assenting, thus the Thunderer said:
Go! and the great Minerva be thy aid,
To tame the monster-god Minerva knows,
And oft afflicts his brutal breast with woes.
He said: Saturnia, ardent to obey,
Lash'd her white steeds along the aërial way.
Swift down the steep of heaven the chariot rolls,
Between the expanded earth and starry poles.
Far as a shepherd, from some point on high,
O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye;
Through such a space of air, with thundering sound,
At every leap the immortal coursers bound:
Troy now they reach'd, and touch'd those banks di-
Where silver Simoïs and Scamander join. [vine,
There Juno stopp'd (and her fair steeds unloosed,)
Of air condensed a vapour circumfused
For these, impregnate with celestial dew,
On Simoïs' brink ambrosial herbage grew.
Thence to relieve the fainting Argive throng,
Smooth as the sailing doves, they glide along.
The best and bravest of the Grecian band
(A warlike circle) round Tydides stand:
Such was their look as lions bathed in blood,
Or foaming boars, the terror of the wood.
Heaven's empress mingles with the mortal crowd,
And shouts, in Stentor's sounding voice, aloud;
Stentor the strong, endued with brazen lungs,
Whose throat surpass'd the force of fifty tongues:
Inglorious Argives! to your race a shame,
And only men in figure and in name!
Once from the walls your timorous foes engaged,
While fierce in war divine Achilles raged;
Now issuing fearless they possess the plain,
Now win the shores, and scarce the seas remain.
Her speech new fury to their hearts convey'd;
While near Tydides stood the Athenian maid;
The king beside his panting steeds she found,
O'erspent with toil, reposing on the ground:
To cool his glowing wound he sat apart
(The wound inflicted by the Lycian dart;)
Large drops of sweat from all his limbs descend,
Beneath his pondrous shield his sinews bend,
Whose ample belt, that o'er his shoulder lay,
He eased; and wash'd the clotted gore away.
The goddess leaning o'er the bending yoke,
Beside his coursers, thus her silence broke:
Degenerate prince! and not of Tydeus' kind,
Whose little body lodged a mighty mind;
Foremost he press'd in glorious toils to share,
And scarce refrain'd when I forbade the war.
Alone, unguarded, once he dared to go
And feast, encircled by the Theban foe;
There braved, and vanquish'd many a hardy knight,
Such nerves I gave him, and such force in fight.
Thou too no less hast been my constant care;
Thy hands I arm'd, and sent thee forth to war:
But thee or fear deters or sloth detains;
No drop of all thy father warms thy veins.
The chief thus answer'd mild: Immortal maid!
I own thy presence, and confess thy aid.
Not fear, thou know'st, withholds me from the plains,
Nor sloth hath seized me, but thy word restrains;
From warring gods thou bad'st me turn my spear,
And Venus only found resistance here.
Hence, goddess! heedful of thy high commands,
Loath I gave way, and warn'd our Argive bands:
For Mars, the homicide, these eyes beheld,
With slaughter red, and raging round the field.
Then thus Minerva: Brave Tydides, hear!
Not Mars himself, nor aught immortal, fear.
Full on the god impel thy foaming horse;
Pallas commands, and Pallas lends thee force.
Rash, furious, blind, from these to those he flies,
And every side of wavering combat tries;
Large promise makes, and breaks the promise made;
Now gives the Grecians, now the Trojans aid.
She said; and to the steeds approaching near,
Drew from his seat the martial charioteer.
The vigorous power the trembling car ascends,
Fierce for revenge; and Diomed attends.
The groaning axle bent beneath the load;
So great a hero, and so great a god.
She snatch'd the reins, she lash'd with all her force,
And full on Mars impell'd the foaming horse:
But first to hide her heavenly visage spread
Black Orcus' helmet o'er her radiant head.
Just then gigantic Periphas lay slain,
The strongest warrior of the Ætolian train;
The god, who slew him, leaves his prostrate prize
Stretch'd where he fell, and at Tydides flies.
Now, rushing fierce, in equal arms appear,
The daring Greek: the dreadful god of war!
Full at the chief, above his coursers' head,
From Mars's arm the enormous weapon fled:
Pallas opposed her hand, and caused to glance
Far from the car, the strong immortal lance.
Then threw the force of Tydeus' warlike son;
The javelin hiss'd; the goddess urged it on:
Where the broad cincture girt his armour round,
It pierced the god; his groin received the wound.
From the rent skin the warrior tugs again
The smoking steel. Mars bellows with the pain:
Loud as the roar encountering armies yield,
When shouting millions shake the thundering field.
Both armies start, and trembling gaze around;
And earth and heaven rebellow to the sound.
As vapours blown by Auster's sultry breath,
Pregnant with plagues, and shedding seeds of death,
Beneath the rage of burning Sirius rise,
Choke the parch'd earth, and blacken all the skies;
In such a cloud the god from combat driven,
High o'er the dusty whirlwind scales the heaven.
Wild with his pain, he sought the bright abodes.
There sullen sat beneath the sire of gods,
Show'd the celestial blood, and with a groan
Thus pour'd his plaints before the immortal throne:
Can Jove, supine, flagitious facts survey,
And brook the furies of this daring day?
For mortal men celestial powers engage,
And gods on gods exert eternal rage.

From thee, O father! all these ills we bear,
And thy fell daughter with the shield and spear:
Thou gavest that fury to the realms of light,
Pernicious, wild, regardless of the right.
All heaven beside reveres thy sovereign sway,
Thy voice we hear, and thy behests obey:
'Tis hers to offend, and e'en offending share
Thy breast, thy counsels, thy distinguish'd care:
So boundless she, and thou so partial grown,
Well may we deem the wondrous birth thy own.
Now frantic Diomed, at her command,
Against the immortals lifts his raging hand:
The heavenly Venus first his fury found,
Me next encountering, me he dared to wound;
Vanquish'd I fled: e'en I, the god of fight,
From mortal madness scarce was saved by flight.
Else hadst thou seen me sink on yonder plain,
Heap'd round, and heaving under loads of slain!
Or, pierced with Grecian darts, for ages lie,
Condemn'd to pain, though fated not to die.
Him thus upbraiding, with a wrathful look
The lord of thunders view'd, and stern bespoke:
To me, perfidious! this lamenting strain?
Of lawless force shall lawless Mars complain?
Of all the gods who tread the spangled skies,
Thou most unjust, most odious in our eyes!
Inhuman discord is thy dire delight,
The waste of slaughter, and the rage of fight.
No bound, no law, thy fiery temper quells,
And all thy mother in thy soul rebels.
In vain our threats, in vain our power we use,
She gives the example, and her son pursues.
Yet long the inflicted pangs thou shalt not mourn,
Sprung since thou art from Jove, and heavenly born;
Else, singed with lightning, hadst thou hence been thrown,
Where chain'd on burning rocks the Titans groan.
Thus he who shakes Olympus with his nod:
Then gave to Pæon's care the bleeding god.
With gentle hand the balm he pour'd around,
And heal'd the immortal flesh, and closed the wound.
As when the fig's press'd juice, infused in cream,
To curds coagulates the liquid stream,
Sudden the fluids fix, the parts combined;
Such, and so soon, the ethereal texture join'd.
Cleansed from the dust and gore, fair Hebé dress'd
His mighty limbs in an immortal vest.
Glorious he sat, in majesty restored,
Fast by the throne of heaven's superior lord.
Juno and Pallas mount the bless'd abodes
Their task perform'd, and mix among the gods.

BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT.

The Episodes of Glaucus and Diomed, and of Hector and Andromache.

The gods having left the field, the Grecians prevail. Helenus, the chief augur of Troy, commands Hector to return to the city, in order to appoint a solemn procession of the queen and the Trojan matrons to the temple of Minerva, to entreat her to remove Diomed from the fight. The battle relaxing during the absence of Hector, Glaucus and Diomed have an interview between the two armies; where coming to the knowledge of the friendship and hospitality past between their ancestors, they make exchange of their arms. Hector having performed the orders of Helenus, prevails upon Paris to return to the battle; and taking a tender leave of his wife Andromache, hastens again to the field.

The scene is first in the field of battle, between the rivers Simois and Scamander, and then changes to Troy.

BOOK VI.

Now heaven forsakes the fight, the immortals yield,
To human force and human skill, the field;
Dark showers of javelins fly from foes to foes:
Now here, now there, the tide of combat flows;
While Troy's famed streams,* that bound the dreadful plain,
On either side run purple to the main.
Great Ajax first to conquest led the way,
Broke the thick ranks, and turn'd the doubtful day.
The Thracian Acamas his falchion found,
And hewd the enormous giant to the ground:
His thundering arm a deadly stroke impress'd
Where the black horse-hair nodded o'er his crest.
Fix'd in his front the brazen weapon lies,
And seals in endless shades his swimming eyes.
Next Teuthras' son distain'd the sands with blood,
Axylus, hospitable, rich, and good:
In fair Arisba's walls (his native place)
He held his seat; a friend to human race.
Fast by the road, his ever open door
Obliged the wealthy, and relieved the poor.
To stern Tydides now he falls a prey,
No friend to guard him in the dreadful day!
Breathless the good man fell, and by his side
His faithful servant, old Calesius, died.
By great Euryalus was Dresus slain,
And next he laid Opheltius on the plain.
Two twins were near, bold, beautiful, and young,
From a fair Naiad and Bucolion sprung:
(Laomedon's white flocks Bucolion fed,
That monarch's first-born by a foreign bed;
In secret woods he won the Naiad's grace,
And two fair infants crown'd his strong embrace.)
Here dead they lay in all their youthful charms;
The ruthless victor stripp'd their shining arms.
Astyalus by Polypœtes fell:
Ulysses' spear Pidytes sent to hell:
By Teucer's shaft brave Aretaön bled,
And Nestor's son laid stern Ablerus dead.
Great Agamemnon, leader of the brave,
The mortal wound of rich Elatus gave,
Who held in Pedasus his proud abode,
And till'd the banks where silver Satnio flow'd.
Melanthius by Eurypylus was slain;
And Phylacus from Leitus flies in vain.
Unblest Adrastus next at mercy lies
Beneath the Spartan spear, a living prize.
Scared with the din and tumult of the fight,
His headlong steeds precipitate in flight,
Rush'd on a tamarisk's strong trunk, and broke
The shatter'd chariot from the crooked yoke.
Wide o'er the field, resistless as the wind,
For Troy they fly, and leave their lord behind.
Prone on his face he sinks beside the wheel;
Atrides o'er him shakes his vengeful steel;
The fallen chief in suppliant posture press'd
The victor's knees, and thus his prayer address'd:
Oh, spare my youth! and for the life I owe
Large gifts of price my father shall bestow.

* Scamander and Simois.

When fame shall tell, that, not in battle slain,
Thy hollow ships his captive son detain;
Rich heaps of brass shall in thy tent be told,
And steel well-temper'd, and persuasive gold.
He said: compassion touch'd the hero's heart;
He stood, suspended, with the lifted dart:
As pity pleaded for his vanquish'd prize,
Stern Agamemnon swift to vengeance flies,
And furious thus: Oh impotent of mind!
Shall these, shall these Atrides' mercy find?
Well hast thou known proud Troy's perfidious land,
And well her natives merit at thy hand!
Not one of all the race, nor sex, nor age,
Shall save a Trojan from our boundless rage:
Ilion shall perish whole, and bury all;
Her babes, her infants at the breast, shall fall:
A dreadful lesson of exampled fate,
To warn the nations, and to curb the great!
The monarch spoke; the words with warmth addrest,
To rigid justice steel'd his brother's breast.
Fierce from his knees the hapless chief he thrust
The monarch's javelin stretch'd him in the dust,
Then pressing with his foot his panting heart,
Forth from the slain he tugg'd the reeking dart.
Old Nestor saw, and roused the warrior's rage:
Thus, heroes! thus the vigorous combat wage!
No son of Mars descend, for servile gains,
To touch the booty, while a foe remains.
Behold yon glittering host, your future spoil!
First gain the conquest, then reward the toil.
And now had Greece eternal fame acquired,
And frighten'd Troy within her walls retired,
Had not sage Helenus her state redress'd,
Taught by the gods that moved his sacred breast.
Where Hector stood with great Æneas join'd,
The seer reveal'd the counsels of his mind:
Ye generous chiefs! on whom the immortals lay
The cares and glories of this doubtful day;
On whom your aids', your country's hopes depend,
Wise to consult, and active to defend!
Here, at our gates, your brave efforts unite,
Turn back the routed, and forbid the flight;
Ere yet their wives' soft arms the cowards gain,
The sport and insult of the hostile train.
When your commands have hearten'd every band,
Ourselves, here fix'd, will make the dangerous stand;
Press'd as we are, and sore of former fight,
These straits demand our last remains of might.
Meanwhile, thou, Hector, to the town retire,
And teach our mother what the gods require:
Direct the queen to lead the assembled train
Of Troy's chief matrons to Minerva's fane;
Unbar the sacred gates, and seek the power
With offer'd vows, in Ilion's topmost tower.
The largest mantle her rich wardrobes hold,
Most prized for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
Before the goddess' honour'd knees be spread,
And twelve young heifers to the altars led:
If so the power, atoned by fervent prayer,
Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,
And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,
That mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.
Not thus Achilles taught our hosts to dread,
Sprung though he was from more than mortal bed;
Not thus resistless ruled the stream of fight,
In rage unbounded, and unmatch'd in might.
Hector obedient heard; and, with a bound,
Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground,
Through all his host, inspiring force, he flies,
And bids the thunder of the battle rise.
With rage recruited the bold Trojans glow,
And turn the tide of conflict on the foe:
Fierce in the front he shakes two dazzling spears:
All Greece recedes, and 'midst her triumphs fears:
Some god, they thought, who ruled the fate of wars,
Shot down avenging, from the vault of stars.
Then thus aloud: ye dauntless Dardans hear!
And you whom distant nations send to war!
Be mindful of the strength your fathers bore;
Be still yourselves, and Hector asks no more.
One hour demands me in the Trojan wall,
To bid our altars flame, and victims fall:
Nor shall, I trust, the matrons' holy train
And reverend elders, seek the gods in vain.
This said, with ample strides the hero pass'd,
The shield's large orb behind his shoulder cast,
His neck o'ershading, to his ancle hung;
And, as he march'd, the brazen buckler rung.
Now paused the battle (godlike Hector gone)
When daring Glaucus and great Tydeus' son
Between both armies met: the chiefs from far
Observed each other, and had mark'd for war.
Near as they drew, Tydides thus began:
What art thou, boldest of the race of man?
Our eyes, till now, that aspect ne'er beheld,
Where fame is reap'd amid the embattled field;
Yet far before the troops thou darest appear,
And meet a lance the fiercest heroes fear.
Unhappy they, and born of luckless sires,
Who tempt our fury when Minerva fires!
But if from heaven, celestial thou descend;
Know, with immortals we no more contend.
Not long Lycurgus view'd the golden light,
That daring man who mix'd with gods in fight.
Bacchus, and Bacchus' votaries, he drove,
With brandish'd steel from Nyssa's sacred grove;
Their consecrated spears lay scatter'd round,
With curling vines and twisted ivy bound;
While Bacchus headlong sought the briny flood,
And Thetis' arms received the trembling god.
Nor fail'd the crime the immortals' wrath to move,
(The immortals blest with endless ease above;)
Deprived of sight by their avenging doom,
Cheerless he breathed, and wander'd in the gloom:
Then sunk unpitied to the dire abodes,
A wretch accurst and hated by the gods!
I brave not heaven: but if the fruits of earth
Sustain thy life, and human be thy birth:
Bold as thou art, too prodigal of breath,
Approach, and enter the dark gates of death.
What, or from whence I am, or who my sire
(Replied the chief,) can Tydeus' son inquire?
Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground:
Another race the following spring supplies;
They fall successive, and successive rise:
So generations in their course decay;
So flourish these when those are past away.
But if thou still persist to search my birth,
Then hear a tale that fills the spacious earth:
A city stands on Argos' utmost bound
(Argos the fair, for warlike steeds renown'd;)
Æolian Sisyphus, with wisdom bless'd,
In ancient time the happy walls possess'd,
Then call'd Ephyrè: Glaucus was his son
Great Glaucus, father of Bellerophon,

Who o'er the sons of men in beauty shined,
Loved for that valour which preserves mankind.
Then mighty Prætus Argos' sceptre sway'd,
Whose hard commands Bellerophon obey'd.
With direful jealousy the monarch raged,
And the brave prince in numerous toils engaged.
For him Antæa burn'd with lawless flame,
And strove to tempt him from the paths of fame:
In vain she tempted the relentless youth,
Endued with wisdom, sacred fear, and truth
Fired at his scorn, the queen to Prætus fled
And begg'd revenge for her insulted bed:
Incensed he heard, resolving on his fate;
But hospitable laws restrain'd his hate;
To Lycia the devoted youth he sent,
With tablets seal'd, that told his dire intent.
Now, bless'd by every power who guards the good,
The chief arrived at Xanthus' silver flood:
There Lycia's monarch paid him honours due,
Nine days he feasted, and nine bulls he slew.
But when the tenth bright morning orient glow'd,
The faithful youth his monarch's mandate show'd:
The fatal tablets, till that instant seal'd,
The deathful secret to the king reveal'd.
First, dire Chimæra's conquest was enjoin'd,
A mingled monster, of no mortal kind;
Behind, a dragon's fiery tail was spread;
A goat's rough body bore a lion's head;
Her pitchy nostrils flaky flames expire;
Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.
This pest he slaughter'd; (for he read the skies,
And trusted heaven's informing prodigies;)
Then met in arms the Solymæan crew,
(Fiercest of men,) and those the warrior slew;
Next the bold Amazons' whole force defied;
And conquer'd still, for heaven was on his side.
Nor ended here his toils: his Lycian foes,
At his return, a treacherous ambush rose,
With levell'd spears along the winding shore;
There fell they breathless, and return'd no more.
At length the monarch with repentant grief
Confess'd the gods, and god-descended chief;
His daughter gave, the stranger to detain,
With half the honours of his ample reign:
The Lycians grant a chosen space of ground,
With woods, with vineyards, and with harvests crown'd.
There long the chief his happy lot possess'd,
With two brave sons, and one fair daughter bless'd;
(Fair e'en in heavenly eyes; her fruitful love
Crown'd with Sarpedon's birth the embrace of Jove.)
But when at last, distracted in his mind,
Forsook by heaven, forsaking human kind,
Wide o'er the Aleian field he chose to stray,
A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way!
Woes heap'd on woes consumed his wasted heart;
His beauteous daughter fell by Phœbe's dart;
His eldest-born by raging Mars was slain,
In combat on the Solymæan plain.
Hippolochus survived; from him I came,
The honour'd author of my birth and name;
By his decree I sought the Trojan town,
By his instructions learn to win renown,
To stand the first in worth as in command,
To add new honours to my native land,
Before my eyes my mighty sires to place,
And emulate the glories of our race.

He spoke, and transport fill'd Tydides' heart;
In earth the generous warrior fix'd his dart,
Then friendly, thus, the Lycian prince address'd:
Welcome, my brave hereditary guest!
Thus ever let us meet, with kind embrace,
Nor stain the sacred friendship of our race.
Know, chief, our grandsires have been guests of old,
Œneus the strong, Bellerophon the bold:
Our ancient seat his honour'd presence graced,
Where twenty days in genial rites he pass'd.
The parting heroes mutual presents left;
A golden goblet was thy grandsire's gift;
Œneus a belt of matchless work bestow'd,
That rich with Tyrian dye refulgent glow'd.
(This from his pledge I learn'd, which safely stored
Among my treasures, still adorns my board:
For Tydeus left me young, when Thebé's wall
Beheld the sons of Greece untimely fall.)
Mindful of this, in friendship let us join;
If heaven our steps to foreign lands incline.
My guest in Agros thou, and I in Lycia thine.
Enough of Trojans to this lance shall yield,
In the full harvest of yon ample field;
Enough of Greeks shall dye thy spear with gore;
But thou and Diomed be foes no more.
Now change we arms, and prove to either host
We guard the friendship of the line we boast.
Thus having said, the gallant chiefs alight,
Their hands they join, their mutual faith they plight
Brave Glaucus then each narrow thought resign'd,
(Jove warm'd his bosom and enlarged his mind;)
For Diomed's brass arms, of mean device,
For which nine oxen paid (a vulgar price,)
He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought;
A hundred beeves the shining purchase bought.
Meantime the guardian of the Trojan state,
Great Hector, enter'd at the Scæan gate.
Beneath the beech-trees' consecrated shades,
The Trojan matrons and the Trojan maids
Around him flock'd, all press'd with pious care
For husbands, brothers, sons, engaged in war.
He bids the train in long procession go,
And seek the gods to avert the impending woe.
And now to Priam's stately courts he came,
Raised on arch'd columns of stupendous frame;
O'er these a range of marble structure runs,
The rich pavilions of his fifty sons,
In fifty chambers lodged: and rooms of state
Opposed to those, where Priam's daughters sate.
Twelve domes for them and their loved spouses shone,
Of equal beauty, and of polish'd stone.
Hither great Hector pass'd, nor pass'd unseen
Of royal Hecuba, his mother queen.
(With her Laodicè, whose beauteous face
Surpass'd the nymphs of Troy's illustrious race.)
Long in a strict embrace she held her son,
And press'd his hand, and tender thus begun:
O Hector! say, what great occasion calls
My son from fight, when Greece surrounds our walls?
Comest thou to supplicate the almighty power,
With lifted hands from Ilion's lofty tower?
Stay, till I bring the cup with Bacchus crown'd,
In Jove's high name, to sprinkle on the ground,
And pay due vows to all the gods around.
Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul,
And draw new spirits from the generous bowl.
Spent as thou art with long laborious fight
The brave defender of thy country's right.

Far hence be Bacchus' gifts (the chief rejoin'd:)
Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,
Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind.
Let chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred juice
To sprinkle to the gods, its better use.
By me that holy office were profaned;
Ill fits it me, with human gore distain'd,
To the pure skies these horrid hands to raise,
Or offer heaven's great sire polluted praise.
You with your matrons go, a spotless train!
And burn rich odours in Minerva's fane.
The largest mantle your full wardrobes hold,
Most prized for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
Before the goddess' honour'd knees be spread,
And twelve young heifers to her altar led.
So may the power, atoned by fervent prayer,
Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,
And far avert Tydides wasteful ire,
Who mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.
Be this, O mother, your religious care;
I go to rouse soft Paris to the war;
If yet, not lost to all the sense of shame,
The recreant warrior hear the voice of fame.
Oh would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace,
That pest of Troy, that ruin of our race!
Deep to the dark abyss might he descend,
Troy yet should flourish, and my sorrows end.
This heard, she gave command; and summon'd came
Each noble matron and illustrious dame.
The Phrygian queen to her rich wardrobe went,
Where treasured odours breathed a costly scent.
There lay the vestures of no vulgar art,
Sidonian maids embroider'd every part,
Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore,
With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.
Here as the queen revolved with careful eyes
The various textures and the various dyes,
She chose a veil that shone superior far,
And glow'd refulgent as the morning star.
Herself with this the long procession leads;
The train majestically slow proceeds.
Soon as to Ilion's topmost tower they come,
And awful reach the high Palladian dome,
Antenor's consort, fair Theano, waits
As Pallas' priestess, and unbars the gates.
With hands uplifted, and imploring eyes,
They fill the dome with supplicating cries.
The priestess then the shining veil displays
Placed on Minerva's knees, and thus she prays:
Oh awful goddess! ever-dreadful maid,
Troy's strong defence, unconquer'd Pallas, aid!
Break thou Tydides' spear, and let him fall
Prone on the dust before the Trojan wall.
So twelve young heifers, guiltless of the yoke,
Shall fill thy temple with a grateful smoke.
But thou, atoned by penitence and prayer,
Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare!
So pray'd the priestess in her holy fane;
So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.
While these appear before the power with prayers,
Hector to Paris' lofty dome repairs.
Himself the mansion raised, from every part
Assembling artchitects of matchless art.
Near Priam's court and Hector's palace stands
The pompous structure, and the town commands.
A spear the hero bore of wondrous strength,
Of full ten cubits was the lance's length,
The steely point with golden ringlets join'd,
Before him brandish'd, at each motion shined.
Thus entering, in the glittering rooms he found
His brother-chief, whose useless arms lay round,
His eyes delighting with their splendid show,
Brightening the shield, and polishing the bow.
Beside him Helen with her virgins stands,
Guides their rich labours, and instructs their hands.
Him thus inactive, with an ardent look
The prince beheld, and high resenting spoke.
Thy hate to Troy, is this the time to show?
(Oh wretch ill-fated, and thy country's foe!)
Paris and Greece against us both conspire
Thy close resentment, and their vengeful ire.
For thee great Ilion's guardian heroes fall,
Till heaps of dead alone defend her wall;
For thee the soldier bleeds, the matron mourns,
And wasteful war in all its fury burns.
Ungrateful man! deserves not this thy care,
Our troops to hearten, and our toils to share?
Rise, or behold the conquering flames ascend
And all the Phrygian glories at an end.
Brother, 'tis just, (replied the beauteous youth;)
Thy free remonstrance proves thy worth and truth:
Yet charge my absence less, oh generous chief!
On hate to Troy, than conscious shame and grief:
Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother sat,
And mourn'd, in secret, his and Ilion's fate.
'Tis now enough: now glory spreads her charms,
And beauteous Helen calls her chief to arms.
Conquests to-day my happier sword may bless,
'Tis man's to fight, but heaven's to give success.
But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind;
Or go, and Paris shall not lag behind.
He said, nor answer'd Priam's warlike son;
When Helen thus with lowly grace begun:
Oh generous brother! if the guilty dame
That caused these woes deserve a sister's name!
Would heaven, ere all these dreadful deeds were done,
The day that show'd me to the golden sun
Had seen my death! Why did not whirlwinds bear
The fatal infant to the fowls of air?
Why sunk I not beneath the whelming tide,
And 'midst the roarings of the waters died?
Heaven fill'd up all my ills, and I accurst
Bore all, and Paris of those ills the worst.
Helen at least a braver spouse might claim,
Warm'd with some virtue, some regard of fame!
Now, tired with toils, thy fainting limbs recline,
With toils, sustain'd for Paris' sake and mine:
The gods have link'd our miserable doom,
Our present woe, and infamy to come:
Wide shall it spread, and last through ages long,
Example sad! and theme of future song.
The chief replied: This time forbids to rest:
The Trojan bands, by hostile fury press'd,
Demand their Hector, and his arm require;
The combat urges, and my soul's on fire.
Urge thou thy knight to march where glory calls,
And timely join me, ere I leave the walls.
Ere yet I mingle in the direful fray,
My wife, my infant, claim a moment's stay;
This day (perhaps the last that sees me here
Demands a parting word, a tender tear:
This day some god who hates our Trojan land,
May vanquish Hector by a Grecian hand.
He said, and pass'd with sad presaging heart
To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part;

At home he sought her, but he sought in vain:
She, with one maid of all her menial train,
Had thence retired; and with her second joy,
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy:
Pensive she stood on Ilion's towery height,
Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight;
There her sad eyes in vain her lord explore,
Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.
But he who found not whom his soul desired,
Whose virtue charm'd him as her beauty fired,
Stood in the gates, and ask'd what way she bent
Her parting step? If to the fane she went,
Where late the mourning matrons made resort;
Or sought her sisters in the Trojan court?
Not to the court (replied the attendant train,)
Nor mix'd with matrons to Minerva's fane:
To Ilion's steepy tower she bent her way,
To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.
Troy fled, she heard, before the Grecian sword
She heard, and trembled for her absent lord:
Distracted with surprise, she seem'd to fly,
Fear on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye.
The nurse attended with her infant boy,
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy.
Hector, this heard, return'd without delay;
Swift through the town he trod his former way,
Through streets of palaces, and walks of state,
And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.
With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
His blameless wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir:
(Cilician Thebé great Aëtion sway'd,
And Hippoplacus' wide extended shade.)
The nurse stood near, in whose embraces press'd,
His only hope hung smiling at her breast,
Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.
To this loved infant Hector gave the name
Scamandrius, from Scamander's honour'd stream;
Astyanax the Trojans call'd the boy,
From his great father, the defence of Troy.
Silent the warrior smiled, and pleased resign'd
To tender passions all his mighty mind:
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;
Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.
Too daring prince! ah, whither dost thou run?
Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son!
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
A widow I, a helpless orphan he!
For sure such courage length of life denies
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!
Oh grant me, gods! ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of Heaven, an early tomb!
So shall my days in one sad tenor run,
And end with sorrows as they first begun.
No parent now remains my griefs to share,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
The fierce Achilles wrapp'd our walls in fire,
Laid Thebé waste, and slew my warlike sire!
His fate compassion in the victor bred;
Stern as he was, he yet revered the dead.
His radiant arms preserved from hostile spoil,
And laid him decent on the funeral pile:
Then raised a mountain where his bones were burn'd:
The mountain-nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd:
Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow
A barren shade, and in his honour grow.
By the same arm my seven brave brothers fell;
In one sad day beheld the gates of hell:
While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,
Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled!
My mother lived to bear the victor's bands,
The queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands:
Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again
Her pleasing empire and her native plain,
When ah! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,
She fell a victim to Diana's bow.
Yet, while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee:
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share:
Oh prove a husband's and a father's care!
That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig-trees join the walls of Troy:
Thou from this tower defend the important post;
There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,
That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from heaven.
Let others in the field their arms employ,
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.
The chief replied: That post shall be my care,
Not that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground,
Attaint the lustre of my former name,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame?
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My soul impels me to the embattled plains:
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories, and my own.
Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates:
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)
The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend,
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defiled with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,
As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread;
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!
In Argive looms our battles to design,
And woes, of which so large a part was thine!
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry, Behold the mighty Hector's wife!
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Embitters all thy woes, by naming me.
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
A thousand griefs shall waken at the name!
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Press'd with a load of monumental clay!
Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep.
Thus having spoke, the illustrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scared at the dazzling helm and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child;

The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground.
Then kiss'd the child, and, lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's prayer:
O thou! whose glory fills the ethereal throne,
And all ye deathless powers! protect my son!
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
So when triumphant from successful toils
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserved acclaim,
And say, This chief transcends his father's fame:
While pleased, amidst the general shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.
He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Restored the pleasing burden to her arms:
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe he laid,
Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
The troubled pleasure soon chastised by fear,
She mingled with the smile a tender tear.
The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,
And dried the falling drops, and thus pursued:
Andromache! my soul's far better part!
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb
Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth;
And such the hard condition of our birth,
No force can then resist, no flight can save;
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom:
Me glory summons to the martial scene,
The field of combat is the sphere for men;
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger, as the first in fame.
Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
His towery helmet black with shading plumes.
His princess parts with a prophetic sigh
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
That stream'd at every look: then moving slow,
Sought her own palace, and indulged her woe.
There, while her tears deplored the godlike man,
Through all her train the soft infection ran,
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
And mourn the living Hector, as the dead.
But now, no longer deaf to honour's call,
Forth issues Paris from the palace wall.
In brazen arms that cast a gleamy ray,
Swift through the town the warrior bends his way.
The wanton courser thus, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling ground;
Pamper'd and proud, he seeks the wonted tides,
And laves, in height of blood, his shining sides;
His head now freed, he tosses to the skies;
His mane dishevell'd o'er his shoulders flies;
He snuffs the females in the distant plain,
And springs, exulting, to his fields again.
With equal triumph, sprightly, bold, and gay,
In arms refulgent as the god of day,
The son of Priam, glorying in his might,
Rush'd forth with Hector to the fields of fight.
And now the warriors passing on the way,
The graceful Paris first excused his stay.
To whom the noble Hector thus replied:
O chief! in blood, and now in arms, allied
Thy power in war with justice none contest:
Known is thy courage, and thy strength confess'd.
What pity sloth should seize a soul so brave,
Or godlike Paris live a woman's slave!
My heart weeps blood at what the Trojans say,
And hopes thy deeds shall wipe the stain away
Haste then, in all their glorious labours share;
For much they suffer, for thy sake in war.
These ills shall cease, whene'er by Jove's decree
We crown the bowl to Heaven and Liberty;
While the proud foe his frustrate triumphs mourns,
And Greece indignant through her seas returns.

BOOK VII.

ARGUMENT.

The single Combat of Hector and Ajax.

The battle renewing with double ardour upon the return of Hector, Minerva is under apprehensions for the Greeks. Apollo seeing her descend from Olympus, joins her near the Scæan gate: they agree to put off the general engagement for that day, and incite Hector to challenge the Greeks to a single combat. Nine of the princes accepting the challenge, the lot is cast, and falls upon Ajax. These heroes, after several attacks, are parted by the night. The Trojans calling a council, Antenor proposes the delivery of Helen to the Greeks, to which Paris will not consent, but offers to restore them her riches. Priam sends a herald to make this offer, and to demand a truce for burning the dead, the last of which only is agreed to by Agamemnon. When the funerals are performed, the Greeks, pursuant to the advice of Nestor, erect a fortification to protect their fleet and camp, flanked with towers, and defended by a ditch and palisades. Neptune testifies his jealousy at this work, but is pacified by a promise from Jupiter. Both armies pass the night in feasting, but Jupiter disheartens the Trojans with thunder and other signs of his wrath.

The three-and-twentieth day ends with the duel of Hector and Ajax: the next day the truce is agreed: another is taken up in the funeral rites of the slain, and one more in building the fortification before the ships. So that somewhat above three days is employed in this book. The scene lies wholly in the field.

BOOK VII.

So spoke the guardian of the Trojan state,
Then rush'd impetuous through the Scæan gate.
Him Paris follow'd to the dire alarms;
Both breathing slaughter, both resolved in arms.
As when to sailors labouring through the main,
That long had heaved the weary oar in vain,
Jove bids at length the expected gales arise;
The gales blow grateful, and the vessel flies:
So welcome those to Troy's desiring train;
The bands are cheer'd, the war awakes again.
Bold Paris first the work of death begun
On great Menestheus, Areithous' son:
Sprung from the fair Philomeda's embrace,
The pleasing Arné was his native place.
Then sunk Eioneus to the shades below:
Beneath his steely casque he felt the blow,
Full on his neck, from Hector's weighty hand;
And roll'd, with limbs relax'd, along the land.
By Glaucus' spear the bold Iphinous bleeds,
Fix'd in the shoulder as he mounts his steeds;
Headlong he tumbles: his slack nerves unbound,
Drop the cold useless members on the ground.

When now Minerva saw her Argives slain,
From vast Olympus to the gleaming plain
Fierce she descends: Apollo mark'd her flight,
Nor shot less swift from Ilion's towery height:
Radiant they met, beneath the beechen shade;
When thus Apollo to the blue-eyed maid:
What cause, O daughter of almighty Jove!
Thus wings thy progress from the realms above?
Once more impetuous dost thou bend thy way,
To give to Greece the long-divided day?
Too much has Troy already felt thy hate,
Now breathe thy rage, and hush the stern debate:
This day, the business of the field suspend;
War soon shall kindle, and great Ilion bend;
Since vengeful goddesses confederate join
To raze her walls, though built by hands divine.
To whom the progeny of Jove replies:
I left, for this, the council of the skies:
But who shall bid conflicting hosts forbear?
What art shall calm the furious sons of war?
To her the god: Great Hector's soul incite
To dare the boldest Greek to single fight,
Till Greece, provoked, from all her numbers show
A warrior worthy to be Hector's foe.
At this agreed, the heavenly powers withdrew;
Sage Helenus their secret counsels knew:
Hector, inspired, he sought: to him address'd,
Thus told the dictates of his sacred breast:
O son of Priam! let thy faithful ear
Receive my words; thy friend and brother hear:
Go forth persuasive, and awhile engage
The warring nations to suspend their rage;
Then dare the boldest of the hostile train
To mortal combat on the listed plain.
For not this day shall end thy glorious date;
The gods have spoke it, and their voice is fate.
He said: the warrior heard the word with joy;
Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy,
Held by the midst athwart. On either hand
The squadrons part; the expecting Trojans stand:
Great Agamemnon bids the Greeks forbear;
They breathe, and hush the tumult of the war.
The Athenian maid, and glorious god of day,
With silent joy the settling hosts survey:
In form of vultures, on the beech's height
They sit conceal'd, and wait the future fight.
The thronging troops obscure the dusky fields,
Horrid with bristling spears, and gleaming shields.
As when a general darkness veils the main
(Soft Zephyr curling the wide watery plain,)
The waves scarce heave, the face of ocean sleeps,
And still a horror saddens all the deeps:
Thus in thick orders settling wide around,
At length composed they sit, and shade the ground.
Great Hector first amidst both armies broke
The solemn silence, and their powers bespoke:
Hear, all ye Trojan, all ye Grecian bands,
What my soul prompts, and what some god commands:
Great Jove, averse our warfare to compose,
O'erwhelms the nations with new toils and woes;
War with a fiercer tide once more returns,
Till Ilion falls, or till yon navy burns.
You then, O princes of the Greeks! appear;
Tis Hector speaks, and calls the gods to hear:
From all your troops select the boldest knight,
And him, the boldest, Hector dares to fight
Here, if I fall, by chance of battle slain,
Be his my spoil, and his these arms remain;
But let my body, to my friends return'd,
By Trojan hands and Trojan flames be burn'd:
And if Apollo, in whose aid I trust,
Shall stretch your daring champion in the dust:
If mine the glory to despoil the foe;
On Phœbus' temple I'll his arms bestow:
The breathless carcass to your navy sent,
Greece on the shore shall raise a monument;
Which when some future mariner surveys,
Wash'd by broad Hellespont's resounding seas,
Thus shall he say: A valiant Greek lies there,
By Hector slain, the mighty man of war.
The stone shall tell your vanquish'd hero's name,
And distant ages learn the victor's fame.
This fierce defiance Greece astonish'd heard,
Blush'd to refuse, and to accept it fear'd.
Stern Menelaüs first the silence broke,
And, inly groaning, thus opprobrious spoke:
Women of Greece! oh scandal of your race,
Whose coward souls your manly form disgrace,
How great the shame, when every age shall know
That not a Grecian met this noble foe!
Go then, resolve to earth, from whence ye grew,
A heartless, spiritless, inglorious crew!
Be what ye seem, unanimated clay!
Myself will dare the danger of the day.
'Tis man's bold task the generous strife to try,
But in the hands of God is victory.
These words scarce spoke, with generous ardour press'd,
His manly limbs in azure arms he dress'd.
That day, Atrides! a superior hand
Had stretch'd thee breathless on the hostile strand.
But all at once, thy fury to compose,
The kings of Greece, an awful band, arose:
E'en he, their chief, great Agamemnon, press'd
Thy daring hand, and this advice address'd:
Whither, O Menelaüs! wouldst thou run,
And tempt a fate which prudence bids thee shun?
Grieved though thou art, forbear the rash design;
Great Hector's arm is mightier far than thine.
E'en fierce Achilles learn'd its force to fear,
And trembling met this dreadful son of war.
Sit thou secure amidst thy social band;
Greece in our cause shall arm some powerful hand.
The mightiest warrior of the Achaian name,
Though bold, and burning with desire of fame,
Content the doubtful honour might forego,
So great the danger, and so brave the foe.
He said, and turn'd his brother's vengeful mind;
He stoop'd to reason, and his rage resign'd;
No longer bent to rush on certain harms,
His joyful friends unbrace his azure arms.
He, from whose lips divine persuasion flows,
Grave Nestor, then, in graceful act arose.
Thus to the kings he spoke: What grief, what shame
Attend on Greece, and all the Grecian name!
How shall, alas! her hoary heroes mourn
Their sons degenerate, and their race a scorn!
What tears shall down thy silver beard be roll'd,
Oh Peleus, old in arms, in wisdom old!
Once with what joy the generous prince would hear
Of every chief who fought this glorious war;
Participate their fame, and, pleased, inquire
Each name, each action, and each hero's sire!

Gods! should he see our warriors trembling stand,
And trembling all before one hostile hand;
How would he lift his aged arms on high,
Lament inglorious Greece, and beg to die!
Oh! would to all the immortal powers above,
Minerva, Phœbus, and almighty Jove!
Years might again roll back, my youth renew,
And give this arm the spring which once it knew.
When, fierce in war, where Jardan's waters fall,
I led my troops to Phea's trembling wall,
And with the Arcadian spears my prowess tried
Where Celadon rolls down his rapid tide.
There Ereuthalion braved us in the field,
Proud, Areïthous' dreadful arms to wield;
Great Areïthous known from shore to shore
By the huge knotted iron mace he bore;
No lance he shook, nor bent the twanging bow,
But broke, with this, the battle of the foe.
Him not by manly force Lycurgus slew,
Whose guileful javelin from the thicket flew!
Deep in a winding way his breast assail'd,
Nor aught the warrior's thundering mace avail'd,
Supine he fell: those arms which Mars before
Had given the vanquish'd, now the victor bore:
But when old age had dimm'd Lycurgus' eyes,
To Ereuthalion he consign'd the prize.
Furious with this he crush'd our levell'd bands,
And dared the trial of the strongest hands;
Nor could the strongest hands his fury stay;
All saw, and fear'd, his huge tempestuous sway:
Till I, the youngest of the host, appear'd,
And, youngest, met whom all our army fear'd.
I fought the chief: my arms Minerva crown'd:
Prone fell the giant o'er a length of ground.
What then he was, oh were your Nestor now!
Not Hector's self should want an equal foe.
But, warriors, you, that youthful vigour boast,
The flower of Greece, the examples of our host,
Sprung from such fathers, who such numbers sway,
Can you stand trembling, and desert the day?
His warm reproofs the listening kings inflame;
And nine, the noblest of the Grecian name,
Up-started fierce: but far before the rest
The king of men advanced his dauntless breast:
Then bold Tydides, great in arms, appear'd:
And next his bulk gigantic Ajax rear'd:
Oileus follow'd; Idomen was there;
And Merion, dreadful as the god of war:
With these Eurypilus and Thoas stand,
And wise Ulysses closed the daring band.
All these, alike inspired with noble rage,
Demand the fight. To whom the Pylian sage:
Let thirst of glory your brave souls divide;
What chief shall combat let the lots decide.
Whom heaven shall choose, be his the chance to raise
His country's fame, his own immortal praise.
The lots produced, each hero signs his own;
Then in the general's helm the fates are thrown.
The people pray, with lifted eyes and hands,
And vows like these ascend from all the bands:
Grant, thou Almighty! in whose hand is fate,
A worthy champion for the Grecian state.
This task let Ajax or Tydides prove,
Or he, the king of kings, beloved by Jove!
Old Nestor shook the casque. By heaven inspired,
Leap'd forth the lot, of every Greek desired.
This from the right to left the herald bears,
Held out in order to the Grecian peers;
Each to his rival yields the mark unknown,
Till godlike Ajax finds the lot his own;
Surveys the inscription with rejoicing eyes,
Then casts before him, and with transport cries:
Warriors; I claim the lot, and arm with joy;
Be mine the conquest of this chief of Troy.
Now, while my brightest arms my limbs invest,
To Saturn's son be all your vows address'd:
But pray in secret, lest the foes should hear,
And deem your prayers the mean effect of fear.
Said I in secret? No, your vows declare,
In such a voice as fills the earth and air.
Lives there a chief whom Ajax ought to dread?
Ajax, in all the toils of battle bred?
From warlike Salamis I drew my birth,
And, born to combats, fear no force on earth.
He said. The troops with elevated eyes
Implore the god whose thunder rends the skies:
O father of mankind, superior lord!
On lofty Ida's holy hill adored:
Who in the highest heaven hast fix'd thy throne
Supreme of gods! unbounded and alone:
Grant thou, that Telamon may bear away
The praise and conquest of this doubtful day;
Or if illustrious Hector be thy care,
That both may claim it, and that both may share.
Now Ajax braced his dazzling armour on;
Sheath'd in bright steel the giant-warrior shone;
He moves to combat with majestic pace;
So stalks in arms the grizly god of Thrace,
When Jove to punish faithless men prepares,
And gives whole nations to the waste of wars.
Thus march'd the chief, tremendous as a god:
Grimly he smiled; earth trembled as he strode:
His massy javelin quivering in his hand,
He stood, the bulwark of the Grecian band.
Through every Argive heart new transport ran;
All Troy stood trembling at the mighty man:
E'en Hector paused; and, with new doubts oppress'd
Felt his great heart suspended in his breast:
'Twas vain to seek retreat, and vain to fear:
Himself had challenged, and the foe drew near.
Stern Telamon behind his ample shield,
As from a brazen tower, o'erlook'd the field:
Huge was its orb, with seven thick folds o'ercast,
Of tough bull-hides; of solid brass the last;
(The work of Tychius, who in Hylè dwell'd,
And in all arts of armoury excell'd.)
This Ajax bore before his manly breast,
And threatening, thus his adverse chief address'd:
Hector! approach my arm, and singly know
What strength thou hast, and what the Grecian foe.
Achilles shuns the fight; yet some there are,
Not void of soul, and not unskill'd in war:
Let him, unactive on the sea-beat shore,
Indulge his wrath, and aid our arms no more;
Whole troops of heroes Greece has yet to boast,
And sends thee one, a sample of her host.
Such as I am, I come to prove thy might;
No more—be sudden, and begin the fight.
O son of Telamon, thy country's pride!
(To Ajax thus the Trojan prince replied;)
Me, as a boy or woman, wouldst thou fright,
New to the field, and trembling at the fight?
Thou meet'st a chief deserving of thy arms,
To combat born, and bred amidst alarms:
I know to shift my ground, remount the car,
Turn, charge, and answer every call of war;

To right, to left, the dextrous lance I wield,
And bear thick battle on my sounding shield.
But open be our fight, and bold each blow;
I steal no conquest from a noble foe.
He said, and rising, high above the field
Whirl'd the long lance against the sevenfold shield.
Full on the brass descending from above
Through six bull-hides the furious weapon drove,
Till in the seventh it fix'd. Then Ajax threw;
Through Hector's shield the forceful javelin flew,
His corselet enters, and his garment rends,
And glancing downwards, near his flank descends.
The wary Trojan shrinks, and, bending low
Beneath his buckler, disappoints the blow.
From their bored shields the chiefs their javelins drew,
Then close impetuous, and the charge renew;
Fierce as the mountain-lions bathed in blood,
Or foaming boars, the terror of the wood,
At Ajax, Hector his long lance extends;
The blunted point against the buckler bends:
But Ajax, watchful as his foe drew near,
Drove through the Trojan targe the knotty spear;
It reach'd his neck, with matchless strength impell'd;
Spouts the black gore, and dims his shining shield.
Yet ceased not Hector thus; but, stooping down
In his strong hand up-heaved a flinty stone,
Black, craggy, vast: to this his force he bends;
Full on the brazen boss the stone descends;
The hollow brass resounded with the shock.
Then Ajax seized the fragment of a rock,
Applied each nerve, and swinging round on high,
With force tempestuous let the ruin fly:
The huge stone thundering through his buckler broke,
His slacken'd knees received the numbing stroke;
Great Hector falls extended on the field,
His bulk supporting on the shatter'd shield;
Nor wanted heavenly aid: Apollo's might
Confirm'd his sinews, and restored to fight.
And now both heroes their broad falchions drew:
In flaming circles round their heads they flew;
But then by heralds' voice the word was given
The sacred ministers of earth and heaven;
Divine Talthybius whom the Greeks employ,
And sage Idæus on the part of Troy.
Between the swords their peaceful sceptres rear'd:
And first Idæus' awful voice was heard:
Forbear, my sons! your farther force to prove,
Both dear to men, and both beloved of Jove.
To either host your matchless worth is known,
Each sounds your praise, and war is all your own.
But now the night extends her awful shade;
The goddess parts you: be the night obey'd.
To whom great Ajax his high soul express'd:
O sage! to Hector be these words address'd.
Let him who first provoked our chiefs to fight,
Let him demand the sanction of the night;
If first he ask it, I content obey,
And cease the strife when Hector shows the way.
O first of Greeks! (his noble foe rejoin'd)
Whom heaven adorns, superior to thy kind,
With strength of body, and with worth of mind!
Now martial law commands us to forbear;
Hereafter we shall meet in glorious war;
Some future day shall lengthen out the strife,
And let the gods decide of death or life!
Since then the night extends her gloomy shade,
And heaven enjoins it, be the night obey'd.
Return, brave Ajax, to thy Grecian friends,
And joy the nations whom thy arm defends;
As I shall glad each chief, and Trojan wife,
Who wearies heaven with vows for Hector's life.
But let us, on this memorable day,
Exchange some gift; that Greece and Troy may say
No hate, but glory, made their chiefs contend;
And each brave foe was in his soul a friend.
With that, a sword with stars of silver graced,
The baldric studded, and the sheath enchased,
He gave the Greek. The generous Greek bestow'd
A radiant belt that rich with purple glow'd.
Then with majestic grace they quit the plain;
This seeks the Grecian, that the Phrygian train.
The Trojan bands returning Hector wait,
And hail with joy the champion of their state:
Escaped great Ajax, they survey'd him round,
Alive, unharm'd, and vigorous from his wound.
To Troy's high gates the godlike man they bear,
Their present triumph, as their late despair.
But Ajax, glorying in his hardy deed,
The well-arm'd Greeks to Agamemnon lead.
A steer for sacrifice the king design'd,
Of full five years, and of the nobler kind.
The victim falls; they strip the smoking hide,
The beast they quarter, and the joints divide;
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share
The king himself (an honorary sign)
Before great Ajax placed the mighty chine.
When now the rage of hunger was removed,
Nestor, in each persuasive art approved,
The sage whose counsels long had sway'd the rest,
In words like these his prudent thought express'd:
How dear, O kings! this fatal day has cost,
What Greeks are perish'd! what a people lost!
What tides of blood have drench'd Scamander's shore!
What crowds of heroes sunk, to rise no more!
Then hear me, chief! nor let the morrow's light
Awake thy squadrons to new toils of fight;
Some space at least permit the war to breathe,
While we to flames our slaughter'd friends bequeath,
From the red field their scatter'd bodies bear,
And nigh the fleet a funeral structure rear;
So decent urns their snowy bones may keep,
And pious children o'er their ashes weep.
Here, where on one promiscuous pile they blazed
High o'er them all a general tomb be raised;
Next, to secure our camp and naval powers,
Raise an embattled wall with lofty towers;
From space to space be ample gates around,
For passing chariots; and a trench profound.
So Greece to combat shall in safety go,
Nor fear the fierce incursions of the foe.
'Twas thus the sage his wholesome counsel moved;
The sceptred kings of Greece his words approved.
Meanwhile, convened at Priam's palace gate,
The Trojan peers in nightly council sat:
A senate void of order, as of choice;
Their hearts were fearful, and confused their voice
Antenor rising, thus demands their ear:
Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliars, hear!
'Tis heaven the counsel of my breast inspires,
And I but move what every god requires:
Let Sparta's treasures be this hour restored,
And Argive Helen own her ancient lord.

The ties of faith, the sworn alliance broke
Our impious battles the just gods provoke.
As this advice ye practice, or reject,
So hope success, or dread the dire effect.
The senior spoke, and sat. To whom replied
The graceful husband of the Spartan bride:
Cold counsels, Trojan, may become thy years,
But sound ungrateful in a warrior's ears:
Old man, if void of fallacy or art
Thy words express the purpose of thy heart,
Thou, in thy time, more sound advice hast given:
But wisdom has its date assign'd by heaven.
Then hear me, princes of the Trojan name!
Their treasures I'll restore, but not the dame.
My treasures too, for peace, I will resign;
But be this bright possession ever mine.
'Twas then, the growing discord to compose,
Slow from his seat the reverend Priam rose:
His godlike aspect deep attention drew:
He paused, and these pacific words ensue:
Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliar bands!
Now take refreshment as the hour demands:
Guard well the walls, relieve the watch of night,
Till the new sun restores the cheerful light:
Then shall our herald, to the Atrides sent,
Before their ships proclaim my son's intent.
Next let a truce be ask'd, that Troy may burn
Her slaughter'd heroes, and their bones inurn;
That done, once more the fate of war be tried,
And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide!
The monarch spoke: the warriors snatch'd with haste
(Each at his post in arms) a short repast.
Soon as the rosy morn had waked the day,
To the black ships Idæus bent his way;
There, to the son of Mars, in council found,
He raised his voice: the host stood listening round:
Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Greeks, give ear!
The words of Troy, and Troy's great monarch, hear.
Pleased may he hear (so heaven succeed my prayers)
What Paris, author of the war, declares.
The spoils and treasures he to Ilion bore,
(Oh had he perish'd e'er they touch'd our shore!)
He proffers injured Greece; with large increase
Of added Trojan wealth to buy the peace;
But to restore the beauteous bride again,
This Greece demands, and Troy requests in vain.
Next, O ye chiefs! we ask a truce to burn
Our slaughter'd heroes, and their bones inurn.
That done, once more the fate of war be tried,
And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide!
The Greeks gave ear, but none the silence broke;
At length Tydides rose, and rising spoke:
Oh, take not, friends! defrauded of your fame,
Their proffer'd wealth, nor e'en the Spartan dame:
Let conquest make them ours: fate shakes their wall,
And Troy already totters to her fall.
The admiring chiefs, and all the Grecian name,
With general shouts return'd him loud acclaim.
Then thus the king of kings rejects the peace:
Herald! in him thou hear'st the voice of Greece.
For what remains; let funeral flames be fed
With heroes' corps; I war not with the dead:
Go search your slaughter'd chiefs on yonder plain,
And gratify the manes of the slain.
Be witness, Jove, whose thunder rolls on high!
He said, and rear'd his sceptre to the sky.
To sacred Troy, where all her princes lay
To wait the event, the herald bent his way.
He came, and, standing in the midst, explain'd
The peace rejected, but the truce obtain'd.
Straight to their several cares the Trojans move,
Some search the plain, some fell the sounding grove:
Nor less the Greeks, descending on the shore,
Hew'd the green forests, and the bodies bore.
And now from forth the chambers of the main,
To shed his sacred light on earth again,
Arose the golden chariot of the day,
And tipp'd the mountains with a purple ray.
In mingled throngs the Greek and Trojan train
Through heaps of carnage search'd the mournful plain.
Scarce could the friend his slaughter'd friend explore,
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore.
The wounds they wash'd, their pious tears they shed,
And, laid along their cars, deplored the dead.
Sage Priam check'd their grief: with silent haste
The bodies decent on their piles were placed:
With melting hearts the cold remains they burn'd;
And sadly slow to sacred Troy return'd.
Nor less the Greeks their pious sorrows shed,
And decent on the pile dispose their dead;
The cold remains consume with equal care;
And slowly, sadly, to their fleet repair.
Now, ere the morn had streak'd with reddening light
The doubtful confines of the day and night,
About the dying flames the Greeks appear'd,
And round the pile a general tomb they rear'd.
Then to secure the camp and naval powers,
They raised embattled walls with lofty towers:
From space to space were ample gates around,
For passing chariots; and a trench profound,
Of large extent; and deep in earth, below,
Strong piles infix'd, stood adverse to the foe.
So toil'd the Greeks: meanwhile the gods above,
In shining circle round their father Jove,
Amazed beheld the wondrous works of man:
Then he, whose trident shakes the earth, began:
What mortals henceforth shall our power adore,
Our fanes frequent, our oracles implore,
If the proud Grecians thus successful boast
Their rising bulwarks on the sea-beat coast?
See the long walls extending to the main,
No god consulted, and no victim slain!
Their fame shall fill the world's remotest ends,
Wide as the morn her golden beam extends;
While old Laömedon's divine abodes,
Those radiant structures raised by labouring gods,
Shall, razed and lost, in long oblivion sleep.
Thus spoke the hoary monarch of the deep.
The Almighty Thunderer with a frown replies,
That clouds the world, and blackens half the skies:
Strong god of ocean! thou, whose rage can make
The solid earth's eternal basis shake!
What cause of fear from mortal works could move
The meanest subject of our realms above?
Where'er the sun's refulgent rays are cast,
Thy power is honour'd, and thy fame shall last:
But yon proud work no future age shall view,
No trace remain where once the glory grew.
The sapp'd foundations by thy force shall fall,
And, whelm'd beneath thy waves, drop the huge wall;
Vast drifts of sand shall change the former shore;
The ruin vanish'd, and the name no more.
Thus they in heaven: while o'er the Grecian train,
The rolling sun descending to the main
Beheld the finish'd work. Their bulls they slew:
Black from the tents the savoury vapours flew.

And now the fleet, arrived from Lemnos' strands,
With Bacchus' blessings cheer'd the generous bands.
Of fragrant wines the rich Eunæus sent
A thousand measures to the royal tent;
(Eunæus, whom Hypsipyle of yore,
To Jason, shepherd of his people, bore;)
The rest they purchased at their proper cost,
And well the plenteous freight supplied the host:
Each, in exchange, proportion'd treasures gave:
Some brass, or iron; some an ox, or slave.
All night they feast, the Greek and Trojan powers;
Those on the fields, and these within their towers.
But Jove averse the signs of wrath display'd,
And shot red lightnings through the gloomy shade:
Humbled they stood; pale horror seized on all,
While the deep thunder shook the aërial hall.
Each pour'd to Jove, before the bowl was crown'd;
And large libations drench'd the thirsty ground:
Then late, refresh'd with sleep from toils of fight,
Enjoy'd the balmy blessings of the night.

BOOK VIII.

ARGUMENT

The second Battle, and the Distress of the Greeks.

Jupiter assembles a council of the deities, and threatens them with the pains of Tartarus if they assist either side: Minerva only obtains of him that she may direct the Greeks by her counsels. The armies join battle: Jupiter on Mount Ida weighs in his balances the fates of both, and affrights the Greeks with his thunders and lightnings. Nestor alone continues in the field in great danger; Diomed relieves him; whose exploits, and those of Hector, are excellently described. Juno endeavours to animate Neptune to the assistance of the Greeks, but in vain. The acts of Teucer, who is at length wounded by Hector, and carried off. Juno and Minerva prepare to aid the Grecians; but are restrained by Iris, sent from Jupiter. The night puts an end to the battle. Hector continues in the field (the Greeks being driven to their fortifications before the ships,) and gives orders to keep the watch all night in the camp, to prevent the enemy from re-embarking and escaping by flight. They kindle fires through all the field, and pass the night under arms.

The time of seven-and-twenty days is employed from the opening of the poem to the end of this book. The scene here (except the celestial machines) lies in the field toward the sea-shore.

BOOK VIII.

Aurora now, fair daughter of the dawn,
Sparkled with rosy light the dewy lawn;
When Jove convened the senate of the skies,
Where high Olympus' cloudy tops arise.
The Sire of Gods his awful silence broke,
The heavens attentive trembled as he spoke:
Celestial states, immortal gods! give ear;
Hear our decree, and reverence what ye hear;
The fix'd decree, which not all heaven can move;
Thou, Fate! fulfil it; and, ye powers! approve!
What god but enters yon forbidden field,
Who yields assistance, or but wills to yield,
Back to the skies with shame he shall be driven,
Gash'd with dishonest wounds, the scorn of heaven:
Or far, oh far from steep Olympus thrown,
Low in the dark Tartarean gulf shall groan,
With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,
And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors;
As deep beneath the infernal centre hurl'd,
As from that centre to the ethereal world.
Let him who tempts me, dread those dire abodes;
And know, the Almighty is the god of gods.
League all your forces then, ye powers above,
Join all, and try the omnipotence of Jove:
Let down our golden everlasting chain,
Whose strong embrace holds heaven, and earth, and main:
Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth,
To drag, by this, the Thunderer down to earth:
Ye strive in vain! If I but stretch this hand,
I heave the gods, the ocean, and the land;
I fix the chain to great Olympus' height,
And the vast world hangs trembling in my sight!
For such I reign, unbounded and above;
And such are men, and gods, compared to Jove.
The Almighty spoke; nor durst the powers reply:
A reverend horror silenced all the sky;
Trembling they stood before their sovereign's look;
At length his best beloved, the power of wisdom spoke:
Oh first and greatest! god, by gods adored!
We own thy might, our father and our lord!
But ah! permit to pity human state;
If not to help, at least lament their fate.
From fields forbidden we submiss refrain,
With arms unaiding mourn our Argives slain:
Yet grant my counsels still their breasts may move,
Or all must perish in the wrath of Jove.
The cloud-compelling god her suit approved,
And smiled superior on his best beloved.
Then call'd his coursers, and his chariot took;
The steadfast firmament beneath them shook:
Rapt by the ethereal steeds the chariots roll'd;
Brass were their hoofs, their curling manes of gold
Of heaven's undrossy gold the god's array
Refulgent, flash'd intolerable day.
High on the throne he shines: his coursers fly
Between the extended earth and starry sky.
But when to Ida's topmost height he came
(Fair nurse of fountains, and of savage game,)
Where, o'er her pointed summits proudly raised,
His fane breathed odours, and his altar blazed:
There, from his radiant car, the sacred sire
Of gods and men released the steeds of fire:
Blue ambient mists the immortal steeds embraced;
High on the cloudy point his seat he placed;
Thence his broad eye the subject world surveys,
The town, and tents, and navigable seas.
Now had the Grecians snatch'd a short repast,
And buckled on their shining arms with haste.
Troy roused as soon; for on this dreadful day
The fate of fathers, wives, and infants, lay.
The gates unfolding pour forth all their train;
Squadrons on squadrons cloud the dusky plain:
Men, steeds, and chariots, shake the trembling ground;
The tumult thickens, and the skies resound.
And now with shouts the shocking armies closed,
To lances lances, shields to shields opposed;
Host against host with shadowy legions drew,
The sounding darts in iron tempests flew;
Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,
Triumphant shouts and dying groans arise:
With streaming blood the slippery fields are dyed,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide:
Long as the morning beams increasing bright,
O'er heaven's clear azure spread the sacred light;

Commutual death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverse battle gored with equal wounds.
But when the sun the height of heaven ascends
The sire of gods his golden scales suspends,
With equal hand: in these explored the fate
Of Greece and Troy, and poised the mighty weight.
Press'd with its load, the Grecian balance lies
Low sunk on earth, the Trojan strikes the skies.
Then Jove from Ida's top his horror spreads;
The clouds burst dreadful o'er the Grecian heads:
Thick lightnings flash; the muttering thunder rolls,
Their strength he withers, and unmans their souls.
Before his wrath the trembling hosts retire;
The god in terrors, and the skies on fire.
Nor great Idomeneus that sight could bear,
Nor each stern Ajax, thunderbolts of war:
Nor he, the king of men, the alarm sustain'd;
Nestor alone amidst the storm remain'd.
Unwilling he remain'd, for Paris' dart
Had pierced his courser in a mortal part:
Fix'd in the forehead where the springing mane
Curled o'er the brow, it stung him to the brain:
Mad with his anguish, he begins to rear,
Paw with his hoofs aloft, and lash the air.
Scarce had his falchion cut the reins, and freed
The incumber'd chariot from the dying steed,
When dreadful Hector, thundering through the war,
Pour'd to the tumult on his whirling car.
That day had stretch'd beneath his matchless hand
The hoary monarch of the Pylian band,
But Diomed beheld; from forth the crowd
He rush'd, and on Ulysses call'd aloud:
Whither, oh whither does Ulysses run!
Oh flight unworthy great Laërtes' son!
Mix'd with the vulgar shall thy fate be found,
Pierced in the back, a vile dishonest wound?
Oh turn and save from Hector's direful rage
The glory of the Greeks, the Pylian sage.
His fruitless words are lost unheard in air,
Ulysses seeks the ships, and shelters there
But bold Tydides, to the rescue goes,
A single warrior 'midst a host of foes;
Before the coursers with a sudden spring
He leap'd, and anxious thus bespoke the king:
Great perils, father! wait the unequal fight;
These younger champions will oppress thy might.
Thy veins no more with ancient vigour glow,
Weak is thy servant and thy coursers slow.
Then haste, ascend my seat, and from the car
Observe the steeds of Tros, renown'd in war,
Practised alike to turn, to stop, to chase,
To dare the fight, or urge the rapid race:
These late obey'd Æneas' guiding rein;
Leave thou thy chariot to our faithful train;
With these against yon Trojans will we go,
Nor shall great Hector want an equal foe:
Fierce as he is, e'en he may learn to fear
The thirsty fury of my flying spear.
Thus said the chief; and Nestor, skill'd in war,
Approves his council, and ascends the car:
The steeds he left, their trusty servants hold;
Eurymedon, and Sthenelus the bold:
The reverend charioteer directs the course,
And strains his aged arms to lash the horse.
Hector they face; unknowing how to fear,
Fierce he drove on: Tydides whirl'd his spear.
The spear with erring haste mistook its way,
But plunged in Eniopeus' bosom lay.
His opening hand in death forsakes the rein;
The steeds fly back: he falls, and spurns the plain.
Great Hector sorrows for his servant kill'd,
Yet unrevenged permits to press the field;
Till to supply his place and rule the car,
Rose Archeptolemus, the fierce in war.
And now had death and horror cover'd all;
Like timorous flocks, the Trojans in their wall
Inclosed had bled: but Jove with awful sound
Roll'd the big thunder o'er the vast profound;
Full in Tydides' face the lightning flew;
The ground before him flamed with sulphur blue;
The quivering steeds fell prostrate at the sight;
And Nestor's trembling hand confess'd his fright;
He dropp'd the reins; and shook with sacred dread,
Thus, turning, warn'd the intrepid Diomed:
O chief! too daring in thy friend's defence,
Retire advised, and urge the chariot hence.
This day, averse, the sovereign of the skies,
Assists great Hector, and our palm denies,
Some other sun may see the happier hour,
When Greece shall conquer by his heavenly power
'Tis not in man his fix'd decree to move:
The great will glory to submit to Jove.
O reverend prince! (Tydides thus replies:)
Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise.
But ah, what grief! should haughty Hector boast,
I fled inglorious to the guarded coast.
Before that dire disgrace shall blast my fame,
O'erwhelm me, earth; and hide a warrior's shame.
To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied:
Gods! can thy courage fear the Phrygian's pride?
Hector may vaunt, but who shall heed the boast?
Not those who felt thy arm, the Dardan host,
Nor Troy, yet bleeding in her heroes lost;
Not e'en a Phrygian dame, who dreads the sword
That laid in dust her loved lamented lord.
He said, and hasty o'er the gasping throng
Drives the swift steeds; the chariot smokes along.
The shouts of Trojans thicken in the wind,
The storm of hissing javelins pours behind.
Then, with a voice that shakes the solid skies,
Pleased Hector braves the warrior as he flies:
Go, mighty hero, graced above the rest
In seats of council and the sumptuous feast!
Now hope no more those honours from thy train;
Go, less than woman, in the form of man!
To scale our walls, to wrap our towers in flames,
To lead in exile the fair Phrygian dames,
Thy once proud hopes, presumptuous prince! are fled;
This arm shall reach thy heart, and stretch thee dead.
Now fears dissuade him, and now hopes invite
To stop his coursers, and to stand the fight;
Thrice turn'd the chief, and thrice imperial Jove
On Ida's summits thunder'd from above:
Great Hector heard; he saw the flashing light,
(The sign of conquest) and thus urged the fight:
Hear, every Trojan, Lycian, Dardan band,
All famed in war, and dreadful hand to hand.
Be mindful of the wreaths your arms have won,
Your great forefathers' glories and your own.
Heard ye the voice of Jove? Success and fame
Await on Troy; on Greece eternal shame.
In vain they skulk behind their boasted wall,
Weak bulwarks! destined by this arm to fall.
High o'er their slighted trench our steeds shall bound,
And pass victorious o'er the levell'd mound

Soon as before yon hollow ships we stand,
Fight each with flames, and toss the blazing brand;
Till their proud navy wrapp'd in smoke and fires
All Greece, encompass'd, in one blaze expires.
Furious he said; then, bending o'er the yoke,
Encouraged his proud steeds, while thus he spoke:
Now, Xanthus, Æthon, Lampus! urge the chase,
And thou, Podargus! prove thy generous race:
Be fleet, be fearless, this important day,
And all your master's well-spent care repay.
For this, high-fed in plenteous stalls ye stand,
Served with pure wheat, and by a princess' hand;
For this my spouse, of great Aëtion's line,
So oft has steep'd the strengthening grain in wine.
Now swift pursue, now thunder uncontroll'd;
Give me to seize rich Nestor's shield of gold,
From Tydeus' shoulders strip the costly load,
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a god:
These if we gain, then victory, ye powers!
This night, this glorious night, the fleet is ours.
That heard, deep anguish stung Saturnia's soul;
She shook her throne that shook the starry pole: 241
And thus to Neptune: Thou whose force can make
The steadfast earth from her foundation shake,
Seest thou the Greeks by fates unjust oppress'd,
Now swells thy heart in that immortal breast?
Yet Ægа, Helicé, thy power obey,
And gifts unceasing on thine altars lay.
Would all the deities of Greece combine,
In vain the gloomy Thunderer might repine:
Sole should he sit, with scarce a god to friend,
And see his Trojans to the shades descend:
Such be the scene from his Idæan bower;
Ungrateful prospect to the sullen power!
Neptune with wrath rejects the rash design:
What rage, what madness, furious queen, is thine?
I war not with the Highest. All above
Submit and tremble at the hand of Jove.
Now godlike Hector, to whose matchless might
Jove gave the glory of the destined fight,
Squadrons on squadrons drives, and fills the fields
With close-ranged chariots, and with thicken'd shields;
Where the deep trench in length extended lay,
Compacted troops stand wedged in firm array,
A dreadful front! they shake the brands, and threat
With long-destroying flames the hostile fleet.
The king of men, by Juno's self inspired,
Toil'd through the tents, and all his army fired.
Swift as he moved, he lifted in his hand
His purple robe, bright ensign of command.
High on the midmost bark the king appear'd;
There from Ulysses' deck his voice was heard:
To Ajax and Achilles reach'd the sound,
Whose distant ships the guarded navy bound.
Oh, Argives! shame of human race! he cried
(The hollow vessels to his voice replied,)
Where now are all your glorious boasts of yore,
Your hasty triumphs on the Lemnian shore?
Each fearless hero dares a hundred foes,
While the feast lasts, and while the goblet flows;
But who to meet one martial man is found,
When the fight rages, and the flames surround?
O mighty Jove! oh sire of the distress'd!
Was ever king like me, like me oppress'd?
With power immense, with justice arm'd in vain:
My glory ravish'd, and my people slain!
To thee my vows were breathed from every shore;
What altar smoked not with our victims' gore?
With fat of bulls I fed the constant flame,
And ask'd destruction to the Trojan name.
Now, gracious God! far humbler our demand;
Give these at least t' escape from Hector's hand,
And save the relics of the Grecian land!
Thus pray'd the king; and heaven's great father heard
His vows, in bitterness of soul preferr'd;
The wrath appeased, by happy signs declares,
And gives the people to their monarch's prayers
His eagle, sacred bird of heaven! he sent,
A fawn his talons truss'd (divine portent!)
High o'er the wondering hosts he soar'd above,
Who paid their vows to Panomphæan Jove;
Then let the prey before his altar fall:
The Greeks beheld, and transport seized on all:
Encouraged by the sign, the troops revive,
And fierce on Troy with double fury drive.
Tydides first, of all the Grecian force,
O'er the broad ditch impell'd his foaming horse,
Pierced the deep ranks, their strongest battle tore,
And dyed his javelin red with Trojan gore.
Young Agelaüs (Phradmon was his sire)
With flying coursers shunn'd his dreadful ire:
Struck through the back, the Phrygian fell oppress'd;
The dart drove on, and issued at his breast:
Headlong he quits the car; his arms resound;
His ponderous buckler thunders on the ground.
Forth rush a tide of Greeks, the passage freed;
The Atridæ first, the Ajaces next succeed:
Meriones, like Mars in arms renown'd,
And godlike Idomen, now pass'd the mound:
Evæmon's son next issues to the foe,
And last, young Teucer with his bended bow.
Secure behind the Telamonian shield,
The skilful archer wide survey'd the field,
With every shaft some hostile victim slew,
Then close beneath the sevenfold orb withdrew
The conscious infant so, when fear alarms,
Retires for safety to the mother's arms.
Thus Ajax guards his brother in the field,
Moves as he moves, and turns the shining shield
Who first by Teucer's mortal arrows bled?
Orsilochus; then-fell Ormenus dead:
The godlike Lycophon next press'd the plain,
With Chromius, Dæter, Ophelestes slain:
Bold Hamopaön breathless sunk to ground;
The bloody pile great Melanippus crown'd.
Heaps fell on heaps, sad trophies of his art;
A Trojan ghost attended every dart.
Great Agamemnon views with joyful eye
The ranks grow thinner as his arrows fly;
Oh youth for ever dear! (the monarch cried,)
Thus, always thus, thy early worth be tried;
Thy brave example shall retrieve our host,
Thy country's saviour, and thy father's boast!
Sprung from an alien's bed thy sire to grace,
The vigorous offspring of a stolen embrace.
Proud of his boy, he own'd the generous flame,
And the brave son repays his cares with fame.
Now hear a monarch's vow: If heaven's high powers
Give me to raze Troy's long-defended towers;
Whatever treasures Greece for me design,
The next rich honorary gift be thine:
Some golden tripod, or distinguish'd car,
With coursers dreadful in the ranks of war;

Or some fair captive whom thy eyes approve,
Shall recompense the warrior's toils with love.
To this the chief: With praise the rest inspire,
Nor urge a soul already fill'd with fire:
What strength I have, be now in battle tried,
Till every shaft in Phrygian blood be dyed.
Since rallying from our wall we forced the foe,
Still aim'd at Hector have I bent my bow:
Eight forky arrows from this hand have fled,
And eight bold heroes by their points lie dead;
But sure some god denies me to destroy
This fury of the field, this dog of Troy.
He said, and twang'd the string. The weapon flies
At Hector's breast, and sings along the skies:
He miss'd the mark; but pierced Gorythio's heart,
And drench'd in royal blood the thirsty dart.
(Fair Castianira, nymph of form divine.
This offspring added to king Priam's line.)
As full-blown poppies, overcharged with rain,
Decline the head, and drooping kiss the plain;
So sinks the youth: his beauteous head, depress'd
Beneath his helmet, drops upon his breast.
Another shaft the raging archer drew:
That other shaft with erring fury flew,
(From Hector Phœbus turn'd the flying wound,)
Yet fell not dry or guiltless to the ground:
Thy breast, brave Archeptolemus: it tore,
And dipp'd its feathers in no vulgar gore.
Headlong he falls: his sudden fall alarms
The steeds, that startle at his sounding arms.
Hector with grief his charioteer beheld,
All pale and breathless on the sanguine field.
Then bids Cebriones direct the rein,
Quits his bright car, and issues on the plain.
Dreadful he shouts: from earth a stone he took,
And rush'd on Teucer with the lifted rock.
The youth already strain'd the forceful yew;
The shaft already to his shoulder drew;
The feather in his hand, just wing'd for flight,
Touch'd where the neck and hollow chest unite;
There, where the juncture knits the channel bone,
The furious chief discharged the craggy stone;
The bow-string burst beneath the ponderous blow,
And his numb'd hand dismiss'd his useless bow.
He fell: but Ajax his broad shield display'd,
And screen'd his brother with a mighty shade;
Till great Alastor and Mecistheus bore
The batter'd archer groaning to the shore.
Troy yet found grace before the Olympian sire;
He arm'd their hands, and fill'd their breasts with fire.
The Greeks, repulsed, retreat behind their wall,
Or in the trench on heaps confusedly fall.
First of the foe, great Hector march'd along,
With terror clothed, and more than mortal strong.
As the bold hound, that gives the lion chase,
With beating bosom, and with eager pace,
Hangs on his haunch, or fastens on his heels,
Guards as he turns, and circles as he wheels;
Thus oft the Grecians turn'd, but still they flew;
Thus, following Hector, still the hindmost slew.
When flying they had pass'd the trench profound,
And many a chief lay grasping on the ground;
Before the ships a desperate stand they made,
And fired the troops, and call'd the gods to aid.
Fierce on his rattling chariot Hector came;
His eyes like Gorgon shot a sanguine flame
That wither'd all their host: like Mars he stood;
Dire as the monster, dreadful as the god!
Their strong distress the wife of Jove survey'd;
Then pensive thus, to war's triumphant maid:
Oh daughter of that god, whose arm can wield
The avenging bolt, and shake the sable shield!
Now, in this moment of her last despair,
Shall wretched Greece no more confess our care?
Condemn'd to suffer the full force of fate,
And drain the dregs of heaven's relentless hate?
Gods! shall one raging hand thus level all?
What numbers fell! what numbers yet shall fall!
What power divine shall Hector's wrath assuage?
Still swells the slaughter, and still grows the rage!
So spake the imperial regent of the skies;
To whom the goddess with the azure eyes:
Long since had Hector stain'd these fields with gore,
Stretch'd by some Argive on his native shore;
But He, above, the sire of heaven, withstands,
Mocks our attempts and slights our just demands.
The stubborn god, inflexible and hard,
Forgets my service and deserved reward:
Saved I, for this, his favourite son,* distress'd,
By stern Euristheus with long labours press'd?
He begg'd, with tears he begg'd, in deep dismay;
I shot from heaven, and gave his arm the day.
Oh had my wisdom known this dire event,
When to grim Pluto's gloomy gates he went;
The triple dog had never felt his chain,
Nor styx been cross'd, nor hell explored in vain.
Averse to me of all his heaven of gods,
At Thetis' suit the partial Thunderer nods.
To grace her gloomy, fierce, resenting son,
My hopes are frustrate, and my Greeks undone.
Some future day, perhaps, he may be moved
To call his blue-eyed maid his best-beloved.
Haste, launch thy chariot, through yon ranks to ride;
Myself will arm, and thunder at thy side.
Then goddess! say, shall Hector glory then
(That terror of the Greeks, that man of men,)
When Juno's self, and Pallas shall appear,
All-dreadful in the crimson walks of war!
That mighty Trojan then, on yonder shore,
Expiring, pale, and terrible no more,
Shall feast the fowls, and glut the dogs with gore?
She ceased, and Juno rein'd the steeds with care;
(Heaven's awful empress, Saturn's other heir.)
Pallas, meanwhile, her various veil unbound,
With flowers adorn'd, with art immortal crown'd;
The radiant robe her sacred fingers wove,
Floats in rich waves, and spreads the court of Jove.
Her father's arms her mighty limbs invest,
His cuirass blazes on her ample breast.
The vigorous power the trembling car ascends;
Shook by her arm, the massy javelin bends;
Huge, pondrous, strong! that, when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.
Saturnia lends the lash; the coursers fly.
Smooth glides the chariot through the liquid sky.
Heaven's gates spontaneous open to the powers,
Heaven's golden gates, kept by the winged Hours,
Commission'd in alternate watch they stand,
The sun's bright portals and the skies command;
Close or unfold the eternal gates of day,
Bar heaven with clouds, or roll those clouds away.
The sounding hinges ring, the clouds divide;
Prone down the steep of heaven their course they guide.

* Hercules.

But Jove incensed, from Ida's top survey'd,
And thus enjoin'd the many-colour'd maid:
Thaumantia! mount the winds, and stop their car;
Against the highest who shall wage the war?
If furious yet they dare the vain debate,
Thus have I spoke, and what I speak is fate;
Their coursers crush'd beneath the wheels shall lie,
Their car in fragments scatter'd o'er the sky!
My lightning these rebellious shall confound,
And hurl them flaming, headlong to the ground,
Condemn'd for ten revolving years to weep
The wounds impress'd by burning thunder deep.
So shall Minerva learn to fear our ire,
Nor dare to combat hers and nature's sire.
For Juno, headstrong and imperious still,
She claims some title to transgress our will.
Swift as the wind, the various colour'd maid
From Ida's top her golden wings display'd;
To great Olympus' shining gates she flies,
There meets the chariot rushing down the skies.
Restrains their progress from the bright abodes,
And speaks the mandate of the sire of gods:
What frenzy, goddesses! what rage can move
Celestial minds to tempt the wrath of Jove!
Desist, obedient to his high command:
This is his word: and know, his word shall stand.
His lightning your rebellion shall confound,
And hurl you headlong, flaming to the ground:
Your horses crush'd beneath the wheels shall lie,
Your car in fragments scatter'd o'er the sky:
Yourselves condemn'd ten rolling years to weep
The wounds impress'd by burning thunder deep.
So shall minerva learn to fear his ire,
Nor dare to combat hers and nature's sire.
For Juno, headstrong and imperious still,
She claims some title to transgress his will:
But thee what desperate insolence has driven,
To lift thy lance against the king of heaven?
Then, mounting on the pinions of the wind,
She flew; and Juno thus her rage resign'd:
O daughter of that god, whose arm can wield
The avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield!
No more let beings of superior birth
Contend with Jove for this low race of earth.
Triumphant now, now miserably slain,
They breathe or perish as the Fates ordain.
But Jove's high counsels full effect shall find:
And, ever constant ever rule mankind.
She spoke, and backward turn'd her steeds of light,
Adorn'd with manes of gold and heavenly bright.
The Hours unloosed them, panting as they stood,
And heap'd their mangers with ambrosial food.
There tied, they rest in high celestial stalls;
The chariot propp'd against the crystal walls.
The pensive goddesses, abash'd, controll'd,
Mix with the gods, and fill their seats of gold.
And now the Thunderer meditates his flight
From Ida's summits to the Olympian height,
Swifter than thought the wheels instinctive fly,
Flame through the vast of air, and reach the sky.
'Twas Neptune's charge his courses to unbrace,
And fix the car on its immortal base;
There stood the chariot, beaming forth its rays,
Till with a snowy veil he screen'd the blaze.
He, whose all-conscious eyes the world behold,
The eternal Thunderer sat enthron'd in gold,
High heaven the footstool of his feet he makes,
And wide beneath him all Olympus shakes.
Trembling afar the offending powers appear'd,
Confused and silent, for his frown they fear'd.
He saw their soul, and thus his word imparts;
Pallas and Juno! say, why heave your hearts?
Soon was your battle o'er: proud Troy retired
Before your face, and in your wrath expired.
But know, who'er almighty power withstand!
Unmatch'd our force, unconquer'd is our hand:
Who shall the sovereign of the skies controul?
Not all the gods that crown the starry pole,
Your hearts shall tremble, if our arms we take,
And each immortal nerve with horror shake.
For thus I speak, and what I speak shall stand;
What power soe'er provokes our lifted hand,
On this our hill no more shall hold his place,
Cut off, and exiled from the ethereal race.
Juno and Pallas grieving hear the doom,
But feast their souls on Ilion's woes to come.
Through secret anger swell'd Minerva's breast,
The prudent goddess yet her wrath repress'd:
But Juno, impotent of rage, replies:
What hast thou said, oh tyrant of the skies!
Strength and omnipotence invest thy throne:
'Tis thine to punish; ours to grieve alone.
For Greece we grieve, abandon'd by her fate,
To drink the dregs of thy unmeasured hate:
From fields forbidden we submiss refrain,
With arms unaiding see our Argives slain;
Yet grant our counsels still their breasts may move,
Lest all should perish in the rage of Jove.
The goddess thus: and thus the god replies,
Who swells the clouds, and blackens all the skies:
The morning sun awaked by loud alarms,
Shall see the almighty Thunderer in arms;
What heaps of Argives then shall load the plain,
Those radiant eyes shall view, and view in vain.
Nor shall great Hector cease the rage of fight,
The navy flaming, and thy Greeks in flight,
E'en till the day, when certain fates ordain
That stern Achilles (his Patroclus slain)
Shall rise in vengeance, and lay waste the plain
For such is fate, nor canst thou turn its course
With all thy rage, with all thy rebel force.
Fly, if thou wilt, to earth's remotest bound,
Where on her utmost verge the seas resound;
Where cursed Iäpetus and Saturn dwell,
Fast by the brink, within the steams of hell;
No sun e'er gilds the gloomy horrors there;
No cheerful gales refresh the lazy air;
There arm once more the bold Titanian band;
And arm in vain; for what I will, shall stand.
Now deep in ocean sunk the lamp of light,
And drew behind the cloudy veil of night:
The conquering Trojans mourn his beams decay'd;
The Greeks rejoicing bless the friendly shade.
The victors keep the field; and Hector calls
A martial council near the navy walls:
These two Scamander's bank apart he led,
Where thinly scatter'd lay the heaps of dead.
The assembled chiefs, descending on the ground,
Attend his order, and their prince surround.
A massy spear he bore of mighty strength,
Of full ten cubits was the lance's length;
The point was brass, refulgent to behold,
Fix'd to the wood with circling rings of gold;
The noble Hector on this lance reclined,
And bending forward, thus reveal'd his mind

Ye valiant Trojans, with attention hear!
Ye Dardan bands, and generous aids, give ear!
This day, we hoped, would wrap in conquering flame
Greece with her ships, and crown our toils with fame.
But darkness now, to save the cowards, falls,
And guards them trembling in their wooden walls.
Obey the Night, and use her peaceful hours
Our steeds to forage, and refresh our powers.
Straight from the town be sheep and oxen sought,
And strengthening bread, and generous wine be brought;
Wide o'er the field, high blazing to the sky,
Let numerous fires the absent sun supply,
The flaming piles with plenteous fuel raise,
Till the bright morn her purple beam displays;
Lest, in the silence and the shades of night,
Greece in her sable ships attempt her flight,
Not unmolested let the wretches gain
Their lofty decks, or safely cleave the main;
Some hostile wound let every dart bestow,
Some lasting token of the Phrygian foe,
Wounds, that long hence may ask their spouses' care,
And warn their children from a Trojan war.
Now through the circuit of our Ilion wall,
Let sacred heralds sound the solemn call;
To bid the sires, with hoary honours crown'd,
And beardless youths, our battlements surround.
Firm be the guard, while distant lie our powers,
And let the matrons hang with lights the towers:
Lest, under covert of the midnight shade,
The insidious foe the naked town invade.
Suffice, to-night, these orders to obey:
A nobler charge shall rouse the dawning day.
The gods, I trust, shall give to Hector's hand,
From these detested foes to free the land,
Who plough'd, with fates averse, the watery way,
For Trojan vultures a predestined prey.
Our common safety must be now the care;
But soon as morning paints the fields of air,
Sheath'd in bright arms let every troop engage,
And the fired fleet behold the battle rage.
Then, then shall Hector and Tydides prove,
Whose fates are heaviest in the scale of Jove.
To-morrow's light (O haste the glorious morn!)
Shall see his bloody spoils in triumph borne;
With this keen javelin shall his breast be gored,
And prostrate heroes bleed around their lord.
Certain as this, oh! might my days endure,
From age inglorious, and black death secure;
So might my glory know no bound,
Like Pallas worshipp'd, like the sun renown'd!
As the next dawn, the last they shall enjoy,
Shall crush the Greeks, and end the woes of Troy.
The leader spoke. From all his host around
Shouts of applause along the shores resound.
Each from the yoke the smoking steeds untied,
And fix'd their head-stalls to his chariot-side.
Fat sheep and oxen from the town are led,
With generous wine, and all-sustaining bread.
Full hecatombs lay burning on the shore;
The winds to heaven the curling vapours bore.
Ungrateful offering to the immortal powers!
Whose wrath hung heavy o'er the Trojan towers;
Nor Priam nor his sons obtain'd their grace;
Proud Troy they hated, and her guilty race.
The troops exulting sat in order round,
And beaming fires illumined all the ground.
As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.
So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays:
The long reflections of the distant fires
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.
A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whose number'd arms, by fits, thick flashes send,
Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,
And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

BOOK IX.

ARGUMENT.

The Embassy to Achilles.

Agamemnon, after the last day's defeat, proposes to the Greeks to quit the siege, and return to their country. Diomed opposes this, and Nestor seconds him, praising his wisdom and resolution. He orders the guard to be strengthened, and a council summoned to deliberate what measures are to be followed in this emergency. Agamemnon pursues this advice, and Nestor farther prevails upon him to send ambassadors to Achilles, in order to move him to a reconciliation. Ulysses and Ajax are made choice of, who are accompanied by old Phœnix. They make, each of them, very moving and pressing speeches, but are rejected with roughness by Achilles, who notwithstanding retains Phœnix in his tent. The ambassadors return unsuccessfully to the camp, and the troops betake themselves to sleep.

This book, and the next following, take up the space of one night, which is the twenty-seventh from the beginning of the poem. The scene lies on the sea-shore, the station of the Grecian ships.

BOOK IX.

Thus joyful Troy maintain'd the watch of night;
While fear, pale comrade of inglorious flight,
And heaven-bred horror, on the Grecian part,
Sat on each face, and sadden'd every heart.
As, from its cloudy dungeon issuing forth,
A double tempest of the west and north
Swells o'er the sea, from Thracia's frozen shore,
Heaps waves on waves, and bids the Ægean roar;
This way and that the boiling deeps are toss'd;
Such various passions urged the troubled host.
Great Agamemnon grieved above the rest;
Superior sorrows swell'd his royal breast;
Himself his orders to the heralds bears,
To bid to council all the Grecian peers,
But bid in whispers: these surround their chief,
In solemn sadness, and majestic grief.
The king amidst the mournful circle rose:
Down his wan cheek a briny torrent flows:
So silent fountains, from a rock's tall head,
In sable streams soft trickling waters shed.

With more than vulgar grief he stood oppress'd;
Words, mix'd with sighs, thus bursting from his breast:
Ye sons of Greece! partake your leaders care;
Fellows in arms, and princes of the war!
Of partial Jove too justly we complain,
And heavenly oracles believed in vain.
A safe return was promised to our toils,
With conquest honour'd, and enrich'd with spoils:
Now shameful flight alone can save the host;
Our wealth, our people, and our glory lost.
So Jove decrees, almighty lord of all!
Jove, at whose nod whole empires rise or fall,
Who shakes the feeble props of human trust,
And towers and armies humbles to the dust.
Haste then, for ever quit these fatal fields,
Haste to the joys our native country yields;
Spread all your canvass, all your oars employ,
Nor hope the fall of heaven-defended Troy.
He said; deep silence held the Grecian band;
Silent, unmoved, in dire dismay they stand,
A pensive scene! till Tydeus' warlike son
Roll'd on the king his eyes, and thus begun:
When kings advise us to renounce our fame,
First let him speak, who first has suffer'd shame.
If I oppose thee, prince, thy wrath withhold,
The laws of council bid my tongue be bold.
Thou first, and thou alone, in fields of fight,
Durst brand my courage, and defame my might:
Nor from a friend the unkind reproach appear'd,
The Greeks stood witness, all our army heard.
The gods, O chief! from whom our honours spring,
The gods have made thee but by halves a king:
They gave thee sceptres, and a wide command;
They gave dominion o'er the seas and land;
The noblest power that might the world controul
They gave thee not—a brave and virtuous soul.
Is this a general's voice, that would suggest
Fears like his own to every Grecian breast?
Confiding in our want of worth, he stands;
And if we fly, 'tis what our king commands.
Go thou, inglorious! from the embattled plain;
Ships thou hast store, and nearest to the main;
A nobler care the Grecians shall employ,
To combat, conquer, and extirpate Troy.
Here Greece shall stay; or if all Greece retire,
Myself will stay, till Troy or I expire;
Myself and Sthenelus will fight for fame;
God bade us fight, and 'twas with God we came.
He ceased; the Greeks loud acclamations raise,
And voice to voice resounds Tydides' praise.
Wise Nestor then his reverend figure rear'd;
He spoke; the host in still attention heard:
O truly great! in whom the gods have join'd
Such strength of body with such force of mind.
In conduct, as in courage, you excel,
Still first to act what you advise so well.
Those wholesome counsels which thy wisdom moves,
Applauding Greece with common voice approves.
Kings thou canst blame; a bold but prudent youth;
And blame e'en kings with praise, because with truth.
And yet those years that since thy birth have run,
Would hardly style thee Nestor's youngest son.
Then let me add what yet remains behind,
A thought unfinish'd in that generous mind;
Age bids me speak; nor shall the advice I bring
Distaste the people, or offend the king:
Cursed is the man, and void of law and right,
Unworthy property, unworthy light,
Unfit for public rule, or private care;
That wretch, that monster, who delights in war:
Whose lust is murder, and whose horrid joy
To tear his country, and his kind destroy!
This night, refresh and fortify thy train;
Between the trench and wall let guards remain:
Be that the duty of the young and bold;
But thou, O king, to council call the old.
Great is thy sway, and weighty are thy cares;
Thy high commands must spirit all our wars.
With Thracian wine recruit thy honour'd guests,
For happy counsels flow from sober feasts.
Wise, weighty counsels aid a state distress'd,
And such a monarch as can choose the best.
See! what a blaze from hostile tents aspires,
How near our fleet approach the Trojan fires!
Who can, unmoved, behold the dreadful light?
What eye beholds them, and can close to-night?
This dreadful interval determines all;
To-morrow Troy must flame, or Greece must fall
Thus spoke the hoary sage: the rest obey:
Swift through the gates the guards direct their way.
His son was first to pass the lofty mound,
The generous Thrasymed, in arms renown'd:
Next him, Ascalaphus, Ialmen stood,
The double offspring of the warrior-god.
Deïpyrus, Aphareus, Merion join,
And Lycomed, of Creon's noble line.
Seven were the leaders of the nightly bands,
And each bold chief a hundred spears commands.
The fires they light, to short repasts they fall,
Some line the trench, and others man the wall.
The king of men, on public counsels bent,
Convened the princes in his ample tent;
Each seized a portion of the kingly feast,
But staid his hand when thirst and hunger ceased.
Then Nestor spoke, for wisdom long approved,
And, slowly rising, thus the council moved:
Monarch of nations! whose superior sway
Assembled states and lords of earth obey,
The laws and sceptres to thy hand are given,
And millions own the care of thee and heaven.
O king! the counsels of my age attend;
With thee my cares begin, in thee must end;
Thee, prince! it fits alike to speak and hear,
Pronounce with judgment, with regard give ear,
To see no wholesome motion be withstood,
And ratify the best for public good.
Nor, though a meaner give advice, repine,
But follow it, and make the wisdom thine.
Hear then a thought, not now conceived in haste,
At once my present judgment, and my past.
When from Pelides' tent you forced the maid,
I first opposed, and faithful durst dissuade;
But bold of soul, when headlong fury fired,
You wrong'd the man, by men and gods admired:
Now seek some means his fatal wrath to end,
With prayers to move him, or with gifts to bend.
To whom the king: With justice hast thou shown
A princes faults, and I with reason own.
That happy man, whom Jove still honours most,
Is more than armies, and himself a host.
Blest in his love, this wondrous hero stands,
Heaven fights his war, and humbles all our bands.
Fain would my heart, which err'd through frantic rage
The wrathful chief and angry gods assuage.
If gifts immense his mighty soul can bow,
Hear, all ye Greeks, and witness what I vow:

Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,
And twice ten vases of refulgent mould;
Seven sacred tripods, whose unsullied frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame:
Twelve steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in force,
And still victorious in the dusty course,
Rich were the man whose ample stores exceed
The prizes purchased by their winged speed:)
Seven lovely captives of the Lesbian line,
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine;
The same I chose for more than vulgar charms,
When Lesbos sunk beneath the hero's arms:
All these, to buy his friendship, shall be paid,
And join'd with these, the long-contested maid;
With all her charms, Briseïs I resign,
And solemn swear those charms were never mine;
Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjured she removes,
Pure from my arms, and guiltless of my loves.
These instant shall be his; and if the powers
Give to our arms proud Ilion's hostile towers,
Then shall he store (when Greece the spoil divides)
With gold and brass his loaded navy's sides.
Besides, full twenty nymphs of Trojan race
With copious love shall crown his warm embrace;
Such as himself will choose; who yield to none,
Or yield to Helen's heavenly charms alone.
Yet hear me farther: when our wars are o'er,
If safe we land on Argos' fruitful shore,
There shall he live my son, our honours share,
And with Orestes' self divide my care.
Yet more—three daughters in my court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed;
Laodicè and Iphigenia fair,
And bright Chrysothemis with golden hair;
Her let him choose, whom most his eyes approve,
I ask no presents, no reward for love:
Myself will give the dower; so vast a store,
As never father gave a child before.
Seven ample cities shall confess his sway,
Him Enopè, and Pheræ him obey,
Cardamylè with ample turrets crown'd,
And sacred Pedasus for vines renown'd;
Æpea fair, the pastures Hira yields,
And rich Antheia with her flowery fields:
The whole extent of Pylos sandy plain,
Along the verdant margin of the main:
There heifers graze, and labouring oxen toil;
Bold are the men, and generous is the soil;
There shall he reign with power and justice crown'd,
And rule the tributary realms around.
All this I give, his vengeance to controul,
And sure all this may move his mighty soul.
Pluto, the grisly god, who never spares,
Who feels no mercy, and who hears no prayers,
Lives dark and dreadful in deep hell's abodes,
And mortals hate him as the worst of gods.
Great though he be, it fits him to obey;
Since more than his my years, and more my sway.
The monarch thus. The reverend Nestor then:
Great Agamemnon! glorious king of men!
Such are thy offers as a prince may take,
And such as fits a generous king to make.
Let chosen delegates this hour be sent
(Myself will name them) to Pelides' tent:
Let Phœnix lead, revered for hoary age,
Great Ajax next, and Ithacus the sage.
Yet more to sanctify the word you send,
Let Hodius and Eurybates attend.
Now pray to Jove to grant what Greece demands;
Pray in deep silence, and with purest hands.
He said, and all approved. The heralds bring
The cleansing water from the living spring.
The youth with wine the sacred goblets crown'd,
And large libations drench'd the sands around.
The rite perform'd, the chiefs their thirst allay,
Then from the royal tent they take their way;
Wise Nestor turns on each his careful eye,
Forbids to offend, instructs them to apply;
Much he advised them all, Ulysses most,
To deprecate the chief, and save the host.
Through the still night they march, and hear the roar
Of murmuring billows on the sounding shore.
To Neptune, ruler of the seas profound,
Whose liquid arms the mighty globe surround,
They pour forth vows, their embassy to bless,
And calm the rage of stern Æacides.
And now, arrived, where, on the sandy bay,
The Myrmidonian tents and vessels lay,
Amused at ease, the godlike man they found,
Pleased with the solemn harp's harmonious sound:
(The well-wrought harp from conquer'd Thebæ came,
Of polish'd silver was its costly frame:)
With this he soothes his angry soul, and sings
The immortal deeds of heroes and of kings.
Patroclus only of the royal train,
Placed in his tent, attends the lofty strain:
Full opposite he sat, and listen'd long,
In silence waiting till he ceased the song.
Unseen the Grecian embassy proceeds
To his high tent; the great Ulysses leads.
Achilles starting, as the chiefs he spied,
Leap'd from his seat, and laid the harp aside.
With like surprise arose Menœtius' son:
Pelides grasp'd their hands, and thus begun:
Princes, all hail! whatever brought you here,
Or strong necessity, or urgent fear:
Welcome, though Greeks! for not as foes ye came;
To me more dear than all that bear the name.
With that, the chiefs beneath his roof he led,
And placed in seats with purple carpets spread.
Then thus—Patroclus, crown a larger bowl,
Mix purer wine, and open every soul.
Of all the warriors yonder host can send,
Thy friend most honours these, and these thy friend.
He said; Patroclus o'er the blazing fire,
Heaps in a brazen vase three chines entire:
The brazen vase Automedon sustains,
Which flesh of porket, sheep, and goat contains:
Achilles at the genial feast presides,
The parts transfixes, and with skill divides.
Meanwhile Patroclus sweats the fire to raise;
The tent is brighten'd with the rising blaze:
Then, when the languid flames at length subside,
He strews a bed of glowing embers wide,
Above the coals the smoking fragment turns,
And sprinkles sacred salt from lifted urns;
With bread the glittering canisters they load,
Which round the board Menœtius' son bestow'd:
Himself, opposed to Ulysses, full in sight,
Each portion parts, and orders every rite.
The first fat offerings, to the immortals due,
Amidst the greedy flames Patroclus threw;
Then each, indulging in the social feast,
His thirst and hunger soberly repress'd.
That done, to Phœnix Ajax gave the sign;
Not unperceived; Ulysses crown'd with wine

The foaming bowl, and instant thus began,
His speech addressing to the godlike man:
Health to Achilles! happy are thy guests!
Not those more honour'd whom Atrides feasts:
Though generous plenty crown thy loaded boards,
That Agamemnon's regal tent affords:
But greater cares sit heavy on our souls,
Not eased by banquets or by flowing bowls.
What scenes of slaughter in yon fields appear!
The dead we mourn, and for the living fear;
Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful stands,
And owns no help but from thy saving hands:
Troy and her aids for ready vengeance call:
Their threatening tents already shade our wall:
Hear how with shouts their conquest they proclaim,
And point at every ship their vengeful flame!
For them the father of the gods declares,
Theirs are his omens, and his thunder theirs.
See, full of Jove, avenging Hector rise!
See! heaven and earth the raging chief defies:
What fury in his breast, what lightning in his eyes!
He waits but for the morn, to sink in flame
The ships, the Greeks, and all the Grecian name.
Heavens! how my country's woes distract my mind,
Lest fate accomplish all his rage design'd!
And must we, gods! our heads inglorious lay
In Trojan dust, and this the fatal day?
Return, Achilles! oh return, though late,
To save thy Greeks, and stop the course of fate;
If in that heart or grief or courage lies,
Rise to redeem; ah yet, to conquer, rise!
The day may come, when all our warriors slain,
That heart shall melt, that courage rise in vain.
Regard in time, O prince divinely brave!
Those wholesome counsels which thy father gave.
When Peleus in his aged arms embraced
His parting son, these accents were his last:
My child! with strength, with glory, and success,
Thy arms may Juno and Minerva bless!
Trust that to heaven; but thou, thy cares engage
To calm thy passions and subdue thy rage:
From gentler manners let thy glory grow,
And shun contention, the sure source of woe;
That young and old may in thy praise combine,
The virtues of humanity be thine.——
This, now despised, advice thy father gave;
Ah! check thy anger, and be truly brave.
If thou wilt yield to great Atrides' prayers,
Gifts worthy thee his royal hand prepares;
If not——but hear me, while I number o'er
The proffer'd presents, an exhaustless store.
Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,
And twice ten vases of refulgent mould;
Seven sacred tripods, whose unsullied frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame;
Twelve steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in force,
And still victorious in the dusty course;
(Rich were the man whose ample stores exceed
The prizes purchased by their winged speed:)
Seven lovely captives of the Lesbian line,
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine:
The same he chose for more than vulgar charms,
When Lesbos sunk beneath thy conquering arms,
All these, to buy thy friendship, shall be paid,
And join'd with these, the long-contested maid;
With all her charms, Briseïs he'll resign,
And solemn swear those charms were only thine;
Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjured she removes,
Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.
These instant shall be thine: and if the powers
Give to our arms proud Ilion's hostile towers,
Then shalt thou store (when Greece the spoil divides)
With gold and brass thy loaded navy's sides.
Besides, full twenty nymphs of Trojan race
With copious love shall crown thy warm embrace;
Such as thyself shall choose; who yield to none,
Or yield to Helen's heavenly charms alone.
Yet hear me farther: when our wars are o'er,
If safe we land on Argos' fruitful shore.
There shalt thou live his son, his honours share,
And with Orestes' self divide his care.
Yet more—three daughters in his court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed;
Laodicè and Iphigenia fair,
And bright Chrysothemis with golden hair;
Her shalt thou wed whom most thy eyes approve,
He asks no presents, no reward for love;
Himself will give the dower: so vast a store,
As never father gave a child before.
Seven ample cities shall confess thy sway,
Thee Ænopè and Pheræ thee obey,
Cardamylè with ample turrets crown'd,
And sacred Pedasus for vines renown'd;
Æpea fair, the pastures Hira yields,
And rich Antheia with her flowery fields.
The whole extent to Pylos' sandy plain,
Along the verdant margin of the main:
There heifers graze, and labouring oxen toil;
Bold are the men, and generous is the soil:
There shalt thou reign, with power and justice crown'd,
And rule the tributary realms around.
Such are the proffers which this day we bring,
Such the repentance of a suppliant king.
But if all this relentless thou disdain,
If honour, and if interest plead in vain,
Yet some redress to suppliant Greece afford,
And be among her guardian gods adored
If no regard thy suffering country claim,
Hear thy own glory, and the voice of fame:
For now that chief, whose unresisted ire
Made nations tremble, and whole hosts retire,
Proud Hector, now, the unequal fight demands,
And only triumphs to deserve thy hands.
Then thus the goddess-born: Ulysses, hear
A faithful speech, that knows nor art, nor fear;
What in my secret soul is understood,
My tongue shall utter, and my deeds make good.
Let Greece then know, my purpose I retain:
Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.
Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of hell.
Then thus in short my fix'd resolves attend,
Which nor Atrides nor his Greeks can bend;
Long toils, long perils, in their cause I bore,
But now the unfruitful glories charm no more.
Fight or not fight, a like reward we claim,
The wretch and hero find their prize the same;
Alike regretted in the dust he lies,
Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.
Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,
A life of labours, lo! what fruit remains?
As the bold bird her helpless young attends,
From danger guards them, and from want defends;

In search of prey she wings the spacious air,
And with the untasted food supplies her care:
For thankless Greece such hardships have I braved,
Her wives, her infants, by my labours saved;
Long sleepless nights in heavy arms I stood,
And sweat laborious days in dust and blood.
I sack'd twelve ample cities on the main,
And twelve lay smoking on the Trojan plain:
Then at Atrides' haughty feet were laid
The wealth I gather'd, and the spoils I made.
Your mighty monarch these in peace possess'd;
Some few my soldiers had, himself the rest.
Some present too to every prince was paid;
And every prince enjoys the gift he made;
I only must refund, of all his train;
See what pre-eminence our merits gain!
My spoil alone his greedy soul delights;
My spouse alone must bless his lustful nights:
The woman, let him (as he may) enjoy;
But what's the quarrel then of Greece to Troy?
What to these shores the assembled nations draws?
What calls for vengeance, but a woman's cause?
Are fair endowments and a beauteous face
Beloved by none but those of Atreus' race?
The wife whom choice and passion both approve,
Sure every wise and worthy man will love.
Nor did my fair-one less distinction claim;
Slave as she was, my soul adored the dame.
Wrong'd in my love, all proffers I disdain;
Deceived for once, I trust not kings again.
Ye have my answer—what remains to do,
Your king, Ulysses, may consult with you.
What needs he the defence this arm can make?
Has he not walls no human force can shake?
Has he not fenced his guarded navy round,
With piles, with ramparts, and a trench profound?
And will not these (the wonders he has done!)
Repel the rage of Priam's single son?
There was a time ('twas when for Greece I fought)
When Hector's prowess no such wonders wrought;
He kept the verge of Troy, nor dared to wait
Achilles' fury at the Scæan gate;
He tried it once, and scarce was saved by fate.
But now those ancient enmities are o'er;
To-morrow we the favouring gods implore;
Then shall you see our parting vessels crown'd
And hear with oars the Hellespont resound.
The third day hence, shall Pthia greet our sails,
If mighty Neptune send propitious gales;
Pthia to her Achilles shall restore
The wealth he left for this detested shore;
Thither the spoils of this long war shall pass,
The ruddy gold, the steel, and shining brass:
My beauteous captives thither I'll convey,
And all that rests of my unravish'd prey.
One only valued gift your tyrant gave,
And that resumed, the fair Lyrnessian slave.
Then tell him, loud, that all the Greeks may hear,
And learn to scorn the wretch they basely fear;
(For, arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves,
And meditates new cheats on all his slaves;
Though shameless as he is, to face these eyes
Is what he dares not: if he dares, he dies;)
Tell him, all terms, all commerce I decline,
Nor share his council nor his battle join;
For once deceived, was his; but twice, were mine.
No—let the stupid prince, whom Jove deprives
Of sense and justice, run where frenzy drives;
His gifts are hateful: kings of such a kind
Stand but as slaves before a noble mind.
Not though he proffer'd all himself possess'd,
And all his rapine could from others wrest;
Not all the golden tides of wealth that crown
The many peopled Orchomenian town;
Not all proud Thebes' unrivalled walls contain,
The world's great empress on the Egyptian plain,
(That spreads her conquests o'er a thousand states,
And pours her heroes through a hundred gates,
Two hundred horsemen, and two hundred cars
From each wide portal issuing to the wars;)
Though bribes were heap'd on bribes, in number more
Than dust in fields, or sands along the shore;
Should all these offers for my friendship call,
'Tis he that offers, and I scorn them all.
Atrides' daughter never shall be led
(An ill-match'd consort) to Achilles' bed;
Like golden Venus though she charm'd the heart,
And vied with Pallas in the works of art.
Some greater Greek let those high nuptials grace,
I hate alliance with a tyrant's race.
If heaven restore me to my realms with life,
The reverend Pelus shall elect my wife.
Thessalian nymphs there are, of form divine,
And kings that sue to mix their blood with mine.
Blest in kind love, my years shall glide away,
Content with just hereditary sway;
There, deaf for ever to the martial strife,
Enjoy the dear prerogative of life.
Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold;
Not all Apollo's Pythian treasures hold,
Or Troy once held, in peace and pride of sway,
Can bribe the poor possession of a day!
Lost herds and treasures we by arms regain,
And steeds unrivall'd on the dusty plain:
But from our lips the vital spirit fled,
Returns no more to wake the silent dead.
My fates long since by Thetis were disclosed,
And each alternate, life or fame, proposed;
Here if I stay, before the Trojan town,
Short is my date, but deathless my renown:
If I return, I quit immortal praise
For years on years, and long-extended days.
Convinced, though late, I find my fond mistake,
And warn the Greeks the wiser choice to make:
To quit these shores, their native seats enjoy,
Nor hope the fall of heaven-defended Troy.
Jove's arm display'd asserts her from the skies;
Her hearts are strengthened, and her glories rise.
Go then, to Greece report our fix'd design;
Bid all your councils, all your armies join,
Let all your forces, all your arts conspire
To save the ships, the troops, the chiefs from fire.
One stratagem has fail'd, and others will:
Ye find Achilles is unconquer'd still.
Go then—digest my message as ye may—
But here this night let reverend Phœnix stay:
His tedious toils and hoary hairs demand
A peaceful death in Pthia's friendly land.
But whether he remain or sail with me,
His age be sacred, and his will be free.
The son of Peleus ceased: the chiefs around
In silence wrapp'd, in consternation drown'd,
Attend the stern reply. Then Phœnix rose:
(Down his white beard a stream of sorrow flows.)
And while the fate of suffering Greece he mourn'd,
With accent weak these tender words return'd:

Divine Achilles! wilt thou then retire,
And leave our hosts in blood, our fleets on fire?
If wrath so dreadful fill thy ruthless mind,
How shall thy friend, thy Phœnix stay behind?
The royal Peleus, when from Pthia's coast
He sent thee early to the Achaian host;
Thy youth as then in sage debates unskill'd,
And new to perils of the direful field;
He bade me teach thee all the ways of war;
To shine in councils, and in camps to dare.
Never, ah never let me leave thy side!
No time shall part us, and no fate divide.
Not though the god, that breathed my life, restore
The bloom I boasted, and the port I bore,
When Greece of old beheld my youthful flames,
(Delighted Greece, the land of lovely dames!)
My father, faithless to my mother's arms,
Old as he was, ador'd a stranger's charms.
I tried what youth could do (at her desire)
To win the damsel, and prevent my sire.
My sire with curses loads my hated head,
And cries, Ye furies! barren be his bed.
Infernal Jove, the vengeful fiends below,
And ruthless Proserpine confirm'd his vow.
Despair and grief distract my labouring mind!
Gods! what a crime my impious heart designed!
I thought (but some kind god that thought suppress'd)
To plunge the poinard in my father's breast:
Then meditate my flight; my friends in vain
With prayers entreat me, and with force detain.
On fat of rams, black bulls, and brawny swine,
They daily feast, with draughts of fragrant wine:
Strong guards they placed, and watch'd nine nights entire:
The roofs and porches flamed with constant fire:
The tenth I forced the gates, unseen of all,
And favour'd by the night, o'erleap'd the wall.
My travels thence through spacious Greece extend;
In Pthia's court at last my labours end.
Your sire received me, as his son caress'd,
With gifts enrich'd, and with possessions bless'd.
The strong Dolopians thenceforth own'd my reign,
And all the coast that runs along the main.
By love to thee his bounties I repaid,
And early wisdom to thy soul convey'd:
Great as thou art, my lessons made thee brave
A child I took thee, but a hero gave.
Thy infant breast a like affection show'd;
Still in my arms (an ever pleasing load,)
Or at my knee, by Phœnix wouldst thou stand;
No food was grateful but from Phœnix' hand.
I pass my watchings o'er thy helpless years,
The tender labours, the compliant cares;
The gods (I thought) reversed their hard decree,
And Phœnix felt a father's joys in thee:
Thy growing virtues justified my cares,
And promised comfort to my silver hairs.
Now be thy rage, thy fatal rage, resign'd;
A cruel heart ill suits a manly mind:
The gods (the only great, and only wise)
Are moved by offerings, vows, and sacrifice;
Offending man their high compassion wins,
And daily prayers atone for daily sins.
Prayers are Jove's daughters, of celestial race,
Lame are their feet, and wrinkled is their face;
With humble mien and with dejected eyes,
Constant they follow where injustice flies:
Injustice, swift, erect, and unconfined,
Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples o'er mankind,
While prayers, to heal her wrongs, move slow behind.
Who hears these daughters of almighty Jove,
For him they mediate to the throne above:
When man rejects the humble suit they make,
The sire revenges for the daughters' sake;
From Jove commission'd, fierce Injustice then
Descends, to punish unrelenting men.
Oh let not headlong passion bear the sway;
These reconciling goddesses obey:
Due honours to the seed of Jove belong:
Due honours calm the fierce, and bend the strong
Were these not paid thee by the terms we bring,
Were rage still harbour'd in the haughty king,
Nor Greece, nor all her fortunes, should engage
Thy friend to plead against so just a rage.
But since what honour asks, the general sends,
And sends by those whom most thy heart commends,
The best and noblest of the Grecian train;
Permit not these to sue, and sue in vain!
Let me, my son, an ancient fact unfold,
A great example drawn from times of old;
Hear what our fathers were, and what their praise
Who conquer'd their revenge in former days.
Where Calydon on rocky mountains stands,
Once fought the Ætolian and Curetian bands;
To guard it those, to conquer these advance;
And mutual deaths were dealt with mutual chance.
The silver Cynthia bade Contention rise,
In vengeance of neglected sacrifice:
On Œneus' fields she sent a monstrous boar,
That levell'd harvests, and whole forests tore:
This beast (when many a chief his tusks had slain)
Great Meleager stretch'd along the plain.
Then, for his spoils a new debate arose,
The neighbour nations thence commencing foes.
Strong as they were, the bold Curetes fail'd,
While Meleager's thundering arm prevail'd:
Till rage at length inflamed his lofty breast,
(For rage invades the wisest and the best.)
Cursed by Althæa, to his wrath he yields,
And in his wife's embrace forgets the fields.
(She from Marpessa sprung, divinely fair,
And matchless Idas, more than man in war;
The god of day adored the mother's charms.
Against the god the father bent his arms:
The afflicted pair, their sorrows to proclaim,
From Cleopatra changed his daughter's name,
And call'd Alcyone; a name to show
The father's grief, the mourning mother's woe.)
To her the chief retired from stern debate,
But found no peace from fierce Althæa's hate:
Althæa's hate the unhappy warrior drew,
Whose luckless hand his royal uncle slew:
She beat the ground, and call'd the powers beneath
On her own son to wreak her brother's death;
Hell heard her curses from the realms profound,
And the red fiends that walk the nightly round.
In vain Ætolia her deliverer waits,
War shakes her walls, and thunders at her gates.
She sent ambassadors, a chosen band,
Priests of the gods, and elders of the land;
Besought the chief to save the sinking state:
Their prayers were urgent, and their proffers great;
(Full fifty acres of the richest ground,
Half pasture green, and half with vineyards crown'd.

His suppliant father, aged Œneus, came;
His sisters follow'd; e'en the vengeful dame,
Althæa sues; his friends before him fall:
He stands relentless, and rejects them all.
Meanwhile the victor's shouts ascend the skies;
The walls are scaled; the rolling flames arise:
At length his wife (a form divine) appears,
With piercing cries and supplicating tears;
She paints the horrors of a conquer'd town,
The heroes slain, the palaces o'erthrown,
The matrons ravish'd, the whole race enslaved.
The warrior heard, he vanquish'd, and he saved.
The Ætolians, long disdain'd, now took their turn,
And left the chief their broken faith to mourn.
Learn hence, betimes to curb pernicious ire,
Nor stay till yonder fleets ascend in fire;
Accept the presents; draw thy conquering sword;
And be amongst our guardian gods adored.
  Thus he. The stern Achilles thus replied:
My second father, and my reverend guide!
Thy friend, believe me, no such gifts demands,
And asks no honours from a mortal's hands:
Jove honours me, and favours my designs;
His pleasure guides me, and his will confines;
And here I stay (if such his high behest,)
While life's warm spirit beats within my breast.
Yet hear one word, and lodge it in thy heart:
No more molest me on Atrides' part:
Is it for him these tears are taught to flow,
For him these sorrows? for my mortal foe?
A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows:
One should our interests and our passions be;
My friend must hate the man that injures me.
Do this, my Phœnix, 'tis a generous part;
And share my realms, my honours, and my heart.
Let these return: our voyage, or our stay,
Rest undetermined till the dawning day.
  He ceased: then order'd for the sage's bed
A warmer couch with numerous carpets spread.
With that, stern Ajax his long silence broke,
And thus, impatient, to Ulysses spoke:
  Hence let us go—why waste we time in vain?
See what effect our low submissions gain!
Liked or not liked, his words we must relate,
The Greeks expect them, and our heroes wait.
Proud as he is, that iron-heart retains
Its stubborn purpose, and his friends disdains.
Stern, and unpitying! if a brother bleed,
On just atonement, we remit the deed;
A sire the slaughter of his son forgives;
The price of blood discharged, the murderer lives:
The haughtiest hearts at length their rage resign,
And gifts can conquer every soul but thine.
The gods that unrelenting breast have steel'd,
And cursed thee with a mind that cannot yield.
One woman-slave was ravish'd from thy arms;
Lo, seven are offer'd, and of equal charms.
Then hear, Achilles! be of better mind;
Revere thy roof, and to thy guests be kind;
And know the men, of all the Grecian host,
Who honour worth, and prize thy valour most.
  Oh soul of battles, and thy people's guide!
(To Ajax thus the first of Greeks replied:)
Well hast thou spoke! but at the tyrant's name
My rage rekindles, and my soul's on flame:
'Tis just resentment, and becomes the brave;
Disgraced, dishonour'd, like the vilest slave!
Return then, heroes! and our answer bear:
The glorious combat is no more my care;
Not till, amidst yon sinking navy slain,
The blood of Greeks shall dye the sable main;
Not till the flames, by Hector's fury thrown,
Consume your vessels, and approach my own;
Just there the impetuous homicide shall stand,
There cease his battle, and there feel our hand.
  This said, each prince a double goblet crown'd,
And cast a large libation on the ground:
Then to their vessels, through the gloomy shades
The chiefs return; divine Ulysses leads.
Meantime Achilles' slaves prepared a bed,
With fleeces, carpets, and soft linen spread:
There, till the sacred morn restored the day,
In slumbers sweet the reverend Phœnix lay.
But in his inner tent, an ampler space,
Achilles slept; and in his warm embrace
Fair Diomedè of the Lesbian race.
Last, for Patroclus was the couch prepared,
Whose nightly joys the beauteous Iphis shared;
Achilles to his friend consign'd her charms,
When Scyros fell before his conquering arms.
  And now the elected chiefs, whom Greece had sent,
Pass'd through the host and reach'd the royal tent.
Then rising all, with goblets in their hands,
The peers, and leaders of the Achaian bands
Hail'd their return: Atrides first begun:
  Say, what success? divine Laërtes' son!
Achilles' high resolves declare to all;
Returns the chief, or must our navy fall?
  Great king of nations! (Ithacus replied,)
Fix'd is his wrath, unconquer'd is his pride;
He slights thy friendship, thy proposals scorns,
And, thus implored, with fiercer fury burns.
To save our army, and our fleets to free,
Is not his care; but left to Greece and thee.
Your eyes shall view, when morning paints the sky,
Beneath his oars the whitening billows fly,
Us too he bids our oars and sails employ,
Nor hope the fall of heaven-protected Troy:
For Jove o'ershades her with his arms divine,
Inspires her war, and bids her glory shine.
Such was his word: what farther he declared,
These sacred heralds and great Ajax heard.
But Phœnix in his tent the chief retains,
Safe to transport him to his native plains,
When morning dawns: if other he decree,
His age is sacred, and his choice is free.
  Ulysses ceased: the great Achaian host
With sorrow seized, in consternation lost,
Attend the stern reply. Tydides broke
The general silence, and undaunted spoke:
Why should we gifts to proud Achilles send?
Or strive with prayers his haughty soul to bend?
His country's woes he glories to deride,
And prayers will burst that swelling heart with pride.
Be the fierce impulse of his rage obey'd;
Our battles let him or desert, or aid;
Then let him arm when Jove or he think fit;
That, to his madness, or to heaven commit:
What for ourselves we can, is always ours;
This night let due repast refresh our powers,
(For strength consists in spirit and in blood,
And those are owed to generous wine and food;)
But when the rosy messenger of day
Strikes the blue mountain with her golden ray

Ranged at the ships, let all our squadrons shine
In flaming arms, a long extended line:
In the dread front let great Atrides stand,
The first in danger, as in high command.
Shouts of acclaim the listening heroes raise,
Then each to heaven the due libations pays;
Till sleep, descending o'er the tents, bestows
The grateful blessings of desired repose.

BOOK X.

ARGUMENT.

The Night Adventure of Diomed and Ulysses.

Upon the refusal of Achilles to return to the army, the distress of Agamemnon is described in the most lively manner. He takes no rest that night, but passes through the camp, awakening the leaders, and contriving all possible methods for the public safety. Menelaus, Nestor, Ulysses, and Diomed are employed in raising the rest of the captains. They call a council of war, and determine to send scouts into the enemy's camp, to learn their posture and discover their intentions. Diomed undertakes this hazardous enterprise, and makes choice of Ulysses for his companion. In their passage they surprise Dolon, whom Hector had sent on a like design to the camp of the Grecians. From him they are informed of the situation of the Trojan and auxiliary forces, and particularly of Rhesus, and the Thracians who were lately arrived. They pass on with success; kill Rhesus, with several of his officers, and seize the famous horses of that prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp.

The same night continues: the scene lies in the two camps.

BOOK X.

All night the chiefs before their vessels lay,
And lost in sleep the labours of the day:
All but the king; with various thoughts oppress'd,
His country's cares lay rolling in his breast.
As when by lightnings, Jove's ethereal power
Foretells the rattling hail or weighty shower,
Or sends soft snows to whiten all the shore,
Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar;
By fits one flash succeeds as one expires,
And heaven flames thick with momentary fires.
So bursting frequent from Atrides' breast,
Sighs following sighs his inward fears confess'd.
Now o'er the fields, dejected, he surveys,
From thousand Trojan fires the mounting blaze,
Hears in the passing wind their music blow,
And marks distinct the voices of the foe.
Now looking backwards to the fleet and coast,
Anxious he sorrows for the endanger'd host.
He rends his hairs in sacrifice to Jove,
And sues to him that ever lives above:
Inly he groans; while glory and despair
Divide his heart, and wage a doubtful war.
A thousand cares his labouring breast revolves,
To seek sage Nestor now the chief resolves,
With him, in wholesome counsels, to debate
What yet remains to save the afflicted state.
He rose; and first he cast his mantle round,
Next on his feet the shining sandals bound;
A lion's yellow spoils his back conceal'd;
His warlike hand a pointed javelin held.
Meanwhile his brother, press'd with equal woes,
Alike denied the gifts of soft repose,
Laments for Greece; that in his cause before
So much had suffer'd, and must suffer more.
A leopard's spotted hide his shoulders spread,
A brazen helmet glitter'd on his head:
Thus (with a javelin in his hand) he went
To wake Atrides in the royal tent.
Already waked, Atrides he descried,
His armour buckling at his vessel's side.
Joyful they met; the Spartan thus begun:
Why puts my brother his bright armour on?
Sends he some spy, amidst these silent hours,
To try yon camp, and watch the Trojan powers?
But say, what hero shall sustain that task,
Such bold exploits uncommon courage ask:
Guideless, alone, through night's dark shade to go,
And 'midst a hostile camp explore the foe.
To whom the king: In such distress we stand,
No vulgar counsels our affairs demand:
Greece to preserve is now no easy part,
But asks high wisdom, deep design, and art.
For Jove averse our humble prayer denies,
And bows his head to Hector's sacrifice.
What eye has witness'd, or what ear believed,
In one great day, by one great arm achieved,
Such wondrous deeds as Hector's hand has done,
And we beheld, the last revolving sun?
What honours the beloved of Jove adorn:
Sprung from no god, and of no goddess born;
Yet such his acts, as Greece unborn shall tell,
And curse the battle where their fathers fell.
Now speed thy hasty course along the fleet,
There call great Ajax, and the prince of Crete:
Ourself to hoary Nestor will repair;
To keep the guards on duty, be his care;
(For Nestor's influence best that quarter guides,
Whose son with Merion o'er the watch presides.)
To whom the Spartan: These thy orders borne,
Say shall I stay, or with despatch return?
There shalt thou stay (the king of men replied,)
Else may we miss to meet, without a guide,
The paths so many, and the camp so wide.
Still, with your voice, the slothful soldiers raise,
Urge, by their father's fame, their future praise.
Forget we now our state and lofty birth;
Not title here, but works, must prove our worth.
To labour is the lot of man below;
And when Jove gave us life, he gave us woe.
This said, each parted to his several cares;
The king to Nestor's sable ship repairs;
The sage protector of the Greeks he found
Stretch'd in his bed, with all his arms around;
The various-colour'd scarf, the shield he rears,
The shining helmet, and the pointed spears:
The dreadful weapons of the warrior's rage,
That, old in arms, disdain'd the peace of age.
Then leaning on his hand his watchful head,
The hoary monarch raised his eyes, and said:
What art thou? speak, that on designs unknown,
While others sleep, thus range the camp alone?
Seek'st thou some friend, or nightly sentinel?
Stand off, approach not, but thy purpose tell.
O son of Neleus! (thus the king rejoin'd,)
Pride of the Greeks, and glory of thy kind!
Lo here the wretched Agamemnon stands,
The unhappy general of the Grecian bands;
Whom Jove decrees with daily cares to bend
And woes that only with his life shall end!

Scarce can my knees these trembling limbs sustain,
And scarce my heart support its load of pain.
No taste of sleep these heavy eyes have known;
Confused and sad, I wander thus alone,
With fears distracted, with no fix'd design:
And all my people's miseries are mine.
If aught of use thy waking thoughts suggest,
(Since cares, like mine, deprive thy soul of rest,)
Impart thy counsel, and assist thy friend;
Now let us jointly to the trench descend,
At every gate the fainting guard excite,
Tired with the toils of day and watch of night:
Else may the sudden foe our works invade,
So near, and favour'd by the gloomy shade.
To him thus Nestor: Trust the powers above,
Nor think proud Hector's hopes confirm'd by Jove:
How ill agree the views of vain mankind,
And the wise counsels of the eternal mind?
Audacious Hector, if the gods ordain,
That great Achilles rise and rage again,
What toils attend thee, and what woes remain!
Lo, faithful Nestor thy command obeys:
The care is next our other chiefs to raise;
Ulysses, Diomed, we chiefly need;
Meges for strength, Oïleus famed for speed.
Some other be despatch'd of nimbler feet,
To those tall ships, remotest of the fleet,
Where lie great Ajax, and the king of Crete.
To rouse the Spartan I myself decree;
Dear as he is to us, and dear to thee,
Yet must I tax his sloth, that claims no share,
With his great brother in his martial care:
Him it behoved to every chief to sue,
Preventing every part perform'd by you;
For strong necessity our toils demands,
Claims all our hearts, and urges all our hands.
To whom the king: With reverence we allow
Thy just rebukes, yet learn to spare them now.
My generous brother is of gentle kind,
He seems remiss, but bears a valiant mind;
Through too much deference to our sovereign sway,
Content to follow when we lead the way.
But now, our ills industrious to prevent,
Long ere the rest, he rose, and sought my tent.
The chiefs you named, already at his call,
Prepare to meet us near the navy wall;
Assembling there, between the trench and gates,
Near the night-guards, our chosen council waits.
Then none (said Nestor) shall his rule withstand,
For great examples justify command.
With that the venerable warrior rose;
The shining greaves his manly legs inclose;
His purple mantle golden buckles join'd,
Warm with the softest wool, and doubly lined.
Then, rushing from his tent, he snatch'd in haste
His steely lance, that lighten'd as he pass'd.
The camp he traversed through the sleeping crowd,
Stopp'd at Ulysses' tent, and call'd aloud.
Ulysses, sudden as the voice was sent,
Awakes, starts up, and issues from his tent.
What new distress, what sudden cause of fright,
Thus leads you wandering in the silent night?
O prudent chief! (the Pylian sage replied,)
Wise as thou art, be now thy wisdom tried:
Whatever means of safety can be sought,
Whatever counsels can inspire our thought,
Whatever methods, or to fly or fight;
All, all depend on this important night!
He heard, return'd, and took his painted shield:
Then join'd the chiefs, and follow'd through the field.
Without his tent, bold Diomed they found,
All sheath'd in arms, his brave companions round:
Each sunk in sleep, extended on the field,
His head reclining on his bossy shield.
A wood of spears stood by, that, fix'd upright,
Shot from their flashing points a quivering light.
A bull's black hide composed the hero's bed;
A splendid carpet roll'd beneath his head.
Then, with his foot, old Nestor gently shakes
The slumbering chief, and in these words awakes:
Rise, son of Tydeus, to the brave and strong
Rest seems inglorious, and the night too long.
But sleep'st thou now? when from yon hill the foe
Hangs o'er the fleet, and shades our walls below?
At this, soft slumber from his eyelids fled;
The warrior saw the hoary chief, and said:
Wondrous old man! whose soul no respite knows
Though years and honours bid thee seek repose.
Let younger Greeks our sleeping warriors wake
Ill fits thy age these toils to undertake.
My friend (he answer'd,) generous is thy care;
These toils, my subjects and my sons might bear;
Their loyal thoughts and pious love conspire
To ease a sovereign, and relieve a sire:
But now the last despair surrounds our host,
No hour must pass, no moment must be lost;
Each single Greek, in this conclusive strife,
Stands on the sharpest edge of death or life
Yet, if my years thy kind regard engage,
Employ thy youth as I employ my age;
Succeed to these my cares, and rouse the rest:
He serves me most, who serves his country best.
This said, the hero o'er his shoulders flung
A lion's spoils, that to his ancles hung;
Then seized his ponderous lance, and strode along
Meges the bold, with Ajax famed for speed,
The warrior roused, and to the entrenchments led.
And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard;
A wakeful squadron, each in arms prepared:
The unwearied watch their listening leaders keep,
And, couching close, repel invading sleep.
So faithful dogs their fleecy charge maintain,
With toil protected from the prowling train,
When the gaunt lioness, with hunger bold,
Springs from the mountains toward the guarded fold;
Through breaking woods her rustling course they hear;
Loud, and more loud, the clamours strike their ear
Of hounds and men; they start, they gaze around,
Watch every side, and turn to every sound.
Thus watch'd the Grecians, cautious of surprise,
Each voice, each motion, drew their ears and eyes;
Each step of passing feet increased the affright;
And hostile Troy was ever full in sight.
Nestor with joy the wakeful band survey'd,
And thus accosted through the gloomy shade;
'Tis well, my sons! your nightly cares employ;
Else must our host become the scorn of Troy.
Watch thus, and Greece shall live—the hero said;
Then o'er the trench the following chieftains led.
His son, and god-like Merion, march'd behind,
(For these the princes to their council join'd.)
The trenches pass'd, the assembled kings around
In silent state the consistory crown'd.
A place there was yet undefiled with gore,
The spot where Hector stopp'd his rage before.

When night descending, from his vengeful hand
Reprieved the relics of the Grecian band:
(The plain beside with mangled corps was spread,
And all his progress mark'd by heaps of dead.)
There sat the mournful kings: when Neleus' son
The council opening, in these words begun:
Is there (said he) a chief so greatly brave,
His life to hazard, and his country save?
Lives there a man who singly dares to go
To yonder camp, or seize some straggling foe?
Or favour'd by the night approach so near,
Their speech, their counsels, and designs to hear?
If to besiege our navies they prepare,
Or Troy once more must be the seat of war?
This could he learn, and to our peers recite,
And pass unharm'd the dangers of the night;
What fame were his through all succeeding days,
While Phœbus shines, or men have tongues to praise!
What gifts his grateful country would bestow!
What must not Greece to her deliverer owe!
A sable ewe each leader should provide,
With each a sable lambkin by her side;
At every rite his share should be increased,
And his the foremost honours of the feast.
Fear held them mute: alone untaught to fear,
Tydides spoke—The man you seek is here.
Through yon black camps to bend my dangerous way,
Some god within commands, and I obey.
But let some other chosen warrior join,
To raise my hopes, and second my design.
By mutual confidence, and mutual aid,
Great deeds are done, and great discoveries made:
The wise new prudence from the wise acquire,
And one brave hero fans another's fire.
Contending leaders at the word arose;
Each generous breast with emulation glows:
So brave a task each Ajax strove to share,
Bold Merion strove, and Nestor's valiant heir;
The Spartan wish'd the second place to gain,
And great Ulysses wish'd, nor wish'd in vain.
Then thus the king of men the contest ends:
Thou first of warriors, and thou best of friends,
Undaunted Diomed! what chief to join
In this great enterprise, is only thine.
Just be thy choice, without affection made;
To birth or office no respect be paid;
Let worth determine here. The monarch spake,
And inly trembled for his brother's sake.
Then thus (the godlike Diomed rejoin'd)
My choice declares the impulse of my mind.
How can I doubt while great Ulysses stands
To lend his counsels, and assist our hands;
A chief, whose safety is Minerva's care;
So famed, so dreadful, in the works of war.
Bless'd in his conduct, I no aid require;
Wisdom like his might pass through flames of fire.
It fits thee not, before these chiefs of fame,
(Replied the sage) to praise me or to blame:
Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,
Are lost on hearers that our merits know.
But let us haste—Night rolls the hours away,
The reddening orient shows the coming day,
The stars shine fainter on the ethereal plains,
And of Night's empire but a third remains.
Thus having spoke, with generous ardour press'd
In arms terrific their huge limbs they dress'd.
A two-edged falchion Thrasymed the brave
And ample buckler, to Tydides gave:
Then in a leathern helm he cased his head,
Shorn of its crest, and with no plume o'erspread
(Such as by youths unused to arms are worn.
No spoils enrich it, and no studs adorn.)
Next him Ulysses took a shining sword,
A bow and quiver with bright arrows stored:
A well-proved casque, with leather braces bound,
(Thy gift, Meriones) his temples crown'd:
Soft wool within; without, in order spread,
A boar's white teeth grinn'd horrid o'er his head.
This from Amyntor, rich Ormenus' son
Antolychus by fraudful rapine won,
And gave Amphidamas: from him the prize
Molus received, the pledge of social ties;
The helmet next by Merion was possess'd,
And now Ulysses' thoughtful temples press'd.
Thus sheath'd in arms, the council they forsake,
And dark through paths oblique their progress take.
Just then, in sign she favour'd their intent,
A long-wing'd heron great Minerva sent:
This, though surrounding shades obscured their view
By the shrill clang and whistling wings, they knew
As from the right she soar'd. Ulysses pray'd,
Hail'd the glad omen, and address'd the maid:
O daughter of that god, whose arm can wield
The avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield!
O Thou! for ever present in my way,
Who all my motions, all my toils survey!
Safe may we pass beneath the gloomy shade,
Safe by thy succour to our ships convey'd!
And let some deed this signal night adorn,
To claim the tears of Trojans yet unborn.
Then godlike Diomed preferr'd his prayer:
Daughter of Jove, unconquer'd Pallas! hear.
Great queen of arms, whose favour Tydeus won,
As thou defend'st the sire, defend the son.
When on Æsopus' banks the banded powers
Of Greece he left, and sought the Theban towers,
Peace was his charge; received with peaceful show,
He went a legate, but return'd a foe:
Then help'd by thee, and covered by thy shield,
He fought with numbers, and made numbers yield.
So now be present, O celestial maid!
So still continue to the race thine aid!
A youthful steer shall fall beneath the stroke,
Untamed, unconscious of the galling yoke,
With ample forehead, and with spreading horns,
Whose taper tops refulgent gold adorns.
The heroes pray'd, and Pallas from the skies
Accords their vow, succeeds their enterprise.
Now, like two lions panting for the prey,
With deathful thoughts they trace the dreary way,
Through the black horrors of the ensanguined plain,
Through dust, thro' blood, o'er arms and hills of slain.
Nor less bold Hector, and the sons of Troy,
On high designs the wakeful hours employ;
The assembled peers their lofty chief enclosed,
Who thus the counsels of his breast proposed:
What glorious man, for high attempts prepared,
Dares greatly venture for a rich reward?
Of yonder fleet a bold discovery make,
What watch they keep, and what resolves they take?
If now subdued they meditate their flight,
And spent with toil neglect the watch of night?
His be the chariot that shall please him most,
Of all the plunder of the vanquish'd host;
His the fair steeds that all the rest excel,
And his the glory to have served so well.

A youth there was among the tribes of Troy,
Dolon his name, Eumedes' only boy.
(Five girls besides the reverend herald told.)
Rich was the son in brass, and rich in gold;
Not bless'd by nature with the charms of face,
But swift of foot, and matchless in the race.
Hector! (he said) my courage bids me meet
This high achievement, and explore the fleet:
But first exalt thy sceptre to the skies,
And swear to grant me the demanded prize;
The immortal coursers, and the glittering car,
That bear Pelides through the ranks of war.
Encouraged thus, no idle scout I go,
Fulfil thy wish, their whole intention know,
E'en to the royal tent pursue my way,
And all their counsels, all their aims betray.
The chief then heaved the golden sceptre high,
Attesting thus the monarch of the sky:
Be witness thou! immortal lord of all!
Whose thunder shakes the dark aërial hall:
By none but Dolon shall this prize be borne,
And him alone the immortal steeds adorn.
Thus Hector swore: the gods were call'd in vain,
But the rash youth prepares to scour the plain:
Across his back the bended bow he flung,
A wolf's grey hide around his shoulders hung;
A ferret's downy fur his helmet lined,
And in his hand a pointed javelin shined.
Then (never to return) he sought the shore,
And trod the path his feet must tread no more.
Scarce had he pass'd the steeds and Trojan throng,
(Still bending forward as he coursed along,)
When on the hollow way, the approaching tread
Ulysses mark'd, and thus to Diomed:
O friend! I hear some step of hostile feet
Moving this way, or hastening to the fleet;
Some spy perhaps, to lurk beside the main,
Or nightly pillager that strips the slain.
Yet let him pass, and win a little space;
Then rush behind him, and prevent his pace.
But if too swift of foot he flies before,
Confine his course along the fleet and shore,
Betwixt the camp and him our spears employ,
And intercept his hoped return to Troy.
With that they stepp'd aside, and stooped their head
(As Dolon pass'd) behind a heap of dead:
Along the path the spy unwary flew;
Soft, at just distance, both the chiefs pursue.
So distant they, and such the space between,
As when two teams of mules divide the green
(To whom the hind like shares of land allows.)
When now few furrows part the approaching ploughs.
Now Dolon listening heard them as they pass'd;
Hector (he thought) had sent, and check'd his haste,
Till scarce at distance of a javelin's throw,
No voice succeeding, he perceived the foe.
As when two skilful hounds the leveret wind;
Or chase through woods obscure the trembling hind:
Now lost, now seen, they intercept his way,
And from the herd still turn the flying prey;
So fast, and with such fears, the Trojan flew;
So close, so constant, the bold Greeks pursue.
Now almost on the fleet the dastard falls,
And mingles with the guards that watch the walls;
When brave Tydides stopp'd, a generous thought
(Inspired by Pallas) in his bosom wrought,
Lest on the foe some forward Greek advance,
And snatch the glory from his lifted lance.
Then thus aloud: Whoe'er thou art, remain;
This javelin else shall fix thee to the plain.
He said, and high in air the weapon cast,
Which wilful err'd, and o'er his shoulder pass'd;
Then fix'd in earth. Against the trembling wood
The wretch stood propp'd, and quiver'd as he stood:
A sudden palsy seized his turning head;
His loose teeth chatter'd, and his colour fled.
The panting warriors seize him, as he stands
And with unmanly tears his life demands.
O spare my youth, and for the breath I owe,
Large gifts of price my father shall bestow.
Vast heaps of brass shall in your ships be told,
And steel well temper'd, and refulgent gold.
To whom Ulysses made this wise reply:
Whoe'er thou art, be bold, nor fear to die.
What moves thee, say, when sleep has closed the sight,
To roam the silent fields in dead of night?
Camest thou the secrets of our camp to find,
By Hector prompted, or thy daring mind?
Or art some wretch by hopes of plunder led
Through heaps of carnage to despoil the dead?
Then thus pale Dolon with a fearful look,
(Still as he spoke his limbs with horror shook:)
Hither I came, by Hector's word deceived;
Much did he promise, rashly I believed:
No less a bribe than great Achilles' car,
And those swift steeds that sweep the ranks of war,
Urged me, unwilling, this attempt to make,
To learn what counsels, what resolves you take;
If, now subdued, you fix your hopes on flight,
And tired with toils, neglect the watch of night.
Bold was thy aim, and glorious was the prize!
(Ulysses with a scornful smile replies.)
Far other rulers those proud steeds demand,
And scorn the guidance of a vulgar hand;
E'en great Achilles scarce their rage can tame,
Achilles, sprung from an immortal dame.
But say, be faithful, and the truth recite;
Where lies encamp'd the Trojan chief to-night?
Where stand his coursers? in what quarter sleep
Their other princes? tell what watch they keep:
Say, since their conquest, what their counsels are;
Or here to combat, from their city far,
Or back to Ilion's walls transfer the war.
Ulysses thus, and thus Eumedes' son:
What Dolon knows, his faithful tongue shall own.
Hector, the peers assembling in his tent,
A counsel holds at Illus' monument.
No certain guards the nightly watch partake;
Where'er yon fires ascend, the Trojans wake;
Anxious for Troy, the guard the natives keep;
Safe in their cares, the auxiliar forces sleep,
Whose wives and infants, from the danger far,
Discharge their souls of half the fears of war.
Then sleep those aids among the Trojan train,
(Inquired the chief,) or scatter'd o'er the plain?
To whom the spy: Their powers they thus dispose;
The Pæons, dreadful with their bended bows,
The Carians, Caucons, the Pelasgian host,
And Leleges, encamp along the coast.
Not distant far, lie higher on the land
The Lycian, Mysian, and Mæonian band,
And Phrygia's horse, by Thymbras' ancient wall;
The Thracians utmost, and apart from all.
These Troy but lately to her succour won,
Led on by Rhesus, great Eioneus' son:

I saw his coursers in proud triumph go,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter snow:
Rich silver plates his shining car infold:
His solid arms, refulgent flame with gold:
No mortal shoulders suit the glorious load,
Celestial panoply, to grace a god!
Let me, unhappy, to your fleet be borne,
Or leave me here, a captive's fate to mourn,
In cruel chains; till your return reveal
The truth or falsehood of the news I tell.
To this Tydides, with a gloomy frown:
Think not to live, though all the truth be shown;
Shall we dismiss thee, in some future strife
To risk more bravely thy now forfeit life?
Or that again our camps thou may'st explore?
No—once a traitor, thou betray'st no more.
Sternly he spoke; and as the wretch prepared
With humble blandishment to stroke his beard,
Like lightning swift the wrathful falchion flew,
Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two;
One instant snatch'd his trembling soul to hell,
The head, yet speaking, mutter'd as it fell.
The furry helmet from his brow they tear,
The wolf's grey hide, the unbended bow and spear;
These great Ulysses lifting to the skies,
To favouring Pallas dedicates the prize.
Great queen of arms! receive this hostile spoil,
And let the Thracian steeds reward our toil:
Thee first of all the heavenly host we praise;
O speed our labours, and direct our ways!
This said, the spoils, with dropping gore defaced,
High on a spreading tamarisk he placed:
Then heap'd with reeds and gather'd boughs the plain.
To guide their footsteps to the place again.
Thro' the still night they cross the devious fields
Slippery with blood, o'er arms and heaps of shields,
Arriving where the Thracian squadrons lay,
And eased in sleep the labours of the day.
Ranged in three lines they view the prostrate band:
The horses yoked beside each warrior stand;
Their arms in order on the ground reclined,
Through the brown shade the fulgid weapons shined;
Amidst lay Rhesus, stretch'd in sleep profound,
And the white steeds behind his chariot bound.
The welcome sight Ulysses first descries,
And points to Diomed the tempting prize,
The man, the coursers, and the car behold!
Described by Dolon, with the arms of gold.
Now, brave Tydides! now thy courage try,
Approach the chariot, and the steeds untie;
Or if thy soul aspire to fiercer deeds,
Urge thou the slaughter, while I seize the steeds.
Pallas (this said) her hero's bosom warms,
Breathed in his heart, and strung his nervous arms;
Where'er he pass'd, a purple stream pursued:
His thirsty falchion, fat with hostile blood,
Bathed all his footsteps, dyed the fields with gore,
And a low groan remurmur'd through the shore.
So the grim lion, from his nightly den,
O'erleaps the fences, and invades the pen:
On sheep or goats, resistless in his way,
He falls, and foaming rends the guardless prey.
Nor stopp'd the fury of his vengeful hand
Till twelve lay breathless of the Thracian band.
Ulysses following, as his partner slew,
Back by the foot each slaughter'd warrior drew;
The milk-white coursers studious to convey
Safe to the ships, he wisely clear'd the way;
Lest the fierce steeds, not yet to battles bred,
Should start, and tremble at the heaps of dead.
Now twelve despatch'd, the monarch last they found;
Tydides' falchion fix'd him to the ground.
Just then a deadful dream Minerva sent;
A warlike form appear'd before his tent,
Whose visionary steel his bosom tore:
So dream'd the monarch, and awaked no more
Ulysses now the snowy steeds detains,
And leads them, fasten'd by the silver reins;
These, with his bow unbent, he lash'd along;
(The scourge forgot, on Rhesus' chariot hung;)
Then gave his friend the signal to retire;
But him, new dangers, new achievements fire:
Doubtful he stood, or with his reeking blade
To send more heroes to the infernal shade,
Drag off the car where Rhesus' armour lay,
Or heave with manly force, and lift away.
While unresolved the son of Tydeus stands,
Pallas appears, and thus the chief commands:
Enough, my son; from farther slaughter cease,
Regard thy safety, and depart in peace;
Haste to the ships, the gotten spoil enjoy,
Nor tempt too far the hostile gods of Troy.
The voice divine confess'd the martial maid;
In haste he mounted, and her word obey'd;
The coursers fly before Ulysses' bow,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter snow.
Not unobserved they pass'd: the god of light
Had watch'd his Troy, and mark'd Minerva's flight,
Saw Tydeus' son with heavenly succour blest,
And vengeful anger fill'd his sacred breast.
Swift to the Trojan camp descends the power,
And wakes Hippocoön in the morning hour,
(On Rhesus' side accustom'd to attend,
A faithful kinsman, and instructive friend.)
He rose and saw the field deform'd with blood,
An empty space where late the coursers stood,
The yet-warm Thracians panting on the coast;
For each he wept, but for his Rhesus most:
Now while on Rhesus' name he calls in vain,
The gathering tumult spreads o'er all the plain;
On heaps the Trojans rush, with wild affright,
And wondering view the slaughters of the night.
Meanwhile the chiefs arriving at the shade,
Where late the spoils of Hector's spy were laid,
Ulysses stopp'd; to him Tydides bore
The trophy, dropping yet with Dolon's gore:
Then mounts again: again their nimble feet
The coursers ply, and thunder towards the fleet.
Old Nestor first perceived the approaching sound,
Bespeaking thus the Grecian peers around:
Methinks the noise of trampling steeds I hear,
Thickening this way, and gathering on my ear;
Perhaps some horses of the Trojan breed,
(So may, ye gods! my pious hopes succeed)
The great Tydides and Ulysses bear,
Return'd triumphant with this prize of war.
Yet much I fear (ah, may that fear be vain!)
The chiefs out-number'd by the Trojan train;
Perhaps, e'en now pursued, they seek the shore;
Or, oh! perhaps these heroes are no more.
Scarce had he spoke, when lo! the chiefs appear,
And spring to earth; the Greeks dismiss their fear:
With words of friendship and extended hands,
They greet the kings; and Nestor first demands:
Say thou, whose praises all our host proclaim,
Thou living glory of the Grecian name!

Say whence these coursers! by what chance bestow'd?
The spoil of foes, or present of a god?
Not those fair steeds so radiant and so gay,
That draw the burning chariot of the day.
Old as I am, to age I scorn to yield,
And daily mingle in the martial field;
But sure till now no coursers struck my sight
Like these, conspicuous through the ranks of fight.
Some god, I deem, conferr'd the glorious prize,
Blest as ye are, and favourites of the skies;
The care of him who bids the thunder roar,
And her,* whose fury bathes the world with gore.
Father! not so (sage Ithacus rejoin'd:)
The gifts of heaven are of a nobler kind.
Of Thracian lineage are the steeds ye view,
Whose hostile king the brave Tydides slew;
Sleeping he died, with all his guards around,
And twelve beside lay gasping on the ground.
These other spoils from conquer'd Dolon came,
A wretch, whose swiftness was his only fame,
By Hector sent our forces to explore:
He now lies headless on the sandy shore.
Then o'er the trench the bounding coursers flew;
The joyful Greeks with loud acclaim pursue.
Straight to Tydides' high pavilion borne,
The matchless steeds his ample stalls adorn:
The neighing coursers their new fellows greet,
And the full racks are heap'd with generous wheat.
But Dolon's armour, to his ships convey'd
High on the painted stern Ulysses laid,
A trophy destined to the blue-eyed maid.
Now from nocturnal sweat, and sanguine stain,
They cleanse their bodies in the neighbouring main:
Then in the polish'd bath, refresh'd from toil,
Their joints they supple with dissolving oil,
In due repast indulge the genial hour,
And first to Pallas the libations pour:
They sit rejoicing in her aid divine,
And the crown'd goblet foams with floods of wine.

BOOK XI.

ARGUMENT

The third Battle, and the Acts of Agamemnon.

Agamemnon having armed himself, leads the Grecians to battle: Hector prepares the Trojans to receive them; while Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva, give the signals of war. Agamemnon bears all before him; and Hector is commanded by Jupiter (who sends Iris for that purpose) to decline the engagement, till the king shall be wounded and retire from the field. He then makes a great slaughter of the enemy; Ulysses and Diomed put a stop to him for a time: but the latter being wounded by Paris, is obliged to desert his companion, who is encompassed by the Trojans, wounded, and in the utmost danger, till Menelaus and Ajax rescue him. Hector comes against Ajax; but that hero alone opposes multitudes, and rallies the Greeks. In the meantime Machaon, in the other wing of the army, is pierced by an arrow from Paris, and carried from the fight in Nestor's chariot. Achilles (who overlooked the action from his ship) sends Patroclus to inquire which of the Greeks was wounded in that manner? Nestor entertains him in his tent with an account of the accidents of the day, and a long recital of some former wars which he remembered, tending to put Patroclus upon persuading Achilles to fight for his countrymen, or at least permit him to do it, clad in Achilles' armour. Patroclus, in his return, meets Eurypylus also wounded, and assists him in that distress.

This book opens with the eight-and-twentieth day of the poem; and the same day, with its various actions and adventures, is extended through the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth books. The scene lies in the field, near the monument of Ilus.

* Minerva.

BOOK XI.

The saffron morn, with early blushes spread,
Now rose refulgent from Tithonus' bed;
With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the courts of heaven with sacred light:
When baleful Eris, sent by Jove's command,
The torch of discord blazing in her hand,
Through the red skies her bloody sign extends,
And wrapt in tempests, o'er the fleet descends.
High on Ulysses' bark, her horrid stand
She took, and thunder'd through the seas and land.
E'en Ajax and Achilles heard the sound,
Whose ships remote, the guarded navy bound.
Thence the black fury through the Grecian throng
With horror sounds the loud Orthian song:
The navy shakes, and at the dire alarms
Each bosom boils, each warrior starts to arms.
No more they sigh inglorious to return,
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.
The king of men his hardy host inspires
With loud command, with great example fires;
Himself first rose, himself before the rest,
His mighty limbs in radiant armour dress'd.
And first he cased his manly legs around
In shining greaves, with silver buckles bound:
The beaming cuirass next adorn'd his breast,
The same which once king Cinyras possess'd:
(The fame of Greece and her assembled host
Had reach'd that monarch on the Cyprian coast;
'Twas then, the friendship of the chief to gain,
This glorious gift he sent, nor sent in vain.)
Ten rows of azure steel the work infold,
Twice ten of tin, and twelve of ductile gold;
Three glittering dragons to the gorget rise,
Whose imitated scales against the skies
Reflected various light, and arching bow'd,
Like colour'd rainbows o'er a showery cloud,
(Jove's wondrous bow, of three celestial dyes,
Placed as a sign to man amid the skies.)
A radiant baldric o'er his shoulder tied,
Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side:
Gold was the hilt, a silver sheath encased
The shining blade, and golden hangers graced.
His buckler's mighty orb was next display'd,
That round the warrior cast a dreadful shade.
Ten zones of brass its ample brim surround,
And twice ten bosses the bright convex crown'd;
Tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon its field,
And circling terrors fill'd the expressive shield:
Within its concave hung a silver thong,
On which a mimic serpent creeps along,
His azure length in easy waves extends,
Till in three heads the embroider'd monster ends
Last o'er his brows his fourfold helm he placed,
With nodding horse-hair formidably graced;
And in his hands two steely javelins wields,
That blaze to heaven, and lighten all the fields.

That instant Juno and the martial maid,
In happy thunders promised Greece their aid;
High o'er the chief they clash'd their arms in air,
And, leaning from the clouds, expect the war.
Close to the limits of the trench and mound,
The fiery coursers to their chariots bound
The squires restrain'd: the foot, with those who wield
The lighter arms, rush forward to the field.
To second these, in close array combined,
The squadrons spread their sable wings behind.
Now shouts and tumults wake the tardy sun,
As with the light the warriors' toils begun.
E'en Jove, whose thunder spoke his wrath, distill'd
Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field;
The woes of men unwilling to survey,
And all the slaughters that must stain the day.
Near Ilus' tomb in order ranged around,
The Trojan lines possess'd the rising ground.
There wise Polydamas and Hector stood;
Æneas, honour'd as a guardian god;
Bold Polybus, Agenor the divine;
The brother warriors of Antenor's line;
With youthful Acamas, whose beauteous face,
And fair proportion match'd the ethereal race.
Great Hector, cover'd with his spacious shield,
Plies all the troops, and orders all the field.
As the red star now shows his sanguine fires
Through the dark clouds, and now in night retires;
Thus through the ranks appear'd the godlike man,
Plunged in the rear, or blazing in the van;
While streamy sparkles, restless as he flies,
Flash from his arms as lightning from the skies.
As sweating reapers in some wealthy field,
Ranged in two bands, their crooked weapons wield,
Bear down the furrows, till their labours meet;
Thick fall the heapy harvests at their feet:
So Greece and Troy the field of war divide,
And falling ranks are strew'd on every side.
None stoop'd a thought to base inglorious flight;
But horse to horse, and man to man they fight.
Not rabid wolves more fierce contest their prey:
Each wounds, each bleeds, but none resign the day.
Discord with joy the scene of death descries,
And drinks large slaughter at her sanguine eyes:
Discord alone, of all the immortal train,
Swells the red horrors of this direful plain:
The gods in peace their golden mansions fill,
Ranged in bright order on the Olympian hill:
But general murmurs told their griefs above,
And each accused the partial will of Jove.
Meanwhile apart, superior, and alone,
The eternal monarch, on his awful throne,
Wrapt in the blaze of boundless glory sat;
And, fix'd, fulfill'd the just decrees of fate.
On earth he turn'd his all-considering eyes,
And mark'd the spot where Ilion's towers arise;
The sea with ships, the fields with armies spread,
The victor's rage, the dying and the dead.
Thus while the morning-beams increasing bright,
O'er heaven's pure azure spread the growing light,
Commutual death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverse battle gored with equal wounds.
But now (what time in some sequester'd vale,
The weary woodman spreads his sparing meal,
When his tired arms refuse the axe to rear,
And claim a respite from the sylvan war;
But not till half the prostrate forests lay
Stretch'd in long ruin, and exposed to day)
Then, nor till then, the Greeks' impulsive might
Pierced the black phalanx, and let in the light.
Great Agamemnon then the slaughter led,
And slew Bienor at his people's head:
Whose squire Oïleus, with a sudden spring,
Leap'd from the chariot to revenge his king,
But in his front he felt the fatal wound,
Which pierced his brain, and stretch'd him on the ground.
Atrides spoil'd, and left them on the plain:
Vain was their youth, their glittering armour vain:
Now soil'd with dust, and naked to the sky,
Their snowy limbs and beauteous bodies lie.
Two sons of Priam next to battle move,
The product, one of marriage, one of love;
In the same car the brother-warriors ride,
This took the charge to combat, that to guide:
Far other task, than when they wont to keep,
On Ida's tops, their father's fleecy sheep!
These on the mountains once Achilles found,
And captive led, with pliant osiers bound;
Then to their sire for ample sums restored;
But now to perish by Atrides' sword:
Pierced in the breast, the base-born Isus bleeds;
Cleft through the head, his brother's fate succeeds.
Swift to the spoil the hasty victor falls,
And stripp'd, their features to his mind recalls.
The Trojans see the youths untimely die,
But helpless tremble for themselves, and fly.
So when a lion, ranging o'er the lawns,
Finds, on some grassy lair, the couching fawns,
Their bones he cracks, their reeking vitals draws,
And grinds the quivering flesh with bloody jaws;
The frighted hind beholds, and dares not stay,
But swift through rustling thickets bursts her way:
All drown'd in sweat the panting mother flies,
And the big tears roll trickling from her eyes.
Amidst the tumult of the routed train,
The sons of false Antimachus were slain;
He, who for bribes his faithless counsels sold,
And voted Helen's stay for Paris' gold.
Atrides mark'd, as these their safety sought,
And slew the children for the father's fault.
Their headstrong horse unable to restrain,
They shook with fear, and dropp'd the silken rein:
Then in their chariot on their knees they fall,
And thus with lifted hands for mercy call:
Oh spare our youth, and for the life we owe,
Antimachus shall copious gifts bestow;
Soon as he hears that, not in battle slain,
The Grecian ships his captive sons detain,
Large heaps of brass in ransom shall be told,
And steel well temper'd, and persuasive gold.
These words, attended with a flood of tears,
The youths address'd to unrelenting ears:
The vengeful monarch gave this stern reply:
If from Antimachus ye spring, ye die:
The daring wretch who once in council stood
To shed Ulysses' and my brother's blood,
For proffer'd peace! and sues his seed for grace?
No die and pay the forfeit of your race.
This said, Pisander from the car he cast,
And pierced his breast: supine he breathed his last.
His brother leap'd to earth; but as he lay,
The trenchant falchion lopp'd his hands away:
His sever'd head was toss'd among the throng,
And, rolling, drew a bloody trail along.

Then, where the thickest fought, the victor flew;
The king's example all his Greeks pursue.
Now by the foot the flying foot were slain,
Horse trod by horse lay foaming on the plain.
From the dry fields thick clouds of dust arise,
Shade the black host, and intercept the skies.
The brass-hoof'd steeds tumultuous plunge and bound,
And the thick thunder beats the labouring ground.
Still slaughtering on, the king of men proceeds;
The distanced army wonders at his deeds.
As when the winds with raging flames conspire,
And o'er the forests roll the flood of fire,
In blazing heaps the grove's old honours fall,
And one refulgent ruin levels all:
Before Atrides' rage so sinks the foe,
Whole squadrons vanish, and proud heads lie low:
The steeds fly trembling from his waving sword:
And many a car, now lighted of its lord,
Wide o'er the field with guideless fury rolls,
Breaking their ranks, and crushing out their souls;
While his keen falchion drinks the warriors' lives;
More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives!

Perhaps great Hector then had found his fate,
But Jove and Destiny prolong'd his date.
Safe from the darts, the care of heaven he stood,
Amidst alarms, and death, and dust, and blood.

Now pass the tomb where ancient Ilus lay,
Through the mid field the routed urge their way.
Where the wild figs the adjoining summit crown,
That path they take, and speed to reach the town.
As swift Atrides with loud shouts pursued,
Hot with his toil, and bathed in hostile blood.
Now near the beech-tree, and the Scæan gates,
The hero halts, and his associates waits.
Meanwhile, on every side, around the plain,
Dispersed, disorder'd, fly the Trojan train.
So flies a herd of beeves, that hear, dismay'd,
The lion's roaring through the midnight shade;
On heaps they tumble with successless haste;
The savage seizes, draws, and rends the last;
Not with less fury stern Atrides flew,
Still press'd the rout, and still the hindmost slew;
Hurl'd from their cars the bravest chiefs are kill'd,
And rage, and death, and carnage, load the field.

Now storms the victor, at the Trojan wall:
Surveys the towers, and meditates their fall.
But Jove descending shook the Idæan hills,
And down their summits pour'd a hundred rills:
The unkindled lightnings in his hand he took,
And thus the many-colour'd maid bespoke:

Iris, with haste thy golden wings display,
To godlike Hector this our word convey.
While Agamemnon wastes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,
Bid him give way; but issue forth commands,
And trust the war to less important hands;
But when, or wounded by the spear or dart,
That chief shall mount his chariot, and depart,
Then Jove shall string his arm, and fire his breast,
Then to her ships shall flying Greece be press'd,
Till to the main the burning sun descend,
And sacred night her awful shade extend.

He spoke, and Iris at his word obey'd;
On wings of winds descends the various maid.
The chief she found amidst the ranks of war,
Close to the bulwarks, on his glittering car.
The goddess then: O son of Priam, hear!
From Jove I come, and his high mandate bear.
While Agamemnon wastes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,
Abstain from fight, yet issue forth commands,
And trust the war to less important hands.
But when, or wounded by the spear or dart,
The chief shall mount his chariot, and depart,
Then Jove shall string thy arm, and fire thy breast;
Then to her ships shall flying Greece be press'd,
Till to the main the burning sun descend,
And sacred night her awful shade extend.

She said, and vanish'd: Hector with a bound,
Springs from his chariot on the trembling ground,
In clanging arms: he grasps in either hand
A pointed lance, and speeds from band to band;
Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight.
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.
They stand to arms: the Greeks their onset dare,
Condense their powers, and wait the coming war.
New force, new spirit, to each breast returns:
The fight renew'd, with fiercer fury burns:
The kings lead on; all fix on him their eye,
And learn from him to conquer or to die.

Ye sacred Nine, celestial Muses! tell,
Who faced him first, and by his prowess fell?
The great Iphidamas, the bold and young,
From sage Antenor and Theano sprung;
Whom from his youth his grandsire Cisseus bred,
And nursed in Thrace, where snowy flocks are fed
Scarce did the down his rosy cheeks invest,
And early honour warm his generous breast,
When the kind sire consign'd his daughter's charms
(Theano's sister) to his youthful arms.
But call'd by glory to the wars of Troy,
He leaves untasted the first fruits of joy:
From his love bride departs with melting eyes,
And swift to aid his dearer country flies.
With twelve black ships he reach'd Percopé's strand,
Thence took the long laborious march by land.
Now fierce for fame before the ranks he springs,
Towering in arms, and braves the king of kings.
Atrides first discharg'd the missive spear;
The Trojan stoop'd, the javelin pass'd in air.
Then near the corselet, at the monarch's heart,
With all his strength the youth directs his dart:
But the broad belt, with plates of silver bound,
The point rebated, and repell'd the wound.
Encumber'd with the dart, Atrides stands,
Till grasp'd with force, he wrenched it from his hands;
At once his weighty sword discharged a wound
Full on his neck, that fell'd him to the ground.
Stretch'd in the dust the unhappy warrior lies,
And sleep eternal seals his swimming eyes.
Oh worthy better fate! oh early slain!
Thy country's friend; and virtuous, though in vain!
No more the youth shall join his consort's side,
At once a virgin, and at once a bride!
No more with presents her embraces meet,
Or lay the spoils of conquest at her feet
On whom his passion, lavish of his store,
Bestow'd so much, and vainly promised more!
Unwept, uncover'd, on the plain he lay,
While the proud victor bore his arms away.

Coön, Antenor's eldest hope, was nigh:
Tears, at the sight, came starting from his eye,
While, pierced with grief, the much loved youth he view'd,
And the pale features now deform'd with blood.

Then with his spear, unseen, his time he took,
Aim'd at the king, and near his elbow struck.
The thrilling steel transpierced the brawny part,
And through his arm stood forth the barbed dart.
Surprised the monarch feels, yet void of fear
On Coön rushes with his lifted spear:
His brother's corpse the pious Trojan draws,
And calls his country to assert his cause,
Defends him breathless on the sanguine field,
And o'er his body spreads his ample shield.
Atrides, marking an unguarded part,
Transfix'd the warrior with the brazen dart;
Prone on his brother's bleeding breast he lay,
The monarch's falchion lopp'd his head away:
The social shades the same dark journey go,
And join each other in the realms below.

The vengeful victor rages round the fields,
With every weapon art or fury yields:
By the long lance, the sword, or pondrous stone,
Whole ranks are broken, and whole troops o'erthrown.
This, while yet warm, distill'd the purple flood;
But when the wound grew stiff with clotted blood,
Then grinding tortures his strong bosom rend,
Less keen those darts the fierce Ilythiæ send,
(The powers that cause the teeming matron's throes,
Sad mothers of unutterable woes!)
Stung with the smart, all panting with the pain,
He mounts the car, and gives his squire the rein:
Then with a voice which fury made more strong,
And pain augmented, thus exhorts the throng:
O friends! O Greeks! assert your honours won;
Proceed, and finish what this arm begun:
Lo! angry Jove forbids your chief to stay,
And envies half the glories of the day.

He said; the driver whirls his lengthful thong;
The horses fly; the chariot smokes along.
Clouds from their nostrils the fierce coursers blow,
And from their sides the foam descends in snow;
Shot through the battle in a moment's space,
The wounded monarch at his tent they place.

No sooner Hector saw the king retired,
But thus his Trojans and his aids he fired:
Hear, all ye Dardan, all ye Lycian race!
Famed in close fight, and dreadful face to face,
Now call to mind your ancient trophies won,
Your great forefathers' virtues, and your own.
Behold the general flies! deserts his powers!
Lo, Jove himself declares the conquest ours!
Now on yon ranks impel your foaming steeds;
And, sure of glory, dare immortal deeds.

With words like these the fiery chief alarms
His fainting host, and every bosom warms.
As the bold hunter cheers his hounds to tear
The brindled lion, or the tusky bear;
With voice and hand provokes their doubting heart,
And springs the foremost with his lifted dart:
So godlike Hector prompts his troops to dare;
Nor prompts alone, but leads himself the war.
On the black body of the foes he pours;
As from the cloud's deep bosom, swell'd with showers,
A sudden storm the purple ocean sweeps,
Drives the wild waves, and tosses all the deeps.
Say, Muse! when Jove the Trojan's glory crown'd,
Beneath his arm what heroes bit the ground?
Assæus, Dolops, and Autonous died,
Opites next was added to their side;
Then brave Hipponous famed in many a fight,
Opheltius, Orus, sunk to endless night;
Æsymnus, Agelaus; all chiefs of name;
The rest were vulgar deaths, unknown to fame.
As when a western whirlwind, charged with storms,
Dispels the gather'd clouds that Notus forms,
The gust continued, violent, and strong,
Rolls sable clouds in heaps on heaps along;
Now to the skies the foaming billows rears,
Now breaks the surge, and wide the bottom bares:
Thus raging Hector, with resistless hands,
O'erturns, confounds, and scatters all their bands.
Now the last ruin the whole host appals;
Now Greece had trembled in her wooden walls;
But wise Ulysses call'd Tydides forth,
His soul rekindled, and awaked his worth:
And stand we deedless, O eternal shame!
Till Hector's arm involves the ships in flame?
Haste let us join, and combat side by side.
The warrior thus, and thus the friend replied:
No martial toil I shun, no danger fear;
Let Hector come; I wait his fury here.
But Jove with conquest crowns the Trojan train;
And, Jove our foe, all human force is vain.

He sigh'd; but, sighing, raised his vengeful steel,
And from his car, the proud Thymbræus fell:
Molion, the charioteer, pursued his lord,
His death ennobled by Ulysses' sword.
There slain, they left them in eternal night,
Then plunged amidst the thickest ranks of fight.
So two wild boars outstrip the following hounds,
Then swift revert, and wounds return for wounds.
Stern Hector's conquest in the middle plain
Stood check'd awhile, and Greece respired again.

The sons of Merops shone amidst the war:
Towering they rode in one refulgent car:
In deep prophetic arts their father skill'd,
Had warn'd his children from the Trojan field:
Fate urged them on; the father warn'd in vain;
They rush'd to fight, and perish'd on the plain!
Their breasts no more the vital spirit warms:
The stern Tydides strips their shining arms.
Hypirochus by great Ulysses dies,
And rich Hippodamus becomes his prize.
Great Jove from Ide with slaughter fills his sight,
And level hangs the doubtful scale of fight.
By Tydeus' lance Agastrophus was slain,
The far-famed hero of Pæonian strain;
Wing'd with his fears, on foot he strove to fly,
His steeds too distant, and the foe too nigh;
Through broken orders, swifter than the wind,
He fled, but flying, left his life behind.
This Hector sees' as his experienced eyes
Traverse the files, and to the rescue flies:
Shouts, as he pass'd, the crystal regions rend,
And moving armies on his march attend.
Great Diomed himself was seized with fear,
And thus bespoke his brother of the war:
Mark how this way yon bending squadrons yield!
The storm rolls on, and Hector rules the field:
Here stand his utmost force—The warrior said:
Swift at the word his pond'rous javelin fled;
Nor miss'd its aim, but where the plumage danced
Razed the smooth cone, and thence obliquely glanced.
Safe in his helm (the gift of Phœbus' hands)
Without a wound the Trojan hero stands;
But yet so stunn'd, that, staggering on the plain,
His arm and knee his sinking bulk sustain;
O'er his dim sight the misty vapours rise,
And a short darkness shades his swimming eyes.

Tydides follow'd to regain his lance;
While Hector rose, recover'd from the trance;
Remounts his car, and herds amidst the crowd:
The Greek pursues him, and exults aloud:
Once more thank Phœbus for thy forfeit breath,
Or thank that swiftness which outstrips the death.
Well by Apollo are thy prayers repaid,
And oft that partial power has lent his aid.
Thou shalt not long the death deserved withstand,
If any god assist Tydides' hand.
Fly then, inglorious! but thy flight, this day
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall pay.
Him, while he triumph'd, Paris eyed from far,
(The spouse of Helen, the fair cause of war:)
Around the fields his feather'd shafts he sent,
From ancient Ilus' ruin'd monument:
Behind the column placed, he bent his bow,
And wing'd an arrow at the unwary foe;
Just as he stoop'd, Agastrophus's crest
To seize, and draw the corselet from his breast,
The bow-string twang'd; nor flew the shaft in vain,
But pierced his foot, and nail'd it to the plain.
The laughing Trojan with a joyful spring,
Leaps from his ambush, and insults the king.
He bleeds! (he cries) some god has sped my dart,
Would the same god had fix'd it in his heart!
So Troy, relieved from that wide wasting hand,
Should breathe from slaughter, and in combat stand;
Whose sons now tremble at his darted spear,
As scatter'd lambs the rushing lion fear.
He dauntless thus: thou conqueror of the fair,
Thou woman warrior with the curling hair;
Vain archer! trusting to the distant dart,
Unskill'd in arms to act a manly part!
Thou hast but done what boys or women can;
Such hands may wound, but not incense a man.
Nor boast the scratch thy feeble arrow gave,
A coward's weapon never hurts the brave.
Not so this dart, which thou may'st one day feel:
Fate wings its flight, and death is on the steel.
Where this but lights, some noble life expires:
Its touch makes orphans, bathes the cheeks of sires,
Steeps earth in purple, gluts the birds of air,
And leaves such objects as distract the fair.
Ulysses hastens with a trembling heart,
Before him steps, and bending draws the dart:
Forth flows the blood; an eager pang succeeds:
Tydides mounts, and to the navy speeds.
Now on the field Ulysses stands alone,
The Greeks all fled, the Trojans pouring on;
But stands collected in himself, and whole,
And questions thus his own unconquer'd soul:
What farther subterfuge, what hopes remain?
What shame, inglorious, if I quit the plain!
What danger, singly if I stand the ground,
My friends all scatter'd, all the foes around!
Yet wherefore doubtful? let this truth suffice,
The brave meets danger, and the coward flies:
To die or conquer, proves a hero's heart;
And knowing this, I know a soldier's part.
Such thoughts revolving in his careful breast,
Near, and more near, the shady cohorts press'd:
These, in the warrior, their own fate enclose:
And round him deep the steely circle grows.
So fares a boar whom all the troop surrounds
Of shouting huntsmen, and of clamorous hounds;
He grinds his ivory tusks; he foams with ire,
His sanguine eye-balls glare with living fire:
By these, by those, on every part is plied;
And the red slaughter spreads on every side.
Pierced through the shoulder, first Deiopis fell,
Next Ennomus and Thoön sunk to hell;
Chersidamas, beneath the naval thrust,
Falls prone to earth, and grasps the bloody dust.
Charops, the son of Hippasus, was near;
Ulysses reach'd him with the fatal spear;
But to his aid his brother Socus flies,
Socus, the brave, the generous, and the wise:
Near as he drew, the warrior thus began:
O great Ulysses, much-enduring man!
Not deeper skill'd in every martial slight,
Than worn to toils, and active in the fight!
This day two brothers shall thy conquest grace,
And end at once the great Hippacian race,
Or thou beneath this lance must press the field—
He said, and forceful pierced his spacious shield:
Through the strong brass the ringing javelin thrown,
Plough'd half his side, and bared it to the bone.
By Pallas' care, the spear, though deep infix'd,
Stopp'd short of life, nor with his entrails mix'd.
The wound not mortal wise Ulysses knew,
Then furious thus (but first some steps withdrew:)
Unhappy man! whose death our hands shall grace!
Fate calls thee hence, and finish'd is thy race.
No longer check my conquests on the foe;
But, pierced by this, to endless darkness go,
And add one spectre to the realms below!
He spoke; while Socus, seized with sudden fright,
Trembling gave way, and turn'd his back to flight:
Between his shoulders pierced the following dart,
And held its passage through the panting heart.
Wide in his breast appear'd the grizly wound;
He falls; his armour rings against the ground.
Then thus Ulysses, gazing on the slain;
Famed son of Hippasus! there press the plain;
There ends thy narrow span assign'd by fate,
Heaven owes Ulysses yet a longer date.
Ah, wretch! no father shall thy corpse compose,
Thy dying eyes no tender mother close;
But hungry birds shall tear those balls away,
And hovering vultures scream around their prey.
Me Greece shall honour, when I meet my doom,
With solemn funerals and a lasting tomb.
Then, raging with intolerable smart,
He writhes his body, and extracts the dart.
The dart a tide of spouting gore pursued,
And gladden'd Troy with sight of hostile blood.
Now troops on troops the fainting chief invade,
Forced he recedes, and loudly calls for aid.
Thrice to its pitch his lofty voice he rears;
The well-known voice thrice Menalaüs hears:
Alarm'd, to Ajax Telamon he cried,
Who shares his labours, and defends his side.
O friend! Ulysses' shouts invade my ear;
Distress'd he seems, and no assistance near:
Strong as he is, yet, one opposed to all,
Oppress'd by multitudes, the best may fall.
Greece, robb'd of him, must bid her host despair,
And feel a loss not ages can repair.
Then where the cry directs, his course he bends;
Great Ajax, like the god of war, attends.
The prudent chief in sore distress they found,
With bands of furious Trojans compass'd round.
As when some huntsman, with a flying spear,
From the blind thicket wounds a stately deer;

Down his cleft side while fresh the blood distils,
He bounds aloft, and scuds from hills to hills:
Till life's warm vapour issuing through the wound,
Wild mountain-wolves the fainting beast surround;
Just as their jaws his prostrate limbs invade,
The lion rushes through the woodland shade,
The wolves, though hungry, scour dispersed away;
The lordly savage vindicates his prey.
Ulysses thus, unconquer'd by his pains,
A single warrior, half a host sustains:
But soon as Ajax heaves his tower-like shield,
The scatter'd crowds fly frighted o'er the field;
Atrides' arm the sinking hero stays,
And, saved from numbers, to his car conveys.
Victorious Ajax plies the routed crew;
And first Doryclus, Priam's son, he slew;
On strong Pandocus next inflicts a wound,
And lays Lysander bleeding on the ground.
As when a torrent swell'd with wintry rains,
Pours from the mountains o'er the deluged plains,
And pines and oaks, from their foundations torn,
A country's ruins! to the seas are borne:
Fierce Ajax thus o'erwhelms the yielding throng;
Men, steeds, and chariots, roll in heaps along.
But Hector, from this scene of slaughter far,
Raged on the left, and ruled the tide of war:
Loud groans proclaim his progress through the plain,
And deep Scamander swells with heaps of slain.
There Nestor and Idomeneus oppose
The warrior's fury, there the battle glows:
There fierce on foot, or from the chariot's height,
His sword deforms the beauteous ranks of fight.
The spouse of Helen dealing darts around,
Had pierced Machaon with a distant wound;
In his right shoulder the broad shaft appear'd,
And trembling Greece for her physician fear'd.
To Nestor then Idomeneus begun:
Glory of Greece, old Neleus' valiant son!
Ascend thy chariot, haste with speed away,
And great Machaon to the ships convey.
A wise physician, skill'd our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal.
Old Nestor mounts the seat: beside him rode
The wounded offspring of the healing god.
He lends the lash; the steeds with sounding feet
Shake the dry field, and thunder toward the fleet.
But now Cebriones, from Hector's car,
Survey'd the various fortune of the war.
While here (he cried) the flying Greeks are slain,
Trojans on Trojans yonder load the plain.
Before great Ajax see the mingled throng
Of men and chariots driven in heaps along!
I know him well, distinguish'd o'er the field
By the broad glittering of the seven-fold shield.
Thither, O Hector, thither urge thy steeds,
There danger calls, and there the combat bleeds;
There horse and foot in mingled deaths unite,
And groans of slaughter mix with shouts of fight.
Thus having spoke, the driver's lash resounds:
Swift through the ranks the rapid chariot bounds;
Stung by the stroke, the coursers scour the fields,
O'er heaps of carcasses, and hills of shields.
The horses' hoofs are bathed in hero's gore,
And, dashing, purple all the car before;
The groaning axle sable drops distils,
And mangled carnage clogs the rapid wheels.
Here, Hector, plunging through the thickest fight,
Broke the dark phalanx, and let in the light:
(By the long lance, the sword, or ponderous stone,
The ranks lie scatter'd, and the troops o'erthrown.)
Ajax he shuns, through all the dire debate,
And fears that arm whose force he felt so late.
But partial Jove, espousing Hector's part,
Shot heaven bred horror through the Grecian's heart;
Confused, unnerved, in Hector's presence grown,
Amazed he stood, with terrors not his own.
O'er his broad back his moony shield he threw,
And glaring round, with tardy steps withdrew.
Thus the grim lion his retreat maintains,
Beset with watchful dogs and shouting swains;
Repulsed by numbers from the nightly stalls,
Though rage impels him, and though hunger calls.
Long stands the showering darts and missile fires;
Then sourly slow the indignant beast retires.
So turn'd stern Ajax, by whole hosts repell'd,
While his swoln heart at every step rebell'd.
As the slow beast with heavy strength indued
In some wide field by troops of boys pursued,
Though round his sides a wooden tempest rain,
Crops the tall harvest, and lays waste the plain;
Thick on his hide the hollow blows resound,
The patient animal maintains his ground,
Scarce from the field with all their efforts chased,
And stirs but slowly when he stirs at last.
On Ajax thus a weight of Trojans hung,
The strokes redoubled on his buckler rung;
Confiding now in bulky strength he stands,
Now turns, and backward bears the yielding bands:
Now stiff recedes, yet hardly seems to fly,
And threats his followers with retorted eye.
Fix'd as the bar between two warring powers,
While hissing darts descend in iron showers:
In his broad buckler many a weapon stood,
Its surface bristled with a quivering wood;
And many a javelin, guiltless, on the plain
Marks the dry dust, and thirsts for blood in vain.
But bold Eurypylus his aid imparts,
And dauntless springs beneath a cloud of darts;
Whose eager javelin launch'd against the foe,
Great Apisaon felt the fatal blow;
From his torn liver the red current flow'd,
And his slack knees desert their dying load.
The victor rushing to despoil the dead,
From Paris' bow a vengeful arrow fled;
Fix'd in his nervous thigh the weapon stood,
Fix'd was the point, but broken was the wood.
Back to the lines the wounded Greek retired,
Yet thus, retreating, his associates fired:
What god, O Grecians! has your hearts dismay'd?
Oh, turn to arms! 'tis Ajax claims your aid.
This hour he stands the mark of hostile rage,
And this the last brave battle he shall wage;
Haste, join your forces; from the gloomy grave
The warrior rescue, and your country save.
Thus urged the chief: a generous troop appears,
Who spread their bucklers, and advance their spears,
To guard their wounded friend: while thus they stand
With pious care, great Ajax joins the band:
Each takes new courage at the hero's sight;
The hero rallies, and renews the fight.
Thus raged both armies like conflicting fires,
While Nestor's chariot far from fight retires:
His coursers steep'd in sweat, and stain'd with gore,
The Greeks' preserver, great Machaon, bore.
That hour, Achilles from the topmost height
Of his proud fleet o'erlook'd the fields of fight;

His feasted eyes beheld around the plain
The Grecian rout, the slaying, and the slain.
His friend Machaon singled from the rest,
A transient pity touch'd his vengeful breast.
Straight to Menœtius' much-loved son he sent;
Graceful as Mars, Patroclus quits his tent:
In evil hour! Then fate decreed his doom;
And fix'd the date of all his woes to come,
Why calls my friend? Thy loved injunctions lay;
Whate'er thy will, Patroclus shall obey.
O first of friends! (Pelides thus replied)
Still at my heart, and ever at my side!
The time is come, when yon despairing host
Shall learn the value of the man they lost:
Now at my knees the Greeks shall pour their moan,
And proud Atrides tremble on his throne.
Go now Nestor, and from him be taught
What wounded warrior late his chariot brought:
For, seen at distance, and but seen behind,
His form recall'd Machaon to my mind;
Nor could I, through yon clouds, discern his face,
The coursers pass'd me with so swift a pace.
The hero said. His friend obey'd with haste;
Through intermingled ships and tents he pass'd;
The chiefs descending from their car he found;
The panting steeds Eurymedon unbound.
The warriors standing on the breezy shore,
To dry their sweat, and wash away the gore,
Here paused a moment, while the gentle gale
Convey'd that freshness the cool seas exhale;
Then to consult on farther methods went,
And took their seats beneath the shady tent.
The draught prescribed, fair Hecamede prepares,
Arsinous daughter, graced with golden hairs,
Whom to his aged arms, a royal slave,
Greece, as the prize of Nestor's wisdom, gave:)
A table first with azure feet she placed,
Whose ample orb a brazen charger graced:
Honey new press'd, the sacred flour of wheat,
And wholesome garlic crown'd the savoury treat.
Next her white hand a spacious goblet brings,
A goblet sacred to the Pylian kings
From eldest times: the massy sculptured vase,
Glittering with golden studs, four handles grace,
And curling vines around each handle roll'd,
Support two turtle-doves emboss'd in gold.
A massy weight, yet heaved with ease by him,
When the brisk nectar overlook'd the brim.
Temper'd in this, the nymph of form divine
Pours a large portion of the Pramnian wine;
With goats' milk cheese a flavourous taste bestows,
And last with flour the smiling surface strews.
This for the wounded prince the dame prepares;
The cordial beverage reverend Nestor shares:
Salubrious draughts the warriors' thirst allay
And pleasing conference beguiles the day.
Meantime Patroclus, by Achilles sent,
Unheard approach'd, and stood before the tent.
Old Nestor rising then, the hero led
To his high seat: the chief refused, and said;
'Tis now no season for these kind delays;
The great Achilles with impatience stays.
To great Achilles this respect I owe;
Who asks what hero, wounded by the foe,
Was borne from combat by thy foaming steeds?
With grief I see the great Machaon bleeds:
This to report, my hasty course I bend:
Thou know'st the fiery temper of my friend.
Can then the sons of Greece, the sage rejoin'd)
Excite compassion in Achilles' mind?
Seeks he the sorrows of our host to know?
This is not half the story of our woe.
Tell him, not great Machaon bleeds alone,
Our bravest heroes in the navy groan;
Ulysses, Agamemnon, Diomed,
And stern Eurypylus, already bleed.
But ah! what flattering hopes I entertain!
Achilles heeds not, but derides our pain:
E'en till the flames consume our fleet he stays,
And waits the rising of the fatal blaze.
Chief after chief the raging foe destroys;
Calm he looks on, and every death enjoys.
Now the slow course of all-impairing time
Unstrings my nerves, and ends my manly prime;
Oh! had I still that strength my youth possess'd,
When this bold arm the Epeian powers oppress'd,
The bulls of Elis in glad triumph led,
And stretch'd the great Itymonæus dead!
Then from my fury fled the trembling swains,
And ours was all the plunder of the plains:
Fifty white flocks, full fifty herds of swine,
As many goats, as many lowing kine;
And thrice the number of unrivall'd steeds,
All teeming females, and of generous breeds,
These, as my first essay of arms, I won;
Old Neleus gloried in his conquering son.
Thus Elis forced, her long arrears restored,
And shares were parted to each Pylian lord.
The state of Pyle was sunk to last despair,
When the proud Elians first commenced the war:
For Neleus' sons Alcides' rage had slain:
Of twelve bold brothers, I alone remain!
Oppress'd, we arm'd; and now this conquest gain'd,
My sire three hundred chosen sheep obtain'd.
(That large reprisal he might justly claim,
For prize defrauded, and insulted fame,
When Elis' monarch at the public course
Detain'd his chariot and victorious horse.)
The rest the people shared; myself survey'd
The just partition, and due victims paid.
Three days were past, when Elis rose to war,
With many a courser, and with many a car;
The sons of Actor at their army's head
(Young as they were) the vengeful squadrons led.
High on a rock fair Thryoëssa stands,
Our utmost frontier on the Pylian lands;
Not far the streams of famed Alphæus flow.
The stream they pass'd, and pitch'd their tents below.
Pallas, descending in the shades of night,
Alarms the Pylians, and commands the fight.
Each burns for fame, and swells with martial pride;
Myself the foremost; but my sire denied:
Fear'd for my youth, exposed to stern alarms;
And stopp'd my chariot, and detain'd my arms.
My sire denied in vain: on foot I fled
Amidst our chariots; for the goddess led.
Along fair Arene's delightful plain,
Soft Minyas rolls his waters to the main.
There, horse and foot, the Pylian troops unite,
And, sheath'd in arms, expect the dawning light.
Thence, ere the sun advanced his noon-day flame,
To great Alphæus' sacred source we came.
There first to Jove our solemn rites were paid;
An untamed heifer pleased the blue-eyed maid;
A bull Alphæus; and a bull was slain
To the blue monarch of the watery main.

In arms we slept, beside the winding flood,
While round the town the fierce Epeians stood.
Soon as the sun, with all-revealing ray,
Flamed in the front of heaven, and gave the day,
Bright scenes of arms, and works of war appear;
The nations meet; there Pylos, Elis here.
The first who fell, beneath my javelin bled;
King Augias' son, and spouse of Agamede;
(She that all simples' healing virtues knew,
And every herb that drinks the morning dew.)
I seized his car, the van of battle led:
The Epeians saw, they trembled, and they fled.
The foe dispersed, their bravest warrior kill'd,
Fierce as a whirlwind now I swept the field:
Full fifty captive chariots graced my train;
Two chiefs from each fell breathless to the plain.
Then Actor's sons had died, but Neptune shrouds
The youthful heroes in a veil of clouds.
O'er heapy shields, and o'er the prostrate throng,
Collecting spoils, and slaughtering all along,
Through wide Buprasian fields we forced the foes,
Where o'er the vales the Olenian rocks arose:
Till Pallas stopp'd us where Alisium flows:
E'en there the hindmost of their rear I slay,
And the same arm that led, concludes the day;
Then back to Pyle triumphant take my way.
There to high Jove were public thanks assign'd,
As first of gods; to Nestor, of mankind.
Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood;
So proved my valour for my country's good.
Achilles with unactive fury glows,
And gives to passion what to Greece he owes.
How shall he grieve, when to the eternal shade
Her hosts shall sink, nor his the power to aid?
O friend! my memory recalls the day,
When, gathering aids along the Grecian sea,
I and Ulysses touch'd at Phthia's port,
And enter'd Peleus' hospitable court.
A bull to Jove he slew in sacrifice,
And pour'd libations on the flaming thighs.
Thyself, Achilles, and thy reverend sire,
Menœtius, turn'd the fragments on the fire.
Achilles sees us, to the feast invites!
Social we sit, and share the genial rites.
We then explain'd the cause on which we came,
Urged you to arms, and found you fierce for fame.
Your ancient father's generous precepts gave;
Peleus said only this—'My son! be brave.'
Menœtius thus: 'Though great Achilles shine
In strength superior, and of race divine,
Yet cooler thoughts thy elder years attend;
Let thy just counsels aid, and rule thy friend.'
Thus spoke your father at Thessalia's court;
Words now forgot, though now of vast import.
Ah! try the utmost that a friend can say,
Such gentle force the fiercest minds obey.
Some favouring god Achilles' heart may move;
Though deaf to glory, he may yield to love.
If some dire oracle his breast alarm,
If aught from heaven withhold his saving arm;
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shine,
If thou but lead the Myrmidonian line;
Clad in Achilles' arms, if thou appear,
Proud Troy may tremble, and desist from war;
Press'd by fresh forces, her over-labour'd train,
Shall seek their walls, and Greece respire again.
This touch'd his generous heart, and from the tent,
Along the shore with hasty strides he went;
Soon as he came, where, on the crowded strand,
The public mart and courts of justice stand,
Where the tall fleet of great Ulysses lies,
And altars to the guardian gods arise;
There sad he met the brave Evæmon's son,
Large painful drops from all his members run:
An arrow's head yet rooted in his wound,
The sable blood in circles mark'd the ground,
As faintly reeling he confess'd the smart;
Weak was his pace, but dauntless was his heart;
Divine compassion touch'd Patroclus' breast,
Who, sighing, thus his bleeding friend address'd:
Ah, hapless leaders of the Grecian host!
Thus must ye perish on a barbarous coast?
Is this your fate, to glut the dogs with gore,
Far from your friends, and from your native shore?
Say, great Eurypylus! shall Greece yet stand?
Resists she yet the raging Hector's hand?
Or are her heroes doom'd to die with shame,
And this the period of our wars and fame?
Eurypylus' replies: No more, my friend;
Greece is no more! this day her glories end.
E'en to the ships victorious Troy pursues,
Her force increasing as her toil renews.
Those chiefs, that used her utmost rage to meet,
Lie pierced with wounds, and bleeding in the fleet.
But thou, Patroclus! act a friendly part,
Lead to my ships, and draw this deadly dart;
With lukewarm water wash the gore away,
With healing balms the raging smart allay,
Such as sage Chiron, sire of pharmacy,
Once taught Achilles, and Achilles thee.
Of two famed surgeons, Podalirius stands
This hour surrounded by the Trojan bands;
And great Machaon, wounded in his tent,
Now wants the succour which so oft he lent.
To him the chief. What then remains to do?
The event of things the gods alone can view.
Charged by Achilles' great command I fly,
And bear in haste the Pylian king's reply:
But thy distress this instant claims relief.
He said, and in his arms upheld the chief.
The slaves their master's slow approach survey'd,
And hides of oxen on the floor display'd:
There stretch'd at length the wounded hero lay,
Patroclus cut the forky steel away.
Then in his hands a bitter root he bruised;
The wound he wash'd, the styptic juice infused.
The closing flesh that instant ceased to glow,
The wound to torture, and the blood to flow.

BOOK XII.

ARGUMENT.

The Battle at the Grecian wall.

The Greeks being retired into their intrenchments, Hector attemps to force them; but it proving impossible to pass the ditch, Polydamus advises to quit their chariots, and manage the attack on foot. The Trojans follow his counsel, and, having divided their army into five bodies of foot, begin the assault. But upon the signal of an eagle with a serpent in his talons, which appeared on the left hand of the Trojans, Polydamus endeavours to withdraw them again. This Hector opposes, and continues the attack; in which, after many actions, Sarpedon makes the first breach in the wall: Hector also casting a stone of vast size,

forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his troops, who victoriously pursue the Grecians even to their ships.

BOOK XII.

While thus the hero's pious cares attend,
The cure and safety of his wounded friend,
Trojans and Greeks with clashing shields engage,
And mutual deaths are dealt with mutual rage.
Nor long the trench or lofty walls oppose;
With gods averse the ill-fated works arose;
Their powers neglected, and no victim slain,
The walls were raised, the trenches sunk in vain.
Without the gods, how short a period stands
The proudest monument of mortal hands!
This stood, while Hector and Achilles raged,
While sacred Troy the warring hosts engaged;
But when her sons were slain, her city burn'd,
And what survived of Greece to Greece return'd,
Then Neptune and Apollo shook the shore,
Then Ida's summits pour'd their watery store;
Rhesus and Rhodius then unite their rills,
Caresus roaring down the stony hills,
Æsepus, Granicus, with mingled force,
And Xanthus foaming from his fruitful source!
And gulfy Simois, rolling to the main;
Helmets, and shields, and godlike heroes slain:
These turn'd by Phœbus from their wonted ways,
Deluged the rampire nine continual days;
The weight of waters saps the yielding wall,
And to the sea the floating bulwarks fall.
Incessant cataracts the Thunderer pours,
And half the skies descend in sluicy showers
The god of ocean, marching stern before,
With his huge trident wounds the trembling shore,
Vast stones and piles from their foundation heaves,
And whelms the smoky ruin in the waves.
Now smooth'd with sand, and levell'd by the flood,
No fragment tells where once the wonder stood;
In their old bounds the rivers roll again,
Shine 'twixt the hills, or wander o'er the plain.
But this the gods in later times perform:
As yet the bulwark stood, and braved the storm;
The strokes yet echo'd of contending powers;
War thunder'd at the gates, and blood distain'd the towers.
Smote by the arm of Jove, with dire dismay,
Close by their hollow ships the Grecians lay:
Hector's approach in every wind they hear,
And Hector's fury every moment fear.
He, like a whirlwind, toss'd the scattering throng,
Mingled the troops, and drove the field along.
So 'midst the dogs and hunters' daring bands,
Fierce of his might, a boar or lion stands;
Arm'd foes around a dreadful circle form,
And hissing javelins rain an iron storm:
His powers untamed their bold assault defy,
And where he turns, the rout disperse, or die:
He foams, he glares, he bounds against them all,
And if he falls, his courage makes him fall.
With equal rage encompass'd Hector glows;
Exhorts his armies, and the trenches shows.
The panting steeds impatient fury breathe,
But snort and tremble at the gulf beneath;
Just on the brink they neigh, and paw the ground,
And the turf trembles, and the skies resound.
Eager they view'd the prospect dark and deep,
Vast was the leap, and headlong hung the steep:
The bottom bare, (a formidable show!)
And bristled thick with sharpen'd stakes below.
The foot alone this strong defence could force,
And try the pass impervious to the horse.
This saw Polydamas; who, wisely brave,
Restrain'd great Hector, and this council gave:
Oh thou! bold leader of the Trojan bands,
And you, confederate chiefs from foreign lands!
What entrance here can cumbrous chariots find,
The stakes beneath, the Grecian walls behind?
No pass through those, without a thousand wounds,
No space for combat in yon narrow bounds.
Proud of the favours mighty Jove has shown,
On certain dangers we too rashly run:
If 'tis his will our haughty foes to tame,
Oh may this instant end the Grecian name!
Here, far from Argos, let their heroes fall,
And one great day destroy and bury all!
But should they turn, and here oppress our train,
What hopes, what methods of retreat remain?
Wedged in the trench, by our own troops confused,
In one promiscuous carnage crush'd and bruised,
All Troy must perish, if their arms prevail,
Nor shall a Trojan live to tell the tale.
Hear then, ye warriors! and obey with speed;
Back from the trenches let your steeds be led,
Then all alighting, wedged in firm array,
Proceed on foot, and Hector lead the way.
So Greece shall stoop before our conquering power,
And this (if Jove consent) her fatal hour.
This counsel pleased: the godlike Hector sprung
Swift from his seat; his clanging armour rung.
The chief's example follow'd by his train,
Each quits his car, and issues on the plain.
By orders strict the charioteers enjoin'd,
Compel the coursers to their ranks behind.
The forces part in five distinguish'd bands,
And all obey their several chiefs' commands.
The best and bravest in the first conspire,
Pant for the fight, and threat the fleet with fire:
Great Hector glorious in the van of these,
Polydamus, and brave Cebriones.
Before the next the graceful Paris shines,
And bold Alcathoüs, and Agenor joins.
The sons of Priam with the third appear,
Deiphobus, and Helenus the seer;
In arms with these the mighty Asius stood,
Who drew from Hyrtacus his noble blood,
And whom Arisba's yellow coursers bore,
The coursers fed on Sellè's winding shore.
Antenor's sons the fourth battalion guide,
And great Æneas, born on fountful Ide.
Divine Sarpedon the last band obey'd,
Whom Glaucus and Asteropæus aid,
Next him, the bravest at their army's head,
But he more brave than all the hosts he led.
Now with compacted shields in close array,
The moving legions speed their headlong way:
Already in their hopes they fire the fleet,
And see the Grecians gasping at their feet.
While every Trojan thus, and every aid,
The advice of wise Polydamas obey'd;
Asius alone confiding in his car,
His vaunted coursers urged to meet the war.
Unhappy hero! and advised in vain!
Those wheels returning ne'er shall mark the plain;
No more those coursers with triumphant joy,
Restore their master to the gates of Troy!

Black death attends behind the Grecian wall,
And great Idomeneus shall boast thy fall.
Fierce to the left he drives, where from the plain
The flying Grecians strove their ships to gain;
Swift through the wall their horse and chariots pass'd,
The gates half-open'd to receive the last.
Thither, exulting in his force, he flies:
His following host with clamours rend the skies;
To plunge the Grecians headlong in the main,
Such their proud hopes, but all their hopes were vain.
To guard the gates, two mighty chiefs attend,
Who from the Lapiths' warlike race descend;
This Polypœtes, great Perithous' heir,
And that Leonteus, like the god of war.
As two tall oaks, before the wall they rise;
Their roots in earth, their heads amidst the skies:
Whose spreading arms with leafy honours crown'd,
Forbid the tempest, and protect the ground;
High on the hill appears their stately form,
And their deep roots for ever brave the storm.
So graceful these, and so the shock they stand,
Of raging Asius, and his furious band.
Orestes, Acamas, in front appear,
And Œnomaus and Thoön close the rear.
In vain their clamours shake the ambient fields,
In vain around them beat their hollow shields;
The fearless brothers on the Grecians call,
To guard their navies, and defend the wall.
E'en when they saw Troy's sable troops impend,
And Greece tumultuous from her towers descend,
Forth from the portals rush'd the intrepid pair,
Opposed their breasts, and stood themselves the war.
So two wild boars spring furious from their den,
Roused with the cries of dogs and voice of men;
On every side the crackling trees they tear,
And root the shrubs, and lay the forest bare;
They gnash their tusks, with fire their eye-balls roll,
Till some wide wound lets out their mighty soul.
Around their heads the whistling javelins sung,
With sounding strokes their brazen targets rung;
Fierce was the fight, while yet the Grecian powers
Maintain'd the walls, and mann'd the lofty towers:
To save their fleet, the last efforts they try,
And stones and darts in mingled tempests fly.
As when sharp Boreas blows abroad, and brings
The dreary winter on his frozen wings;
Beneath the low-hung clouds the sheets of snow
Descend, and whiten all the fields below:
So fast the darts on either army pour,
So down the rampires rolls the rocky shower;
Heavy and thick, resound the batter'd shields,
And the deaf echo rattles round the fields.
With shame repulsed, with grief and fury driven,
The frantic Asius thus accuses heaven:
In powers immortal who shall now believe?
Can those too flatter, and can Jove deceive?
What man could doubt but Troy's victorious power,
Should humble Greece, and this her fatal hour?
But like when wasps from hollow crannies drive,
To guard the entrance of their common hive,
Darkening the rock, while with unwearied wings
They strike the assailants, and infix their stings;
A race determined, that to death contend:
So fierce these Greeks their last retreats defend.
Gods! shall two warriors only guard their gates,
Repel an army, and defraud the fates?
These empty accents mingled with the wind,
Nor moved great Jove's unalterable mind;
To godlike Hector and his matchless might
Was owed the glory of the destined fight.
Like deeds of arms through all the forts were tried,
And all the gates sustain'd an equal tide;
Through the long walls the stony showers were heard,
The blaze of flames, the flash of arms appear'd.
The spirit of a god my breast inspire,
To raise each act to life, and sing with fire!
While Greece unconquer'd kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in despair;
And all her guardian gods, in deep dismay,
With unassisting arms deplored the day.
E'en yet the dauntless Lapithæ maintain
The dreadful pass, and round them heap the slain.
First Damasus, by Polypœtes' steel
Pierced through his helmet's brazen visor, fell;
The weapon drank the mingled brains and gore;
The warrior sinks, tremendous now no more!
Next Ormenus and Pylon yield their breath;
Nor less Leonteus strews the field with death:
First through the belt Hippomachus he gored,
Then sudden waved his unresisted sword;
Antiphates, as through the ranks he broke,
The falchion struck, and fate pursued the stroke;
Iamenus, Orestes, Menon, bled;
And round him rose a monument of dead.
Meantime, the bravest of the Trojan crew,
Bold Hector and Polydamas pursue;
Fierce with impatience on the works to fall,
And wrap in rolling flames the fleet and wall.
These on the farther bank now stood and gazed,
By heaven alarm'd, by prodigies amazed:
A signal omen stopp'd the passing host,
Their martial fury in their wonder lost.
Jove's bird on sounding pinions beat the skies,
A bleeding serpent of enormous size
His talons truss'd: alive, and curling round,
He stung the bird, whose throat received the wound.
Mad with the smart he drops the fatal prey,
In airy circles wings his painful way,
Floats on the winds, and rends the heavens with cries:
Amidst the host the fallen serpent lies.
They, pale with terror, mark its spires unroll'd,
And Jove's portent with beating hearts behold.
Then first Polydamus the silence broke,
Long weigh'd the signal, and to Hector spoke:
How oft, my brother, thy reproach I bear,
For words well-meant, and sentiments sincere!
True to those counsels which I judge the best,
I tell the faithful dictates of my breast.
To speak his thoughts, is every freeman's right,
In peace and war, in council and in fight;
And all I move, deferring to thy sway,
But tends to raise that power which I obey.
Then hear my words, nor may my words be vain:
Seek not, this day, the Grecian ships to gain?
For sure to warn us Jove his omen sent,
And thus my mind explains its clear event:
The victor eagle, whose sinister flight
Retards our host, and fills our hearts with fright,
Dismiss'd his conquest in the middle skies,
Allow'd to seize, but not possess the prize;
Thus though we gird with fires the Grecian fleet,
Though these proud bulwarks tumble at our feet,
Toils unforeseen, and fiercer are decreed;
More woes shall follow, and more heroes bleed.
So bodes my soul, and bids me thus advise:
For thus a skilful seer would read the skies.

To him then Hector with disdain return'd,
(Fierce as he spoke, his eyes with fury burn'd:)
Are these the faithful councils of thy tongue?
Thy will is partial, not thy reason wrong:
Or, if the purpose of thy heart thou vent,
Sure heaven resumes the little sense it lent.
What coward councils would thy madness move,
Against the word, the will reveal'd of Jove?
The leading sign, the irrevocable nod,
And happy thunders of the favouring god,
These shall I slight? and guide my wavering mind
By wandering birds, that flit with every wind?
Ye vagrants of the sky! your wings extend,
Or where the suns arise, or where descend;
To right, to left, unheeded take your way,
While I the dictates of high heaven obey.
Without a sign his sword the brave man draws,
And asks no omen but his country's cause.
But why shouldst thou suspect the war's success?
None fears it more, as none promotes it less:
Though all our chiefs amid yon ships expire,
Trust thy own cowardice to escape their fire.
Troy and her sons may find a general grave,
But thou canst live, for thou canst be a slave.
Yet should the fears that wary mind suggests
Spread their cold poison through our soldier's breasts,
My javelin can revenge so base a part,
And free the soul that quivers in thy heart.
Furious he spoke, and rushing to the wall,
Calls on his host; his host obey the call;
With ardour follow where their leader flies:
Redoubling clamours thunder in the skies.
Jove breathes a whirlwind from the hills of Ide,
And drifts of dust the clouded navy hide:
He fills the Greeks with terror and dismay,
And gives great Hector the predestined day.
Strong in themselves, but stronger in his aid,
Close to the works their rigid siege they laid.
In vain the mounds and massy beams defend,
While these they undermine, and those they rend;
Upheave the piles that prop the solid wall;
And heaps on heaps the smoky ruins fall.
Greece on her rampart stands the fierce alarms;
The crowded bulwarks blaze with waving arms,
Shield touching shield, a long refulgent row;
Whence hissing darts, incessant, rain below.
The bold Ajaces fly from tower to tower,
And rouse, with flame divine, the Grecian power
The generous impulse every Greek obeys;
Threats urge the fearful; and the valiant, praise.
Fellows in arms! whose deeds are known to fame,
And you whose ardour hopes an equal name!
Since not alike endued with force or art;
Behold a day when each may act his part!
A day to fire the brave, and warm the cold,
To gain new glories, or augment the old.
Urge those who stand; and those who faint, excite
Drown Hector's vaunts in loud exhorts of fight;
Conquest, not safety, fill the thoughts of all;
Seek not your fleet, but sally from the wall;
So Jove once more may drive their routed train,
And Troy lie trembling in her walls again.
Their ardour kindles all the Grecian powers;
And now the stones descend in heavier showers.
As when high Jove his sharp artillery forms,
And opes his cloudy magazine of storms;
In winter's bleak, uncomfortable reign,
A snowy inundation hides the plain;
He stills the winds, and bids the skies to sleep;
Then pours the silent tempest thick and deep:
And first the mountain tops are cover'd o'er,
Then the green fields, and then the sandy shore;
Bent with the weight the nodding woods are seen,
And one bright waste hides all the works of men:
The circling seas alone absorbing all,
Drink the dissolving fleeces as they fall.
So from each side increased the stony rain,
And the white ruin rises o'er the plain.
Thus godlike Hector and his troops contend
To force the ramparts, and the gates to rend;
Nor Troy could conquer, nor the Greeks would yield,
Till great Sarpedon tower'd amid the field;
For mighty Jove inspired with martial flame
His matchless son, and urged him on to fame,
In arms he shines, conspicuous from afar,
And bears aloft his ample shield in air;
Within whose orb the thick bull-hides were roll'd,
Ponderous with brass, and bound with ductile gold;
And while two pointed javelins arm his hands,
Majestic moves along, and leads his Lycian bands.
So, press'd with hunger, from the mountain's brow
Descends a lion on the flocks below;
So stalks the lordly savage o'er the plain,
In sullen majesty, and stern disdain:
In vain loud mastiffs bay him from afar,
And shepherds gall him with an iron war;
Regardless, furious, he pursues his way;
He foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey
Resolved alike, divine Sarpedon glows
With generous rage that drives him on the foes.
He views the towers, and meditates their fall,
To sure destruction dooms the aspiring wall;
Then casting on his friend an ardent look,
Fired with the thirst of glory, thus he spoke:
Why boast we, Glaucus! our extended reign,
Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain,
Our numerous herds that range the fruitful field,
And hills where vines their purple harvest yield,
Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,
Our feasts enhanced with music's sprightly sound;
Why on those shores are we with joy survey'd,
Admired as heroes, and as gods obey'd,
Unless great acts superior merit prove,
And vindicate the bounteous powers above?
'Tis ours, the dignity they give to grace;
The first in valour, as the first in place:
That when with wondering eyes our martial bands
Behold our deeds transcending our commands,
Such, they may cry, deserve the sovereign state,
Whom those that envy, dare not imitate!
Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,
For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war:—
But since, alas! ignoble age must come,
Disease, and death's inexorable doom;
The life which others pay, let us bestow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe;
Brave though we fall, and honour'd if we live,
Or let us glory gain, or glory give!
He said; his words the listening chief inspire
With equal warmth, and rouse the warrior's fire;
The troops pursue their leaders with delight,
Rush to the foe, and claim the promised fight.
Menestheus from on high the storm beheld
Threatening the fort, and blackening the field.

Around the walls he gazed, to view from far
What aid appear'd to avert the approaching war,
And saw where Teucer with the Ajaces stood,
Of fight insatiate, prodigal of blood.
In vain he calls; the din of helms and shields
Rings to the skies, and echoes through the fields,
The brazen hinges fly, the walls resound,
Heaven trembles, roar the mountains, thunders all the ground.
Then thus to Thoös: Hence with speed (he said,)
And urge the bold Ajaces to our aid:
Their strength united, best may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Hither the Lycian princes bend their course,
The best and bravest of the hostile force.
But if too fiercely there the foes contend,
Let Telamon at least our towers defend,
And Teucer haste with his unerring bow,
To share the danger, and repel the foe.
Swift at the word, the herald speeds along
The lofty ramparts, through the martial throng,
And finds the heroes bathed in sweat and gore,
Opposed in combat on the dusty shore.
Ye valiant leaders of our warlike bands!
Your aid (said Thoös) Peteus' son demands.
Your strength, united, best may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Thither the Lycian princes bend their course,
The best and bravest of the hostile force.
But if too fiercely here the foes contend,
At least let Telamon those towers defend,
And Teucer haste with his unerring bow,
To share the danger, and repel the foe.
Strait to the fort great Ajax turn'd his care,
And thus bespoke his brothers of the war:
Now, valiant Lycomede! exert your might,
And, brave Oïleus, prove your force in fight:
To you I trust the fortune of the field,
Till by this arm the foe shall be repell'd;
That done, expect me to complete the day—
Then, with his seven-fold shield he strode away.
With equal steps bold Teucer press'd the shore,
Whose fatal bow the strong Pandion bore.
High on the walls appear'd the Lycian powers,
Like some black tempest gathering round the towers;
The Greeks, oppress'd, their utmost force unite,
Prepared to labour in the unequal fight;
The war renews, mix'd shouts and groans arise;
Tumultuous clamour mounts, and thickens in the skies.
Fierce Ajax first the advancing host invades,
And sends the brave Epicles to the shades,
Sarpedon's friend; across the warrior's way,
Rent from the walls, a rocky fragment lay;
In modern ages not the strongest swain
Could heave the unwieldy burden from the plain.
He poised, and swung it round; then, toss'd on high,
It flew with force, and labour'd up the sky;
Full on the Lycian's helmet thundering down,
The pondrous ruin crush'd his batter'd crown.
As skilful divers from some airy steep,
Headlong descend, and shoot into the deep
So falls Epicles; then in groans expires,
And murmuring to the shades the soul retires.
While to the ramparts daring Glaucus drew,
From Teucer's hand a winged arrow flew;
The bearded shaft the destined passage found,
And on his naked arm inflicts a wound.
The chief, who fear'd some foe's insulting boast
Might stop the progress of his warlike host,
Conceal'd the wound, and leaping from his height,
Retired reluctant from the unfinish'd fight.
Divine Sarpedon with regret beheld
Disabled Glaucus slowly quit the field;
His beating breast with generous ardour glows,
He springs to fight, and flies upon the foes.
Alcmaön first was doom'd his force to feel;
Deep in his breast he plunged the pointed steel;
Then, from the yawning wound with fury tore
The spear, pursued by gushing streams of gore;
Down sinks the warrior with a thundering sound,
His brazen armour rings against the ground.
Swift to the battlement the victor flies,
Tugs with full force, and every nerve applies;
It shakes; the ponderous stones disjointed yield;
The rolling ruins smoke along the field.
A mighty breach appears, the walls lie bare;
And, like a deluge, rushes in the war.
At once bold Teucer draws the twanging bow,
And Ajax sends his javelin at the foe:
Fix'd in his belt the feather'd weapon stood,
And through his buckler drove the trembling wood;
But Jove was present in the dire debate,
To shield his offspring, and avert his fate.
The prince gave back, not meditating flight,
But urging vengeance, and severer fight;
Then, raised with hope, and fired with glory's charms,
His fainting squadrons to new fury warms.
O where, ye Lycians! is the strength you boast?
Your former fame and ancient virtue lost!
The breach lies open, but your chief in vain
Attempts alone the guarded pass to gain:
Unite, and soon that hostile fleet shall fall;
The force of powerful union conquers all.
This just rebuke inflamed the Lycian crew,
They join, they thicken, and the assault renew;
Unmoved the embodied Greeks their fury dare,
And fix'd support the weight of all the war;
Nor could the Greeks repel the Lycian powers,
Nor the bold Lycians force the Grecian towers.
As, on the confines of adjoining grounds,
Two stubborn swains with blows dispute their bounds;
They tug, they sweat; but neither gain nor yield,
One foot, one inch, of the contended field:
Thus obstinate to death they fight, they fall
Nor these can keep, nor those can win the wall.
Their manly breasts are pierced with many a wound,
Loud strokes are heard, and rattling arms resound;
The copious slaughter covers all the shore,
And the high ramparts drop with human gore,
As when two scales are charged with doubtful loads,
From side to side the trembling balance nods
(While some laborious matron, just and poor,
With nice exactness weighs her woolly store,)
Till, poised aloft, the resting beam suspends
Each equal weight; nor this, nor that, descends:
So stood the war, till Hector's matchless might
With fates prevailing, turn'd the scale of fight.
Fierce as a whirlwind up the wall he flies,
And fires his host with loud repeated cries:
Advance, ye Trojans! lend your valiant hands,
Haste to the fleet, and toss the blazing brands.
They hear, they run; and gathering at his call,
Raise scaling engines, and ascend the wall.

Around the works a wood of glittering spears
Shoots up, and all the rising host appears.
A ponderous stone bold Hector heaved to throw,
Pointed above, and rough and gross below:
Not two strong men the enormous weight could raise,
Such men as live in these degenerate days.
Yet this, as easy as a swain could bear
The snowy fleece, he toss'd, and shook in air:
For Jove upheld, and lighten'd of its load
The unwieldy rock, the labour of a god.
Thus arm'd before the folded gates he came,
Of massy substance, and stupendous frame;
With iron bars and brazen hinges strong,
On lofty beams of solid timber hung:
Then, thundering through the planks with forceful sway,
Drives the sharp rock; the solid beams give way,
The folds are shatter'd; from the crackling door
Leap the resounding bars, the flying hinges roar.
Now rushing in, the furious chief appears,
Gloomy as night! and shakes two shining spears:
A dreadful gleam from his bright armour came,
And from his eye-balls flash'd the living flame.
He moves a god, resistless in his course,
And seems a match for more than mortal force.
Then pouring after, through the gaping space,
A tide of Trojans flows, and fills the place;
The Greeks behold, they tremble, and they fly;
The shore is heap'd with dead, and tumult rends the sky.

BOOK XIII.

ARGUMENT.

The fourth Battle continued, in which Neptune assists the Greeks: the acts of Idomeneus.

Neptune, concerned for the loss of the Grecians, upon seeing the fortification forced by Hector (who had entered the gate near the station of the Ajaxes) assumes the shape of Calchas, and inspires those heroes to oppose him: then, in the form of one of the generals, encourages the other Greeks, who had retired to their vessels. The Ajaxes form their troops in a close phalanx, and put a stop to Hector and the Trojans. Several deeds of valour are performed; Meriones loosing his spear in the encounter, repairs to seek another at the tent of Idomeneus: this occasions a conversation between these two warriors, who return together to the battle. Idomeneus signalizes his courage above the rest; he kills Othryoneus, Asius, and Alcathous; Deïphobus and Æneas march against him, and at length Idomeneus retires. Menelaus wounds Helenus and kills Pisander. The Trojans are repulsed in the left wing; Hector still keeps his ground against the Ajaxes, till, being galled by the Locrian slingers and archers, Polydamas advises to call a council of war: Hector approves his advice, but goes first to rally the Trojans; upbraids Paris, rejoins Polydamas, meets Ajax again, and renews the attack.

The eight-and-twentieth day still continues. The scene is between the Grecian wall and the sea-shore.

BOOK XIII.

When now the Thunderer on the sea-beat coast,
Had fix'd great Hector and his conquering host;
He left them to the Fates, in bloody fray,
To toil and struggle through the well-fought day.
Then turn'd to Thracia from the field of fight,
Those eyes that shed insufferable light,
To where the Mysians prove their martial force,
And hardy Thracians tame the savage horse;
And where the far-famed Hippemolgian strays,
Renown'd for justice and for length of days;
Thrice happy race! that, innocent of blood,
From milk, innoxious, seek their simple food;
Jove sees delighted; and avoids the scene
Of guilty Troy, of arms, and dying men:
No aid, he deems, to either host is given,
While his high law suspends the powers of heaven.
Meantime the monarch of the watery main*
Observed the Thunderer, nor observed in vain.
In Samothracia, on a mountain's brow,
Whose waving woods o'erhung the deeps below,
He sate; and round him cast his azure eyes,
Where Ida's misty tops confusedly rise;
Below, fair Ilion's glittering spires were seen;
The crowded ships and sable seas between.
There, from the crystal chambers of the main
Emerged, he sate, and mourn'd his Argives slain.
At Jove incensed, with grief and fury stung,
Prone down the rocky steep he rush'd along;
Fierce as he pass'd, the lofty mountains nod,
The forest shakes: earth trembled as he trod,
And felt the footsteps of the immortal god.
From realm to realm three ample strides he took,
And, at the fourth, the distant Ægæ shook.
Far in the bay his shining palace stands,
Eternal frame! not raised by mortal hands:
This having reach'd, his brass-hoof'd steeds he reins,
Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes.
Refulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,
Immortal arms of adamant and gold.
He mounts the car, the golden scourge applies,
He sits superior, and the chariot flies:
His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep;
The enormous monsters rolling o'er the deep,
Gambol around him on the watery way;
And heavy whales in awkward measures play:
The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,
Exults, and owns the monarch of the main;
The parting waves before his coursers fly;
The wondering waters leave his axle dry.
Deep in the liquid regions lies a cave;
Between where Tenedos the surges lave,
And rocky Imbrus breaks the rolling wave:
There the great ruler of the azure round
Stopp'd his swift chariot, and his steeds unbound,
Fed with ambrosial herbage from his hand,
And link'd their fetlocks with a golden band,
Infrangible, immortal: there they stay,
The father of the floods pursues his way,
Where, like a tempest darkening heaven around,
Or fiery deluge that devours the ground,
The impatient Trojans, in a gloomy throng,
Embattled roll'd, as Hector rush'd along:
To the loud tumult and the barbarous cry,
The heavens re-echo, and the shores reply;
They vow destruction to the Grecian name,
And in their hopes the fleets already flame.
But Neptune, rising from the seas profound,
The god whose earthquakes rock the solid ground,
Now wears a mortal form: like Calchas seen,
Such his loud voice, and such his manly mien;

* Neptune.

His shouts incessant every Greek inspire,
But most the Ajaces, adding fire to fire.
'Tis yours, O warriors, all our hopes to raise;
Oh recollect your ancient worth and praise:
'Tis yours to save us, if you cease to fear;
Flight, more than shameful, is destructive here.
On other works though Troy with fury fall,
And pour her armies o'er our batter'd wall:
There Greece has strength: but this, this part o'erthrown,
Her strength were vain; I dread for you alone.
Here Hector rages like the force of fire,
Vaunts of his gods, and calls high Jove his sire.
If yet some heavenly power your breast excite,
Breathe in your hearts, and string your arms to fight,
Greece yet may live, her threaten'd fleet remain;
And Hector's force, and Jove's own aid, be vain.
Then with his sceptre that the deep controuls,
He touch'd the chiefs, and steel'd their manly souls:
Strength, not their own, the touch divine imparts,
Prompts their light limbs, and swells their daring hearts.
Then as a falcon from the rocky height,
Her quarry seen, impetuous at the sight
Forth-springing instant, darts herself from high.
Shoots on the wing, and skims along the sky:
Such, and so swift, the power of ocean flew;
The wide horizon shut him from their view.
The inspiring god, Oïleus' active son
Perceived the first, and thus to Telamon:
Some god, my friend, some god in human form,
Favouring descends, and wills to stand the storm.
Not Calchas this, the venerable seer;
Short as he turn'd, I saw the power appear:
I mark'd his parting, and the steps he trod;
His own bright evidence reveals a god.
E'en now some energy divine I share,
And seem to walk on wings, and tread in air!
With equal ardour (Telamon returns)
My soul is kindled, and my bosom burns:
New rising spirits all my force alarm,
Lift each impatient limb, and brace my arm.
This ready arm, unthinking, shakes the dart;
The blood pours back, and fortifies my heart:
Singly, methinks, yon towering chief I meet,
And stretch the dreadful Hector at my feet.
Full of the god that urged their burning breast,
The heroes thus their mutual warmth express'd.
Neptune meanwhile the routed Greeks inspired,
Who, breathless, pale, with length of labours tired,
Pant in the ships; while Troy to conquest calls,
And swarms victorious o'er their yielding walls:
Trembling before the impending storm they lie,
While tears of rage stand burning in their eye.
Greece sunk they thought, and this their fatal hour;
But breathe new courage as they feel the Power.
Teucer and Leitus first his words excite;
Then stern Peneleus rises to the fight;
Thoas, Deïpyrus, in arms renown'd,
And Merion next, the impulsive fury found;
Last Nestor's son the same bold ardour takes,
While thus the god the martial fire awakes:
Oh lasting infamy, oh dire disgrace
To chiefs of vigorous youth and manly race!
I trusted in the gods, and you, to see
Brave Greece victorious, and her navy free:
Ah no—the glorious combat you disclaim,
And one black day clouds all her former fame.

Heavens! what a prodigy these eyes survey,
Unseen, unthought, till this amazing day!
Fly we at length from Troy's oft-conquer'd bands?
And falls our fleet by such inglorious hands?
A rout undisciplined, a straggling train,
Not born to glories of the dusty plain:
Like frighted fawns, from hill to hill pursued,
A prey to every savage of the wood:
Shall these, so late who trembled at your name,
Invade your camps, involve your ships in flame?
A change so shameful, say, what cause has wrought?
The soldiers' baseness, or the general's fault?
Fools! will ye perish for your leader's vice;
The purchase infamy, and life the price?
'Tis not your cause, Achilles' injured fame:
Another's is the crime, but yours the shame.
Grant that our chief offend through rage or lust,
Must you be cowards if your king 's unjust?
Prevent this evil, and your country save:
Small thought retrieves the spirits of the brave.
Think, and subdue! on dastards dead to fame
I waste no anger, for they feel no shame:
But you, the pride, the flower of all our host,
My heart weeps blood to see your glory lost!
Nor deem this day, this battle, all you lose;
A day more black, a fate more vile ensues.
Let each reflect, who prizes fame or breath,
On endless infamy, on instant death,
For lo! the fated time, the appointed shore;
Hark! the gates burst, the brazen barriers roar!
Impetuous Hector thunders at the wall;
The hour, the spot, to conquer or to fall.
These words the Grecians' fainting hearts inspire,
And listening armies catch the godlike fire.
Fix'd at his post was each bold Ajax found,
With well-ranged squadrons strongly circled round:
So close their order, so disposed their fight,
As Pallas' self might view with fix'd delight;
Or had the god of war inclined his eyes,
The god of war had own'd a just surprise.
A chosen phalanx, firm, resolved as Fate,
Descending Hector and his battle wait.
An iron scene gleams dreadful o'er the fields,
Armour in armour lock'd, and shields in shields,
Spears lean on spears, on targets targets throng,
Helms stuck to helms, and man drove man along.
The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,
As when an earthquake stirs the nodding grove;
And, levell'd at the skies with pointing rays,
Their brandish'd lances at each motion blaze.
Thus breathing death, in terrible array,
The close-compacted legions urged their way:
Fierce they drove on, impatient to destroy;
Troy charged the first, and Hector first of Troy.
As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn,
A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne,
(Which from the stubborn stone a torrent rends,)
Precipitate the ponderous mass descends;
From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds;
At every shock the crackling wood resounds:
Still gathering force, it smokes; and urged amain,
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the plain:
There stops—So Hector. Their whole force he proved,
Resistless when he raged, and, when he stopp'd, unmoved.

On him the war is bent, the darts are shed,
And all their falchions wave around his head:
Repulsed he stands, nor from his stand retires;
But with repeated shouts his army fires.
Trojans! be firm; this arm shall make your way
Through yon square body, and that black array.
Stand, and my spear shall rout their scattering power,
Strong as they seem, embattled like a tower.
For he that Juno's heavenly bosom warms,
The first of gods, this day inspires our arms.
He said, and roused the soul in every breast;
Urged with desire of fame, beyond the rest,
Forth march'd Deïphobus; but marching held,
Before his wary steps, his ample shield.
Bold Merion aim'd a stroke (nor aim'd it wide)
The glittering javelin pierced the tough bull-hide;
But pierced not through: unfaithful to his hand,
The point broke short, and sparkled in the sand.
The Trojan warrior, touch'd with timely fear,
On the raised orb to distance bore the spear:
The Greek retreating mourn'd his frustrate blow,
And cursed the treacherous lance that spared a foe;
Then to the ships with surly speed he went,
To seek a surer javelin in his tent.
Meanwhile with rising rage the battle glows,
The tumult thickens, and the clamour grows.
By Teucer's arm the warlike Imbrius bleeds,
The son of Mentor, rich in generous steeds.
Ere yet to Troy the sons of Greece were led,
In fair Pedæus' verdant pastures bred,
The youth had dwelt; remote from war's alarms,
And blest in bright Medesicaste's arms:
(This nymph, the fruit of Priam's ravish'd joy,
Allied the warrior to the house of Troy,)
To Troy, when glory call'd his arms he came,
And match'd the bravest of her chiefs in fame:
With Priam's sons, a guardian of the throne,
He lived, beloved and honour'd as his own.
Him Teucer pierced between the throat and ear:
He groans beneath the Telamonian spear.
As from some far-seen mountain's airy crown,
Subdued by steel, a tall ash tumbles down,
And soils its verdant tresses on the ground:
So falls the youth; his arms the fall resound.
Then Teucer rushing to despoil the dead,
From Hector's hand a shining javelin fled:
He saw, and shunn'd the death; the forceful dart
Sung on, and pierced Amphimacus's heart,
Cteatus' son, of Neptune's forceful line;
Vain was his courage, and his race divine!
Prostrate he falls: his clanging arms resound,
And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.
To seize his beamy helm the victor flies,
And just had fasten'd on the dazzling prize,
When Ajax' manly arm a javelin flung:
Full on the shield's round boss the weapon rung;
He felt the shock, nor more was doom'd to feel,
Secure in mail, and sheath'd in shining steel.
Repulsed he yields; the victor Greeks obtain
The spoils contested, and bear off the slain.
Between the leaders of the Athenian line
(Stichius the brave, Menestheus the divine,)
Deplored Amphimachus, sad object! lies;
Imbrius remains the fierce Ajaces' prize.
As two grim lions bear across the lawn,
Snatch'd from devouring hounds, a slaughter'd fawn,
In their fell jaws high-lifting through the wood,
And sprinkling all the shrubs with drops of blood;
So these the chief: great Ajax from the dead
Strips his bright arms, Oïleus lops his head:
Toss'd like a ball, and whirl'd in air away,
At Hector's feet the gory visage lay.
The god of ocean, fired with stern disdain,
And pierced with sorrow for his grandson* slain,
Inspires the Grecian hearts, confirms their hands,
And breathes destruction to the Trojan bands.
Swift as a whirlwind, rushing to the fleet,
He finds the lance-famed Idomen of Crete:
His pensive brow the generous care express'd,
With which a wounded soldier touch'd his breast,
Whom in the chance of war a javelin tore,
And his sad comrades from the battle bore.
Him to the surgeons of the camp he sent;
That office paid, he issued from his tent,
Fierce from the fight: to him the god begun,
In Thoas' voice, Adræmon's valiant son,
Who ruled where Calydon's white rocks arise,
And Pleuron's chalky cliffs emblaze the skies.
Where's now the imperious vaunt, the daring boast,
Of Greece victorious, and proud Ilion lost?
To whom the king: on Greece no blame be thrown,
Arms are her trade, and war is all her own.
Her hardy heroes from the well-fought plains,
Nor fear withholds, nor shameful sloth detains.
'Tis heaven, alas! and Jove's all-powerful doom,
That far, far distant from our native home
Wills us to fall, inglorious! Oh my friend!
Once foremost in the fight, still prone to lend
Or arms, or counsels; now perform thy best,
And what thou canst not singly, urge the rest.
Thus he; and thus the god, whose force can make
The solid globe's eternal basis shake:
Ah! never may he see his native land,
But feed the vultures on this hateful strand,
Who seeks ignobly in his ships to stay,
Nor dares to combat on this signal day!
For this, behold! in horrid arms I shine,
And urge thy soul to rival acts with mine;
Together let us battle on the plain;
Two, not the worst; nor e'en this succour vain:
Not vain the weakest, if their force unite;
But ours, the bravest have confess'd in fight.
This said, he rushes where the combat burns;
Swift to his tent the Cretan king returns.
From thence, two javelins glittering in his hand,
And clad in arms that lighten'd all the strand,
Fierce on the foe the impetuous hero drove,
Like lightning bursting from the arm of Jove,
Which the pale man the wrath of heaven declares,
Or terrifies the offending world with wars;
In streamy sparkles, kindling all the skies,
From pole to pole the trail of glory flies.
Thus his bright armour o'er the dazzled throng
Gleam'd dreadful, as the monarch flash'd along.
Him, near his tent, Meriones attends;
Whom thus he questions: Ever best of friends!
O say, in every art of battle skill'd,
What holds thy courage from so brave a field?
On some important message art thou bound,
Or bleeds my friend by some unhappy wound?
Inglorious here, my soul abhors to stay,
And glows with prospects of the approaching day.
O prince! (Meriones replies) whose care
Leads forth the embattled sons of Crete to war;

* Amphimachus.

This speaks my grief: this headless lance I wield;
The rest lies rooted in a Trojan shield.
To whom the Cretan: Enter, and receive
The wanted weapons; those my tent can give;
Spears I have store (and Trojan lances all)
That shed a lustre round the illumined wall.
Though I, disdainful of the distant war,
Nor trust the dart, nor aim the uncertain spear;
Yet hand to hand I fight, and spoil the slain;
And thence these trophies and these arms I gain.
Enter, and see on heaps the helmets roll'd,
And high-hung spears, and shields that flame with gold.
Nor vain (said Merion) are our martial toils;
We too can boast of no ignoble spoils;
But those my ship contains; whence distant far,
I fight conspicuous in the van of war:
What need I more? if any Greek there be
Who knows not Merion, I appeal to thee.
To this Idomeneus: The fields of fight
Have proved thy valour, and unconquer'd might;
And were some ambush for the foes design'd,
E'en there thy courage would not lag behind.
In that sharp service, singled from the rest,
The fear of each, our valour stands confess'd.
No force, no firmness, the pale coward shows;
He shifts his place, his colour comes and goes;
A dropping sweat creeps cold on every part,
Against his bosom beats his quivering heart;
Terror and death in his wild eye-balls stare;
With chattering teeth he stands, and stiffening hair,
And looks a bloodless image of despair!
Not so the brave—still dauntless, still the same,
Uncharged his colour, and unmoved his frame;
Composed his thought, determined is his eye,
And fix'd his soul, to conquer or to die:
If aught disturb the tenor of his breast,
'Tis but the wish to strike before the rest.
In such assays thy blameless worth is known,
And every art of dangerous war thy own.
By chance of fight whatever wound you bore,
Those wounds were glorious all, and all before;
Such as may teach, 'twas still thy brave delight
To oppose thy bosom where the foremost fight.
But why, like infants, cold to honour's charms,
Stand we to talk, when glory calls to arms?
Go—from my conquer'd spears the choicest take,
And to their owners send them nobly back.
Swift at the word bold Merion snatch'd a spear,
And breathing slaughter follow'd to the war.
So Mars armipotent invades the plain,
(The wide destroyer of the race of man:)
Terror, his best-loved son, attends his course,
Arm'd with stern boldness, and enormous force;
The pride of haughty warriors to confound,
And lay the strength of tyrants on the ground:
From Thrace they fly, call'd to the dire alarms
Of warring Phlegyians, and Ephyrian arms,
Invoked by both, relentless they dispose
To these glad conquest, murderous rout to those.
So march'd the leaders of the Cretan train,
And their bright arms shot horror o'er the plain.
Then first spake Merion: Shall we join the right,
Or combat in the centre of the fight?
Or to the left our wonted succour lend?
Hazard and fame all parts alike attend.
Not in the centre (Idomen replied:)
Our ablest chieftains the main battle guide;
Each godlike Ajax makes that post his care,
And gallant Teucer deals destruction there;
Skill'd, or with shafts to gall the distant field,
Or bear close battle on the sounding shield.
These can the rage of haughty Hector tame:
Safe in their arms, the navy fears no flame,
Till Jove himself descends, his bolts to shed,
And hurl the blazing ruin at our head.
Great must he be, of more than human birth,
Nor feed like mortals on the fruits of earth,
Him neither rocks can crush, nor steel can wound,
Whom Ajax fells not on the ensanguined ground.
In standing fight he mates Achilles' force,
Excell'd alone in swiftness in the course.
Then to the left our ready arms apply,
And live with glory, or with glory die.
He said; and Merion to the appointed place,
Fierce as the god of battles, urged his pace.
Soon as the foe the shining chiefs beheld,
Rush like a fiery torrent o'er the field,
The force embodied in a tide they pour;
The rising combat sounds along the shore.
As warring winds, in Sirius' sultry reign,
From different quarters sweep the sandy plain;
On every side the dusty whirlwinds rise,
And the dry fields are lifted to the skies:
Thus, by despair, hope, rage, together driven,
Met the black hosts, and, meeting, darken'd heaven.
All dreadful glared the iron face of war,
Bristled with upright spears, that flash'd afar;
Dire was the gleam of breast-plates, helms, and shields,
And polish'd arms emblazed the flaming fields:
Tremendous scene! that general horror gave,
But touch'd with joy the bosoms of the brave.
Saturn's great sons in fierce contention vied,
And crowds of heroes in their anger died.
The sire of earth and heaven, by Thetis won,
To crown with glory Peleus' godlike son,
Will'd not destruction to the Grecian powers,
But spared a while the destined Trojan towers:
While Neptune, rising from his azure main,
Warr'd on the king of heaven with stern disdain,
And breathed revenge, and fired the Grecian train.
Gods of one source, of one ethereal race,
Alike divine, and heaven their native place:
But Jove the greater; first-born of the skies,
And more than men, or gods, supremely wise.
For this, of Jove's superior might afraid,
Neptune in human form conceal'd his aid.
These powers infold the Greek and Trojan train
In War and Discord's adamantine chain,
Indissolubly strong; the fatal tie
Is stretch'd on both, and close-compell'd they die
Dreadful in arms, and grown in combats gray,
The bold Idomeneus controuls the day.
First by his hand Othryoneus was slain,
Swell'd with false hopes, with mad ambition vain!
Call'd by the voice of war to martial fame,
From high Cabesus' distant walls he came;
Cassandra's love he sought, with boasts of power,
And promised conquest was the proffer'd dower.
The king consented, by his vaunts abused;
The king consented, by the Fates refused.
Proud of himself, and of the imagined bride,
The field he measured with a larger stride.
Him, as he stalk'd, the Cretan javelin found;
Vain was his breast-plate to repel the wound:

His dream of glory lost, he plunged to hell:
His arms resounded as the boaster fell.
The great Idomeneus bestrides the dead;
And thus (he cries) behold thy promise sped!
Such is the help thy arms to Ilion bring,
And such the contract of the Phrygian king!
Our offers now, illustrious prince! receive;
For such an aid what will not Argos give?
To conquer Troy, with ours thy forces join,
And count Atrides' fairest daughter thine.
Meantime, on farther methods to advise,
Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies;
There hear what Greece has on her part to say.
He spoke, and dragg'd the gory corse away.
This Asius view'd, unable to contain,
Before his chariot warring on the plain;
(His valued coursers to his squire consign'd,
Impatient panted on his neck behind.)
To vengeance rising with a sudden spring,
He hoped the conquest of the Cretan king.
The wary Cretan, as his foe drew near,
Full on his throat discharged the forceful spear:
Beneath the chin the point was seen to glide,
And glitter'd, extant, at the farther side.
As when the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine, fit mast for some great admiral,
Groans to the oft-heaved axe, with many a wound,
Then spreads a length of ruin o'er the ground;
So sunk proud Asius in that dreadful day,
And stretch'd before his much-loved coursers lay.
He grinds the dust distain'd with streaming gore,
And, fierce in death, lies foaming on the shore.
Deprived of motion, stiff with stupid fear,
Stands all aghast his trembling charioteer,
Nor shuns the foe, nor turns the steeds away,
But falls transfix'd, an unresisting prey:
Pierced by Antilochus, he pants beneath
The stately car, and labours out his breath.
Thus Asius' steeds (their mighty master gone)
Remain the prize of Nestor's youthful son.
Stabb'd at the sight, Deïphobus drew nigh,
And made, with force, the vengeful weapon fly.
The Cretan saw; and, stooping, caused to glance,
From his slope shield, the disappointed lance.
Beneath the spacious targe (a blazing round
Thick with bull-hides and brazen orbits bound,
On his raised arm by two strong braces stay'd)
He lay collected in defensive shade;
O'er his safe head the javelin idly sung,
And on the tinkling verge more faintly rung.
E'en then, the spear the vigorous arm confess'd,
And pierced, obliquely, king Hypsener's breast:
Warm'd in his liver, to the ground it bore
The chief, his people's guardian now no more!
Not unattended (the proud Trojan cries)
Nor unrevenged, lamented Asius lies:
For thee though hell's black portals stand display'd,
This mate shall joy thy melancholy shade.
Heart-piercing anguish, at the haughty boast,
Touch'd every Greek, but Nestor's sons the most.
Grieved as he was, his pious arms attend,
And his broad buckler shields his slaughter'd friend;
Till sad Mecistheus and Alastor bore
His honour'd body to the tented shore.
Nor yet from fight Idomeneus withdraws;
Resolved to perish in his country's cause,
Or find some foe, who heaven and he shall doom
To wail his fate in death's eternal gloom.
He sees Alcathoüs in the front aspire;
Great Æsyetes was the hero's sire:
His spouse Hippodamè, divinely fair,
Anchises' eldest hope, and darling care:
Who charm'd her parent's and her husband's heart,
With beauty, sense, and every work of art:
He once, of Ilion's youth, the loveliest boy,
The fairest she of all the fair of Troy.
By Neptune now the hapless hero dies,
Who covers with a cloud those beauteous eyes,
And fetters every limb: yet bent to meet
His fate he stands; nor shuns the lance of Crete.
Fix'd as some column, or deep-rooted oak
(While the winds sleep,) his breast received the stroke.
Before the ponderous stroke his corselet yields,
Long used to ward the death in fighting fields,
The riven armour sends a jarring sound:
His labouring heart heaves with so strong a bound,
The long lance shakes, and vibrates in the wound:
Fast flowing from its source, as prone he lay,
Life's purple tide impetuous gush'd away.
Then Idomen, insulting o'er the slain;
Behold, Deïphobus! nor vaunt in vain:
See! on one Greek three Trojan ghosts attend,
This, my third victim, to the shades I send.
Approaching now, thy boasted might approve,
And try the prowess of the seed of Jove.
From Jove, enamour'd of a mortal dame,
Great Minos, guardian of his country, came:
Deucalion, blameless prince! was Minos' heir;
His first-born I, the third from Jupiter:
O'er spacious Crete and her bold sons I reign,
And thence my ships transport me through the main:
Lord of a host, o'er all my host I shine,
A scourge to thee, thy father, and thy line.
The Trojan heard; uncertain, or to meet
Alone, with venturous arms, the king of Crete;
Or seek auxiliar force: at length decreed
To call some hero to partake the deed.
Forthwith Æneas rises to his thought:
For him, in Troy's remotest lines, he sought;
Where he, incensed at partial Priam, stands,
And sees superior posts in meaner hands.
To him, ambitious of so great an aid,
The bold Deïphobus approach'd and said:
Now, Trojan prince, employ thy pious arms,
If e'er thy bosom felt fair honour's charms.
Alcathoüs dies, thy brother and thy friend!
Come and the warrior's loved remains defend.
Beneath his cares thy early youth was train'd,
One table fed you, and one roof contain'd.
This deed to fierce Idomeneus we owe;
Haste, and revenge it on the insulting foe.
Æneas heard, and for a space resign'd
To tender pity all his manly mind;
Then, rising in his rage, he burns to fight:
The Greek awaits him, with collected might.
As the fell boar on some rough mountain's head,
Arm'd with wild terrors, and to slaughter bred,
When the loud rustics rise and shout from far,
Attends the tumult, and expects the war;
O'er his bent back the bristly horrors rise,
Fires stream in lightning from his sanguine eyes,
His foaming tusks both dogs and men engage,
But most his hunters rouse his mighty rage:
So stood Idomeneus, his javelin shook,
And met the Trojan with a lowering look,

Antilochus, Deïpyrus, were near,
The youthful offspring of the god of war,
Merion, and Aphareus, in field renown'd:
To these the warrior sent his voice around:
Fellows in arms! your timely aid unite;
Lo, great Æneas rushes to the fight:
Sprung from a god, and more than mortal bold;
He fresh in youth, and I in arms grown old.
Else should this hand, this hour, decide the strife,
The great dispute, of glory, or of life.
He spoke, and all as with one voice obey'd;
Their lifted bucklers cast a dreadful shade
Around the chief. Æneas too demands
The assisting forces of his native bands:
Paris, Deïphobus, Agenor join
(Co-aids and captains of the Trojan line;)
In order follow all the embodied train;
Like Ida's flocks proceeding o'er the plain;
Before his fleecy care, erect and bold,
Stalks the proud ram, the father of the fold:
With joy the swain surveys them, as he leads
To the cool fountains, through the well-known meads.
So joys Æneas, as his native band
Moves on in rank, and stretches o'er the land.
Round dead Alcathoüs now the battle rose;
On every side the steely circle grows:
Now batter'd breast-plates and hack'd helmets ring,
And o'er their heads unheeded javelins sing.
Above the rest two towering chiefs appear,
There great Idomeneus, Æneas here;
Like gods of war, dispensing fate, they stood,
And burn'd to drench the ground with mutual blood.
The Trojan weapon whizz'd along in air,
The Cretan saw, and shunn'd the brazen spear:
Sent from an arm so strong, the missive wood
Struck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it stood.
But Œnomas received the Cretan's stroke,
The forceful spear his hollow corselet broke,
It ripp'd his belly with a ghastly wound,
And roll'd the smoking entrails to the ground.
Stretch'd on the plain, he sobs away his breath,
And furious grasps the bloody dust in death.
The victor from his breast the weapon tears;
(His spoils he could not, for the shower of spears.)
Though now unfit an active war to wage,
Heavy with cumbrous arms, stiff with cold age,
His listless limbs unable for the course,
In standing fight he yet maintains his force:
Till, faint with labour, and by foes repell'd,
His tired slow steps he drags from off the field.
Deïphobus beheld him as he pass'd,
And, fired with hate, a parting javelin cast:
The javelin err'd, but held its course along,
And pierced Ascalaphus, the brave and young:
The son of Mars fell gasping on the ground,
And gnash'd the dust all bloody with his wound.
Nor knew the furious father of his fall;
High throned amidst the great Olympian hall,
On golden clouds the immortal synod sate;
Detain'd from bloody war by Jove and Fate.
Now, where in dust the breathless hero lay,
For slain Ascalaphus commenced the fray.
Deïphobus to seize his helmet flies,
And from his temples rends the glittering prize;
Valiant as Mars, Meriones drew near,
And on his loaded arm discharged his spear:
He drops the weight, disabled with the pain;
The hollow helmet rings against the plain.
Swift as the vulture leaping on his prey,
From his torn arm the Grecian rent away
The reeking javelin, and rejoin'd his friends
His wounded brother good Polites tends;
Around his waist his pious arms he threw,
And from the rage of combat gently drew:
Him his swift coursers, on his splendid car,
Rapt from the lessening thunder of the war;
To Troy they drove him, groaning, from the shore,
And sprinkling, as he pass'd, the sands with gore.
Meanwhile fresh slaughter bathes the sanguine ground,
Heaps fall on heaps, and heaven and earth resound
Bold Aphareus by great Æneas bled;
As toward the chief he turn'd his daring head,
He pierced his throat; the bending head, depress'd
Beneath his helmet, nods upon his breast;
His shield reversed o'er the fallen warrior lies,
And everlasting slumber seals his eyes.
Antilochus, as Thoön turn'd him round,
Transpierced his back with a dishonest wound:
The hollow vein that to the neck extends
Along the chine, his eager javelin rends:
Supine he falls, and to his social train
Spreads his imploring arms, but spreads in vain.
The exulting victor, leaping where he lay,
From his broad shoulders tore the spoils away:
His time observed; for, closed by foes around,
On all sides thick, the peals of arms resound.
His shield, emboss'd, the ringing storm sustains
But he, impervious and untouch'd remains
(Great Neptune's care preserved from hostile rage
This youth, the joy of Nestor's glorious age.)
In arms intrepid, with the first he fought,
Faced every foe, and every danger sought:
His winged lance, resistless as the wind,
Obeys each motion of the master's mind,
Restless it flies, impatient to be free,
And meditates the distant enemy.
The son of Asius, Adamas, drew near,
And struck his target with the brazen spear
Fierce in his front: but Neptune wards the blow
And blunts the javelin of the eluded foe:
In the broad buckler half the weapon stood;
Splinter'd on earth flew half the broken wood.
Disarm'd, he mingled in the Trojan crew;
But Merion's spear o'ertook him as he flew,
Deep in the belly's rim an entrance found,
Where sharp the pang, and mortal is the wound.
Bending he fell, and doubled to the ground,
Lay panting. Thus an ox, in fetters tied,
While death's strong pangs distend his labouring side,
His bulk enormous on the field displays;
His heaving heart beats thick, as ebbing life decays.
The spear the conqueror from his body drew,
And death's dim shadows swam before his view.
Next brave Deïpyrus in dust was laid:
King Helenus waved high the Thracian blade,
And smote his temples, with an arm so strong,
The helm fell off, and roll'd amid the throng:
There, for some luckier Greek it rests a prize:
For dark in death the godlike owner lies!
Raging with grief, great Menelaüs burns,
And, fraught with vengeance, to the victor turns;
That shook the ponderous lance, in act to throw;
And this stood adverse with the bended bow:
Full on his breast the Trojan arrow fell,
But harmless bounded from the plated steel.

As on some ample barn's well-harden'd floor
(The winds collected at each open door,)
While the broad fan with force is whirl'd around,
Light leaps the golden grain, resulting from the ground:
So from the steel that guards Atrides' heart,
Repell'd to distance flies the bounding dart.
Atrides, watchful of the unwary foe,
Pierced with his lance the hand that grasp'd the bow,
And nail'd it to the eugh: the wounded hand
Trail'd the long lance that mark'd with blood the sand:
But good Agenor gently from the wound
The spear solicits, and the bandage bound;
A sling's soft wool, snatch'd from a soldier's side,
At once the tent and ligature supplied.
Behold! Pisander, urged by Fate's decree,
Springs through the ranks to fall, and fall by thee,
Great Menelaüs! to enhance thy fame;
High-towering in the front, the warrior came.
First the sharp lance was by Atrides thrown;
The lance far distant by the winds was blown.
Nor pierced Pisander through Atrides' shield;
Pisander's spear fell shiver'd on the field.
Not so discouraged, to the future blind.
Vain dreams of conquest swell his haughty mind:
Dauntless he rushes where the Spartan lord
Like lightning brandish'd his far-beaming sword.
His left arm high opposed the shining shield:
His right, beneath, the cover'd pole-axe held;
(An olive's cloudy grain the handle made,
Distinct with studs, and brazen was the blade;)
This on the helm discharged a noble blow;
The plume dropp'd nodding to the plain below,
Shorn from the crest. Atrides waved his steel:
Deep through his front the weighty falchion fell:
The crashing bones before its force gave way:
In dust and blood the groaning hero lay;
Forced from their ghastly orbs, and spouting gore,
The clotted eye-balls tumble on the shore.
The fierce Atrides spurn'd him as he bled,
Tore off his arms, and loud-exulting, said:
Thus, Trojans, thus, at length be taught to fear;
O race perfidious, who delight in war!
Already noble deeds ye have perform'd,
A princess raped transcends a navy storm'd:
In such bold feats your impious might approve,
Without the assistance or the fear of Jove.
The violated rites, the ravish'd dame,
Our heroes slaughter'd, and our ships on flame,
Crimes heap'd on crimes, shall bend your glory down,
And whelm in ruins yon flagitious town.
O thou, great Father! Lord of earth and skies!
Above the thought of man, supremely wise!
If from thy hand the fates of mortals flow,
From whence this favour to an impious foe?
A godless crew, abandon'd and unjust,
Still breathing rapine, violence, and lust?
The best of things beyond their measure cloy,
Sleep's balmy blessing, love's endearing joy;
The feast, the dance; whate'er mankind desire,
E'en the sweet charms of sacred numbers tire.
But Troy for ever reaps a dire delight
In thirst of slaughter, and in lust of fight.
Thus said, he seized (while yet the carcass heaved)
The bloody armour, which his train received:
Then sudden mix'd among the warring crew,
And the bold son of Pylæmenes slew.

Harpalion had through Asia travell'd far,
Following his martial father to the war:
Through filial love he left his native shore,
Never, ah never, to behold it more!
His unsuccessful spear he chanced to fling
Against the target of the Spartan king:
Thus of his lance disarm'd, from death he flies,
And turns around his apprehensive eyes.
Him, through the hip transpiercing as he fled,
The shaft of Merion mingled with the dead.
Beneath the bone the glancing point descends,
And, driving down, the swelling bladder rends:
Sunk in his sad companions' arms he lay,
And in short pantings sobb'd his soul away
(Like some vile worm extended on the ground;)
While life's red torrent gush'd from out the wound
Him on his car the Paphlagonian train
In slow procession bore from off the plain.
The pensive father, father now no more!
Attends the mournful pomp along the shore;
And unavailing tears profusely shed;
And, unrevenged, deplored his offspring dead.
Paris from far the moving sight beheld,
With pity soften'd, and with fury swell'd;
His honour'd host, a youth of matchless grace,
And loved of all the Paphlagonian race!
With his full strength he bent his angry bow,
And wing'd the feather'd vengeance at the foe.
A chief there was, the brave Euchenor named,
For riches much, and more for virtue famed,
Who held his seat in Corinth's stately town;
Polydus' son, a seer of old renown.
Oft had the father told his early doom,
By arms abroad, or slow disease at home:
He climb'd his vessel, prodigal of breath,
And chose the certain, glorious path to death.
Beneath his ear the pointed arrow went;
The soul came issuing at the narrow vent:
His limbs, unnerved, drop useless on the ground,
And everlasting darkness shades him round.
Nor knew great Hector how his legions yield
(Wrapp'd in the cloud and tumult of the field;)
Wide on the left the force of Greece commands,
And conquest hovers o'er the Achaian bands:
With such a tide superior virtue sway'd,
And he* that shakes the solid earth, gave aid.
But in the centre Hector fix'd remain'd,
Where first the gates were forced, and bulwarks gain'd.
There, on the margin of the hoary deep,
(Their naval station where the Ajaces keep,
And where low walls confine the beating tides,
Whose humble barrier scarce the foes divides;
Where late in fight, both foot and horse engaged,
And all the thunder of the battle raged)
There, join'd, the whole Bœotian strength remains,
The proud Ionians with their sweeping trains,
Locrians and Phthians, and the Epæan force;
But, join'd, repel not Hector's fiery course.
The flower of Athens, Stichius, Phidas led,
Bias and great Menestheus at their head.
Meges the strong the Epeian bands controll'd,
And Dracius prudent, and Amphion bold:
The Phthians Medon, famed for martial might,
And brave Podarces, active in the fight.
This drew from Phylachus his noble line;
Iphiclus' son; and that (Oïleus) thine:

* Neptune.

(Young Ajax' brother, by a stolen embrace:
He dwelt far distant from his native place,
By his fierce stepdame from his father's reign
Expell'd and exiled for her brother slain.)
These rule the Phthians, and their arms employ
Mix'd with Bœotians, on the shores of Troy.
Now side by side, with like unwearied care,
Each Ajax labour'd through the field of war:
So when two lordly bulls, with equal toil,
Force the bright ploughshare through the fallow soil,
Join'd to one yoke, the stubborn earth they tear,
And trace large furrows with the shining share;
O'er their huge limbs the foam descends in snow,
And streams of sweat down their sour foreheads flow.
A train of heroes follow'd through the field,
Who bore by turns great Ajax' seven-fold shield;
Whene'er he breath'd, remissive of his might,
Tired with the incessant slaughters of the fight.
No following troops his brave associate grace:
In close engagement an unpractised race,
The Locrian squadrons nor the javelin wield,
Nor bear the helm, nor lift the moony shield;
But skill'd from far the flying shaft to wing,
Or whirl the sounding pebble from the sling.
Dexterous with these they aim a certain wound,
Or fell the distant warrior to the ground.
Thus in the van the Telamonian train,
Throng'd in bright arms, a pressing fight maintain;
Far in the rear the Locrian archers lie,
Whose stones and arrows intercept the sky.
The mingled tempest on the foes they pour;
Troy's scattering orders open to the shower.
Now had the Greeks eternal fame acquired,
And the gall'd Ilians to the walls retired;
But sage Polydamas, discreetly brave,
Address'd great Hector, and his counsel gave:
Though great in all, thou seem'st averse to lend
Impartial audience to a faithful friend;
To gods and men thy matchless worth is known,
And every art of glorious war thy own;
But in cool thought and counsel to excel,
How widely differs this from warring well?
Content with what the bounteous gods have given
Seek not alone to engross the gifts of heaven.
To some the powers of bloody war belong,
To some, sweet music, and the charm of song;
To few, and wondrous few, has Jove assign'd
A wise, extensive, all-considering mind;
Their guardians these, the nations round confess,
And towns and empires for their safety bless.
If heaven have lodged this virtue in my breast,
Attend, O Hector, what I judge the best.
See, as thou mov'st, on dangers, dangers spread,
And war's whole fury burns around thy head.
Behold! distress'd within yon hostile wall,
How many Trojans yield, disperse, or fall!
What troops, out-number'd scarce the war maintain!
And what brave heroes at the ships lie slain!
Here cease thy fury; and the chiefs and kings
Convoked to council, weigh the sum of things.
Whether (the gods succeeding our desires)
To yon tall ships to bear the Trojan fires;
Or quit the fleet, and pass unhurt away,
Contented with the conquest of the day.
I fear, I fear, lest Greece, not yet undone,
Pay the large debt of last revolving sun;
Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains
On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains!

The counsel pleased; and Hector, with a bound,
Leap'd from his chariot on the trembling ground;
Swift as he leap'd, his clanging arms resound.
To guard this post (he cried) thy art employ,
And here detain the scatter'd youth of Troy:
Where yonder heroes faint, I bend my way,
And hasten back to end the doubtful day.
This said: the towering chief prepares to go,
Shakes his white plumes that to the breezes flow,
And seems a moving mountain topp'd with snow.
Through all his host, inspiring force, he flies,
And bids anew the martial thunder rise.
To Panthus' son, at Hector's high command,
Haste the bold leaders of the Trojan band:
But round the battlements, and round the plain
For many a chief he look'd, but look'd in vain:
Deïphobus, nor Helenus the seer,
Nor Asius' son, nor Asius' self appear.
For these were pierced with many a ghastly wound,
Some cold in death, some groaning on the ground;
Some low in dust (a mournful object) lay;
High on the wall some breathed their souls away.
Far on the left, amid the throng he found
(Cheering his troops, and dealing deaths around)
The graceful Paris; whom, with fury moved,
Opprobrious, thus, the impatient chief reproved:
Ill-fated Paris! slave to women-kind,
As smooth of face as fraudulent of mind!
Where is Deïphobus, where Asius gone?
The godlike father, and the intrepid son?
The force of Helenus, dispensing fate?
And great Othryoneus, so fear'd of late?
Black fate hangs o'er thee from the avenging gods,
Imperial Troy from her foundations nods;
Whelm'd in thy country's ruins shalt thou fall,
And one devouring vengeance swallow all.
When Paris thus: My brother and my friend,
Thy warm impatience makes thy tongue offend.
In other battles I deserved thy blame,
Though then not deedless, nor unknown to fame:
But since yon rampart by thy arms lay low,
I scatter'd slaughter from my fatal bow.
The chiefs you seek on yonder shore lie slain:
Of all these heroes two alone remain;
Deïphobus, and Helenus the seer;
Each now disabled by a hostile spear.
Go then, successful, where thy soul inspires:
This heart and hand shall second all thy fires;
What with this arm I can, prepare to know,
Till death for death be paid, and blow for blow.
But 'tis not ours, with forces not our own
To combat; strength is of the gods alone.
These words the hero's angry mind assuage;
Then fierce they mingle where the thickest rage.
Around Polydamas, distain'd with blood,
Cebrion, Phalces, stern Orthæus stood,
Palmus, with Polypætes the divine,
And two bold brothers of Hippotion's line,
(Who reach'd fair Ilion, from Ascania far,
The former day; the next engaged in war.)
As when from gloomy clouds a whirlwind springs,
That bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful wings,
Wide o'er the blasted fields, the tempest sweeps;
Then, gather'd, settles on the hoary deeps;
The afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and roar;
The waves behind impel the waves before,
Wide rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the shore;

Thus rank on rank the thick battalions throng,
Chief urged on chief, and man drove man along.
Far o'er the plains in dreadful order bright,
The brazen arms reflect a beamy light:
Full in the blazing van great Hector shined,
Like Mars commission'd to confound mankind.
Before him flaming, his enormous shield,
Like the broad sun, illumined all the field;
His nodding helm emits a streamy ray;
His piercing eyes through all the battle stray;
And, while beneath his targe he flash'd along,
Shot terrors round, that wither'd e'en the strong.
Thus stalk'd he, dreadful; death was in his look;
Whole nations fear'd; but not an Argive shook.
The towering Ajax, with an ample stride,
Advanced the first, and thus the chief defied;
Hector! come on; thy empty threats forbear;
'Tis not thy arm, 'tis thundering Jove we fear:
The skill of war to us not idly given,
Lo! Greece is humbled, not by Troy, but Heaven.
Vain are the hopes that haughty mind imparts,
To force our fleet: the Greeks have hands and hearts.
Long ere in flames our lofty navy fall.
Your boasted city and your god-built wall
Shall sink beneath us, smoking on the ground;
And spread a long, unmeasured ruin round.
The time shall come, when, chased along the plain,
E'en thou shalt call on Jove and call in vain:
E'en thou shalt wish, to aid thy desperate course,
The wings of falcons for thy flying horse;
Shalt run, forgetful of a warrior's fame,
While clouds of friendly dust conceal thy shame.
As thus he spoke, behold in open view,
On sounding wings a dexter eagle flew.
To Jove's glad omen all the Grecians rise,
And hail, with shouts, his progress through the skies;
Far-echoing clamours bound from side to side;
They ceased; and thus the chief of Troy replied:
From whence this menace, this insulting strain?
Enormous boaster! doom'd to vaunt in vain.
So may the gods on Hector life bestow
(Not that short life which mortals lead below,
But such as those of Jove's high lineage born,
The blue-eyed maid, or he that gilds the morn,)
As this decisive day shall end the fame
Of Greece, and Argos be no more a name.
And thou, imperious! if thy madness wait
The lance of Hector, thou shalt meet thy fate:
That giant corpse, extended on the shore,
Shall largely feed the fowls with fat and gore.
He said, and like a lion stalk'd along:
With shouts incessant earth and ocean rung
Sent from his following hosts; the Grecian train
With answering thunders fill'd the echoing plain;
A shout that tore heaven's concave, and above
Shook the fix'd splendours of the throne of Jove.

BOOK XIV.

ARGUMENT.

Juno deceives Jupiter by the girdle of Venus.

Nestor sitting at the table with Machaon, is alarmed with the increasing clamour of the war, and hastens to Agamemnon; on his way he meets that prince with Diomed and Ulysses, whom he informs of the extremity of the danger. Agamemnon proposes to make their escape by night, which Ulysses withstands: to which Diomed adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they should go forth and encourage the army with their presence; which advice is pursued. Juno, seeing the partiality of Jupiter to the Trojans, forms a design to overreach him: she sets off her charms, with the utmost care, and (the more surely to enchant him) obtains the magic girdle of Venus. She then applies herself to the god of sleep, and, with some difficulty, persuades him to seal the eyes of Jupiter: this done, she goes to mount Ida, where the god, at first sight, is ravished with her beauty, sinks in her embraces, and is laid asleep. Neptune takes advantage of his slumber, and succours the Greeks: Hector is struck to the ground with a prodigious stone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle; several actions succeed; till the Trojans, much distressed, are obliged to give way; the lesser Ajax signalizes himself in a particular manner.

BOOK XIV.

But nor the genial feast, nor flowing bowl,
Could charm the cares of Nestor's watchful soul;
His startled ears the increasing cries attend:
Then thus impatient to his wounded friend:
What new alarm, divine Machaon, say,
What mix'd events attend this mighty day!
Hark how the shouts divide, and how they meet,
And now come full, and thicken to the fleet!
Here, with the cordial draught, dispel thy care,
Let Hecamede the strengthening bath prepare,
Refresh thy wound, and cleanse the clotted gore;
While I the adventures of the day explore.
He said: and seizing Thrasymedes' shield
(His valiant offspring) hasten'd to the field;
(That day the son his father's buckler bore:)
Then snatch'd a lance, and issued from the door.
Soon as the prospect open'd to his view,
His wounded eyes the scene of sorrow knew;
Dire disarray! the tumult of the fight,
The wall in ruins, and the Greeks in flight.
As when old Ocean's silent surface sleeps,
The waves just heaving on the purple deeps:
While yet the expected tempest hangs on high,
Weighs down the cloud, and blackens in the sky,
The mass of waters will no wind obey;
Jove sends one gust, and bids them roll away.
While wavering counsels thus his mind engage
Fluctuates in doubtful thought the Pylian sage,
To join the host, or to the general haste;
Debating long, he fixes on the last:
Yet as he moves, the fight his bosom warms;
The field rings dreadful with the clang of arms;
The gleaming falchions flash, the javelins fly,
Blows echo blows, and all or kill or die.
Him, in his march, the wounded princes meet,
By tardy steps ascending from the fleet;
The king of men, Ulysses the divine,
And who to Tydeus owes his noble line.
(Their ships at distance from the battle stand,
In lines advanced along the shelving strand:
Whose bay, the fleet unable to contain
At length, beside the margin of the main,
Rank above rank, the crowded ships they moor:
Who landed first, lay highest on the shore.)
Supported on their spears, they took their way,
Unfit to fight, but anxious for the day.
Nestor's approach alarm'd each Grecian breast,
Whom thus the general of the host address'd:
O grace and glory of the Achaian name!
What drives thee, Nestor, from the field of fame?

Shall then proud Hector see his boast fulfill'd,
Our fleets in ashes, and our heroes kill'd?
Such was his threat: ah, now too soon made good,
On many a Grecian bosom writ in blood.
Is every heart inflamed with equal rage
Against your king, nor will one chief engage?
And have I lived to see, with mournful eyes,
In every Greek a new Achilles rise?
Gerenian Nestor then: So Fate has will'd;
And all-confirming time has fate fulfill'd.
Not he that thunders from the aërial bower,
Not Jove himself, upon the past has power.
The wall, our late inviolable bound,
And best defence, lies smoking on the ground:
E'en to the ships their conquering arms extend,
And groans of slaughter'd Greeks to heaven ascend.
On speedy measures then employ your thought,
In such distress. If council profit aught;
Arms cannot much: though Mars our souls incite;
These gaping wounds withhold us from the fight.
To him the monarch: That our army bends,
That Troy triumphant our high fleet ascends,
And that the rampart, late our surest trust
And best defence, lies smoking in the dust:
All this from Jove's afflictive hand we bear,
Who, far from Argos, wills our ruin here.
Past are the days when happier Greece was bless'd,
And all his favour, all his aid confess'd:
Now heaven averse, our hands from battle ties,
And lifts the Trojan glory to the skies.
Cease we at length to waste our blood in vain,
And launch what ships lie nearest to the main;
Leave these at anchor till the coming night:
Then, if impetuous Troy forbear the fight,
Bring all to sea, and hoist each sail for flight.
Better from evils, well foreseen, to run,
Than perish in the danger we may shun.
Thus he. The sage Ulysses thus replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes:
What shameful words (unkingly as thou art)
Fall from that trembling tongue and timorous heart!
Oh were thy sway the curse of meaner powers,
And thou the shame of any host but ours!
A host, by Jove endued with martial might,
And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight:
Adventurous combats and bold wars to wage,
Employ'd our youth, and yet employs our age.
And wilt thou thus desert the Trojan plain?
And have whole streams of blood been spilt in vain?
In such base sentence if thou couch thy fear,
Speak it in whispers, lest a Greek should hear.
Lives there a man so dead to fame, who dares
To think such meanness, or the thought declares?
And comes it e'en from him whose sovereign sway
The banded legions of all Greece obey?
Is this a general's voice, that calls to flight,
While war hangs doubtful, while his soldiers fight?
What more could Troy? What yet their fate denies
Thou givest the foe: all Greece becomes their prize.
No more the troops (our hoisted sails in view,
Themselves abandon'd) shall the fight pursue;
But thy ships flying, with despair shall see,
And owe destruction to a prince like thee.
Thy just reproofs (Atrides calm replies)
Like arrows pierce me, for thy words are wise.
Unwilling as I am to lose the host,
I force not Greece to leave this hateful coast.
Glad I submit, whoe'er, or young, or old,
Aught more conducive to our weal unfold.
Tydides cut him short, and thus began:
Such counsel if you seek behold the man
Who boldly gives it; and what he shall say,
Young though he be, disdain not to obey:
A youth, who from the mighty Tydeus springs,
May speak to councils and assembled kings.
Hear then in me the great Œnides' son,
Whose honour'd dust (his race of glory run)
Lies whelm'd in ruins of the Theban wall;
Brave in his life, and glorious in his fall;
With three bold sons was generous Prothous bless'd,
Who Pluron's walls and Calydon possess'd;
Melas and Agrius, but (who far surpass'd
The rest in courage) Œneus was the last.
From him, my sire. From Calydon expell'd,
He pass'd to Argos, and in exile dwell'd;
The monarch's daughter there (so Jove ordain'd)
He won, and flourish'd where Adrastus reign'd;
There, rich in fortune's gifts, his acres till'd,
Beheld his vines their liquid harvest yield,
And numerous flocks that whiten'd all the field.
Such Tydeus was, the foremost once in fame!
Nor lives in Greece a stranger to his name.
Then what for common good my thoughts inspire,
Attend, and in the son respect the sire.
Though sore of battle, though with wounds oppress'd,
Let each go forth, and animate the rest,
Advance the glory which he cannot share,
Though not partaker, witness of the war.
But lest new wounds on wounds o'erpower us quite,
Beyond the missile javelin's sounding flight,
Safe let us stand; and from the tumult far,
Inspire the ranks, and rule the distant war.
He added not: the listening kings obey,
Slow moving on: Atrides leads the way.
The god of ocean (to inflame their rage)
Appears a warrior furrowed o'er with age;
Press'd in his own, the general's hand he took,
And thus the venerable hero spoke:
Atrides, lo! with what disdainful eye
Achilles sees his country's forces fly;
Blind impious man! whose anger is his guide,
Who glories in unutterable pride.
So may he perish, so may Jove disclaim
The wretch relentless, and o'erwhelm with shame!
But heaven forsake not thee; o'er yonder sands
Soon shalt thou view the scatter'd Trojan bands
Fly diverse; while proud kings, and chiefs renown'd,
Driven heaps on heaps, with clouds involved around
Of rolling dust, their winged wheels employ
To hide their ignominious heads in Troy.
He spoke, then rush'd amid the warrior crew;
And sent his voice before him as he flew,
Loud, as the shout encountering armies yield,
When twice ten thousand shake the labouring field;
Such was the voice, and such the thundering sound
Of him, whose trident rends the solid ground.
Each Argive bosom beats to meet the fight,
And grizly war appears a pleasing sight.
Meantime, Saturnia from Olympus brow,
High throned in gold, beheld the fields below;
With joy the glorious conflict she survey'd,
Where her great brother gave the Grecians aid.
But placed aloft, on Ida's shady height
She sees her Jove, and trembles at the sight.

Jove to deceive, what methods shall she try,
What arts to blind his all-beholding eye?
At length she trusts her power; resolved to prove
The old, yet still successful, cheat of love;
Against his wisdom to oppose her charms,
And lull the Lord of Thunders in her arms.
Swift to her bright apartment she repairs,
Sacred to dress and beauty's pleasing cares:
With skill divine had Vulcan formed the bower,
Safe from access of each intruding power.
Touch'd with her secret key, the doors unfold:
Self-closed, behind her shut the valves of gold.
Here first she bathes; and round her body pours
Soft oils of fragrance, and ambrosial showers:
The winds, perfumed, the balmy gale convey
Through heaven, through earth, and all the aërial way:
Spirit divine! whose exhalation greets
The sense of gods with more than mortal sweets.
Thus while she breathed of heaven, with decent pride
Her artful hands the radiant tresses tied;
Part on her head in shining ringlets roll'd,
Part o'er her shoulders waved like melted gold.
Around her next a heavenly mantle flow'd,
That rich with Pallas' labour'd colours glow'd:
Large clasps of gold the foldings gather'd round
A golden zone her swelling bosom bound.
Far-beaming pendants tremble in her ear,
Each gem illumined with a triple star.
Then o'er her head she casts a veil more white
Than new-fallen snow, and dazzling as the light.
Last her fair feet celestial sandals grace.
Thus issuing radiant, with majestic pace,
Forth from the dome the imperial goddess moves,
And calls the mother of the Smiles and Loves.
How long (to Venus thus apart she cried)
Shall human strife celestial minds divide?
Ah, yet will Venus aid Saturnia's joy,
And set aside the cause of Greece and Troy?
Let heaven's dread empress (Cytheræa said)
Speak her request, and deem her will obey'd.
Then grant me (said the queen) those conquering charms,
That power, which mortals and immortals warms,
That love, which melts mankind in fierce desires,
And burns the sons of heaven with sacred fires!
For lo! I haste to those remote abodes,
Where the great parents (sacred source of gods!)
Ocean and Tethys their old empire keep,
On the last limits of the land and deep.
In their kind arms my tender years were past;
What time old Saturn from Olympus cast,
Of upper heaven to Jove resign'd the reign,
Whelm'd under the huge mass of earth and main.
For strife, I hear, has made the union cease,
Which held so long that ancient pair in peace.
What honour, and what love shall I obtain,
If I compose those fatal feuds again;
Once more their minds in mutual ties engage,
And what my youth has owed, repay their age!
She said. With awe divine the queen of love
Obey'd the sister and the wife of Jove;
And from her fragrant breast the zone unbraced,
With various skill and high embroidery graced.
In this was every art, and every charm,
To win the wisest, and the coldest warm:
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,
The kind deceit, the still reviving fire,
Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.
This on her hand the Cyprian goddess laid;
Take this, and with it all thy wish, she said.
With smiles she took the charm; and smiling press'd
The powerful cestus to her snowy breast.
Then Venus to the courts of Jove withdrew,
Whilst from Olympus pleased Saturnia flew.
O'er high Pieria thence her course she bore,
O'er fair Emathia's ever-pleasing shore,
O'er Hæmus' hills with snows eternal crown'd;
Nor once her flying foot approach'd the ground.
Then taking wing from Athos' lofty steep,
She speeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,
And seeks the cave of Death's half brother, Sleep.
Sweet pleasing Sleep! (Saturnia thus began)
Who spread'st thy empire o'er each god and man;
If e'er obsequious to thy Juno's will,
O power of slumbers! hear, and favour still.
Shed thy soft dews on Jove's immortal eyes,
While sunk in love's entrancing joys he lies.
A splendid footstool, and a throne, that shine
With gold unaiding, Somnus, shall be thine,
The work of Vulcan; to indulge thy ease,
When wine and feasts thy golden humours please.
Imperial dame, (the balmy power replies)
Great Saturn's heir, and empress of the skies!
O'er other gods I spread my easy chain;
The sire of all, old Ocean, owns my reign,
And his hush'd waves lie silent on the main.
But how, unbidden, shall I dare to steep
Jove's awful temples in the dew of sleep?
Long since too venturous, at thy bold command,
On those eternal lids I laid my hand;
What time, deserting Ilion's wasted plain,
His conquering son, Alcides, plough'd the main.
When lo! the deeps arise, the tempests roar,
As drive the hero to the Coan shore:
Great Jove awaking, shook the bless'd abodes
With rising wrath, and tumbled gods on gods;
Me chief he sought, and from the realms on high
Had hurl'd indignant to the nether sky,
But gentle Night, to whom I fled for aid
(The friend of earth and heaven) her wings display'd;
Empower'd the wrath of gods and men to tame,
E'en Jove revered the venerable dame.
Vain are thy fears, (the queen of heaven replies,
And speaking rolls her large majestic eyes;)
Think'st thou that Troy has Jove's high favour won,
Like great Alcides, his all-conquering son?
Hear, and obey the mistress of the skies,
Nor for the deed expect a vulgar prize;
For know, thy loved one shall be ever thine,
The youngest Grace, Pasithaë the divine.
Swear then (he said) by those tremendous floods
That roar through hell, and bind the invoking gods:
Let the great parent earth one hand sustain,
And stretch the other o'er the sacred main:
Call the black Titans, that with Chronos dwell,
To hear and witness from the depths of hell;
That she, my loved-one, shall be ever mine,
The youngest Grace, Pasithaë the divine.
The queen assents, and from the infernal bowers
Invokes the sable subtartarean powers,
And those who rule the inviolable floods,
Whom mortals name the dread Titanian gods.
Then swift as wind, o'er Lemnos' smoky Isle,
They wing their way, and Imbrus' sea-beat soil,

Through air unseen, involved in darkness glide,
And light on Lectos, on the point of Ide
(Mother of savages, whose echoing hills
Are heard resounding with a hundred rills.)
Fair Ida trembles underneath the god;
Hush'd are her mountains, and her forests nod.
There on a fir, whose spiry branches rise
To join its summit to the neighbouring skies,
Dark in embowering shade, conceal'd from sight,
Sat Sleep, in likeness of the bird of night.
(Chalcis his name by those of heavenly birth
But call'd Clymindis by the race of earth.)
To Ida's top successful Juno flies;
Great Jove surveys her with desiring eyes:
The god, whose lightning sets the heavens on fire,
Through all his bosom feels the fierce desire;
Fierce as when first by stealth he seized her charms,
Mix'd with her soul, and melted in her arms.
Fix'd on her eyes he fed his eager look,
Then press'd her hand, and thus with transport spoke:
Why comes my goddess from the ethereal sky,
And not her steeds and flaming chariot nigh?
Then she; I haste to those remote abodes
Where the great parents of the deathless gods,
The reverend Ocean and grey Tethys reign,
On the last limits of the land and main.
I visit these, to whose indulgent cares
I owe the nursing of my tender years.
For strife, I hear, has made that union cease,
Which held so long that ancient pair in peace.
The steeds, prepared my chariot to convey
O'er earth and seas, and through the aërial way
Wait under Ide: of thy superior power
To ask consent, I leave the Olympian bower;
Nor seek, unknown to thee, the sacred cells
Deep under seas, where hoary Ocean dwells.
For that (said Jove) suffice another day;
But eager love denies the least delay.
Let softer cares the present hour employ,
And be these moments sacred all to joy.
Ne'er did my soul so strong a passion prove,
Or for an earthly or a heavenly love:
Not when I press'd Ixion's matchless dame,
Whence rose Perithous, like the gods in fame.
Not when fair Danaë felt the shower of gold
Stream into life, whence Perseus brave and bold.
Not thus I burn'd for either Theban dame,
(Bacchus from this, from that Alcidee came:)
Nor Phœnix' daughter, beautiful and young,
Whence godlike Rhadamanth and Minos sprung.
Not thus I burn'd for fair Latona's face,
Nor comelier Ceres' more majestic grace.
Not thus e'en for thyself I felt desire,
As now my veins receive the pleasing fire.
He spoke; the goddess with the charming eyes
Glows with celestial red, and thus replies:
Is this a scene for love? on Ida's height
Exposed to mortal and immortal sight:
Our joys profaned by each familiar eye;
The sport of heaven, and fable of the sky?
How shall I e'er review the bless'd abodes,
Or mix among the senate of the gods?
Shall I not think, that, with disorder'd charms,
All heaven beholds me recent from thy arms?
With skill divine has Vulcan form'd thy bower,
Sacred to love and to the genial hour;
If such thy will, to that recess retire,
And secret there indulge thy soft desire.
She ceased; and smiling with superior love,
Thus answer'd mild the cloud-compelling Jove:
Nor god nor mortal shall our joys behold,
Shaded with clouds, and circumfused in gold;
Not e'en the sun, who darts through heaven his rays,
And whose broad eye the extended earth surveys
Gazing he spoke, and kindling at the view,
His eager arms around the goddess threw.
Glad earth perceives, and from her bosom pours
Unbidden herbs and voluntary flowers:
Thick new-born violets a soft carpet spread,
And clustering lotos swell the rising bed,
And sudden hyacinths the turf bestow,
And flamy crocus made the mountain glow.
There golden clouds conceal'd the heavenly pair,
Steep'd in soft joys, and circumfused with air;
Celestial dews, descending o'er the ground,
Perfume the mount, and breathe ambrosia round.
At length, with love and sleep's soft power oppress'd,
The panting Thunderer nods, and sinks to rest.
Now to the navy borne on silent wings,
To Neptune's ear soft Sleep this message brings;
Beside him sudden, unperceived, he stood,
And thus with gentle words address'd the god:
Now, Neptune! now the important hour employ,
To check awhile the haughty hopes of Troy:
While Jove yet rests, while yet my vapours shed
The golden vision round his sacred head;
For Juno's love, and Somnus' pleasing ties,
Have closed those awful and eternal eyes.
Thus having said, the power of slumber flew,
On human lids to drop the balmy dew.
Neptune, with zeal increased, renews his care,
And towering in the foremost ranks of war,
Indignant thus—Oh once of martial fame!
O Greeks! if yet ye can deserve the name!
This half-recover'd day, shall Troy obtain?
Shall Hector thunder at your ships again?
Lo, still he vaunts, and threats the fleet with fires,
While stern Achilles in his wrath retires.
One hero's loss too tamely you deplore,
Be still yourselves, and ye shall need no more.
Oh yet, if glory any bosom warms,
Brace on your firmest helms, and stand to arms:
His strongest spear each valiant Grecian wield,
Each valiant Grecian seize his broadest shield;
Let to the weak the lighter arms belong,
The ponderous targe be wielded by the strong.
Thus arm'd, not Hector shall our presence stay:
Myself, ye Greeks! myself will lead the way.
The troops assent; their martial arms they change,
The busy chiefs their banded legions range.
The kings, though wounded, and oppress'd with pain,
With helpful hands themselves assist the train,
The strong and cumbrous arms the valiant wield,
The weaker warrior takes a lighter shield.
Thus sheath'd in shining brass, in bright array
The legions march, and Neptune leads the way:
His brandish'd falchion flames before their eyes,
Like lightning flashing through the frighted skies.
Clad in his might, the earth-shaking power appears;
Pale mortals tremble, and confess their fears.
Troy's great defender stands alone unawed,
Arms his proud host, and dares oppose a god:
And lo! the god and wondrous man appear:
The sea's stern ruler there, and Hector here.
The roaring main, at her great master's call,
Rose in huge ranks, and form'd a watery wall

Around the ships: seas hanging o'er the shores,
Both armies join: earth thunders, ocean roars.
Not half so loud the bellowing deeps resound,
When stormy winds disclose the dark profound;
Less loud the winds, that from the Æolian hall
Roar through the woods, and make whole forests fall;
Less loud the woods, when flames in torrents pour,
Catch the dry mountain, and its shades devour:
With such a rage the meeting hosts are driven,
And such a clamour shakes the sounding heaven.
The first bold javelin urged by Hector's force,
Direct at Ajax' bosom wing'd its course;
But there no pass the crossing belts afford,
(One braced his shield, and one sustain'd his sword.)
Then back the disappointed Trojan drew,
And cursed the lance that unavailing flew;
But 'scaped not Ajax: his tempestuous hand
A ponderous stone up-heaving from the sand,
(Where heaps laid loose beneath the warrior's feet,
Or served to ballast or to prop the fleet,)
Toss'd round and round, the missive marble flings;
On the razed shield the falling ruin rings,
Full on his breast and throat with force descends;
Nor deaden'd there its giddy fury spends,
But whirling on, with many a fiery round,
Smokes in the dust, and ploughs into the ground.
As when the bolt red hissing from above,
Darts on the consecrated plant of Jove,
The mountain-oak in flaming ruin lies,
Black from the blow, and smokes of sulphur rise,
Stiff with amaze the pale beholders stand,
And own the terrors of the almighty hand!
So lies great Hector prostrate on the shore;
His slacken'd hand deserts the lance it bore;
His following shield the fallen chief o'erspread;
Beneath his helmet dropp'd his fainting head;
His load of armour, sinking to the ground,
Clanks on the field; a dead and hollow sound.
Loud shouts of triumph fill the crowded plain;
Greece sees, in hope, Troy's great defender slain:
All spring to seize him; storms of arrows fly;
And thicker javelins intercept the sky.
In vain an iron tempest hisses round;
He lies protected and without a wound.
Polydamas, Agenor the divine,
The pious warrior of Anchises' line,
And each bold leader of the Lycian band,
With covering shields (a friendly circle) stand.
His mournful followers, with assistant care,
The groaning hero to his chariot bear;
His foaming coursers, swifter than the wind,
Speed to the town, and leave the war behind.

When now they touch'd the mead's enamell'd side,
Where gentle Xanthus rolls his easy tide,
With watery drops the chief they sprinkle round,
Placed on the margin of the flowery ground.
Raised on his knees, he now ejects the gore;
Now faints anew, low-sinking on the shore;
By fits he breathes, half views the fleeting skies,
And seals again, by fits, his swimming eyes.

Soon as the Greeks the chief's retreat beheld,
With double fury each invades the field.
Oïlean Ajax first his javelin sped,
Pierced by whose point the son of Enops bled;
(Satnius the brave, whom beauteous Neïs bore
Amidst her flocks, on Satnio's silver shore.)
Struck through the belly's rim, the warrior lies
Supine, and shades eternal veil his eyes.

An arduous battle rose around the dead;
By turns the Greeks, by turns the Trojans bled

Fired with revenge, Polydamus drew near,
And at Prothœnor shook the trembling spear:
The driving javelin through his shoulder thrust,
He sinks to earth, and grasps the bloody dust.
Lo thus (the victor cries) we rule the field,
And thus their arms the race of Panthus wield:
From this unerring hand there flies no dart
But bathes its point within a Grecian heart.
Prompt on that spear to which thou owest thy fall,
Go, guide thy darksome steps to Pluto's dreary hall.

He said, and sorrow touch'd each Argive breast;
The soul of Ajax burn'd above the rest.
As by his side the groaning warrior fell,
At the fierce foe he launch'd his piercing steel:
The foe reclining, shunn'd the flying death;
But Fate, Archelochus, demands thy breath:
Thy lofty birth no succour could impart,
The wings of death o'ertook thee on the dart.
Swift to perform heaven's fatal will it fled,
Full on the juncture of the neck and head,
And took the joint, and cut the nerves in twain:
The dropping head first tumbled to the plain.
So just the stroke, that yet the body stood
Erect, then roll'd along the sands in blood.

Here, proud Polydamas, here turn thy eyes!
(The towering Ajax loud insulting cries:)
Say, is this chief extended on the plain,
A worthy vengeance for Prothœnor slain?
Mark well his port; his figure, and his face,
Nor speak him vulgar, nor of vulgar race;
Some lines, methinks, may make his lineage known,
Antenor's brother, or perhaps his son.

He spake, and smiled severe, for well he knew
The bleeding youth: Troy sadden'd at the view.
But furious Acamas avenged his cause;
As Promachus his slaughter'd brother draws.
He pierced his heart—Such fate attends you all,
Proud Argives! destined by our arms to fall.
Not Troy alone, but haughty Greece shall share
The toils, the sorrows, and the wounds of war.
Behold your Promachus deprived of breath,
A victim owed to my brave brother's death.
Not unappeased he enters Pluto's gate,
Who leaves a brother to revenge his fate.

Heart-piercing anguish struck the Grecian host,
But touch'd the breast of bold Peneleus most;
At the proud boaster he directs his course;
The boaster flies, and shuns superior force.
But young Ilioneus received the spear;
Ilioneus, his father's only care:
(Phorbas the rich, of all the Trojan train
Whom Hermes loved, and taught the arts of gain:)
Full in his eye the weapon chanced to fall,
And from the fibres scoop'd the rooted ball,
Drove through the neck, and hurl'd him to the plain:
He lifts his miserable arms in vain!
Swift his broad falchion fierce Peneleus spread,
And from the spouting shoulders struck his head;
To earth at once the head and helmet fly;
The lance, yet sticking through the bleeding eye,
The victor seized; and as aloft he shook
The gory visage, thus insulting spoke:

Trojans! your great Ilioneus behold!
Haste, to his father let the tale be told:
Let his high roofs resound with frantic woe,
Such, as the house of Promachus must know;

Let doleful tidings greet his mother's ear,
Such, as to Promachus' sad spouse we bear;
When we victorious shall to Greece return,
And the pale matron in our triumphs mourn.
Dreadful he spake, then toss'd the head on high;
The Trojans hear, they tremble, and they fly:
Aghast they gaze around the fleet and wall,
And dread the ruin that impends on all.
Daughters of Jove! that on Olympus shine,
Ye all-beholding, all-recording Nine!
O say, when Neptune made proud Ilion yield,
What chief, what hero, first imbued the field?
Of all the Grecians what immortal name,
And whose blest trophies will ye raise to fame?
Thou first, great Ajax! on the ensanguined plain
Laid'st Hyrtius, leader of the Mysian train.
Phalces and Hermer, Nestor's son o'erthrew.
Bold Merion Morys and Hippotion slew.
Strong Periphætes and Prothoön bled,
By Teucer's arrows mingled with the dead.
Pierced in the flank by Menelaüs' steel,
His people's pastor, Hyperenor fell;
Eternal darkness wrapt the warrior round,
And the fierce soul came rushing through the wound.
But stretch'd in heaps before Oïleus' son,
Fall mighty numbers, mighty numbers run;
Ajax the less, of all the Grecian race
Skill'd in pursuit, and swiftest in the chase.

BOOK XV.

ARGUMENT.

The fifth Battle, at the Ships; and the Acts of Ajax.

Jupiter awaking, sees the Trojans repulsed from the trenches, Hector in a swoon, and Neptune at the head of the Greeks: he is highly incensed at the artifice of Juno, who appeases him by her submissions; she is then sent to Iris and Apollo. Juno repairing to the assembly of the gods, attempts with extraordinary address to incense them against Jupiter; in particular she touches Mars with a violent resentment: he is ready to take arms, but is prevented by Minerva. Iris and Apollo obey the orders of Jupiter; Iris commands Neptune to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and passion, he consents. Apollo re-inspires Hector with vigour, brings him back to the battle, marches before him with his ægis, and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down great part of the Grecian wall: the Trojans rush in and attempt to fire the first line of the fleet, but are, as yet, repelled by the greater Ajax with a prodigious slaughter.

BOOK XV.

Now in swift flight they pass the trench profound,
And many a chief lay gasping on the ground:
Then stopp'd and panted, where the chariots lie;
Fear on their cheek, and horror in their eye.
Meanwhile, awaken'd from his dream of love,
On Ida's summit sat imperial Jove:
Round the wide fields he cast a careful view,
There saw the Trojans fly, the Greeks pursue:
These proud in arms, those scatter'd o'er the plain;
And, midst the war, the monarch of the main.
Not far, great Hector on the dust he spies
(His sad associates round with weeping eyes,)
Ejecting blood, and panting yet for breath,
His senses wandering to the verge of death.
The god beheld him with a pitying look,
And thus, incensed, to fraudful Juno spoke:
O thou, still adverse to the eternal will,
For ever studious in promoting ill!
Thy arts have made the godlike Hector yield,
And driven his conquering squadrons from the field.
Canst thou, unhappy in thy wiles! withstand
Our power immense, and brave the almighty hand?
Hast thou forgot, when, bound and fix'd on high,
From the vast concave of the spangled sky,
I hung thee trembling in a golden chain,
And all the raging gods opposed in vain?
Headlong I hurl'd them from the Olympian hall,
Stunn'd in the whirl, and breathless with the fall.
For godlike Hercules these deeds were done,
Nor seem'd the vengeance worthy such a son:
When by thy wiles induced, fierce Boreas toss'd
The shipwreck'd hero on the Coan coast,
Him through a thousand forms of death I bore,
And sent to Argos, and his native shore.
Hear this, remember, and our fury dread,
Nor pull the unwilling vengeance on thy head:
Lest arts and blandishments successless prove,
Thy soft deceits, and well-dissembled love.
The Thunderer spoke: imperial Juno mourn'd,
And, trembling, these submissive words return'd:
By every oath that powers immortal ties,
The foodful earth, and all infolding skies;
By thy black waves, tremendous Styx! that flow
Through the drear realms of gliding ghosts below;
By the dread honours of thy sacred head,
And that unbroken vow, our virgin-bed!
Not by my arts the ruler of the main
Steeps Troy in blood, and rages round the plain;
By his own ardour, his own pity sway'd,
To help his Greeks; he fought and disobey'd:
Else had thy Juno better counsels given,
And taught submission to the sire of heaven.
Think'st thou with me, fair empress of the skies?
(The immortal father with a smile replies;)
Then soon the haughty sea-god shall obey,
Nor dare to act, but when we point the way.
If truth inspires thy tongue, proclaim our will
To yon bright synod on the Olympian hill:
Our high decree let various Iris know,
And call the god that bears the silver bow.
Let her descend, and from the embattled plain
Command the sea-god to his watery reign:
While Phœbus hastes great Hector to prepare
To rise afresh, and once more wake the war,
His labouring bosom re-inspire with breath,
And calls his senses from the verge of death.
Greece chased by Troy e'en to Achilles' fleet,
Shall fall by thousands at the hero's feet.
He, not untouch'd with pity, to the plain
Shall send Patroclus, but shall send in vain.
What youths he slaughters under Ilion's walls!
E'en my loved son, divine Sarpedon, falls!
Vanquish'd at last by Hector's lance he lies.
Then, nor till then, shall great Achilles rise:
And lo! that instant godlike Hector dies.
From that great hour the war's whole fortune turns,
Pallas assists, and lofty Ilion burns.
Not till that day shall Jove relax his rage,
Nor one of all the heavenly host engage
In aid of Greece. The promise of a god
I gave, and seal'd it with the almighty nod,

Achilles' glory to the stars to raise;
Such was our word, and Fate the word obeys.
The trembling queen (the almighty order given)
Swift from the Idæan summit shot to heaven.
As some way-faring man, who wanders o'er
In thought a length of lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active mind from place to place,
Joins hill to dale, and measures space with space,
So swift flew Juno to the blest abodes,
If thought of man can match the speed of gods.
There sat the powers in awful synod placed:
They bow'd, and made obeisance as she pass'd,
Through all the brazen dome: with goblets crown'd,
They hail her queen; the nectar streams around.
Fair Themis first presents the golden bowl,
And anxious asks what cares disturb her soul?
To whom the white-arm'd goddess thus replies:
Enough thou know'st the tyrant of the skies,
Severely bent his purpose to fulfil,
Unmoved his mind, and unrestrain'd his will.
Go thou, the feasts of heaven attend thy call;
Bid the crown'd nectar circle round the hall;
But Jove shall thunder through the ethereal dome,
Such stern decrees, such threaten'd woes to come,
As soon shall freeze mankind with dire surprise,
And damp the eternal banquets of the skies.
The goddess said, and sullen took her place;
Blank horror sadden'd each celestial face:
To see the gathering grudge in every breast,
Smiles on her lips a spleenful joy express'd;
While on her wrinkled front, and eye-brow bent,
Sat steadfast care, and lowering discontent.
Thus she proceeds—Attend, ye powers above!
But know, 'tis madness to contest with Jove:
Supreme he sits: and sees, in pride of sway,
Your vassal godheads grudgingly obey:
Fierce in the majesty of power controuls;
Shakes all the thrones of heaven, and bends the poles.
Submiss immortals! all he wills, obey;
And thou, great Mars, begin and show the way.
Behold Ascalaphus! behold him die,
But dare not murmur, dare not vent a sigh;
Thy own loved boasted offspring lies o'erthrown,
If that loved boasted offspring be thy own.
Stern Mars, with anguish for his slaughter'd son,
Smote his rebelling breast, and fierce begun:
Thus then, immortals! thus shall Mars obey;
Forgive me, gods, and yield my vengeance way:
Descending first to yon forbidden plain,
The god of battles dares avenge the slain;
Dares, though the thunder bursting o'er my head,
Should hurl me blazing on those heaps of dead.
With that, he gives command to Fear and Flight
To join his rapid coursers for the fight:
Then, grim in arms, with hasty vengeance flies;
Arms, that reflect a radiance through the skies.
And now had Jove, by bold rebellion driven,
Discharged his wrath on half the host of heaven;
But Pallas, springing through the bright abode,
Starts from her azure throne to calm the god.
Struck for the immortal race with timely fear,
From frantic Mars she snatch'd the shield and spear;
Then the huge helmet lifting from his head,
Thus to the impetuous homicide she said:
By what wild passion, furious! art thou toss'd?
Striv'st thou with Jove? thou art already lost.
Shall not the Thunderer's dread command restrain,
And was imperial Juno heard in vain?
Back to the skies wouldst thou with shame be driven,
And in thy guilt involve the host of heaven?
Ilion and Greece no more shall Jove engage;
The skies would yield an ampler scene of rage,
Guilty and guiltless find an equal fate,
And one vast ruin whelm the Olympian state.
Cease then thy offspring's death unjust to call:
Heroes as great have died, and yet shall fall.
Why should heaven's law with foolish man comply,
Exempted from the race ordain'd to die?
This menace fix'd the warrior to his throne;
Sullen he sat, and curb'd the rising groan.
Then Juno call'd (Jove's orders to obey)
The winged Iris, and the god of day.
Go wait the Thunderer's will (Saturnia cried,)
On yon tall summit of the fountful Ide:
There in the Father's awful presence stand,
Receive, and execute his dread command.
She said, and sat: the god that gilds the day,
And various Iris, wing their airy way.
Swift as the wind, to Ida's hills they came
(Fair nurse of fountains and of savage game.)
There sat the Eternal: he whose nod controuls
The trembling world, and shakes the steady poles.
Veil'd in a mist of fragrance him they found,
With clouds of gold and purple circled round.
Well-pleased the Thunderer saw their earnest care,
And prompt obedience to the queen of air;
Then (while a smile serenes his awful brow)
Commands the goddess of the showery bow:
Iris! descend, and what we here ordain,
Report to yon mad tyrant of the main.
Bid him from fight to his own deeps repair,
Or breathe from slaughter in the fields of air.
If he refuse, then let him timely weigh
Our elder birthright, and superior sway.
How shall his rashness stand the dire alarms,
If heaven's omnipotence descend in arms?
Strives he with me, by whom his power was given?
And is there equal to the lord of heaven?
The Almighty spoke; the goddess wing'd her flight
To sacred Ilion from the Idæan height.
Swift as the rattling hail, or fleecy snows,
Drives through the skies, when Boreas fiercely blows;
So from the clouds descending Iris falls;
And to blue Neptune thus the goddess calls:
Attend the mandate of the sire above,
In me behold the messenger of Jove:
He bids thee from forbidden wars repair
To thy own deeps, or to the fields of air.
This if refused, he bids thee timely weigh
His elder birthright, and superior sway.
How shall thy rashness stand the dire alarms,
If heaven's omnipotence descend in arms?
Striv'st thou with him, by whom all power is given?
And art thou equal to the lord of heaven?
What means the haughty sovereign of the skies?
(The king of ocean thus, incensed, replies:)
Rule as he will his portion'd realm on high;
No vassal god, nor of his train, am I.
Three brother deities from Saturn came,
And ancient Rhea, earth's immortal dame:
Assign'd by lot, our triple rule we know;
Infernal Pluto sways the shades below:
O'er the wide clouds, and o'er the starry plain
Ethereal Jove extends his high domain;
My court beneath the hoary waves I keep,
And hush the roaring of the sacred deep:

Olympus, and this earth, in common lie:
What claim has here the tyrant of the sky?
Far in the distant clouds let him controul,
And awe the younger brothers of the pole;
There to his children his commands be given,
The trembling, servile, second race of heaven.
And must I then (said she,) O sire of floods!
Bear this fierce answer to the king of gods?
Correct it yet, and change thy rash intent;
A noble mind disdains not to repent.
To elder brothers guardian fiends are given,
To scourge the wretch insulting them and heaven:
Great is the profit (thus the god rejoin'd)
When ministers are bless'd with prudent mind:
Warn'd by thy words, to powerful Jove I yield,
And quit, though angry, the contended field.
Not but his threats with justice I disclaim,
The same our honours, and our birth the same.
If yet, forgetful of his promise given
To Hermes, Pallas, and the queen of heaven;
To favour Ilion, that perfidious place,
He breaks his faith with half the ethereal race:
Give him to know, unless the Grecian train
Lay yon proud structures level with the plain,
Howe'er the offence by other gods be pass'd,
The wrath of Neptune shall for ever last.
Thus speaking, furious from the field he strode,
And plunged into the bosom of the flood.
The Lord of Thunders from his lofty height
Beheld, and thus bespoke the source of light:
Behold! the god whose liquid arms are hurl'd
Around the globe, whose earthquakes rock the world,
Desists at length his rebel war to wage,
Seeks his own seas, and trembles at our rage;
Else had my wrath, heaven's thrones all shaking round,
Burn'd to the bottom of his seas profound;
And all the gods that round old Saturn dwell,
Had heard the thunders to the deeps of hell.
Well was the crime and well the vengeance spared;
E'en power immense had found such battle hard.
Go thou, my son! the trembling Greeks alarm,
Shake thy broad ægis on thy active arm,
Be godlike Hector thy peculiar care,
Swell his bold heart, and urge his strength to war:
Let Ilion conquer, till the Achaian train
Fly to their ships and Hellespont again:
Then Greece shall breathe from toils—The godhead said,
His will divine the son of Jove obey'd.
Not half so swift the sailing falcon flies,
That drives a turtle through the liquid skies,
As Phœbus, shooting from the Idæan brow,
Glides down the mountain to the plain below.
There Hector seated by the stream he sees,
His sense returning with the coming breeze;
Again his pulses beat, his spirits rise;
Again his loved companions meet his eyes;
Jove thinking of his pains, they pass'd away.
To whom the god who gives the golden day:
Why sits great Hector from the field so far?
What grief, what wound, withholds thee from the war?
The fainting hero, as the vision bright
Stood shining o'er him, half unseal'd his sight:
What bless'd immortal, with commanding breath,
Thus wakens Hector from the sleep of death?
Has Fame not told, how, while my trusty sword
Bathed Greece in slaughter, and her battle gored,
The mighty Ajax with a deadly blow
Had almost sunk me to the shades below?
E'en yet, methinks, the gliding ghosts I spy,
And hell's black horrors swim before my eye.
To him Apollo: Be no more dismay'd;
See, and be strong! the Thunderer sends thee aid.
Behold! thy Phœbus shall his arms employ,
Phœbus, propitious still to thee and Troy.
Inspire thy warriors then with manly force,
And to the ships impel thy rapid horse:
E'en I will make thy fiery coursers way,
And drive the Grecians headlong to the sea.
Thus to bold Hector spoke the son of Jove,
And breathed immortal ardour from above.
As when the pamper'd steed, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his stall, and pours along the ground;
With ample strokes he rushes to the flood,
To bathe his sides, and cool his fiery blood;
His head now freed, he tosses to the skies;
His main dishevell'd o'er his shoulders flies:
He snuffs the females in the well-known plain,
And springs, exulting, to his fields again:
Urged by the voice divine, thus Hector flew,
Full of the god; and all his hosts pursue.
As when the force of men and dogs combined,
Invade the mountain-goat, or branching hind;
Far from the hunter's rage secure they lie
Close in the rock (not fated yet to die;)
When lo! a lion shoots across the way!
They fly, at once the chasers and the prey:
So Greece, that late in conquering troops pursued,
And mark'd their progress through the ranks in blood,
Soon as they see the furious chief appear,
Forgot to vanquish, and consent to fear.
Thoas with grief observed his dreadful course,
Thoas, the bravest of the Ætolian force;
Skill'd to direct the javelin's distant flight,
And bold to combat in the standing fight;
Not more in councils famed for solid sense,
Than winning words and heavenly eloquence.
Gods! what portent (he cried) these eyes invades!
Lo! Hector rises from the Stygian shades!
We saw him, late, by thundering Ajax kill'd:
What god restores him to the frighted field;
And, not content that half of Greece lie slain,
Pours new destruction on her sons again?
He comes not, Jove! without thy powerful will;
Lo! still he lives, pursues, and conquers still!
Yet hear my counsel, and his worst withstand:
The Greeks' main body to the fleet command;
But let the few whom brisker spirits warm,
Stand the first onset, and provoke the storm
Thus point your arms; and when such foes appear,
Fierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear.
The warrior spoke, the listening Greeks obey,
Thickening their ranks, and form a deep array.
Each Ajax, Teucer, Merion, gave command,
The valiant leader of the Cretan band,
And Mars-like Meges: these the chiefs excite,
Approach the foe, and meet the coming fight.
Behind, unnumber'd multitudes attend,
To flank the navy, and the shores defend.
Full on the front the pressing Trojans bear,
And Hector first came towering to the war.
Phœbus himself the rushing battle led;
A veil of clouds involved his radiant head:
High-held before him, Jove's enormous shield
Portentous shone, and shaded all the field;

Vulcan to Jove the immortal gift consign'd,
To scatter hosts and terrify mankind.
The Greeks expect the shock, the clamours rise
From different parts, and mingle in the skies.
Dire was the hiss of darts, by heroes flung,
And arrows leaping from the bow-string sung;
These drink the life of generous warriors slain;
Those guiltless fall, and thirst for blood in vain.
As long as Phœbus bore unmoved the shield,
Sat doubtful Conquest hovering o'er the field;
But when aloft he shakes it in the skies,
Shouts in their ears, and lightens in their eyes,
Deep horror seizes every Grecian breast,
Their force is humbled, and their fear confess'd.
So flies a herd of oxen, scatter'd wide,
No swain to guard them, and no day to guide,
When two fell lions from the mountain come,
And spread the carnage through the shady gloom.
Impending Phœbus, pours around them fear,
And Troy and Hector thunder in the rear.
Heaps fall on heaps: the slaughter Hector leads;
First great Arcesilas, then Stichius bleeds;
One to the bold Bœotians ever dear,
And one Menestheus' friend, and famed compeer.
Medon and Iäsus, Æneas sped;
This sprung from Phelus, and the Athenians led:
But hapless Medon from Oïleus came;
Him Ajax honour'd with a brother's name,
Though born of lawless love: from home expell'd,
A banish'd man, in Phylacè he dwell'd,
Press'd by the vengeance of an angry wife;
Troy ends, at last, his labours and his life.
Mecystes next, Polydamas o'erthrew;
And thee, brave Clonius, great Agenor slew.
By Paris, Deiochus inglorious dies,
Pierced through the shoulder as he basely flies.
Polites' arm laid Echius on the plain;
Stretch'd on one heap, the victors spoil the slain.
The Greeks, dismay'd, confused, disperse or fall,
Some seek the trench, some skulk behind the wall.
While these fly trembling, others pant for breath,
And o'er the slaughterer stalks gigantic Death.
On rush'd bold Hector, gloomy as the night;
Forbids to plunder, animates the fight,
Points to the fleet: For, by the gods who flies,
Who dares but linger, by this hand he dies:
No weeping sister his cold eye shall close,
No friendly hand his funeral pyre compose.
Who stops to plunder in this signal hour,
The birds shall tear him, and the dogs devour.
Furious he said; the smarting scourge resounds;
The coursers fly; the smoking chariot bounds:
The hosts rush on; loud clamours shake the shore;
The horses thunder, earth and ocean roar!
Apollo, planted at the trench's bound,
Push'd at the bank: down sunk the enormous mound;
Roll'd in the ditch the heapy ruin lay;
A sudden road! a long and ample way.
O'er the dread fosse (a late impervious space)
Now steeds, and men, and cars, tumultuous pass.
The wondering crowds the downward level trod;
Before them flamed the shield, and march'd the god.
Then with his hand he shook the mighty wall;
And lo! the turrets nod, the bulwarks fall.
Easy, as when ashore an infant stands,
And draws imagined houses in the sands,
The sportive wanton, pleased with some new play,
Sweeps the slight works and fashion'd domes away.
Thus vanish'd, at thy touch, the towers and walls;
The toil of thousands in a moment falls.
The Grecians gaze around with wild despair,
Confused, and weary all the powers with prayer,
Exhort their men with praises, threats, commands;
And urge the gods with voices, eyes, and hands.
Experienced Nestor chief obtests the skies,
And weeps his country with a father's eyes:
O Jove! if ever, on his native shore,
One Greek enrich'd thy shrine with offer'd gore;
If e'er, in hope our country to behold,
We paid the fattest firstlings of the fold;
If e'er thou sign'st our wishes with thy nod;
Perform the promise of a gracious god!
This day preserve our navies from the flame,
And save the reliques of the Grecian name.
Thus pray'd the sage: the Eternal gave consent,
And peals of thunder shake the firmament;
Presumptuous Troy mistook the accepting sign,
And catch'd new fury at the voice divine.
As, when black tempests mix the seas and skies,
The roaring deeps in watery mountains rise,
Above the sides of some tall ship ascend,
Its womb they deluge, and its ribs they rend:
Thus loudly roaring, and o'erpowering all,
Mount the thick Trojans up the Grecian wall;
Legions on legions from each side arise:
Thick sound the keels; the storm of arrows flies.
Fierce on the ships above, the cars below,
These wield the mace, and those the javelin throw.
While thus the thunder of the battle raged,
And labouring armies round the works engaged,
Still in the tent Patroclus sat, to tend
The good Eurypylus, his wounded friend.
He sprinkles healing balms to anguish kind,
And adds discourse, the medicine of the mind.
But when he saw, ascending up the fleet,
Victorious Troy: then, starting from his seat,
With bitter groans his sorrows he express'd,
He wrings his hands, he beats his manly breast.
Though yet thy state requires redress (he cried)
Depart I must: what horrors strike mine eyes!
Charg'd with Achilles' high commands I go,
A mournful witness of this scene of woe:
I haste to urge him, by his country's care,
To rise in arms and shine again in war.
Perhaps some favouring god his soul may bend;
The voice is powerful of a faithful friend.
He spoke: and speaking, swifter than the wind
Sprang from the tent, and left the war behind.
The embodied Greeks the fierce attack sustain,
But strive, though numerous, to repulse in vain!
Nor could the Trojans, through that firm array,
Force to the fleet and tents the impervious way.
As when a shipwright, with Palladian art,
Smoothes the rough wood, and levels every part;
With equal hand he guides his whole design,
By the just rule, and the directing line:
The martial leaders with like skill and care,
Preserved their line, and equal kept the war.
Brave deeds of arms through all the ranks were tried
And every ship sustained an equal tide.
At one proud bark, high towering o'er the fleet,
Ajax the great and godlike Hector meet;
For one bright prize the matchless chiefs contend;
Nor this the ships can fire, nor that defend;
One kept the shore, and one the vessel trod;
That fix'd as Fate, this acted by a god.

The son of Clytius in his daring hand,
The deck approaching, shakes a flaming brand;
But pierced by Telamon's huge lance expires;
Thundering he falls, and drops the extinguish'd fires.
Great Hector view'd him with a sad survey,
As stretch'd in dust before the stern he lay.
Oh! all of Trojan, all of Lycian race!
Stand to your arms, maintain this arduous space:
Lo! where the son of royal Clytius lies;
Ah save his arms, secure his obsequies.
This said, his eager javelin sought the foe:
But Ajax shunn'd the meditated blow.
Not vainly yet the forceful lance was thrown;
It stretch'd in dust unhappy Lycophron:
An exile long, sustain'd at Ajax' board,
A faithful servant to a foreign lord;
In peace, in war, for ever at his side,
Near his loved master, as he lived, he died.
From the high poop he tumbles on the sand,
And lies, a lifeless load, along the land.
With anguish Ajax views the piercing sight,
And thus inflames his brother to the fight:
Teucer, behold! extended on the shore
Our friend, our loved companion! now no more!
Dear as a parent, with a parent's care
To fight our wars, he left his native air.
This death deplored, to Hector's rage we owe;
Revenge, revenge it on the cruel foe.
Where are those darts on which the Fates attend?
And where the bow which Phœbus taught to bend?
Impatient Teucer hastening to his aid,
Before the chief his ample bow display'd;
The well-stored quiver on his shoulders hung;
Then hiss'd his arrow, and the bow-string sung.
Clytus, Pisenor's son, renown'd in fame
(To thee, Polydamas! an honour'd name,)
Drove through the thickest of the embattled plains
The startling steeds, and shook his eager reins.
As all on glory ran his ardent mind,
The pointed death arrests him from behind.
Through his fair neck the thrilling arrow flies;
In youth's fair bloom reluctantly he dies.
Hurl'd from the lofty seat, at distance far,
The headlong coursers spurn his empty car.
Till sad Polydamas the steeds restrain'd,
And gave, Astynous, to thy careful hand;
Then, fired to vengeance, rush'd amidst the foe,
Rage edged his sword, and strengthen'd every blow.
Once more bold Teucer, in his country's cause,
At Hector's breast a chosen arrow draws;
And had the weapon found the destined way,
Thy fall, great Trojan! had renown'd that day.
But Hector was not doom'd to perish then:
The all-wise Disposer of the fates of men
(Imperial Jove) his present death withstands;
Nor was such glory due to Teucer's hands.
At its full stretch as the tough string he drew,
Struck by an arm unseen, it burst in two;
Down dropp'd the bow; the shaft with brazen head
Fell innocent, and on the dust lay dead.
The astonish'd archer to great Ajax cries:
Some god prevents our destined enterprise;
Some god, propitious to the Trojan foe,
Has from my arm unfailing, struck the bow,
And broke the nerve my hands had twined with art,
Strong to impel the flight of many a dart.
Since Heaven commands it (Ajax made reply)
Dismiss thy bow, and lay thy arrows by;
(Thy arms no less suffice the lance to wield,)
And quit the quiver for the pondrous shield.
In the first ranks indulge thy thirst of fame,
Thy brave example shall the rest inflame.
Fierce as they are, by long successes vain;
To force our fleet, or e'en a ship to gain,
Asks toil, and sweat, and blood; their utmost might
Shall find its match—no more; 'tis ours to fight.
Then Teucer laid his faithless bow aside;
The fourfold buckler o'er his shoulder tied,
On his brave head a crested helm he placed,
With nodding horse-hair formidably graced:
A dart, whose point with brass refulgent shines,
The warrior wields; and his great brother joins.
This Hector saw, and thus express'd his joy;
Ye troops of Lycia, Dardanus, and Troy!
Be mindful of yourselves, your ancient fame,
And spread your glory with the navy's flame.
Jove is with us; I saw his hand but now,
From the proud archer strike his vaunted bow.
Indulgent Jove; how plain thy favours shine,
When happy nations bear the marks divine!
How easy then, to see the sinking state
Of realms accursed, deserted, reprobate!
Such is the fate of Greece, and such is ours;
Behold, ye warriors, and exert your powers.
Death is the worst; a fate which all must try;
And, for our country, 'tis a bliss to die.
The gallant man, though slain in fight he be,
Yet leaves his nation safe, his children free
Entails a debt on all the grateful state;
His own brave friends shall glory in his fate;
His wife live honour'd, all his race succeed
And late posterity enjoy the deed!
This roused the soul in every Trojan breast.
The godlike Ajax next his Greeks address'd:
How long, ye warriors of the Argive race!
(To generous Argos what a dire disgrace!)
How long on these cursed confines will ye lie,
Yet undetermined or to live, or die?
What hopes remain, what methods to retire,
If once your vessels catch the Trojan fire?
Mark how the flames approach, how near they fall,
How Hector calls, and Troy obeys his call!
Not to the dance that dreadful voice invites,
It calls to death, and all the rage of fights.
'Tis now no time for wisdom or debates;
To your own hands are trusted all your fates;
And better far in one decisive strife,
One day should end our labour, or our life;
Than keep this hard-got inch of barren sands,
Still press'd, and press'd by such inglorious hands.
The listening Grecians feel their leader's flame,
And every kindling bosom pants for fame.
Then mutual slaughters spread on either side;
By Hector here the Phocian Schedius died;
There, pierced by Ajax, sunk Laodamas,
Chief of the foot, of old Antenor's race.
Polydamas laid Otus on the sand,
The fierce commander of the Epeian band.
His lance bold Meges at the victor threw:
The victor stooping, from the death withdrew.
(That valued life, O Phœbus, was thy care)
But Crœsmus bosom took the flying spear:
His corpse fell bleeding on the slippery shore;
His radiant arms triumphant Meges bore,
Dolops, the son of Lampus, rushes on,
Sprung from the race of old Laomedon,

And famed for prowess in a well-fought field;
He pierced the centre of his sounding shield:
But Meges Phyleus' ample breast-plate wore
(Well known in fight on Selle's winding shore;
For king Euphetes gave the golden mail,
Compact, and firm with many a jointed scale;)
Which oft, in cities storm'd, and battles won,
Had saved the father, and now saves the son.
Full at the Trojan's head he urged his lance,
Where the high plumes above the helmet dance,
New tinged with Tyrian dye; in dust below,
Shorn from the crest, the purple honours glow.
Meantime their fight the Spartan king survey'd,
And stood by Meges' side, a sudden aid,
Through Dolops' shoulder urged his forceful dart,
Which held its passage through the panting heart,
And issued at his breast. With thundering sound
The warrior falls, extended on the ground.
In rush the conquering Greeks to spoil the slain:
But Hector's voice excites his kindred train;
The hero most, from Hicetaon sprung,
Fierce Melanippus, gallant, brave, and young;
He (ere to Troy the Grecians cross'd the main)
Fed his large oxen on Percotè's plain;
But when, oppress'd, his country claim'd his care,
Return'd to Ilion, and excell'd in war;
For this, in Priam's court he held his place,
Beloved no less than Priam's royal race.
Him Hector singled, as his troops he led,
And thus inflamed him, pointing to the dead:
Lo, Melanippus! lo where Dolops lies;
And is it thus our royal kinsman dies?
O'ermatch'd he falls; to two at once a prey,
And lo! they bear the bloody arms away!
Come on—a distant war no longer wage,
But hand to hand thy country's foes engage:
Till Greece at once, and all her glory end,
Or Ilion from her towery height descend,
Heaved from the lowest stone; and bury all
In one sad sepulchre, one common fall.
Hector (this said) rush'd forward on the foes:
With equal ardour Melanippus glows.
Then Ajax thus—Oh Greeks! respect your fame,
Respect yourselves, and learn an honest shame:
Let mutual reverence mutual warmth inspire,
And catch from breast to breast the noble fire.
On valour's side the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The wretch that trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame.
His generous sense he not in vain imparts;
It sunk, and rooted in the Grecian hearts;
They join, they throng, they thicken at his call,
And flank the navy with a brazen wall;
Shields touching shields, in order blaze above,
And stop the Trojans though impell'd by Jove.
The fiery Spartan first, with loud applause,
Warms the bold son of Nestor in his cause.
Is there (he said) in arms a youth like you,
So strong to fight, so active to pursue?
Why stand you distant, nor attempt a deed?
Lift thy bold lance, and make some Trojan bleed.
He said; and backward to the lines retired;
Forth rush'd the youth, with martial fury fired,
Beyond the foremost ranks; his lance he threw,
And round the black battalions cast his view.
The troops of Troy recede with sudden fear,
While the swift javelin hiss'd along in air.
Advancing Melanippus met the dart
With his bold breast, and felt it in his heart;
Thundering he falls; his falling arms resound,
And his broad buckler rings against the ground.
The victor leaps upon his prostrate prize;
Thus on a roe the well-breathed beagle flies,
And rends his side, fresh-bleeding with the dart
The distant hunter sent into his heart.
Observing Hector to the rescue flew;
Bold as he was, Antilochus withdrew.
So when a savage, ranging o'er the plain,
Has torn the shepherd's dog, or shepherd swain,
While, conscious of the deed, he glares around,
And hears the gathering multitude resound,
Timely he flies the yet untasted food,
And gains the friendly shelter of the wood.
So fears the youth; all Troy with shouts pursue,
While stones and darts in mingled tempests flew;
But enter'd in the Grecian ranks, he turns
His manly breast, and with new fury burns.
Now on the fleet the tides of Trojans drove,
Fierce to fulfil the stern decrees of Jove:
The sire of gods, confirming Thetis prayer,
The Grecian ardour quench'd in deep despair;
But lifts to glory Troy's prevailing bands,
Swells all their hearts and strengthens all their hands.
On Ida's top he waits with longing eyes,
To view the navy blazing to the skies;
Then, nor till then, the scale of war shall turn,
The Trojans fly, and conquer'd Ilion burn.
These fates revolved in his almighty mind,
He raises Hector to the work design'd,
Bids him with more than mortal fury glow,
And drives him, like a lightning, on the foe.
So Mars, when human crimes for vengeance call,
Shakes his huge javelin, and whole armies fall.
Not with more rage a conflagration rolls,
Wraps the yast mountains, and involves the poles.
He foams with wrath; beneath his gloomy brow
Like fiery meteors his red eye-balls glow:
The radiant helmet on his temples burns,
Waves when he nods, and lightens as he turns:
For Jove his splendour round the chief had thrown,
And cast the blaze of both the hosts on one.
Unhappy glories! for his fate was near,
Due to stern Pallas, and Pelides' spear:
Yet Jove deferr'd the death he was to pay,
And gave what Fate allowed, the honours of a day!
Now all on fire for fame, his breast, his eyes
Burn at each foe, and single every prize,
Still at the closest ranks, the thickest fight,
He points his ardour and exerts his might.
The Grecian phalanx, moveless as a tower,
On all sides batter'd, yet resists his power:
So some tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,
By winds assail'd, by billows beat in vain,
Unmoved it hears, above, the tempest blow,
And sees the watery mountains break below.
Girt in surrounding flames, he seems to fall,
Like fire from Jove, and bursts upon them all:
Bursts as a wave that from the clouds impends,
And swell'd with tempests on the ship descends;
White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud
Howl o'er the masts, and sing through every shroud
Pale, trembling, tired, the sailors freeze with fears:
And instant death on every wave appears.
So pale the Greeks the eyes of Hector meet,
The chief so thunders, and so shakes the fleet.

As when a lion rushing from his den,
Amidst the plain of some wide-water'd fen,
(Where numerous oxen, as at ease they feed,
At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead,)
Leaps on the herds before the herdsman's eyes:
The trembling herdsman far to distance flies:
Some lordly bull (the rest dispersed and fled)
He singles out; arrests, and lays him dead.
Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hector flew
All Greece in heaps; but one he seized, and slew:
Mycenian Periphes, a mighty name,
In wisdom great, in arms well known to fame;
The minister of stern Eurystheus' ire,
Against Alcides, Copreus was his sire:
The son redeem'd the honours of the race,
A son as generous as the sire was base;
O'er all his country's youth conspicuous far
In every virtue, or of peace or war:
But doom'd to Hector's stronger force to yield!
Against the margin of his ample shield
He struck his hasty foot: his heels up-sprung;
Supine he fell; his brazen helmet rung.
On the fallen chief the invading Trojan press'd,
And plunged the pointed javelin in his breast.
His circling friends, who strove to guard too late
The unhappy hero, fled, or shared his fate.
Chased from the foremost line, the Grecian train
Now man the next, receding toward the main:
Wedged in one body at the tents they stand,
Wall'd round with sterns, a gloomy desperate band.
Now manly shame forbids the inglorious flight;
Now fear itself confines them to the fight:
Man courage breathes in man; but Nestor most
(The sage preserver of the Grecian host)
Exhorts, adjures, to guard these utmost shores;
And by their parents, by themselves, implores.
O friends! be men: your generous breasts inflame
With equal honour, and with mutual shame!
Think of your hopes, your fortunes; all the care
Your wives, your infants, and your parents share:
Think of each living father's reverend head:
Think of each ancestor with glory dead;
Absent, by me they speak, by me they sue;
They ask their safety, and their fame from you:
The gods their fates on this one action lay,
And all are lost, if you desert the day.
He spoke, and round him breathed heroic fires;
Minerva seconds what the sage inspires.
The mist of darkness Jove around them threw
She clear'd, restoring all the war to view;
A sudden ray shot beaming o'er the plain,
And show'd the shores, the navy, and the main:
Hector they saw, and all who fly, or fight,
The scene wide-opening to the blaze of light.
First of the field, great Ajax strikes their eyes,
His port majestic, and his ample size:
A ponderous mace, with studs of iron crown'd,
Full twenty cubits long, he swings around;
Nor fights like others fix'd to certain stands,
But looks a moving tower above the bands:
High on the deck, with vast gigantic stride,
The godlike hero stalks from side to side.
So when a horseman from the watery mead
(Skill'd in the manage of the bounding steed)
Drives four fair coursers, practised to obey,
To some great city through the public way;
Safe in his art, as side by side they run,
He shifts his seat, and vaults from one to one;
And now to this, and now to that he flies:
Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.
From ship to ship thus Ajax swiftly flew,
No less the wonder of the warring crew,
As furious Hector thunder'd threats aloud,
And rush'd enraged before the Trojan crowd:
Then swift invades the ships, whose beaky prores
Lay rank'd contiguous on the bending shores:
So the strong eagle from his airy height,
Who marks the swans' or cranes' embodied flight,
Stoops down impetuous, while they light for food,
And, stooping, darkens with his wings the flood.
Jove leads him on with his almighty hand,
And breathes fierce spirits in his following band.
The warring nations meet, the battle roars,
Thick beats the combat on the sounding prores.
Thou wouldst have thought, so furious was their fire,
No force could tame them, and no toil could tire;
As if new vigour from new fights they won,
And the long battle was but then begun.
Greece yet unconquer'd, kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in despair;
Troy, in proud hopes, already view'd the main
Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes slain!
Like strength is felt from hope and from despair,
And each contends, as his were all the war.
'Twas thou, bold Hector! whose resistless hand
First seized a ship on that contested strand;
The same which dead Protesilaüs bore,
The first that touch'd the unhappy Trojan shore:
For this in arms the warring nations stood,
And bathed their generous breasts with mutual blood.
No room to poise the lance or bend the bow,
But hand to hand, and man to man they grow:
Wounded they wound; and seek each other's hearts
With falchions, axes, swords, and shorten'd darts.
The falchions ring, shields rattle, axes sound,
Swords flash in air, or glitter on the ground:
With streaming blood the slippery shores are dyed,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.
Still raging Hector with his ample hand
Grasps the high stern, and gives his loud command:
Haste, bring the flames! the toil of ten long years
Is finish'd! and the day desired appears!
This happy day with acclamations greet,
Bright with destruction of yon hostile fleet.
The coward counsels of a timorous throng
Of reverend dotards, check'd our glory long:
Too long Jove lull'd us with lethargic charms,
But now in peals of thunder calls to arms:
In this great day he crowns our full desires,
Wakes all our force, and seconds all our fires.
He spoke—the warriors, at his fierce command,
Pour a new deluge on the Grecian band.
E'en Ajax paused (so thick the javelins fly,)
Stepp'd back, and doubted or to live or die.
Yet where the oars are placed, he stands to wait
What chief approaching dares attempt his fate:
E'en to the last his naval charge defends,
Now shakes his spear, now lifts, and now protends;
E'en yet the Greeks with piercing shouts inspires,
Amidst attacks, and deaths, and darts, and fires:
O friends! O heroes! names for ever dear,
Once sons of Mars, and thunderbolts of war!
Ah! yet be mindful of your old renown,
Your great forefathers' virtues and your own.
What aids expect you in this utmost strait?
What bulwarks rising between you and fate?

No aids, no bulwarks, your retreat attend;
No friends to help, no city to defend:
This spot is all you have, to lose or keep;
There stand the Trojans, and here rolls the deep
'Tis hostile ground you tread; your native lands
Far, far from hence: your fates are in your hands.
Raging he spoke; nor farther wastes his breath,
But turns his javelin to the work of death.
Whate'er bold Trojan arm'd his daring hands,
Against the sable ships with flaming brands;
So well the chief his naval weapon sped,
The luckless warrior at his stern lay dead:
Full twelve, the boldest, in a moment fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell.

BOOK XVI.

ARGUMENT.

The sixth Battle; the Acts and Death of Patroclus.

Patroclus (in pursuance of the request of Nestor in the eleventh book) entreats Achilles to suffer him to go to the assistance of the Greeks with Achilles' troops and armour. He agrees to it, but at the same time charges him to content himself with rescuing the fleet, without further pursuit of the enemy. The armour, horses, soldiers, and officers of Achilles are described. Achilles offers a libation for the success of his friend, after which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to battle. The Trojans, at the sight of Patroclus in Achilles's armour, taking him for that hero, are cast into the utmost consternation: he beats them off from the vessels. Hector himself flies. Sarpedon is killed, though Jupiter was averse to his fate. Several other particulars of the battle are described; in the heat of which, Patroclus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, pursues the foe to the walls of Troy; where Apollo repulses and disarms him, Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him; which concludes the book.

BOOK XVI.

So warr'd both armies on the ensanguined shore,
While the black vessels smoked with human gore.
Meantime Patroclus to Achilles flies;
The streaming tears fall copious from his eyes;
Not faster trickling to the plains below,
From the tall rock the sable waters flow.
Divine Pelides, with compassion moved,
Thus spoke, indulgent to his best beloved:
Patroclus, say, what grief thy bosom bears,
That flows so fast in these unmanly tears?
No girl, no infant whom the mother keeps
From her loved breast, with fonder passion weeps;
Not more the mother's soul that infant warms,
Clung to her knees, and reaching at her arms,
Than thou hast mine! Oh tell me, to what end
Thy melting sorrows thus pursue thy friend?
Grievest thou for me, or for my martial band?
Or come sad tidings from our native land?
Our fathers live (our first, most tender care,)
The good Menœtius breathes the vital air,
And hoary Peleus yet extends his days;
Pleased in their age to hear their children's praise.
Or may some meaner cause thy pity claim?
Perhaps yon relics of the Grecian name,
Doom'd in their ships to sink by fire and sword,
And pay the forfeit of their haughty lord?
Whate'er the cause, reveal thy secret care,
And speak those sorrows which a friend would share.
A sigh, that instant, from his bosom broke,
Another follow'd, and Patroclus spoke:
Let Greece at length with pity touch thy breast,
Thyself a Greek; and, once, of Greeks the best!
Lo! every chief that might her fate prevent,
Lies pierced with wounds, and bleeding in his tent.
Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' son,
And wise Ulysses, at the navy groan,
More for their country's wounds, than for their own
Their pain, soft arts of pharmacy can ease,
Thy breast alone no lenitives appease.
May never rage like thine my soul enslave,
O great in vain! unprofitably brave!
Thy country slighted in her last distress,
What friend, what man, from thee shall hope redress?
No—men unborn, and ages yet behind,
Shall curse that fierce, that unforgiving mind.
O man unpitying! if of man thy race;
But sure thou spring'st not from a soft embrace,
Nor ever amorous hero caused thy birth,
Nor ever tender goddess brought thee forth.
Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,
And raging seas produced thee in a storm,
A soul well-suiting that tempestuous kind,
So rough thy manners, so untamed thy mind.
If some dire oracle thy breast alarm,
If aught from Jove, or Thetis, stop thy arm,
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shine,
If I but lead the Myrmidonian line:
Clad in thy dreadful arms if I appear,
Proud Troy shall tremble, and desert the war:
Without thy person Greece shall win the day,
And thy mere image chace her foes away.
Press'd by fresh forces, her o'erlabour'd train
Shall quit the ships, and Greece respire again.
Thus, blind to Fate! with supplicating breath,
Thou begg'st his arms, and in his arms thy death,
Unfortunately good! a boding sigh
Thy friend return'd; and with it this reply:
Patroclus! thy Achilles knows no fears;
Nor words from Jove, nor oracles he hears;
Nor aught a mother's caution can suggest;
The tyrant's pride lies rooted in my breast.
My wrongs, my wrongs, my constant thought engage,
Those, my sole oracles, inspire my rage.
I made him tyrant: gave him power to wrong
E'en me: I felt it: and shall feel it long.
The maid, my black-eyed maid, he forced away,
Due to the toils of many a well-fought day;
Due to my conquest of her father's reign;
Due to the votes of all the Grecian train.
From me he forced her; me, the bold and brave;
Disgraced, dishonour'd, like the meanest slave.
But bear we this—the wrongs I grieve are past:
'Tis time our fury should relent at last:
I fix'd its date; the day I wish'd appears:
Now Hector to my ships his battle bears,
The flames my eyes, the shouts invade my ears.
Go, then, Patroclus! court fair honour's charms
In Troy's famed fields, and in Achilles' arms:
Lead forth my martial Myrmidons to fight,
Go, save the fleets, and conquer in my right.
See the thin reliques of their baffled band,
At the last edge of yon deserted land!
Behold all Ilion on their ships descends;
How the cloud blackens, how the storm impends!

It was not thus, when at my sight amazed,
Troy saw and trembled, as this helmet blazed:
Had not the injurious king our friendship lost,
Yon ample trench had buried half her host.
No camps, no bulwarks, now the Trojans fear,
Those are not dreadful, no Achilles there:
No longer flames the lance of Tydeus' son;
No more your general calls his heroes on;
Hector, alone, I hear; his dreadful breath
Commands your slaughter, or proclaims your death.
Yet now, Patroclus, issue to the plain;
Now save the ships, the rising fires restrain,
And give the Greeks to visit Greece again.
But heed my words, and mark a friend's command,
Who trusts his fame and honours in thy hand,
And from thy deeds expects the Achaian host
Shall render back the beauteous maid he lost.
Rage uncontroll'd through all the hostile crew,
But touch not Hector; Hector is my due.
Though Jove in thunder should command the war,
Be just, consult my glory, and forbear.
The fleet once saved, desist from farther chase,
Nor lead to Ilion's walls the Grecian race;
Some adverse god thy rashness may destroy;
Some god, like Phœbus, ever kind to Troy.
Let Greece redeem'd from this destructive strait,
Do her own work; and leave the rest to Fate.
Oh! would to all the immortal powers above,
Apollo, Pallas, and almighty Jove,
That not one Trojan might be left alive,
And not a Greek of all the race survive;
Might only we the vast destruction shun,
And only we destroy the accursed town.
Such conference held the chiefs: while on the strand,
Great Jove with conquest crown'd the Trojan band.
Ajax no more the sounding storm sustain'd,
So thick the darts an iron tempest rain'd:
On his tired arm the weighty buckler hung;
His hollow helm with falling javelins rung;
His breath, in quick, short pantings, comes and goes;
And painful sweat from all his members flows:
Spent and o'erpower'd, he barely breathes at most;
Yet scarce an army stirs him from his post:
Dangers on dangers all around him grow,
And toil to toil, and woe succeeds to woe.
Say, Muses, throned above the starry frame,
How first the navy blazed with Trojan flame?
Stern Hector waved his sword; and standing near
Where furious Ajax plied his ashen spear,
Full on the lance a stroke so justly sped,
That the broad falchion lopp'd its brazen head:
His pointless spear the warrior shakes in vain;
The brazen head falls sounding on the plain.
Great Ajax saw, and own'd the hand divine,
Confessing Jove, and trembling at the sign;
Warn'd he retreats. Then swift on all sides pour
The hissing brands; thick streams the fiery shower;
O'er the high stern the curling volumes rise,
And sheets of rolling smoke involve the skies.
Divine Achilles view'd the rising flames,
And smote his thigh, and thus aloud exclaims:
Arm, arm, Patroclus! Lo, the blaze aspires!
The glowing ocean reddens with the fires.
Arm, ere our vessels catch the spreading flame;
Arm, ere the Grecians be no more a name;
I haste to bring the troops—the hero said;
The friend with ardour and with joy obey'd.
He cased his limbs in brass; and first around
His manly legs with silver buckles bound
The clasping greaves; then to his breast applies
The flaming cuirass, of a thousand dyes;
Emblazed with studs of gold his falchion shone
In the rich belt, as in the starry zone:
Achilles' shield his ample shoulders spread,
Achilles' helmet nodded o'er his head:
Adorn'd in all his terrible array,
He flash'd around intolerable day.
Alone, untouch'd, Pelides' javelin stands,
Not to be poised but by Pelides' hands;
From Pelion's shady brow the plant entire,
Old Chiron rent, and shaped it for his sire;
Whose son's great arm alone the weapon wields,
The death of heroes and the dread of fields.
Then brave Automedon (an honour'd name,
The second to his lord in love and fame,
In peace his friend, and partner of the war)
The winged coursers harness'd to the car;
Xanthus and Balius, of immortal breed,
Sprung from the wind, and like the wind in speed;
Whom the wing'd Harpy, swift Podargè, bore,
By Zephyr pregnant on the breezy shore:
Swift Pedasus was added to their side
(Once great Aëtion's, now Achilles' pride,)
Who, like in strength, in swiftness, and in grace,
A mortal courser, match'd the immortal race.
Achilles speeds from tent to tent, and warms
His hardy Myrmidons to blood and arms.
All breathing death, around their chief they stand,
A grim, terrific, formidable band:
Grim as voracious wolves, that seek the springs,
When scalding thirst their burning bowels wrings;
When some tall stag, fresh slaughter'd in the wood,
Has drench'd their wild insatiate throats with blood,
To the black fount they rush, a hideous throng,
With paunch distended, and with lolling tongue;
Fire fills their eye, their black jaws belch the gore,
And, gorged with slaughter, still they thirst for more.
Like furious rush'd the Myrmidonian crew,
Such their dread strength, and such their dreadful view.
High in the midst the great Achilles stands,
Directs their order, and the war commands.
He, loved of Jove, had launch'd for Ilion's shores
Full fifty vessels, mann'd with fifty oars:
Five chosen leaders the fierce bands obey,
Himself supreme in valour as in sway.
First march'd Menestheus, of celestial birth,
Derived from thee, whose waters wash the earth,
Divine Spirchius! Jove-descending flood!
A mortal mother mixing with a god.
Such was Menestheus, but miscall'd by fame
The son of Borus, that espoused the dame.
Eudorus next; whom Polymele the gay,
Famed in the graceful dance, produced to day.
Her, sly Cyllenius loved, on her would gaze,
As with swift step she form'd the running maze:
To her high chamber from Diana's quire,
The god pursued her, urged, and crown'd his fire.
The son confess'd his father's heavenly race,
And heir'd his mother's swiftness in the chase.
Strong Echecleüs, bless'd in all those charms
That pleased a god, succeeded to her arms;
Not conscious of those loves, long hid from fame,
With gifts of price he sought and won the dame;

Her secret offspring to her sire she bare;
Her sire caress'd him with a parent's care.
Pisander follow'd; matchless in his art
To wing the spear or aim the distant dart;
No hand so sure of all the Emathian line,
Or if a surer, great Patroclus! thine.
The fourth by Phœnix' grave command was graced;
Laërces' valiant offspring led the last.
Soon as Achilles with superior care
Had call'd the chiefs, and order'd all the war,
This stern remembrance to his troops he gave:
Ye far-famed Myrmidons, ye fierce and brave!
Think with what threats you dared the Trojan throng,
Think what reproach these ears endured so long.
'Stern son of Peleus,' (thus ye used to say,
While, restless, raging in your ships you lay,)
'Oh nursed with gall, unknowing how to yield;
Whose rage defrauds us of so famed a field,
If that dire fury must for ever burn,
What make we here? Return; ye chiefs, return!'
Such were your words—Now warriors, grieve no more;
Lo there the Trojans! bathe your swords in gore!
This day shall give you all your soul demands;
Glut all you hearts! and weary all your hands!
Thus while he roused the fire in every breast,
Close, and more close, the listening cohorts press'd;
Ranks wedged in ranks; of arms a steely ring
Still grows, and spreads, and thickens round the king.
As when a circling wall the builder forms,
Of strength defensive against winds and storms,
Compacted stones the thickening work compose,
And round him wide the rising structure grows:
So helm to helm, and crest to crest they throng,
Shield urged on shield, and man drove man along;
Thick, undistinguish'd plumes, together join'd,
Float in one sea, and wave before the wind.
Far o'er the rest, in glittering pomp appear
There bold Automedon, Patroclus here;
Brothers in arms, with equal fury fired;
Two friends, two bodies with one soul inspired.
But mindful of the gods, Achilles went
To the rich coffer in his shady tent;
There lay on heaps his various garments roll'd,
And costly furs, and carpets stiff with gold,
(The presents of the silver-footed dame.)
From thence he took a bowl of antique frame,
Which never man had stain'd with ruddy wine,
Nor raised in offerings to the powers divine,
But Peleus' son, and Peleus' son to none
Had raised in offerings, but to Jove alone.
This tinged with sulphur, sacred first to flame,
He purged; and wash'd it in the running stream:
Then cleansed his hands; and fixing for a space
His eyes on heaven, his feet upon the place
Of sacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd
Forth in the midst; and thus the god implored:
Oh thou Supreme! high throned all height above!
Oh great Pelasgic, Dodonæan Jove!
Who 'midst surrounding frosts, and vapours chill,
Presidest on bleak Dodona's vocal hill,
(Whose groves, the Selli, race austere! surround,
Their feet unwash'd, their slumbers on the ground;
Who hear, from rustling oaks, thy dark decrees;
And catch the fates, low-whisper'd in the breeze:)
Hear, as of old! Thou gavest, at Thetis' prayer,
Glory to me, and to the Greeks despair.
Lo, to the dangers of the fighting field!
The best, the dearest of my friends, I yield:
Though still determined, to my ships confined;
Patroclus gone, I stay but half behind.
Oh! be his guard thy providential care,
Confirm his heart, and string his arm to war:
Pressed by his single force let Hector see
His fame in arms not owing all to me.
But when the fleets are saved from foes and fire,
Let him with conquest and renown retire;
Preserve his arms, preserve his social train,
And safe return him to these eyes again!
Great Jove consents to half the chief's request,
But heaven's eternal doom denies the rest:
To free the fleet was granted to his prayer;
His safe return the winds dispersed in air.
Back to his tent the stern Achilles flies,
And waits the combat with impatient eyes.
Meanwhile the troops, beneath Patroclus' care,
Invade the Trojans, and commence the war.
As wasps, provoked by children in their play,
Pour from their mansions by the broad highway
In swarms the guiltless traveller engage,
Whet all their stings, and call forth all their rage;
All rise in arms, and with a general cry
Assert their waxen domes and buzzing progeny:
Thus from the tents the fervent legion swarms,
So loud their clamour, and so keen their arms.
Their rising rage Patroclus' breath inspires,
Who thus inflames them with heroic fires:
Oh warriors, partners of Achilles' praise!
Be mindful of your deeds in ancient days:
Your godlike master let your acts proclaim,
And add new glories to his mighty name.
Think your Achilles sees you fight: be brave,
And humble the proud monarch whom you save.
Joyful they heard, and kindling as he spoke,
Flew to the fleet, involved in fire and smoke.
From shore to shore the doubling shouts resound,
The hollow ships return a deeper sound.
The war stood still, and all around them gazed,
When great Achilles' shining armour blazed:
Troy saw, and thought the dread Achilles nigh;
At once they see, they tremble, and they fly.
Then first thy spear, divine Patroclus! flew,
Where the war raged, and where the tumult grew:
Close to the stern of that famed ship, which bore
Unbless'd Protesilaus to Ilion's shore,
The great Pœonian, bold Pyræchmes, stood
(Who led his bands from Axius' winding flood;)
His shoulder-blade receives the fatal wound:
The groaning warrior pants upon the ground.
His troops, that see their country's glory slain,
Fly divers, scatter'd o'er the distant plain.
Patroclus' arm forbids the spreading fires,
And from the half-burn'd ship proud Troy retires:
Clear'd from the smoke the joyful navy lies;
In heaps on heaps the foe tumultuous flies;
Triumphant Greece her rescued decks ascends,
And loud acclaim the starry region rends.
So when thick clouds inwrap the mountain's head,
O'er heaven's expanse like one black ceiling spread;
Sudden, the Thunderer, with a flashing ray,
Bursts through the darkness, and lets down the day:
The hills shine out, the rocks in prospect rise,
And streams, and vales, and forests, strike the eyes:
The smiling scene wide opens to the sight,
And all the unmeasured æther flames with light.

But Troy repulsed, and scatter'd o'er the plains,
Forced from the navy, yet the fight maintains;
Now every Greek some hostile hero slew;
But still the foremost bold Patroclus flew:
As Areïlycus had turn'd him round,
Sharp in his thigh he felt the piercing wound;
The brazen-pointed spear, with vigour thrown,
The thigh transfix'd, and broke the brittle bone:
Headlong he fell. Next, Thaos, was thy chance,
Thy breast unarm'd, received the Spartan lance.
Phylides' dart (as Amphiclus drew nigh)
His blow prevented, and transpierced his thigh,
Tore all the brawn, and rent the nerves away;
In darkness and in death the warrior lay.
In equal arms two sons of Nestor stand,
And two bold brothers of the Lycian band:
By great Antilochus, Atymnius dies,
Pierced in the flank, lamented youth! he lies.
Kind Maris, bleeding in his brother's wound,
Defends the breathless carcass on the ground.
Furious he flies, his murderer to engage,
But godlike Thrasymed prevents his rage;
Between his arm and shoulder aims a blow;
His arm falls spouting on the dust below:
He sinks, with endless darkness cover'd o'er;
And vents his soul, effused with gushing gore.
Slain by two brothers, thus two brothers bleed,
Sarpedon's friends, Amisodarus' seed;
Amisodarus, who, by Furies led,
The bane of men, abhorr'd Chimæra bred;
Skill'd in the dart in vain, his sons expire,
And pay the forfeit of their guilty sire.
Stopp'd in the tumult Cleobolus lies,
Beneath Oïleus' arm, a living prize,
A living prize not long the Trojan stood,
The thirsty falchion drank his reeking blood:
Plunged in his throat the smoking weapon lies;
Black death, and fate unpitying, seal his eyes.
Amid the ranks, with mutual thirst of fame,
Lycon the brave, and fierce Peneleus came;
In vain their javelins at each other flew,
Now, met in arms, their eager swords they drew.
On the plumed crest of his Bœotian foe,
The daring Lycon aim'd a noble blow;
The sword broke short; but his, Peneleus sped
Full on the juncture of the neck and head.
The head, divided by a stroke so just,
Hung by the skin: the body sunk to dust.
O'ertaken Neamas by Merion bleeds,
Pierced through the shoulder as he mounts his steeds:
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground;
His swimming eyes eternal shades surround.
Next Erymas was doom'd his fate to feel:
His open mouth received the Cretan steel:
Beneath the brain the point a passage tore,
Crash'd the thin bones, and drown'd the teeth in gore:
His mouth, his eyes, his nostrils, pour a flood;
He sobs his soul out in the gush of blood.
As when the flocks, neglected by the swain
(Or kids, or lambs,) lie scatter'd o'er the plain,
A troop of wolves the unguarded charge survey,
And rend the trembling, unresisting prey:
Thus on the foe the Greeks impetuous came;
Troy fled, unmindful of her former fame.
But still at Hector godlike Ajax aim'd,
Still pointed at his breast, his javelin flamed.
The Trojan chief experienced in the field,
O'er his broad shoulders spread the massy shield,
Observed the storm of darts the Grecians pour,
And on his buckler caught the ringing shower.
He sees for Greece the scale of conquest rise,
Yet stops, and turns, and saves his loved allies.
As when the hand of Jove a tempest forms,
And rolls the cloud to blacken heaven with storms,
Dark o'er the fields the ascending vapour flies,
And shades the sun, and blots the golden skies:
So from the ships, along the dusky plain,
Dire Flight and Terror drove the Trojan train.
E'en Hector fled; through heaps of disarray
The fiery coursers forced their lord away:
While far behind his Trojans fall confused;
Wedged in the trench, in one vast carnage bruised;
Chariots on chariots roll; the clashing spokes
Shook; while the madding steeds break short their yokes:
In vain they labour up the steepy mound;
Their charioteers lie foaming on the ground.
Fierce on the rear, with shouts, Patroclus flies;
Tumultuous clamour fills the fields and skies;
Thick drifts of dust involve their rapid flight;
Clouds rise on clouds, and heaven is snatch'd from sight.
The affrighted steeds, their dying lords cast down,
Scour o'er the fields, and stretch to reach the town.
Loud o'er the rout was heard the victor's cry,
Where the war bleeds, and where the thickest die,
Where horse, and arms, and chariots, lie o'erthrown,
And bleeding heroes under axles groan.
No stop, no check, the steeds of Peleus knew;
From bank to bank the immortal coursers flew,
High-bounding o'er the fosse: the whirling car
Smokes through the ranks, o'ertakes the flying war,
And thunders after Hector: Hector flies;
Patroclus shakes his lance; but Fate denies.
Not with less noise, with less impetuous force,
The tide of Trojans urge their desperate course,
Than when in autumn Jove his fury pours,
And earth is loaden with incessant showers
(When guilty mortals break the eternal laws,
Or judges bribed betray the righteous cause;)
From their deep beds he bids the rivers rise,
And opens all the flood-gates of the skies:
The impetuous torrents from their hills obey,
Whole fields are drown'd, and mountains swept away;
Loud roars the deluge till it meets the main;
And trembling man sees all his labours vain.
And now the chief (the foremost troops repell'd)
Back to the ships his destined progress held,
Bore down half Troy in his resistless way,
And forced the routed ranks to stand the day.
Between the space where silver Simoïs flows,
Where lay the fleets, and where the rampires rose,
All grim in dust and blood, Patroclus stands,
And turns the slaughter on the conquering bands.
First Pronoüs died beneath his fiery dart,
Which pierced below the shield his valiant heart.
Thestor was next who saw the chief appear,
And fell a victim of his coward fear;
Shrunk up he sat, with wild and haggard eye,
Nor stood to combat, nor had force to fly:
Patroclus mark'd him as he shunn'd the war,
And with unmanly tremblings shook the car,
And dropp'd the flowing reins. Him 'twixt the jaws
The javelin sticks, and from the chariot draws.
As on a rock that overhangs the main,
An angler, studious of the line and cane,

Some mighty fish draws panting to the shore;
Not with less ease the barbed javelin bore
The gaping dastard: as the spear was shook,
He fell, and life his heartless breast forsook.
Next on Eryalus he flies; a stone,
Large as a rock, was by his fury thrown:
Full on his crown the pondrous fragment flew,
And burst the helm, and cleft the head in two:
Prone to the ground the breathless warrior fell,
And death involved him with the shades of hell.
Then low in dust Epaltes, Echius, lie;
Ipheas, Evippus, Polymelus, die;
Amphoterus, and Erymas succeed;
And last Tlepolemus and Pyres bleed.
Where'er he moves, the growing slaughters spread
In heaps on heaps; a monument of dead.
When now Sarpedon his brave friends beheld
Grovelling in dust, and gasping on the field,
With this reproach his flying host he warms:
Oh stain to honour! oh disgrace to arms!
Forsake, inglorious, the contended plain;
This hand, unaided, shall the war sustain:
The task be mine, this hero's strength to try,
Who mows whole troops, and makes an army fly
He spake; and speaking, leaps from off the car:
Patroclus lights, and sternly waits the war.
As when two vultures on the mountain's height
Stoop with resounding pinions to the fight;
They cuff, they tear, they raise a screaming cry;
The desert echoes, and the rocks reply:
The warriors thus opposed in arms, engage
With equal clamours, and with equal rage.
Jove view'd the combat; whose event foreseen,
He thus bespoke his sister and his queen:
The hour draws on the Destinies ordain
My godlike son shall press the Phrygian plain:
Already on the verge of death he stands,
His life is owed to fierce Patroclus' hands.
What passions in a parent's breast debate!
Say, shall I snatch him from impending fate,
And send him safe to Lycia, distant far,
From all the dangers and the toils of war;
Or to his doom my bravest offspring yield,
And fatten with celestial blood the field?
Then thus the goddess with the radiant eyes:
What words are these, O sovereign of the skies?
Short is the date prescribed to mortal man:
Shall Jove, for one, extend the narrow span,
Whose bounds were fix'd before his race began?
How many sons of gods, foredoom'd to death,
Before proud Ilion must resign their breath!
Were thine exempt, debate would rise above,
And murmuring powers condemn their partial Jove.
Give the bold chief a glorious fate in fight;
And when the ascending soul has wing'd her flight,
Let Sleep and Death convey by thy command,
The breathless body to his native land.
His friends and people, to his future praise,
A marble tomb and pyramid shall raise,
And lasting honours to his ashes give;
His fame ('tis all the dead can have) shall live.
She said: the Cloud-compeller, overcome,
Assents to fate, and ratifies the doom.
Then, touch'd with grief, the weeping heavens distill'd
A shower of blood o'er all the fatal field;
The god, his eyes averting from the plain,
Laments his son, predestined to be slain,
Far from the Lycian shores, his happy native reign.

Now met in arms, the combatants appear;
Each heaved the shield, and poised the lifted spear:
From strong Patroclus' hand the javelin fled,
And pass'd the groin of valiant Thrasymed;
The nerves unbraced, no more his bulk sustain,
He falls, and falling bites the bloody plain.
Two sounding darts the Lycian leader threw;
The first aloof with erring fury flew,
The next transpierced Achilles' mortal steed,
The generous Pedasus of Theban breed;
Fix'd in the shoulder's joint, he reel'd around,
Roll'd in the bloody dust, and paw'd the slippery ground.
His sudden fall the entangled harness broke:
Each axle crackled, and the chariot shook:
When bold Automedon, to disengage
The starting coursers, and restrain their rage,
Divides the traces with his sword, and freed
The encumber'd chariot from the dying steed:
The rest move on, obedient to the rein;
The car rolls slowly o'er the dusty plain.
The towering chiefs to fiercer fight advance,
And first Sarpedon whirl'd his weighty lance,
Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,
And spent in empty air its dying force.
Not so Patroclus' never-erring dart;
Aim'd at his breast, it pierced a mortal part,
Where the strong fibres bind the solid heart
Then, as the mountain-oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine (fit mast for some great admiral,)
Nods to the axe, till with a groaning sound
It sinks, and spreads its honours on the ground:
Thus fell the king; and, laid on earth supine,
Before his chariot stretch'd his form divine:
He grasp'd the dust disdain'd with streaming gore,
And, pale in death, lay groaning on the shore.
So lies a bull beneath the lion's paws,
While the grim savage grinds with foaming jaws
The trembling limbs, and sucks the smoking blood;
Deep groans, and hollow roars, rebellow through the wood.
Then to the leader of the Lycian band
The dying chief addressed his last command:
Glaucus, be bold; thy task be first to dare
The glorious dangers of destructive war,
To lead my troops, to combat at their head,
Incite the living, and supply the dead.
Tell them, I charged them with my latest breath
Not unrevenged to bear Sarpedon's death.
What grief, what shame, must Glaucus undergo,
If these spoil'd arms adorn a Grecian foe!
Then as a friend, and as a warrior, fight;
Defend my body, conquer in my right;
That, taught by great examples all may try
Like thee to vanquish, or like me to die.
He ceased; the Fates suppress'd his labouring breath,
And his eyes darken'd with the shades of death.
The insulting victor with disdain bestrode
The prostrate prince, and on his bosom trod;
Then drew the weapon from his panting heart,
The reeking fibres clinging to the dart;
From the wide wound gush'd out a stream of blood,
And the soul issued in the purple flood.
His flying steeds the Myrmidons detain,
Unguided now, their mighty master slain.
All-impotent of aid, transfix'd with grief,
Unhappy Glaucus heard the dying chief.

His painful arm, yet useless with the smart
Inflicted late by Teucer's deadly dart,
Supported on his better hand he stay'd;
To Phœbus then ('twas all he could) he pray'd:
All-seeing monarch! whether Lycia's coast,
Or sacred Ilion, thy bright presence boast,
Powerful alike to ease the wretch's smart;
Oh hear me! god of every healing art!
Lo! stiff with clotted blood, and pierced with pain,
That thrills my arm, and shoots through every vein;
I stand unable to sustain the spear,
And sigh, at distance from the glorious war.
Low in the dust is great Sarpedon laid,
Nor Jove vouchsafed his hapless offspring aid.
But thou, O god of health! thy succour lend,
To guard the reliques of my slaughter'd friend:
For thou, though distant, canst restore my might,
To head my Lycians, and support the fight.
Apollo heard; and, suppliant as he stood,
His heavenly hand restrain'd the flux of blood:
He drew the dolours from the wounded part,
And breathed a spirit in his rising heart.
Renew'd by art divine, the hero stands,
And owns the assistance of immortal hands.
First to the fight his native troops he warms,
Then loudly calls on Troy's vindictive arms:
With ample strides he stalks from place to place;
Now fires Agenor, now Polydamas!
Æneas next, and Hector he accosts;
Inflaming thus the rage of all their hosts:
What thoughts, regardless chief! thy breast employ?
Oh too forgetful of the friends of Troy!
Those generous friends, who, from their country far,
Breathe their brave souls out in another's war.
See! where in dust the great Sarpedon lies,
In action valiant, and in council wise,
Who guarded right, and kept his people free:
To all his Lycians lost, and lost to thee!
Stretch'd by Patroclus' arm on yonder plains;
Oh save from hostile rage his loved remains!
Ah! let not Greece his conquer'd trophies boast,
Nor on his corse revenge her heroes lost.
He spoke: each leader in his grief partook;
Troy, at the loss, through all her legions shook;
Transfix'd with deep regret, they view o'erthrown
At once his country's pillar, and their own;
A chief, who led to Troy's beleaguer'd wall
A host of heroes, and outshined them all.
Fired, they rush on; first Hector seeks the foes,
And with superior vengeance greatly glows.
But o'er the dead the fierce Patroclus stands,
And, rousing Ajax, roused the listening bands;
Heroes, be men! be what you were before;
Or weigh the great occasion, and be more.
The chief who taught our lofty walls to yield,
Lies pale in death, extended on the field;
To guard his body, Troy in numbers flies;
'Tis half the glory to maintain our prize.
Haste, strip his arms, the slaughter round him spread,
And send the living Lycians to the dead.
The heroes kindle at his fierce command;
The martial squadrons close on either hand:
Here Troy and Lycia charge with loud alarms,
Thessalia there and Greece oppose their arms.
With horrid shouts they circle round the slain;
The clash of armour rings o'er all the plain.
Great Jove, to swell the horrors of the fight,
O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious night,
And round his son confounds the warring hosts,
His fate ennobling with a crowd of ghosts.
Now Greece gives way, and great Epigeus falls;
Agacleus' son, from Budium's lofty walls:
Who chased for murder thence, a suppliant came
To Peleus and the silver-footed dame;
Now sent to Troy, Achilles' arms to aid,
He pays due vengeance to his kinsman's shade.
Soon as his luckless hand had touch'd the dead,
A rock's large fragment thunder'd on his head;
Hurl'd by Hectorian force, it cleft in twain
His shatter'd helm, and stretch'd him o'er the slain.
Fierce to the van of fight Patroclus came;
And, like an eagle darting at his game,
Sprung on the Trojan and the Lycian band.
What grief thy heart, what fury urged thy han
Oh generous Greek! when, with full vigour thrown,
At Stenelaüs flew the weighty stone,
Which sunk him to the dead; when Troy, too near
That arm, drew back; and Hector learn'd to fear.
Far as an able hand a lance can throw,
Or at the lists, or at the fighting foe,
So far the Trojans from their lines retired;
Till Glaucus, turning, all the rest inspired.
Then Bathyclæus fell beneath his rage,
The only hope of Chalcon's trembling age:
Wide o'er the land was stretch'd his large domain,
With stately seats and riches bless'd in vain.
Him, bold with youth, and eager to pursue
The flying Lycians, Glaucus met, and slew
Pierced through the bosom with a sudden wound,
He fell, and, falling, made the fields resound.
The Achaians sorrow for their hero slain;
With conquering shouts the Trojans shake the plain,
And crowd to spoil the dead: the Greeks oppose,
An iron circle round the carcass grows.
The brave Laogonus resign'd his breath,
Dispatch'd by Merion to the shades of death:
On Ida's holy hill he made abode,
The priest of Jove, and honour'd like his god.
Between the jaw and ear the javelin went:
The soul, exhaling, issued at the vent.
His spear Æneas at the victor threw,
Who stooping forward from the death withdrew;
The lance hiss'd harmless o'er his covering shield,
And trembling struck, and rooted in the field:
There yet scarce spent, it quivers on the plain,
Sent by the great Æneas' arm in vain.
Swift as thou art (the raging hero cries,)
And skill'd in dancing to dispute the prize,
My spear, the destined passage had it found,
Had fix'd thy active vigour to the ground.
Oh valiant leader of the Dardan host!
(Insulted Merion thus retorts the boast)
Strong as you are, 'tis mortal force you trust,
An arm as strong may stretch thee in the dust.
And if to this my lance thy fate be given,
Vain are thy vaunts; success is still from heaven:
This instant sends thee down to Pluto's coast;
Mine is the glory, his thy parting ghost.
O friend! (Menœtius' son this answer gave)
With words to combat ill befits the brave:
Not empty boasts the sons of Troy repel,
Your swords must plunge them to the shades of hell.
To speak, beseems the council: but to dare
In glorious action, in the task of war.
This said, Patroclus to the battle flies,
Great Merion follows, and new shouts arise:

Shields, helmets rattle, as the warriors close;
And thick and heavy sounds the storm of blows.
As through the shrilling vale, or mountain ground,
The labours of the woodman's axe resound:
Blows following blows are heard re-echoing wide,
While crackling forests fall on every side,
Thus echo'd all the fields with loud alarms,
So fell the warriors, and so rung their arms.
Now great Sarpedon on the sandy shore,
His heavenly form defaced with dust and gore,
And stuck with darts by warring heroes shed,
Lies undistinguish'd from the vulgar dead.
His long disputed corse the chiefs enclose,
On every side the busy combat grows;
Thick as beneath some shepherd's thatch'd abode
(The pails high foaming with a milky flood)
The buzzing flies, a persevering train,
Incessant swarm, and chased return again.
Jove view'd the combat with a stern survey,
And eyes that flash'd intolerable day.
Fix'd on the field his sight, his breast debates
The vengeance due, and meditates the fates:
Whether to urge their prompt effect, and call
The force of Hector to Patroclus' fall,
This instant see his short-lived trophies won,
And stretch him breathless on his slaughter'd son;
Or yet, with many a soul's untimely flight,
Augment the fame and horror of the fight.
To crown Achilles' valiant friend with praise
At length he dooms; and that his last of days
Shall set in glory; bids him drive the foe;
Nor unattended see the shades below.
Then Hector's mind he fills with dire dismay
He mounts his car, and calls his hosts away:
Sunk with Troy's heavy fates, he sees decline
The scales of Jove, and pants with awe divine.
Then, nor before, the hardy Lycians fled,
And left their monarch with the common dead:
Around, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful wall
Of carnage rises, as the heroes fall.
(So Jove decreed!) At length the Greeks obtain
The prize contested, and despoil the slain.
The radiant arms are by Patroclus borne,
Patroclus' ships the glorious spoils adorn.
Then thus to Phœbus, in the realms above,
Spoke from his throne the cloud-compelling Jove:
Descend, my Phœbus! on the Phrygian plain,
And from the fight convey Sarpedon slain;
Then bathe his body in the crystal flood;
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with blood:
O'er all his limbs ambrosial odours shed,
And with celestial robes adorn the dead.
Those rites discharged his sacred corse bequeath
To the soft arms of silent Sleep and Death.
They to his friends the mournful charge shall bear,
His friends a tomb and pyramid shall rear;
What honours mortals after death receive,
Those unavailing honours we may give.
Apollo bows, and from mount Ida's height,
Swift to the field precipitates his flight;
Thence from the war the breathless hero bore,
Veil'd in a cloud, to silver Simoïs shore;
There bathed his honourable wounds, and dress'd
His manly members in the immortal vest;
And with perfumes of sweet ambrosial dews,
Restores his freshness, and his form renews.
Then Sleep and Death, two twins of winged race,
Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace,
Received Sarpedon, at the god's command,
And in a moment reach'd the Lycian land;
The corse amidst his weeping friends they laid,
Where endless honours wait the sacred shade.
Meanwhile Patroclus pours along the plains,
With foaming coursers, and with loosen'd reins.
Fierce on the Trojan and the Lycian crew,
Ah blind to fate; thy headlong fury flew:
Against what fate and powerful Jove ordain,
Vain was thy friend's command, thy courage vain.
For he, the god, whose counsels uncontroll'd,
Dismay the mighty, and confound the bold;
The god who gives, resumes, and orders all,
He urged thee on, and urged thee on to fall.
Who first, brave hero! by that arm was slain,
Who last, beneath thy vengeance press'd the plain,
When heaven itself thy fatal fury led,
And call'd to fill the number of the dead?
Adrestus first; Autonoüs then succeeds;
Echeclus follows; next young Megas bleeds;
Epistor, Menalippus, bite the ground;
The slaughter, Elasus and Mulius crown'd:
Then sunk Pylartes to eternal night;
The rest dispersing, trust their fates to flight.
Now Troy had stoop'd beneath his matchless power
But flaming Phœbus kept the sacred tower:
Thrice at the battlements Patroclus struck,
His blazing ægis thrice Apollo shook:
He tried the fourth; when, bursting from the cloud
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud:
Patroclus! cease: this heaven-defended wall
Defies thy lance; not fated yet to fall;
Thy friend, thy greater far, it shall withstand,
Troy shall not stoop, e'en to Achilles' hand.
So spoke the god who darts celestial fires:
The Greek obeys him, and with awe retires:
While Hector, checking at the Scæan gates
His panting coursers, in his breast debates,
Or in the field his forces to employ,
Or draw the troops within the walls of Troy.
Thus while he thought, beside him Phœbus stood,
In Asius' shape, who reign'd by Sangar's flood;
(Thy brother, Hecuba! from Dymas sprung,
A valiant warrior, haughty, bold, and young.)
Thus he accosts him: What a shameful sight!
Gods! is it Hector that forbears the fight?
Were thine my vigour, this successful spear
Should soon convince thee of so false a fear.
Turn then, ah turn thee to the field of fame,
And in Patroclus blood efface thy shame.
Perhaps Apollo shall thy arms succeed,
And heaven ordains him by thy lance to bleed.
So spoke the inspiring god: then took his flight,
And plunged amidst the tumult of the fight.
He bids Cebrion drive the rapid car;
The lash resounds, the coursers rush to war:
The god the Grecians' sinking souls depress'd,
And pour'd swift spirits through each Trojan breast.
Patroclus lights, impatient for the fight;
A spear his left, a stone employs his right:
With all his nerves he drives it at the foe;
Pointed above, and rough and gross below:
The falling ruin crush'd Cebrion's head,
The lawless offspring of king Priam's bed;
His front, brows, eyes, one undistinguish'd wound;
The bursting balls drop sightless to the ground.
The charioteer, while yet he held the rein,
Struck from the car, falls headlong on the plain.

To the dark shades the soul unwilling glides,
While the proud victor thus his fall derides :
Good heavens ! what active feats yon artist shows !
What skilful divers are our Phrygian foes !
Mark with what ease they sink into the sand !
Pity, that all their practice is by land !
Then rushing sudden on his prostrate prize,
To spoil the carcass fierce Patroclus flies ;
Swift as a lion, terrible and bold,
That sweeps the fields, depopulates the fold ;
Pierced though the dauntless heart, then tumbles slain ;
And from his fatal courage finds his bane.
At once bold Hector leaping from his car,
Defends the body and provokes the war.
Thus for some slaughter'd hind, with equal rage,
Two lordly rulers of the wood engage ;
Stung with fierce hunger, each the prey invades,
And echoing roars rebellow through the shades
Stern Hector fastens on the warrior's head,
And by the foot Patroclus drags the dead.
While all around, confusion, rage and fright
Mix the contending host in mortal fight.
So pent by hills, the wild winds roar aloud
In the deep bosom of some gloomy wood ;
Leaves, arms, and trees, aloft in air are blown,
The broad oaks crackle, and the sylvans groan.
This way and that the rattling thicket bends,
And the whole forest in one crash descends.
Not with less noise, with less tumultuous rage,
In dreadful shock the mingled hosts engage.
Darts shower'd on darts, now round the carcass ring ;
Now flights of arrows bounding from the string :
Stones follow stones ; some clatter on the fields,
Some hard, and heavy, shake the sounding shields.
But where the rising whirlwind clouds the plains,
Sunk in soft dust the mighty chief remains,
And stretch'd in death, forgets the guiding reins !
Now flaming from the zenith, Sol had driven
His fervid orb through half the vault of heaven ;
While on each host with equal tempest fell
The showering darts, and numbers sunk to hell.
But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main,
Glad conquest rested on the Grecian train.
Then from amidst the tumult and alarms,
They draw the conquer'd corse and radiant arms.
Then rash Patroclus with new fury glows,
And, breathing slaughter, pours amid the foes.
Thrice on the press like Mars himself he flew,
And thrice three heroes at each onset slew.
There ends thy glory ! there the Fates untwine
The last black remnant of so bright a line ;
Apollo dreadful stops thy middle way ;
Death calls, and Heaven allows no longer day !
For lo ! the god in dusky clouds enshrined,
Approaching, dealt a staggering blow behind.
The weighty shock his neck and shoulders feel ;
His eyes flash sparkles, his stunn'd senses reel
In giddy darkness : far to distance flung,
His bounding helmet on the champaign rung.
Achilles' plume is stain'd with dust and gore,
That plume, which never stoop'd to earth before ;
Long used, untouch'd, in fighting fields to shine,
And shade the temples of the man divine.
Jove dooms it now on Hector's helm to nod ;
Not long—for fate pursues him, and the god.
His spear in shivers falls ; his ample shield
Drops from his arm : his baldric strews the field :
The corselet his astonish'd breast forsakes :
Loose is each joint ; each nerve with horror shakes.
Stupid he stares, and all-assistless stands :
Such is the force of more than mortal hands !
A Dardan youth there was, well known to fame,
From Panthus sprung, Euphorbus was his name ;
Famed for the manage of the foaming horse,
Skill'd in the dart, and matchless in the course ;
Full twenty knights he tumbled from the car,
While yet he learn'd his rudiments of war.
His venturous spear first drew the hero's gore ;
He struck, he wounded, but he durst no more ;
Nor, though disarm'd, Patroclus' fury stood :
But swift withdrew the long-protended wood,
And turn'd him short, and herded in the crowd.
Thus by an arm divine, and mortal spear,
Wounded at once, Patroclus yields to fear,
Retires for succour to his social train,
And flies the fate, which Heaven decreed, in vain.
Stern Hector, as the bleeding chief he views,
Breaks through the ranks, and his retreat pursues ;
The lance arrests him with a mortal wound ;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound.
With him all Greece was sunk ; that moment all
Her yet surviving heroes seem'd to fall.
So, scorch'd with heat, along the desert shore,
The roaming lion meets a bristly boar,
Fast by the spring ; they both dispute the flood,
With flaming eyes, and jaws besmear'd with blood ;
At length the sovereign savage wins the strife,
And the torn boar resigns his thirst and life.
Patroclus thus, so many chiefs o'erthrown,
So many lives effused, expires his own.
As dying now at Hector's feet he lies,
He sternly views him, and triumphing cries :
Lie there, Patroclus ! and with thee the joy,
Thy pride once promised, of subverting Troy ;
The fancied scenes of Ilion wrapp'd in flames,
And thy soft pleasures served with captive dames !
Unthinking man ! I fought those towers to free,
And guard that beauteous race from lords like thee :
But thou a prey to vultures shalt be made ;
Thy own Achilles cannot lend thee aid ;
Though much at parting that great chief might say,
And much enjoin thee, this important day :
'Return not, my brave friend,' (perhaps he said)
'Without the bloody arms of Hector dead.'
He spoke, Patroclus march'd, and thus he sped.
Supine, and wildly gazing on the skies,
With faint, expiring breath, the chief replies :
Vain boaster ! cease, and know the Powers divine :
Jove's and Apollo's is this deed, not thine :
To Heaven is owed whate'er your own you call,
And Heaven itself disarm'd me ere my fall.
Had twenty mortals, each thy match in might,
Opposed me fairly, they had sunk in fight :
By Fate and Phœbus was I first o'erthrown,
Euphorbus next ; the third mean part thy own.
But thou, imperious ! hear my latest breath ;
The gods inspire it, and it sounds thy death.
Insulting man, thou shalt be soon as I ;
Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws nigh ;
E'en now on life's last verge I see thee stand,
I see thee fall, and by Achilles' hand.
He faints ; the soul unwilling wings her way,
(The beauteous body left a load of clay,)
Flits to the lone, uncomfortable coast ;
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost !

Then Hector pausing, as his eyes he fed
On the pale carcase, thus address'd the dead:
From whence this boding speech, the stern decree
Of death denounced, or why denounced to me?
Why not as well Achilles' fate be given
To Hector's lance? who knows the will of Heaven?
Pensive he said: then pressing as he lay
His breathless bosom, tore the lance away,
And upwards cast the corse: the reeking spear
He shakes, and charges the bold charioteer.
But swift Automedon with loosen'd reins
Rapt in the chariot o'er the distant plains,
Far from his rage the immortal coursers drove;
The immortal coursers were the gift of Jove.

BOOK XVII.

ARGUMENT.

The seventh Battle, for the Body of Patroclus: the Acts of Menelaus.

Menelaus, upon the death of Patroclus, defends his body from the enemy: Euphorbus, who attempts it, is slain. Hector advancing, Menelaus retires; but soon returns with Ajax, and drives him off. This Glaucus objects to Hector as a flight, who thereupon puts on the armour he had won from Patroclus, and renews the battle. The Greeks give way, till Ajax rallies them: Æneas sustains the Trojans. Æneas and Hector attempt the chariot of Achilles, which is borne off by Automedon. The horses of Achilles deplore the loss of Patroclus: Jupiter covers his body with a thick darkness: the noble prayer of Ajax on that occasion. Menelaus sends Antilochus to Achilles, with the news of Patroclus' death: then returns to the fight, where, though attacked with the utmost fury, he and Merione, assisted by the Ajaxes, bear off the body to the ships. The time is the evening of the eight-and-twentieth day. The scene lies in the fields before Troy.

BOOK XVII.

On the cold earth divine Patroclus spread,
Lies pierced with wounds among the vulgar dead.
Great Menelaüs, touch'd with generous woe,
Springs to the front, and guards him from the foe:
Thus round her new-fallen young, the heifer moves,
Fruit of her throes, and first-born of her loves;
And anxious (helpless as he lies, and bare)
Turns and re-turns her with a mother's care.
Opposed to each that near the carcass came,
His broad shield glimmers, and his lances flame.
The son of Panthus, skill'd the dart to send,
Eyes the dead hero, and insults the friend.
This hand, Atrides, laid Patroclus low;
Warrior! desist, nor tempt an equal blow:
To me the spoils my prowess won, resign;
Depart with life, and leave the glory mine.
The Trojan thus. The Spartan monarch burn'd,
With generous anguish, and in scorn return'd:
Laugh'st thou not, Jove! from thy superior throne,
When mortals boast of prowess not their own?
Not thus the lion glories in his might,
Nor panther braves his spotted foe in fight.
Not thus the boar (those terrors of the plain:)
Man only vaunts his force, and vaunts in vain.
But far the vainest of the boastful kind
These sons of Panthus vent their haughty mind.
Yet 'twas but late, beneath my conquering steel,
This boaster's brother, Hyperenor, fell;
Against our arm, which rashly he defied,
Vain was his vigour, and as vain his pride.
These eyes beheld him on the dust expire,
No more to cheer his spouse or glad his sire.
Presumptuous youth! like his shall be thy doom,
Go, wait thy brother to the Stygian gloom;
Or, while thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd fate:
Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.
Unmoved Euphorbus thus: That action known,
Come, for my brother's blood repay thy own.
His weeping father claims thy destined head,
And spouse, a widow in her bridal bed.
On these thy conquer'd spoils I shall bestow,
To soothe a consort's and a parent's woe.
No longer then defer the glorious strife,
Let Heaven decide our fortune, fame, and life.
Swift as the word the missile lance he flings;
The well-aim'd weapon on the buckler rings,
But blunted by the brass innoxious falls:
On Jove the father, great Atrides calls;
Nor flies the javelin from his arm in vain,
It pierced his throat, and bent him to the plain;
Wide through the neck appears the grisly wound,
Prone sinks the warrior, and his arms resound.
The shining circlets of his golden hair,
Which e'en the Graces might be proud to wear
Instarr'd with gems and gold, bestrew the shore,
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore.
As the young olive, in some sylvan scene,
Crown'd by fresh fountains with eternal green,
Lifts the gay head, in snowy flow'rets fair,
And plays and dances to the gentle air;
When lo! a whirlwind from high heaven invades
The tender plant, and withers all its shades;
It lies uprooted from its genial bed,
A lovely ruin now defaced and dead:
Thus young, thus beautiful, Euphorbus lay,
While the fierce Spartan tore his arms away
Proud of his deed, and glorious in the prize,
Affrighted Troy the towering victor flies:
Flies, as before some mountain-lion's ire
The village curs and trembling swains retire;
When o'er the slaughter'd bull they hear him roar,
And see his jaws distil with smoking gore:
All pale with fear, at distance scatter'd round,
They shout incessant, and the vales resound.
Meanwhile Apollo view'd with envious eyes,
And urged great Hector to dispute the prize
(In Mentes' shape, beneath whose martial care
The rough Ciconians learn'd the trade of war.)
Forbear, he cried, with fruitless speed to chase
Achilles' coursers, of ethereal race;
They stoop not, these, to mortal man's command,
Or stoop to none but great Achilles' hand.
Too long amused with a pursuit so vain,
Turn, and behold the brave Euphorbus slain!
By Sparta slain! for ever now suppress'd
The fire which burn'd in that undaunted breast!
Thus having spoke, Apollo wing'd his flight,
And mix'd with mortals in the toils of fight:
His words infix'd unutterable care
Deep in great Hector's soul: through all the war
He darts his anxious eye: and instant view'd
The breathless hero in his blood imbrued,
(Forth welling from the wound, as prone he lay,)
And in the victor's hands the shining prey.
Sheath'd in bright arms, through cleaving ranks he flies,
And sends his voice in thunder to the skies:

Fierce as a flood of flame by Vulcan sent,
It flew, and fired the nations as it went.
Atrides from the voice the storm divined,
And thus explored his own unconquer'd mind:
Then shall I quit Patroclus on the plain,
Slain in my cause, and for my honour slain?
Desert the arms, the relics of my friend?
Or, singly, Hector and his troops attend?
Sure where such partial favour Heaven bestow'd,
To brave the hero were to brave the god.
Forgive me, Greece, if once I quit the field:
'Tis not to Hector, but to Heaven I yield.
Yet, nor the god, nor heaven, should give me fear
Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear:
Still would we turn, still battle on the plains,
And give Achilles all that yet remains
Of his and our Patroclus.—This, no more,
The time allow'd: Troy thicken'd on the shore,
A sable scene! The terrors Hector led,
Slow he recedes, and sighing quits the dead.
So from the fold the unwilling lion parts,
Forced by loud clamours, and a storm of darts.
He flies indeed, but threatens as he flies,
With heart indignant and retorted eyes.
Now entered in the Spartan ranks, he turn'd
His manly breast, and with new fury burn'd;
O'er all the black battalions sent his view,
And through the cloud the godlike Ajax knew;
Where labouring on the left the warrior stood,
All grim in arms, and cover'd o'er with blood;
There breathing courage, where the god of day
Had sunk each heart with terror and dismay.
To him the king: Oh Ajax, oh my friend!
Haste, and Patroclus' loved remains defend:
The body to Achilles to restore,
Demands our care; alas, we can no more!
For naked now, despoil'd of arms he lies;
And Hector glories in the dazzling prize.
He said, and touch'd his heart. The raging pair
Pierce the thick battle, and provoke the war.
Already had stern Hector seized his head,
And doom'd to Trojan dogs the unhappy dead;
But soon (as Ajax rear'd his tower-like shield)
Sprung to his car, and measured back the field.
His train to Troy the radiant armour bear,
To stand a trophy of his fame in war.
Meanwhile great Ajax (his broad shield display'd)
Guards the dead hero with the dreadful shade;
And now before, and now behind he stood.
Thus in the centre of some gloomy wood,
With many a step the lioness surrounds
Her tawny young, beset my men and hounds;
Elate her heart, and rousing all her powers,
Dark o'er the fiery balls each hanging eye-brow lowers.
Fast by his side the generous Spartan glows
With great revenge, and feeds his inward woes.
But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian aids,
On Hector frowning, thus his flight upbraids:
Where now in Hector shall we Hector find?
A manly form, without a manly mind.
Is this, O chief! a hero's boasted fame?
How vain, without the merit, is the name?
Since battle is renounced, thy thoughts employ
What other methods may preserve thy Troy;
'Tis time to try if Ilion's state can stand
By thee alone, nor ask a foreign hand;
Mean, empty boast! but shall the Lycians stake
Their lives for you? those Lycians you forsake?
What from thy thankless arms can we expect?
Thy friend Sarpedon proves thy base neglect:
Say, shall our slaughter'd bodies guard your walls,
While unrevenged the great Sarpedon falls?
E'en where he died for Troy, you left him there,
A feast for dogs, and all the fowls of air.
On my command if any Lycian wait,
Hence let him march, and give up Troy to fate.
Did such a spirit as the gods impart
Impel one Trojan hand or Trojan heart
(Such as should burn in every soul that draws
The sword for glory and his country's cause;
E'en yet our mutual arms we might employ,
And drag yon carcass to the walls of Troy.
Oh! were Patroclus ours, we might obtain
Sarpedon's arms, and honour'd corse again!
Greece with Achilles' friend should be repaid,
And thus due honours purchased to his shade.
But words are vain—Let Ajax once appear,
And Hector trembles and recedes with fear;
Thou darest not meet the terrors of his eye;
And lo! already thou preparest to fly.
The Trojan chief with fix'd resentment eyed
The Lycian leader, and sedate replied:
Say, is it just (my friend) that Hector's ear
From such a warrior such a speech should hear?
I deem'd thee once the wisest of thy kind,
But ill this insult suits a prudent mind.
I shun great Ajax? I desert my train?
'Tis mine to prove the rash assertion vain;
I joy to mingle where the battle bleeds,
And hear the thunder of the sounding steeds.
But Jove's high will is ever uncontroll'd,
The strong he withers, and confounds the bold:
Now crowns with fame the mighty man, and now
Strikes the fresh garland from the victor's brow!
Come, through yon squadrons let us hew the way,
And thou be witness if I fear to-day;
If yet a Greek the sight of Hector dread,
Or yet their hero dare defend the dead.
Then turning to the martial hosts, he cries:
Ye Trojans, Dardans, Lycians, and allies!
Be men (my friends) in action as in name,
And yet be mindful of your ancient fame.
Hector in proud Achilles' arms shall shine,
Torn from his friend, by right of conquest mine.
He strode along the field as thus he said
(The sable plumage nodded o'er his head:)
Swift through the spacious plain he sent a look,
One instant saw, one instant overtook
The distant band, that on the sandy shore
The radiant spoils to sacred Ilion bore.
There his own mail unbraced the field bestrow'd;
His train to Troy convey'd the massy load.
Now blazing in the immortal arms he stands,
The work and present of celestial hands;
By aged Peleus to Achilles given,
As first to Peleus by the court of heaven:
His father's arms not long Achilles wears,
Forbid by fate to reach his father's years.
Him, proud in triumph, glittering from afar,
The god whose thunder rends the troubled air,
Beheld with pity, as apart he sate,
And, conscious, look'd through all the scene of fate:
He shook the sacred honours of his head;
Olympus trembled, and the godhead said:
Ah wretched man! unmindful of thy end!
A moment's glory, and what fates attend!

In heavenly panoply divinely bright
Thou stand'st, and armies tremble at thy sight
As at Achilles' self: beneath thy dart
Lies slain the great Achilles' dearer part:
Thou from the mighty dead those arms hast torn
Which once the greatest of mankind had worn.
Yet live! I give thee one illustrious day,
A blaze of glory ere thou fadest away.
For ah! no more Andromache shall come,
With joyful tears to welcome Hector home;
No more officious, with endearing charms,
From thy tired limbs unbrace Pelides' arms!
Then with his sable brow he gave the nod,
That seals his word; the sanction of the god.
The stubborn arms (by Jove's command disposed)
Conform'd spontaneous, and around him closed.
Fill'd with the god, enlarged his members grew,
Through all his veins a sudden vigour flew,
The blood in brisker tides began to roll,
And Mars himself came rushing on his soul.
Exhorting loud through all the field he strode,
And look'd, and moved, Achilles, or a god.
Now Mesthles, Glaucus, Medon he inspires,
Now Phorcys, Chromius, and Hippothoüs fires;
The great Thersilochus like fury found,
Asteropæus kindled at the sound,
And Ennomus, in augury renown'd.
Hear, all ye hosts, and hear, unnumber'd bands
Of neighbouring nations, or of distant lands!
'Twas not for state we summon'd you so far,
To boast our numbers, and the pomp of war;
Ye came to fight; a valiant foe to chase,
To save our present and our future race.
For this, our wealth, our products you enjoy,
And glean the relics of exhausted Troy.
Now then to conquer or to die prepare,
To die or conquer are the terms of war.
Whatever hand shall win Patroclus slain,
Whoe'er shall drag him to the Trojan train,
With Hector's self shall equal honours claim;
With Hector part the spoil, and share the fame.
Fired by his words, the troops dismiss their fears,
They join, they thicken, they protend their spears;
Full on the Greeks they drive in firm array,
And each from Ajax hopes the glorious prey:
Vain hope! what number shall the field o'erspread!
What victims perish round the mighty dead
Great Ajax mark'd the growing storm from far,
And thus bespoke his brother of the war:
Our fatal day, alas! is come (my friend,)
And all our wars and glories at an end!
'Tis not this corse alone we guard in vain,
Condemn'd to vultures on the Trojan plain;
We too must yield: the same sad fate must fall
On thee, on me, perhaps (my friend) on all.
See what a tempest direful Hector spreads,
And lo! it bursts, it thunders on our heads!
Call on our Greeks, if any hear the call,
The bravest Greeks: this hour demands them all.
The warrior raised his voice, and wide around
The field re-echo'd the distressful sound.
Oh chiefs! oh princes! to whose hand is given
The rule of men; whose glory is from heaven!
Whom with due honours both Atrides grace:
Ye guides and guardians of our Argive race!
All, whom this well-known voice shall reach from far
All, whom I see not through this cloud of war,
Come all! let generous rage your arms employ,
And save Patroclus from the dogs of Troy.
O'lean Ajax first the voice obey'd,
Swift was his pace, and ready was his aid:
Next him Idomeneus, more slow with age,
And Merion burning with a hero's rage.
The long-succeeding numbers who can name?
But all were Greeks, and eager all for fame.
Fierce to the charge great Hector led the throng;
All Troy embodied rush'd with shouts along.
Thus, when a mountain-billow foams and raves,
Where some swollen river disembogues his waves,
Full in the mouth is stopp'd the rushing tide,
The boiling ocean works from side to side,
The river trembles to his utmost shore,
And distant rocks rebellow to the roar.
Nor less resolved the firm Achaian band
With brazen shields in horrid circle stand:
Jove pouring darkness o'er the mingled fight,
Conceals the warrior's shining helms in night:
To him, the chief for whom the hosts contend,
Had lived not hateful, for he lived a friend:
Dead he protects him with superior care,
Nor dooms his carcass to the birds of air.
The first attack the Grecians scarce sustain,
Repulsed, they yield, the Trojans seize the slain
Then fierce they rally, to revenge led on
By the swift rage of Ajax Telamon;
(Ajax, to Peleus' son the second name,
In graceful stature next, and next in fame.)
With headlong force the foremost ranks he tore:
So through the thicket bursts the mountain-boar,
And rudely scatters, far to distance round,
The frighted hunter and the baying hound.
The son of Lethus, brave Pelasgus' heir,
Hippothoüs, dragg'd the carcass through the war;
The sinewy ancles bored, the feet he bound
With thongs, inserted through the double wound
Inevitable fate o'ertakes the deed;
Doom'd by great Ajax' vengeful lance to bleed:
It cleft the helmet's brazen cheeks in twain;
The shatter'd crest and horse-hair strew the plain;
With nerves relax'd he tumbles to the ground;
The brain comes gushing through the ghastly wound
He drops Patroclus' foot, and o'er him spread
Now lies a sad companion of the dead:
Far from Larissa lies, his native air,
And ill requites his parents' tender care.
Lamented youth! in life's firm bloom he fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell.
Once more at Ajax, Hector's javelin flies:
The Grecian marking as it cut the skies,
Shunn'd the descending death; which hissing on,
Stretch'd in the dust the great Iphytus' son,
Schedius the brave, of all the Phocian kind,
The boldest warrior, and the noblest mind:
In little Panopè, for strength renown'd,
He held his seat, and ruled the realms around,
Plunged in his throat, the weapon drank his blood,
And deep transpiercing through the shoulder stood;
In clanging arms the hero fell, and all
The fields resounded with his weighty fall.
Phorcys, as slain Hippothoüs he defends,
The Telamonian lance his belly rends;
The hollow armour burst before the stroke,
And through the wound the rushing entrails broke.
In strong convulsions panting on the sands
He lies, and grasps the dust with dying hands.

Struck at the sight, recede the Trojan train:
The shouting Argives strip the heroes slain.
And now had Troy, by Greece compell'd to yield,
Fled to her ramparts, and resign'd the field;
Greece, in her native fortitude elate,
With Jove averse, had turn'd the scale of fate;
But Phœbus urged Æneas to the fight;
He seem'd like aged Periphas to sight
(A herald in Anchises' love grown old,
Revered for prudence; and with prudence bold.)
Thus he—What methods yet, oh chief! remain,
To save your Troy, though heaven its fall ordain!
There have been heroes, who, by virtuous care,
By valour, numbers, and by arts of war,
Have forced the powers to spare a sinking state,
And gain'd at length the glorious odds of fate:
But you, when fortune smiles, when Jove declares
His partial favour, and assists your wars,
Your shameful efforts 'gainst yourselves employ,
And force the unwilling god to ruin Troy.
Æneas through the form assumed descries
The power conceal'd, and thus to Hector cries:
Oh lasting shame! to our own fears a prey,
We seek our ramparts and desert the day.
A god (nor is he less) my bosom warms,
And tells me, Jove asserts the Trojan arms.
He spoke, and foremost to the combat flew:
The bold example all his host pursue.
Then first, Leocritus beneath him bled,
In vain beloved by valiant Lycomede;
Who view'd his fall, and grieving at the chance,
Swift to revenge it, sent his angry lance:
The whirling lance, with vigorous force address'd,
Descends, and pants in Apisaon's breast:
From rich Pæonia's vales the warrior came,
Next thee, Asteropeus! in place and fame.
Asteropeus with grief beheld the slain,
And rush'd to combat, but he rush'd in vain:
Indissolubly firm, around the dead,
Rank within rank, on buckler buckler spread,
And hemm'd with bristled spears, the Grecians stood;
A brazen bulwark, and an iron wood.
Great Ajax eyes them with incessant care,
And in an orb contracts the crowded war,
Close in their ranks commands to fight or fall,
And stands the centre and the soul of all:
Fix'd on the spot they war, and, wounded, wound;
A sanguine torrent steeps the reeking ground;
On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans bled,
And, thickening round them, rise the hills of dead.
Greece, in close order, and collected might,
Yet suffers least, and sways the wavering fight;
Fierce as conflicting fires, the combat burns,
And now it rises, now it sinks by turns.
In one thick darkness all the fight was lost;
The sun, the moon, and all the ethereal host,
Seem'd as extinct: day ravish'd from their eyes,
And all heaven's splendours blotted from the skies;
Such o'er Patroclus' body hung the night,
The rest in sunshine fought, and open light;
Unclouded there, the aërial azure spread,
No vapour rested on the mountain's head;
The golden sun pour'd forth a stronger ray,
And all the broad expansion flamed with day.
Dispersed around the plain, by fits they fight,
And here, and there, their scatter'd arrows light:
But death and darkness o'er the carcass spread,
There burn'd the war, and there the mighty bled.

Meanwhile the sons of Nestor, in the rear,
(Their fellows routed) toss the distant spear,
And skirmish wide: so Nestor gave command,
When from the ships he sent the Pylian band.
The youthful brothers thus for fame contend,
Nor knew the fortune of Achilles' friend;
In thought they view'd him still, with martial joy,
Glorious in arms, and dealing deaths to Troy.
But round the course the heroes pant for breath
And thick and heavy grows the work of death:
O'erlabour'd now, with dust, and sweat, and gore,
Their knees, their legs, their feet are cover'd o'er;
Drops follow drops, the clouds on clouds arise,
And carnage clogs their hands, and darkness fills their eyes.
As when a slaughter'd bull's yet-reeking hide,
Strain'd with full force, and tugg'd from side to side
The brawny curriers stretch; and labour o'er
The extended surface, drunk with fat and gore:
So tugging round the corse both armies stood;
The mangled body bathed in sweat and blood;
While Greeks and Ilians equal strength employ,
Now to the ships to force it, now to Troy.
Not Pallas' self, her breast when fury warms,
Nor he whose anger sets the world in arms,
Could blame this scene; such rage, such horror reign'd;
Such Jove to honour the great dead ordain'd.
Achilles in his ships at distance lay,
Nor knew the fatal fortune of the day;
He, yet unconscious of Patroclus' fall,
In dust extended under Ilion's wall,
Expects him glorious from the conquer'd plain,
And for his wish'd return prepares in vain;
Though well he knew, to make proud Ilion bend,
Was more than heaven had destined to his friend:
Perhaps to him: this Thetis had reveal'd,
The rest, in pity to her son, conceal'd.
Still raged the conflict round the hero dead,
And heaps on heaps by mutual wounds they bled.
Cursed be the man (e'en private Greeks would say)
Who dares desert this well-disputed day!
First may the cleaving earth before our eyes
Gape wide, and drink our blood for sacrifice!
First perish all, ere haughty Troy shall boast
We lost Patroclus, and our glory lost!
Thus they. While with one voice the Trojans said,
Grant this day, Jove! or heap us on the dead!
Then clash their sounding arms; the clangours rise,
And shake the brazen concave of the skies.
Meantime, at distance from the scene of blood,
The pensive steeds of great Achilles stood;
Their godlike master slain before their eyes
They wept, and shared in human miseries.
In vain Automedon now shakes the rein,
Now plies the lash, and soothes and threats in vain;
Nor to the fight nor Hellespont they go,
Restive they stood, and obstinate in woe;
Still as a tombstone, never to be moved,
On some good man or woman unreproved
Lays its eternal weight; or fix'd as stands
A marble courser by the sculptor's hands,
Placed on the hero's grave. Along their face,
The big round drops coursed down with silent pace,
Conglobing on the dust. Their manes, that late
Circled their arched necks, and waved in state,
Trail'd on the dust, beneath the yoke were spread,
And prone to earth was hung their languid head:

Nor Jove disdain'd to cast a pitying look,
While thus relenting to the steeds he spoke:
Unhappy coursers of immortal strain!
Exempt from age, and deathless now in vain!
Did we your race on mortal man bestow,
Only, alas! to share in mortal woe?
For ah! what is there, of inferior birth,
That breathes or creeps upon the dust of earth;
What wretched creature of what wretched kind,
Than man more weak, calamitous, and blind?
A miserable race! But cease to mourn;
For not by you shall Priam's son be borne
High on the splendid car: one glorious prize
He rashly boasts; the rest our will denies.
Ourself will swiftness to your nerves impart,
Ourself with rising spirits swell your heart.
Automedon your rapid flight shall bear
Safe to the navy through the storm of war.
For yet 'tis given to Troy, to ravage o'er
The field, and spread her slaughters to the shore:
The sun shall see her conquer, till his fall
With sacred darkness shades the face of all.
He said, and breathing in the immortal horse
Excessive spirit, urged them to the course:
From their high manes they shake the dust, and bear
The kindling chariot through the parted war:
So flies a vulture through the clamorous train
Of geese, that scream, and scatter round the plain.
From danger now with swiftest speed they flew,
And now to conquest with like speed pursue;
Sole in the seat the charioteer remains,
Now plies the javelin, now directs the reins:
Him brave Alcimedon beheld distress'd,
Approach'd the chariot, and the chief address'd.
What god provokes thee, rashly thus to dare,
Alone, unaided, in the thickest war?
Alas! thy friend is slain, and Hector wields
Achilles' arms triumphant in the fields.
In happy time (the charioteer replies)
The bold Alcimedon now greets my eyes:
No Greek like him the heavenly steeds restrains,
Or holds their fury in suspended reins:
Patroclus, while he lived, their rage could tame!
But now Patroclus is an empty name!
To thee I yield the seat, to thee resign
The ruling charge: the task of fight be mind.
He said. Alcimedon, with active heat,
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the seat.
His friend descends. The chief of Troy descried,
And call'd Æneas, fighting near his side.
Lo, to my sight beyond our hope restored,
Achilles' car, deserted of its lord;
The glorious steeds our ready arms invite,
Scarce their weak drivers guide them through the fight;
Can such opponents stand, when we assail?
Unite thy force, my friend, and we prevail.
The son of Venus to the counsel yields,
Then o'er their backs they spread their solid shields;
With brass refulgent the bright surface shined,
And thick bull-hides the spacious concave lined.
Them Chromius follows, Aretus succeeds,
Each hopes the conquest of the lofty steeds:
In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,
In vain advance! not fated to return.
Unmoved, Automedon attends the fight,
Implores the Eternal, and collects his might,
Then turning to his friend, with dauntless mind:
Oh keep the foaming coursers close behind!
Full on my shoulders let their nostrils blow,
For hard the fight, determined is the foe;
'Tis Hector comes; and when he seeks the prize,
War knows no mean: he wins it, or he dies.
Then through the field he sends his voice aloud,
And calls the Ajaces from the warring crowd,
With great Atrides. Hither turn, (he said,)
Turn, where distress demands immediate aid;
The dead, encircled by his friends, forego,
And save the living from a fiercer foe.
Unhelp'd we stand, unequal to engage
The force of Hector and Æneas' rage:
Yet mighty as they are, my force to prove
Is only mine: the event belongs to Jove.
He spoke, and high the sounding javelin flung,
Which pass'd the shield of Aretus the young;
It pierced his belt, emboss'd with curious art,
Then in the lower belly stuck the dart.
As when a pondrous axe descending full,
Cleaves the broad forehead of some brawny bull;
Struck 'twixt the horns, he springs with many a bound,
Then tumbling rolls enormous on the ground:
Thus fell the youth; the air his soul received,
And the spear trembled as his entrails heaved.
Now at Automedon the Trojan foe
Discharged his lance; the meditated blow,
Stooping, he shunn'd; the javelin idly fled,
And hiss'd innoxious o'er the hero's head:
Deep-rooted in the ground, the forceful spear
In long vibrations spent its fury there.
With clashing falchions now the chiefs had closed,
But each brave Ajax heard, and interposed;
Nor longer Hector with his Trojans stood,
But left their slain companion in his blood:
His arms Automedon divests, and cries,
Accept, Patroclus, this mean sacrifice.
Thus have I soothed my griefs, and thus have paid,
Poor as it is, some offering to thy shade.
So looks the lion o'er a mangled boar,
All grim with rage, and horrible with gore.
High on the chariot at one bound he sprung,
And o'er his seat the bloody trophies hung.
And now Minerva, from the realms of air,
Descends impetuous, and renews the war;
For, pleased at length the Grecian arms to aid,
The lord of thunders sent the blue-eyed maid.
As when high Jove, denouncing future woe,
O'er the dark clouds extends his purple bow
(In sign of tempests from the troubled air,
Or from the rage of man, destructive war;)
The drooping cattle dread the impending skies,
And from his half-till'd field the labourer flies.
In such a form the goddess round her drew
A livid cloud, and to the battle flew.
Assuming Phœnix' shape, on earth she falls,
And in his well-known voice to Sparta calls:
And lies Achilles' friend, beloved by all,
A prey to dogs beneath the Trojan wall?
What shame to Greece for future times to tell;
To thee the greatest, in whose cause he fell!
O chief! O father! (Atreus' son replies,)
O full of days! by long experience wise!
What more desires my soul, than here unmoved,
To guard the body of the man I loved?
Ah would Minerva send me strength to rear
This wearied arm, and ward the storm of war!
But Hector, like the rage of fire, we dread,
And Jove's own glories blaze around his head.

Pleased to be first of all the powers address'd,
She breathes new vigour in her hero's breast,
And fills with keen revenge, with fell despite,
Desire of blood, and rage, and lust of fight.
So burns the vengeful hornet (soul all o'er,)
Repulsed in vain, and thirsty still of gore;
(Bold son of air and heat) on angry wings
Untamed, untired, he turns, attacks, and stings.
Fired with like ardour fierce Atrides flew,
And sent his soul with every lance he threw.
There stood a Trojan not unknown to fame,
Eëtion's son, and Podes was his name;
With riches honour'd and with courage bless'd,
By Hector loved, his comrade and his guest:
Through his broad belt the spear a passage found
And pond'rous as he falls, his arms resound.
Sudden at Hector's side Apollo stood,
Like Phænops, Asius' son, appear'd the god;
(Asius the great, who held his wealthy reign
In fair Abydos, by the rolling main.)
Oh prince! (he cried) oh foremost once in fame!
What Grecian now shall tremble at thy name?
Dost thou at length to Menelaüs yield?
A chief once thought no terror of the field.
Yet slightly, now, the long-disputed prize
He bears victorious, while our army flies.
By the same arm illustrious Podes bled;
The friend of Hector, unrevenged, is dead!
This heard, o'er Hector spreads a cloud of woe,
Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the foe.
But now the Eternal shook his sable shield,
That shaded Ide, and all the subject field,
Beneath its ample verge. A rolling cloud
Involved the mount; the thunder roar'd aloud;
The affrighted hills from their foundations nod,
And blaze beneath the lightnings of the god:
At one regard of his all-seeing eye,
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors fly.
Then trembled Greece: the flight Peneleus led;
For as the brave Bœotian turn'd his head
To face the foe, Polydamas drew near,
And razed his shoulder with a shorten'd spear:
By Hector wounded, Leitus quits the plain,
Pierced through the wrist; and, raging with the pain,
Grasps his once-formidable lance in vain.
As Hector follow'd, Idomen address'd
The flaming javelin to his manly breast:
The brittle point before his corselet yields,
Exulting Troy with clamour fills the fields:
High on his chariot as the Cretan stood,
The son of Priam whirl'd the missive wood;
But, erring from its aim, the impetuous spear
Struck to the dust the squire and charioteer
Of martial Merion: Cœranus his name,
Who left fair Lyctus for the fields of fame.
On foot bold Merion fought; and now, laid low,
Had graced the triumphs of his Trojan foe;
But the brave squire the ready coursers brought,
And with his life his master's safety bought.
Between his cheek and ear the weapon went,
The teeth it shatter'd, and the tongue it rent.
Prone from the seat he tumbles to the plain;
His dying hand forgets the falling rein:
This Merion reaches, bending from the car,
And urges to desert the hopeless war;
Idomeneus consents; the lash applies;
And the swift chariot to the navy flies

Nor Ajax less the will of heaven descried,
And conquest shifting to the Trojan side,
Turn'd by the hand of Jove. Then thus began,
To Atreus' seed, the godlike Telamon:
Alas! who sees not Jove's almighty hand
Transfers the glory to the Trojan band?
Whether the weak or strong discharge the dart,
He guides each arrow to a Grecian heart:
Not so our spears: incessant though they rain,
He suffers every lance to fall in vain.
Deserted of the god, yet let us try
What human strength and prudence can supply;
If yet this honour'd corse, in triumph borne,
May glad the fleets that hope not our return,
Who tremble yet, scarce rescued from their fates,
And still hear Hector thundering at their gates,
Some hero too must be despatch'd to bear
The mournful message to Pelides' ear;
For sure he knows not, distant on the shore,
His friend, his loved Patroclus, is no more.
But such a chief I spy not through the host:
The men, the steeds, the armies, all are lost
In general darkness—Lord of earth and air!
Oh king! oh father! hear my humble prayer:
Dispel this cloud, the light of heaven restore:
Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more.
If Greece must perish, we thy will obey,
But let us perish in the face of day
With tears the hero spoke, and at his prayer
The god relenting, clear'd the clouded air;
Forth burst the sun with all-enlightening ray;
The blaze of armour flash'd against the day.
Now, now, Atrides! cast around thy sight,
If yet Antilochus survives the fight,
Let him to great Achilles' ear convey
The fatal news—Atrides haste away.
So turns the lion from the nightly fold,
Though high in courage, and with hunger bold,
Long gall'd by herdsmen, and long vex'd by hounds,
Stiff with fatigue, and fretted sore with wounds;
The darts fly round him from a hundred hands,
And the red terrors of the blazing brands:
Till late, reluctant, at the dawn of day
Sour he departs, and quits the untasted prey.
So moved Atrides from his dangerous place
With weary limbs, but with unwilling pace;
The foe, he fear'd, might yet Patroclus gain,
And much admonish'd, much adjured his train:
Oh guard these relics to your charge consign'd,
And bear the merits of the dead in mind;
How skill'd he was in each obliging art;
The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart:
He was, alas! but fate decreed his end;
In death a hero, as in life a friend!
So parts the chief; from rank to rank he flew,
And round on all sides sent his piercing view.
As the bold bird, endued with sharpest eye,
Of all that wing the mid aërial sky,
The sacred eagle, from his walks above,
Looks down and sees the distant thicket move,
Then stoops, and, sousing on the quivering hare,
Snatches his life amid the clouds of air.
Not with less quickness, his exerted sight
Pass'd this, and that way, through the ranks of fight:
Till on the left the chief he sought, he found,
Cheering his men, and spreading deaths around.
To him the king: Beloved of Jove! draw near,
For sadder tidings never touch'd thy ear.

Thy eyes have witness'd what a fatal turn;
How Ilion triumphs, and the Achaians mourn!
This is not all; Patroclus on the shore,
Now pale and dead, shall succour Greece no more.
Fly to the fleet, this instant fly, and tell
The sad Achilles, how his loved-one fell:
He too may haste the naked corse to gain:
The arms are Hector's, who despoil'd the slain.
The youthful warrior heard with silent woe,
From his fair eyes the tears began to flow;
Big with the mighty grief, he strove to say
What sorrow dictates, but no word found way.
To brave Laodocus his arms he flung,
Who near him wheeling, drove his steeds along;
Then ran, the mournful message to impart,
With tearful eyes and with dejected heart.
Swift fled the youth: nor Menelaüs stands
(Though sore distress'd) to aid the Pylian bands;
But bids bold Thrasymede those troops sustain;
Himself returns to his Patroclus slain.
Gone is Antilochus (the hero said,)
But hope not, warriors, for Achilles' aid:
Though fierce his rage, unbounded be his woe,
Unarm'd, he fights not with the Trojan foe.
'Tis in our hands alone our hopes remain,
'Tis our own vigour must the dead regain,
And save ourselves, while with impetuous hate
Troy pours along, and this way rolls our fate.
'Tis well (said Ajax:) be it then thy care,
With Merion's aid, the weighty corse to rear;
Myself and my bold brother will sustain
The shock of Hector and his charging train:
Nor fear we armies, fighting side by side;
What Troy can dare, we have already tried,
Have tried it, and have stood. The hero said.
High from the ground the warriors heave the dead.
A general clamour rises at the sight:
Loud shout the Trojans, and renew the fight.
Not fiercer rush along the gloomy wood,
With rage insatiate and with thirst of blood,
Voracious hounds, that many a length before
Their furious hunters, drive the wounded boar;
But, if the savage turns his glaring eye,
They howl aloof, and round the forest fly.
Thus on retreating Greece the Trojans pour,
Wave their thick falchions, and their javelins shower:
But Ajax turning, to their fears they yield,
All pale they trembled, and forsake the field.
While thus aloft the hero's corse they bear,
Behind them rages all the storm of war;
Confusion, tumult, horror, o'er the throng
Of men, steeds, chariots, urged the rout along:
Less fierce the winds with rising flames conspire,
To whelm some city under waves of fire;
Now sink in gloomy clouds the proud abodes;
Now crack the blazing temples of the gods;
The rumbling torrent through the ruin rolls,
And sheets of smoke mount heavy to the poles.
The heroes sweat beneath their honour'd load:
As when two mules, along the rugged road,
From the steep mountain with exerted strength
Drag some vast beam, or mast's unwieldy length,
Inly they groan, big drops of sweat distil,
The enormous timber lumbering down the hill:
So these——Behind, the bulk of Ajax stands,
And breaks the torrent of the rushing bands.
Thus when a river swell'd with sudden rains,
Spreads his broad waters o'er the level plains,
Some interposing hill the stream divides,
And breaks its force, and turns the winding tides.
Still close they follow, close the rear engage;
Æneas storms, and Hector foams with rage:
While Greece a heavy, thick retreat maintains,
Wedged in one body, like a flight of cranes,
That shriek incessant while the falcon, hung
High on poised pinions, threats their callow young.
So from the Trojan chiefs the Grecians fly,
Such the wild terror, and the mingled cry:
Within, without the trench, and all the way,
Strew'd in bright heaps, their arms and armour lay:
Such horror Jove impress'd! yet still proceeds
The work of death, and still the battle bleeds.

BOOK XVIII.

ARGUMENT.

The grief of Achilles, and new armour made him by Vulcan.

The news of the death of Patroclus is brought to Achilles by Antilochus. Thetis hearing his lamentations, comes with all her sea-nymphs to comfort him. The speeches of the mother and son on this occasion. Iris appears to Achilles by the command of Juno, and orders him to show himself at the head of the intrenchments. The sight of him turns the fortune of the day, and the body of Patroclus is carried off by the Greeks. The Trojans call a council, where Hector and Polydamas disagree in their opinions; but the advice of the former prevails, to remain encamped in the field. The grief of Achilles over the body of Patroclus.

Thetis goes to the palace of Vulcan to obtain new arms for her son. The description of the wonderful works of Vulcan: and lastly, that noble one of the shield of Achilles.

The latter part of the nine-and-twentieth day, and the night ensuing, take up this book. The scene is at Achilles' tent on the sea-shore, from whence it changes to the palace of Vulcan.

BOOK XVIII.

Thus like the rage of fire the combat burns;
And now it rises, now it sinks, by turns.
Meanwhile, where Hellespont's broad waters flow
Stood Nestor's son, the messenger of woe:
There sat Achilles, shaded by his sails,
On hoisted yards extended to the gales;
Pensive he sat; for all that fate design'd,
Rose in sad prospect to his boding mind.
Thus to his soul he said: Ah! what constrains
The Greeks, late victors, now to quit the plains?
Is this the day, which Heaven so long ago
Ordain'd, to sink me with the weight of wo.
(So Thetis warn'd,) when by a Trojan hand
The bravest of the Myrmidonian band
Should lose the light! Fulfill'd is that decree;
Fallen is the warrior, and Patroclus he!
In vain I charged him soon to quit the plain,
And warn'd to shun Hectorean force in vain!
Thus while he thinks, Antilochus appears,
And tells the melancholy tale with tears.
Sad tidings, son of Peleus! thou must hear;
And wretched I the unwilling messenger!
Dead is Patroclus! For his corse they fight,
His naked corse; his arms are Hector's right.
A sudden horror shot through all the chief,
And wrapp'd his senses in the cloud of grief;

Cast on the ground, with furious hands he spread
The scorching ashes o'er his graceful head;
His purple garments, and his golden hairs,
Those he deforms with dust, and these he tears:
On the hard soil his groaning breast he threw,
And roll'd and grovell'd, as to earth he grew.
The virgin captives, with disorder'd charms,
(Won by his own, or by Patroclus' arms,)
Rush'd from the tents with cries; and gathering round,
Beat their white breasts, and fainted on the ground:
While Nestor's son sustains a manlier part,
And mourns the warrior with a warrior's heart;
Hangs on his arms, amidst his frantic woe,
And oft prevents the meditated blow.

Far in the deep abysses of the main,
With hoary Nereus, and the watery train,
The mother-goddess from her crystal throne
Heard his loud cries, and answer'd groan for groan.
The circling Nereids with their mistress weep,
And all the sea-green sisters of the deep.
Thalia, Glaucè (every watery name,)
Nesæa mild, and silver Spio came:
Cymothoë and Cymodocè were nigh,
And the blue languish of soft Alia's eye.
Their locks Actæa and Limnoria rear,
Then Proto, Doris, Panopè appear,
Thoa, Pherusa, Doto, Melita;
Agavè gentle, and Amphithoë gay:
Next Callianira, Calianassa show
Their sister looks; Dexamené the slow,
And swift Dynamenè, now cut the tides:
læra now the verdant waves divides:
Nemertes with Apseudes lifts the head,
Bright Galatea quits her pearly bed;
These Orythia, Clymenè, attend,
Mæra, Amphinomè, the train extend,
And black Janira, and Janassa fair,
And Amatheïa with her amber hair.
All these, and all that deep in ocean held
Their sacred seats, the glimmering grotto fill'd;
Each beat her ivory breast with silent woe,
Till Thetis' sorrows thus began to flow:

Hear me, and judge, ye sisters of the main!
How just a cause has Thetis to complain!
How wretched, were I mortal, were my fate!
How more than wretched in the immortal state!
Sprung from my bed a godlike hero came,
The bravest far that ever bore the name;
Like some fair olive, by my careful hand
He grew, he flourish'd, and adorn'd the land:
To Troy I sent him; but the Fates ordain
He never, never must return again.
So short a space the light of heaven to view,
So short, alas! and fill'd with anguish too.
Hear how his sorrows echo through the shore!
I cannot ease them, but I must deplore:
I go at least to bear a tender part,
And mourn my loved one with a mother's heart.

She said, and left the caverns of the main,
All bathed in tears; the melancholy train
Attend her way. Wide opening part the tides,
While the long pomp the silver wave divides.
Approaching now, they touch'd the Trojan land;
Then, two by two, ascended up the strand.
The immortal mother, standing close beside
Her mournful offspring, to his sighs replied;
Along the coast their mingled clamours ran,
And thus the silver-footed dame began:

Why mourns my son? thy late preferred request
The god has granted, and the Greeks distress'd:
Why mourns my son? thy anguish let me share;
Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care.

He, deeply groaning—'To this cureless grief
Not e'en the Thunderer's favour brings relief.
Patroclus!—Ah!—say, goddess, can I boast
A pleasure now? revenge itself is lost;
Patroclus, loved of all my martial train,
Beyond mankind, beyond myself, is slain;
Lost are those arms the gods themselves bestow'd
On Peleus: Hector bears the glorious load.
Cursed be that day, when all the powers above
Thy charms submitted to a mortal love!
Oh hadst thou still, a sister of the main,
Pursued the pleasures of the watery reign;
And happier Peleus, less ambitious, led
A mortal beauty to his equal bed!
Ere the sad fruit of thy unhappy womb
Had caused such sorrows past and woes to come.
For soon, alas! that wretched offspring slain,
New woes, new sorrows shall create again.
'Tis not in Fate the alternate now to give;
Patroclus dead, Achilles' hates to live.
Let me revenge it on proud Hector's heart,
Let his last spirit smoke upon my dart;
On these conditions will I breathe: till then,
I blush to walk among the race of men.
A flood of tears, at this, the goddess shed;
Ah then, I see thee dying, see thee dead!
When Hector falls, thou diest.—Let Hector die,
And let me fall! (Achilles made reply.)
Far lies Patroclus from his native plain!
He fell, and falling wish'd my aid in vain.
Ah then, since from this miserable day
I cast all hope of my return away;
Since unrevenged, a hundred ghosts demand
The fate of Hector from Achilles' hand;
Since here, for brutal courage far renown'd,
I live an idle burden to the ground,
(Others in council famed for nobler skill,
More useful to preserve than I to kill;)
Let me—but oh! ye gracious powers above!
Wrath and revenge from men and gods remove:
Far, far too dear to every mortal breast,
Sweet to the soul, as honey to the taste;
Gathering like vapours of a noxious kind
From fiery blood, and darkening all the mind.
Me Agamemnon urged to deadly hate:
'Tis past—I quell it; I resign to fate.
Yes—I will meet the murderer of my friend;
Or (if the gods ordain it) meet my end.
The stroke of fate, the bravest cannot shun;
The great Alcides, Jove's unequall'd son,
To Juno's hate at length resign'd his breath,
And sunk the victim of all-conquering death.
So shall Achilles fall! stretch'd pale and dead,
No more the Grecian hope, or Trojan dread!
Let me, this instant, rush into the fields,
And reap what glory life's short harvest yields.
Shall I not force some widow'd dame to tear
With frantic hands her long dishevell'd hair?
Shall I not force her breast to heave with sighs,
And the soft tears to trickle from her eyes?
Yes, I shall give the fair those mournful charms—
In vain you hold me—Hence! my arms, my arms!
Soon shall the sanguine torrent spread so wide,
That all shall know Achilles swells the tide.

My son (cerulean Thetis made reply,
To fate submitting with a secret sigh,)
The host to succour, and thy friends to save,
Is worthy thee: the duty of the brave.
But canst thou naked issue to the plains?
Thy radiant arms the Trojan foe detains.
Insulting Hector bears the spoils on high,
But vainly glories; for his fate is nigh.
Yet, yet awhile, thy generous ardour stay;
Assured, I meet thee at the dawn of day,
Charged with refulgent arms (a glorious load.)
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a god.
Then turning to the daughters of the main,
The goddess thus dismiss'd her azure train:
Ye sister Nereids! to your deeps descend;
Haste, and our father's sacred seat attend;
I go to find the architect divine,
Where vast Olympus' starry summits shine:
So tell our hoary sire—This charge she gave;
The sea-green sisters plunge beneath the wave:
Thetis once more ascends the bless'd abodes,
And treads the brazen threshold of the gods.
And now the Greeks, from furious Hector's force,
Urge to broad Hellespont their headlong course:
Nor yet their chiefs Patroclus' body bore
Safe through the tempest to the tented shore.
The horse, the foot, with equal fury join'd,
Pour'd on the rear, and thunder'd close behind;
And like a flame through fields of ripen'd corn,
The rage of Hector o'er the ranks was borne.
Thrice the slain hero by the foot he drew;
Thrice to the skies the Trojan clamours flew:
As oft the Ajaces his assault sustain;
But check'd, he turns; repulsed, attacks again.
With fiercer shouts his lingering troops he fires,
Nor yields a step, nor from his post retires;
So watchful shepherds strive to force, in vain,
The hungry lion from a carcass slain.
E'en yet Patroclus had he borne away,
And all the glories of the extended day,
Had not high Juno, from the realms of air,
Secret, despatch'd her trusty messenger.
The various goddess of the showery bow
Shot in a whirlwind to the shore below:
To great Achilles at his ships she came,
And thus began the many-colour'd dame:
Rise, son of Peleus! rise, divinely brave!
Assist the combat, and Patroclus save:
For him the slaughter to the fleet they spread,
And fall by mutual wounds around the dead.
To drag him back to Troy the foe contends:
Nor with his death the rage of Hector ends;
A prey to dogs he dooms the corse to lie,
And marks the place to fix his head on high.
Rise, and prevent (if yet you think of fame)
Thy friend's disgrace, thy own eternal shame!
Who sends thee, goddess! from the ethereal skies?
Achilles thus. And Iris thus replies;
I come, Pelides! from the queen of Jove,
The immortal empress of the realms above;
Unknown to him who sits remote on high,
Unknown to all the synod of the sky.
Thou comest in vain, he cries (with fury warm'd;)
Arms I have none, and can I fight unarm'd?
Unwilling as I am, of force I stay,
Till Thetis bring me at the dawn of day
Vulcanian arms; what other can I wield,
Except the mighty Telamonian shield?
That, in my friend's defence, has Ajax spread,
While his strong lance around him heaps the dead:
The gallant chief defends Menœtius's son,
And does what his Achilles should have done.
Thy want of arms (said Iris) well we know,
But though unarm'd, yet clad in terrors, go!
Let but Achilles o'er yon trench appear,
Proud Troy shall tremble, and consent to fear;
Greece from one glance of that tremendous eye,
Shall take new courage, and disdain to fly.
She spoke, and passed in air. The hero rose;
Her ægis Pallas o'er his shoulders throws:
Around his brows a golden cloud she spread:
A stream of glory flamed above his head.
As when from some beleaguer'd town arise
The smokes, high-curling to the shaded skies
(Seen from some island, o'er the main afar,
When men distress'd hang out the sign of war;)
Soon as the sun in ocean hides his rays,
Thick on the hills the flaming beacons blaze;
With long-projected beams the seas are bright,
And heaven's high arch reflects the ruddy light;
So from Achilles' head the splendours rise,
Reflecting blaze on blaze against the skies.
Forth march'd the chief, and, distant from the crowd
High on the rampart raised his voice aloud;
With her own shout Minerva swells the sound;
Troy starts astonish'd, and the shores rebound,
As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far
With shrilling clangour sounds the alarm of war,
Struck from the walls, the echoes float on high,
And the round bulwarks and thick towers reply;
So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd:
Hosts drop their arms, and trembled as they heard!
And back the chariots roll, and coursers bound,
And steeds and men lie mingled on the ground.
Aghast they see the livid lightnings play,
And turn their eye-balls from the flashing ray.
Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he raised;
And thrice they fled, confounded and amazed.
Twelve, in the tumult wedged, untimely rush'd
On their own spears, by their own chariots crush'd!
While shielded from the darts, the Greeks obtain
The long-contended carcass of the slain.
A lofty bier the breathless warrior bears:
Around, his sad companions melt in tears.
But chief Achilles, bending down his head,
Pours unavailing sorrows o'er the dead,
Whom late triumphant with his steeds and car
He sent refulgent to the field of war;
(Unhappy change!) now senseless, pale, he found,
Stretch'd forth, and gash'd with many a gaping wound.
Meantime unwearied with his heavenly way,
In ocean's waves the unwilling light of day
Quench'd his red orb, at Juno's high command,
And from their labours eased the Achaian band.
The frighted Trojans panting from the war,
Their steeds unharness'd from the weary car)
A sudden council call'd: each chief appear'd
In haste, and standing; for to sit they fear'd.
'Twas now no season for prolong'd debate;
They saw Achilles, and in him their fate.
Silent they stood: Polydamas at last,
Skill'd to discern the future by the past,
The son of Panthus thus express'd his fears;
(The friend of Hector, and of equal years
The self-same night to both a being gave,
One wise in council, one in action brave.)

In free debate, my friends, your sentence speak;
For me, I move, before the morning break,
To raise our camp: too dangerous here our post,
Far from Troy walls, and on a naked coast.
I deem'd not Greece so dreadful, while engaged
In mutual feuds, her king and hero raged;
Then, while we hoped our armies might prevail,
We boldly camp'd beside a thousand sail.
I dread Pelides now: his rage of mind
Not long continues to the shores confined,
Nor to the fields, where long in equal fray
Contending nations won and lost the day;
For Troy, for Troy, shall henceforth be the strife,
And the hard contest not for fame, but life.
Haste then to Ilion, while the favouring night
Detains those terrors, keeps that arm from fight;
If but the morrow's sun behold us here,
That arm, those terrors, we shall feel, not fear;
And hearts that now disdain, shall leap with joy,
If heaven permit them then to enter Troy.
Let not my fatal prophecy be true,
Nor what I tremble but to think, ensue.
Whatever be our fate, yet let us try
What force of thought and reason can supply;
Let us on counsel for our guard depend;
The town her gates and bulwarks shall defend.
When morning dawns, our well-appointed powers,
Array'd in arms, shall line the lofty towers.
Let the fierce hero then, when fury calls,
Vent his mad vengeance on our rocky walls,
Or fetch a thousand circles round the plain,
Till his spent coursers seek the fleet again;
So may his rage be tired, and labour'd down;
And dogs shall tear him e'er he sack the town.
Return? (said Hector, fired with stern disdain)
What! coop whole armies in our walls again?
Was't not enough, ye valiant warriors, say,
Nine years imprison'd in those towers ye lay?
Wide o'er the world was Ilion famed of old
For brass exhaustless, and for mines of gold;
But while inglorious in her walls we stay'd,
Sunk were her treasures, and her stores decay'd:
The Phrygians now her scatter'd spoils enjoy,
And proud Mœonia wastes the fruits of Troy.
Great Jove at length my arms to conquest calls,
And shuts the Grecians in their wooden walls:
Dar'st thou dispirit whom the gods incite?
Flies any Trojan? I shall stop his flight.
To better counsel then attention lend;
Take due refreshment, and the watch attend.
If there be one whose riches cost him care,
Forth let him bring them for the troops to share;
'Tis better generously bestow'd on those,
Than left the plunder of our country's foes.
Soon as the morn the purple orient warms,
Fierce on yon navy will we pour our arms.
If great Achilles rise in all his might,
His be the danger: I shall stand the fight.
Honour, ye gods! or let me gain or give!
And live he glorious, whosoe'er shall live!
Mars is our common lord, alike to all:
And oft the victor triumphs but to fall.
The shouting host in loud applauses join'd:
So Pallas robb'd the many of their mind;
To their own sense condemn'd, and left to choose
The worst advice, the better to refuse.
While the long night extends her sable reign,
Around Patroclus mourn'd the Grecian train.
Stern in superior grief Pelides stood;
Those slaughtering arms so used to bathe in blood,
Now clasp'd his clay cold limbs: then gushing start
The tears, and sighs bursts from his swelling heart.
The lion thus, with dreadful anguish stung,
Roars through the desert, and demands his young;
When the grim savage, to his rifled den
Too late returning, snuffs the track of men,
And o'er the vales and o'er the forest bounds:
His clamorous grief the bellowing wood resounds.
So grieves Achilles; and impetuous vents,
To all his Myrmidons, his loud laments.
In what vain promise, gods! did I engage,
When, to console Menœtius' feeble age,
I vow'd his much-loved offspring to restore,
Charged with rich spoils, to fair Opuntia's shore?
But mighty Jove cuts short, with just disdain,
The long, long views of poor, designing man!
One fate the warrior and the friend shall strike,
And Troy's black sands must drink our blood alike:
Me too, a wretched mother shall deplore,
An aged father never see me more!
Yet my Patroclus! yet a space I stay,
Then swift pursue thee on the darksome way.
Ere thy dear relics in the grave are laid,
Shall Hector's head be offer'd to thy shade;
That, with his arms, shall hang before thy shrine;
And twelve the noblest of the Trojan line,
Sacred to vengeance, by this hand expire,
Their lives effused around thy flaming pyre.
Thus let me lie till then; thus, closely press'd,
Bathe thy cold face, and sob upon thy breast!
While Trojan captives here thy mourners stay,
Weep all the night, and murmur all the day:
Spoils of my arms, and thine! when, wasting wide,
Our swords kept time, and conquer'd side by side.
He spoke, and bid the sad attendants round
Cleanse the pale corse, and wash each honour'd wound
A massy caldron of stupendous frame
They brought, and placed it o'er the rising flame.
Then heap the lighted wood; the flame divides
Beneath the vase, and climbs around the sides:
In its wide womb they pour the rushing stream;
The boiling water bubbles to the brim.
The body then they bathe with pious toil,
Embalm the wounds, anoint the limbs with oil,
High on a bed of state extended laid,
And decent cover'd with a linen shade:
Last o'er the dead the milk-white veil they threw:
That done, their sorrows and their sighs renew.
Meanwhile to Juno, in the realms above
(His wife and sister) spoke almighty Jove:
At last thy will prevails; great Peleus' son
Rises in arms; such grace thy Greeks have won.
Say (for I know not) is their race divine,
And thou the mother of that martial line?
What words are these? (the imperial dame replies,
While anger flash'd from her majestic eyes:)
Succour like this a mortal arm might lend,
And such success mere human wit attend:
And shall not I, the second power above,
Heaven's queen, and consort of the thundering Jove,
Say, shall not I one nation's fate command?
Not wreak my vengence on one guilty land?
So they. Meanwhile the silver-footed dame
Reach'd the Vulcanian dome, eternal frame!

High-eminent amid the works divine,
Where heaven's far-beaming brazen mansions shine.
There the lame architect the goddess found,
Obscure in smoke, his forges flaming round,
While bathed in sweat from fire to fire he flew;
And puffing loud, the roaring bellows blew.
That day no common task his labour claim'd:
Full twenty tripods for his hall he framed,
That placed on living wheels of massy gold
(Wondrous to tell) instinct with spirit roll'd
From place to place, around the bless'd abodes,
Self-moved, obedient to the beck of gods:
For their fair handles now, o'erwrought with flowers,
In moulds prepared, the glowing ore he pours.
Just as responsive to his thought the frame,
Stood prompt to move, the azure goddess came:
Charis, his spouse, a Grace divinely fair
(With purple fillets round her braided hair,)
Observed her entering; her soft hand she press'd,
And smiling, thus the watery queen address'd:
What, goddess! this unusual favour draws?
All hail, and welcome! whatsoe'er the cause:
Till now a stranger, in a happy hour
Approach, and taste the dainties of the bower.
High on a throne, with stars of silver graced,
And various artifice, the queen she placed;
A footstool at her feet; then, calling, said,
Vulcan, draw near; 'tis Thetis asks your aid.
Thetis (replied the god) our powers may claim,
An ever-dear, an ever-honour'd name!
When my proud mother hurl'd me from the sky
(My awkward form, it seems, displeased her eye,)
She and Eurynomè my griefs redress'd,
And soft received me on their silver breast.
E'en then, these arts employ'd my infant thought;
Chains, bracelets, pendants, all their toys I wrought.
Nine years kept secret in the dark abode,
Secure I lay conceal'd from man and god:
Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led;
The rushing ocean murmur'd o'er my head.
Now since her presence glads our mansion, say,
For such desert what service can I pay?
Vouchsafe, O Thetis! at our board to share
The genial rites and hospitable fare;
While I the labours of the forge forego,
And bid the roaring bellows cease to blow.
Then from his anvil the lame artist rose;
Wide with distorted legs oblique he goes
And stills the bellows, and (in order laid)
Locks in their chests his instruments of trade.
Then with a sponge the sooty workman dress'd
His brawny arms imbrown'd and hairy breast.
With his huge sceptre graced and red attire,
Came halting forth the sovereign of the fire:
The monarch's steps two female forms uphold,
That moved and breathed in animated gold:
To whom was voice, and sense, and science given
Of works divine (such wonders are in heaven!)
On these supported, with unequal gait,
He reach'd the throne where pensive Thetis sate;
There placed beside her on the shining frame,
He thus address'd the silver-footed dame:
Thee, welcome, goddess! what occasion calls
(So long a stranger) to these honour'd walls?
'Tis thine, fair Thetis, the command to lay,
And Vulcan's joy and duty to obey.
To whom the mournful mother thus replies
(The crystal drops stood trembling in her eyes:)
Oh, Vulcan! say, was ever breast divine
So pierced with sorrows, so o'erwhelm'd as mine?
Of all the goddesses, did Jove prepare
For Thetis only such a weight of care?
I, only I, of all the watery race,
By force subjected to a man's embrace,
Who, sinking now with age and sorrow, pays
The mighty fine imposed on length of days.
Sprung from my bed, a godlike hero came,
The bravest sure that ever bore the name.
Like some fair plant beneath my careful hand
He grew, he flourish'd, and he graced the land:
To Troy I sent him; but his native shore
Never, ah never, shall receive him more!
(E'en while he lives, he wastes with secret woe;)
Nor I, a goddess, can retard the blow!
Robb'd of the prize the Grecian suffrage gave,
The king of nations forced his royal slave:
For this he grieved: and, till the Greeks oppress'd,
Required his arm, he sorrow'd unredress'd.
Large gifts they promise, and their elders send;
In vain—he arms not, but permits his friend
His arms, his steeds, his forces to employ;
He marches, combats, almost conquers Troy.
Then slain by Phœbus (Hector had the name)
At once resigns his armour, life, and fame.
But thou, in pity, by my prayer be won:
Grace with immortal arms this short-lived son,
And to the field in martial pomp restore,
To shine with glory till he shines no more!
To her the artist god: Thy griefs resign,
Secure, what Vulcan can, is ever thine.
O could I hide him from the Fates as well,
Or with these hands the cruel stroke repel,
As I shall forge most envied arms, the gaze
Of wondering ages, and the world's amaze!
Thus having said, the father of the fires
To the black labours of his forge retires.
Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn'd
Their iron mouths; and where the furnace burn'd,
Resounding breath'd: at once the blast expires,
And twenty forges catch at once the fires;
Just as the god directs, now loud, now low,
They raise a tempest, or they gently blow.
In hissing flames huge silver bars are roll'd,
And stubborn brass, and tin, and solid gold:
Before, deep fix'd, the eternal anvils stand;
The ponderous hammer loads his better hand,
His left with tongs turns the vex'd metal round,
And thick, strong strokes, the doubling vaults rebound.
Then first he form'd the immense and solid shield;
Rich various artifice emblazed the field;
Its utmost verge a threefold circle bound;
A silver chain suspends the massy round;
Five ample plates the broad expanse compose,
And godlike labours on the surface rose.
There shone the image of the master-mind:
There earth, there heaven, there ocean he design'd;
The unwearied sun, the moon completely round;
The starry lights that heaven's high convex crown'd;
The Pleiads, Hyads, with the Northern Team;
And great Orion's more refulgent beam;
To which, around the axle of the sky,
The Bear revolving points his golden eye,
Still shines exalted on the ethereal plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.
Two cities radiant on the shield appear,
The image one of peace, and one of war.

Here sacred pomp and genial feast delight,
And solemn dance, and Hymeneal rite;
Along the street the new-made brides are led,
With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed;
The youthful dancers, in a circle bound,
To the soft flute and cittern's silver sound:
Through the fair streets, the matrons in a row
Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show.
There, in the forum swarm a numerous train,
The subject of debate a townsman slain:
One pleads the fine discharged, which one denied,
And bade the public and the law decide:
The witness is produced on either hand:
For this or that, the partial people stand:
The appointed heralds still the noisy bands,
And form a ring with sceptres in their hands:
On seats of stone within the sacred place,
The reverend elders nodded o'er the case;
Alternate, each the attesting sceptre took,
And, rising solemn, each his sentence spoke.
Two golden talents lay amidst, in sight,
The prize of him who best adjudged the right.
Another part (a prospect differing far)
Glow'd with refulgent arms and horrid war.
Two mighty hosts a leaguer'd town embrace,
And one would pillage, one would burn the place.
Meantime the townsmen, arm'd with silent care,
A secret ambush on the foe prepare:
Their wives, their children, and the watchful band
Of trembling parents, on the turrets stand.
They march: by Pallas and by Mars made bold:
Gold were the gods, their radiant garments gold,
And gold their armour: these the squadron led,
August, divine, superior by the head!
A place for ambush fit they found, and stood
Cover'd with shields, beside a silver flood.
Two spies at distance lurk, and watchful seem
If sheep or oxen seek the winding stream.
Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,
And steers slow moving, and two shepherd swains;
Behind them, piping on their reeds, they go,
Nor fear an ambush nor suspect a foe.
In arms the glittering squadron rising round,
Rush sudden! hills of slaughter heap the ground,
Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the plains,
And, all amidst them, dead, the shepherd swains!
The bellowing oxen the besiegers hear;
They rise, take horse, approach, and meet the war;
They fight, they fall, beside the silver flood;
The waving silver seem'd to blush with blood.
There tumult, there contention, stood confess'd;
One rear'd a dagger at a captive's breast,
One held a living foe, that freshly bled
With new-made wounds; another dragg'd a dead;
Now here, now there, the carcasses they tore;
Fate stalk'd amidst them, grim with human gore;
And the whole war came out, and met the eye;
And each bold figure seem'd to live or die.
A field deep-furrow'd next the god design'd,
The third time labour'd by the sweating hind;
The shining shares full many ploughmen guide,
And turn their crooked yokes on every side.
Still as at either end they wheel around,
The master meets them with his goblet crown'd;
The hearty draught rewards, renews their toil,
Then back the turning plough-shares cleave the soil:
Behind, the rising earth in ridges roll'd:
And sable look'd, though form'd of molten gold.
Another field rose high with waving grain:
With bended sickles stand the reaper-train:
Here stretch'd in ranks the levell'd swarths are found,
Sheaves heap'd on sheaves here thicken up the ground.
With sweeping stroke the mowers strew the lands;
The gatherers follow, and collect in bands;
And last the children, in whose arms are borne
(Too short to gripe them) the brown sheaves of corn
The rustic monarch of the field descries,
With silent glee, the heaps around him rise.
A ready banquet on the turf is laid,
Beneath an ample oak's expanded shade.
The victim ox the sturdy youth prepare;
The reaper's due repast, the women's care.
Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard shines,
Bent with the pondrous harvest of its vines;
A deeper dye the dangling clusters show,
And curl'd on silver props, in order glow:
A darker metal mix'd, intrench'd the place:
And pales of glittering tin the enclosure grace.
To this, one path-way gently winding leads,
Where march a train with baskets on their heads
(Fair maids, and blooming youths,) that smiling bear
The purple product of the autumnal year.
To these a youth awakes the warbling strings,
Whose tender lay the fate of Linus sings;
In measured dance behind him move the train,
Tune soft the voice, and answer to the strain.
Here, herds of oxen march, erect and bold,
Rear high their horns, and seem to low in gold,
And speed to meadows, on whose sounding shores
A rapid torrent through the rushes roars:
Four golden herdsmen as their guardians stand,
And nine sour dogs complete the rustic band.
Two lions rushing from the wood appear'd,
And seized a bull, the master of the herd:
He roar'd; in vain the dogs, the men withstood;
They tore his flesh, and drank the sable blood.
The dogs (oft cheer'd in vain) desert the prey,
Dread the grim terrors, and at distance bay.
Next this, the eye the art of Vulcan leads
Deep through fair forests and a length of meads
And stalls, and folds, and scatter'd cots between;
And fleecy flocks, that whiten all the scene.
A figured dance succeeds; such once was seen
In lofty Gnossus; for the Cretan queen,
Form'd by Dædalean art; a comely band
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand:
The maids in soft cymars of linen dress'd;
The youths all graceful in the glossy vest:
Of those the locks with flowery wreaths enroll'd;
Of these the sides adorn'd with swords of gold,
That, glittering gay, from silver belts depend.
Now all at once they rise, at once descend
With well-taught feet: now shape, in oblique ways,
Confusedly regular, the moving maze:
Now forth at once, too swift for sight, they spring,
And undistinguish'd blend the flying ring:
So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle toss'd,
And rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost;
The gazing multitudes admire around:
Two active tumblers in the centre bound;
Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend,
And general songs the sprightly revel end.
Thus the broad shield complete the artist crown'd
With his last hand, and pour'd the ocean round:
In living silver seem'd the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.

This done, whate'er a warrior's use requires,
He forged—the cuirass that outshone the fires,
The greaves of ductile tin, the helm impress'd
With various sculpture, and the golden crest.
At Thetis' feet the finish'd labour lay;
She, as a falcon, cuts the aërial way,
Swift from Olympus' snowy summit flies,
And bears the blazing present through the skies.

BOOK XIX.

ARGUMENT.

The Reconciliation of Achilles and Agamemnon.

Thetis brings to her son the armour made by Vulcan. She preserves the body of his friend from corruption, and commands him to assemble the army, to declare his resentment at an end. Agamemnon and Achilles are solemnly reconciled: the speeches, presents, and ceremonies on that occasion. Achilles is with great difficulty persuaded to refrain from the battle till the troops have refreshed themselves, by the advice of Ulysses. The presents are conveyed to the tent of Achilles: where Briseïs laments over the body of Patroclus. The hero obstinately refuses all repast, and gives himself up to lamentations for his friend. Minerva descends to strengthen him, by the order of Jupiter. He arms for the fight: his appearance described. He addresses himself to his horses, and reproaches them with the death of Patroclus. One of them is miraculously endued with voice, and inspired to prophesy his fate: but the hero, not astonished at that prodigy, rushes with fury to the combat.

The thirtieth day. The scene is on the sea-shore.

BOOK XIX.

Soon as Aurora heaved her orient head
Above the waves that blush'd with early red,
(With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the courts of heaven with sacred light,)
The immortal arms the goddess-mother bears
Swift to her son: her son she finds in tears
Stretch'd o'er Patroclus' corse; while all the rest
Their sovereign's sorrow in their own express'd.
A ray divine her heavenly presence shed,
And thus, his hand soft-touching, Thetis said:

Suppress (my son) this rage of grief, and know
It was not man, but Heaven, that gave the blow;
Behold what arms by Vulcan are bestow'd,
Arms worthy thee, or fit to grace a god.

Then drops the radiant burden on the ground;
Clang the strong arms, and ring the shores around:
Back shrink the Myrmidons with dread surprise,
And from the broad effulgence turn their eyes.
Unmoved, the hero kindles at the show,
And feels with rage divine his bosom glow;
From his fierce eye-balls living flames expire,
And flash incessant like a stream of fire:
He turns the radiant gift, and feeds his mind
On all the immortal artist had design'd.

Goddess! (he cried) these glorious arms that shine
With matchless art, confess the hand divine.
Now to the bloody battle let me bend;
But ah! the relics of my slaughter'd friend!
In those wide wounds through which his spirit fled,
Shall flies and worms obscene pollute the dead?

That unavailing care be laid aside,
(The azure goddess to her son replied;)
Whole years untouch'd, uninjured, shall remain,
Fresh as in life, the carcass of the slain.
But go, Achilles (as affairs require;)
Before the Grecian peers renounce thine ire;
Then uncontroll'd in boundless war engage,
And Heaven with strength supply the mighty rage.

Then in the nostrils of the slain she pour'd
Nectareous drops, and rich ambrosia shower'd
O'er all the corse. The flies forbid their prey,
Untouch'd it rests, and sacred from decay.
Achilles to the strand obedient went;
The shores resounded with the voice he sent.
The heroes heard, and all the naval train
That tend the ships, or guide them o'er the main,
Alarm'd, transported at the well-known sound,
Frequent and full the great assembly crown'd;
Studious to see that terror of the plain,
Long lost to battle, shine in arms again.
Tydides and Ulysses first appear,
Lame with their wounds, and leaning on the spear,
These on the sacred seats of council placed,
The king of men, Atrides, came the last:
He too sore wounded by Agenor's son.
Achilles, rising in the midst, begun:

Oh monarch! better far had been the fate
Of thee, of me, of all the Grecian state,
If (ere the day when, by mad passion sway'd,
Rash we contended for the black-eyed maid,)
Preventing Dian had despatch'd her dart,
And shot the shining mischief to the heart:
Then many a hero had not press'd the shore,
Nor Troy's glad fields been fatten'd with our gore:
Long, long shall Greece the woes we caused bewail,
And sad posterity repeat the tale.
But this, no more the subject of debate,
Is past, forgotten, and resign'd to fate.
Why should (alas!) a mortal man, as I,
Burn with a fury that can never die?
Here then my anger ends: let war succeed,
And e'en as Greece has bled, let Ilion bleed.
Now call the hosts, and try if in our sight
Troy yet shall dare to camp a second night:
I deem their mightiest, when this arm he knows,
Shall 'scape with transport, and with joy repose.

He said: his finish'd wrath with loud acclaim
The Greeks accept, and shout Pelides' name.
When thus, not rising from his lofty throne,
In state unmoved, the king of men begun:

Hear me, ye sons of Greece! with silence hear!
And grant your monarch an impartial ear;
Awhile your loud, untimely joy suspend,
And let your rash, injurious clamours end:
Unruly murmurs, or ill-timed applause,
Wrong the best speaker, and the justest cause.
Nor charge on me, ye Greeks, the dire debate:
Know, angry Jove, and all-compelling Fate,
With fell Erinnys, urged my wrath that day
When from Achilles' arms I forced the prey.
What then could I, against the will of Heaven?
Not by myself, but vengeful Atè driven;
She, Jove's dread daughter, fated to infest
The race of mortals, enter'd in my breast.
Not on the ground that haughty Fury treads,
But prints her lofty footsteps on the heads
Of mighty men! inflicting as she goes
Long-festering wounds, inextricable woes!
Of old, she stalk'd amid the bright abodes;
And Jove himself, the sire of men and gods,

The world's great ruler, felt her venom'd dart;
Deceived by Juno's wiles, and female art.
For when Alcmena's nine long months were run,
And Jove expected his immortal son,
To gods and goddesses the unruly joy
He show'd, and vaunted of his matchless boy:
From us (he said) this day an infant springs,
Fated to rule, and born a king of kings.
Saturnia ask'd an oath, to vouch the truth,
And fix dominion on the favour'd youth.
The Thunderer, unsuspicious of the fraud,
Pronounced those solemn words that bind a god.
The joyful goddess from Olympus' height,
Swift to Achaian Argos bent her flight;
Scarce seven moons gone, lay Sthenelus's wife;
She push'd her lingering infant into life:
Her charms Alcmena's coming labours stay,
And stop the babe just issuing to the day:
Then bids Saturnius bear his oath in mind:
'A youth (says she) of Jove's immortal kind,
Is this day born; from Sthenelus he springs,
And claims thy promise to be king of kings.'
Grief seized the Thunderer, by his oath engaged;
Stung to the soul, he sorrow'd and he raged.
From his ambrosial head, where perch'd she sat,
He snatch'd the fury-goddess of debate,
The dread, the irrevocable oath he swore,
The immortal seats should ne'er behold her more;
And whirl'd her headlong down, for ever driven
From bright Olympus and the starry heaven:
Thence on the nether world the Fury fell;
Ordain'd with man's contentious race to dwell.
Full oft the god his son's hard toils bemoan'd,
Cursed the dire Fury, and in secret groan'd.
E'en thus, like Jove himself, was I misled,
While raging Hector heap'd our camps with dead.
What can the errors of my rage atone?
My martial troops, my treasures are thy own:
This instant from the navy shall be sent
Whate'er Ulysses promised at thy tent:
But thou appeased, propitious to our prayer,
Resume thy arms, and shine again in war.
O king of nations! whose superior sway
(Returns Achilles) all our host obey!
To keep or send the presents be thy care;
To us 'tis equal: all we ask is war.
While yet we talk, or but an instant shun
The fight, our glorious work remains undone.
Let every Greek who sees my spear confound
The Trojan ranks, and deal destruction round,
With emulation, what I act survey,
And learn from thence the business of the day.
The son of Peleus thus: and thus replies,
The great in councils, Ithacus the wise.
Though, godlike, thou art by no toils oppress'd,
At least our armies claim repast and rest.
Long and laborious must the combat be,
When by the gods inspired, and led by thee.
Strength is derived from spirits and from blood,
And those augment by generous wine and food:
What boastful son of war, without that stay,
Can last a hero through a single day?
Courage may prompt; but, ebbing out his strength,
Mere unsupported man must yield at length;
Shrunk with dry famine, and with toils declined,
The drooping body will desert the mind:
But built anew with strength-conferring fare,
With limbs and soul untamed he tires a war.
Dismiss the people then, and give command
With strong repast to hearten every band;
But let the presents to Achilles made,
In full assembly of all Greece be laid:
The king of men shall rise in public sight,
And solemn swear (observant of the rite,)
That spotless as she came, the maid removes,
Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.
That done, a sumptuous banquet shall be made,
And the full price of injured honour paid.
Stretch not henceforth, O prince! thy sovereign might
Beyond the bound of reason and of right;
'Tis the chief praise that e'er to kings belong'd,
To right with justice whom with power they wrong'd.
To him the monarch: Just is thy decree,
Thy words give joy, and wisdom breathes in thee.
Each due atonement gladly I prepare;
And Heaven regard me as I justly swear.
Here then awhile let Greece assembled stay,
Nor great Achilles grudge this short delay;
Till from the fleet our presents be convey'd,
And, Jove attesting, the firm compact made.
A train of noble youth the charge shall bear;
These to select, Ulysses, be thy care:
In order rank'd let all our gifts appear,
And the fair train of captives close the rear:
Talthybius shall the victim boar convey,
Sacred to Jove, and yon bright orb of day.
For this (the stern Æacides replies,)
Some less important season may suffice,
When the stern fury of the war is o'er,
And wrath extinguish'd burns my breast no more.
By Hector slain, their faces to the sky,
All grim with gaping wounds our heroes lie:
Those call to war! and might my voice incite,
Now, now, this instant, should commence the fight:
Then, when the day's complete, let generous bowls,
And copious banquets, glad our weary souls.
Let not my palate know the taste of food,
Till my insatiate rage be cloy'd with blood:
Pale lies my friend with wounds disfigured o'er,
And his cold feet are pointed to the door.
Revenge is all my soul! no meaner care,
Interest, or thought, has room to harbour there;
Destruction be my feast, and mortal wounds,
And scenes of blood, and agonizing sounds.
O first of Greeks! (Ulysses thus rejoin'd,)
The best and bravest of the warrior kind!
Thy praise it is in dreadful camps to shine,
But old experience and calm wisdom mine.
Then hear my counsel, and to reason yield:
The bravest soon are satiate of the field;
Though vast the heaps that strew the crimson plain,
The bloody harvest brings but little gain:
The scale of conquest ever waving lies,
Great Jove but turns it, and the victor dies!
The great, the bold, by thousands daily fall,
And endless were the grief to weep for all.
Eternal sorrows what avails to shed?
Greece honours not with solemn feasts the dead:
Enough when death demands the brave to pay
The tribute of a melancholy day,
One chief with patience to the grave resign'd,
One care devolves on others left behind.
Let generous food supplies of strength produce,
Let rising spirits flow from sprightly juice,
Let their warm heads with scenes of battle glow
And pour new furies on the feebler foe.

Yet a short interval and none shall dare
Expect a second summons to the war.
Who waits for that the dire effect shall find,
If trembling in the ships he lags behind.
Embodied, to the battle let us bend,
And all at once on haughty Troy descend.
And now the delegates Ulysses sent,
To bear the presents from the royal tent.
The sons of Nestor, Phyleus' valiant heir,
Thias and Merion, thunderbolts of war,
With Lycomedes of Creontian strain,
And Melanippus, form'd the chosen train.
Swift as the word was given the youths obey'd;
Twice ten bright vases in the midst they laid;
A row of six fair tripods then succeeds;
And twice the number of high bounding steeds;
Seven captives next a lovely line compose;
The eighth Briseïs, like the blooming rose,
Closed the bright band: great Ithacus before,
First of the train, the golden talents bore:
The rest in public view the chiefs dispose,
A splendid scene! Then Agamemnon rose:
The boar Talthybius held: the Grecian lord
Drew the broad cutlass sheath'd beside his sword:
The stubborn bristles from the victim's brow
He crops, and offering meditates his vow.
His hands uplifted to the attested skies,
On heaven's broad marble roof were fix'd his eyes;
The solemn words a deep attention draw,
And Greece around sat thrill'd with sacred awe.
Witness, thou first! thou greatest power above!
All good, all wise, and all-surveying Jove!
And Mother-earth, and Heaven's revolving light,
And ye, fell Furies of the realms of night,
Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
For perjured kings, and all who falsely swear!
The black-eyed maid inviolate removes,
Pure and unconscious of my manly loves.
If this be false, Heaven all its vengeance shed,
And levell'd thunder strike my guilty head.
With that his weapon deep inflicts the wound;
The bleeding savage tumbles to the ground;
The sacred herald rolls the victim slain
(A feast for fish) into the foaming main.
Then thus Achilles: Hear, ye Greeks! and know
Whate'er we feel, 'tis Jove inflicts the woe;
Not else Atrides could our rage inflame,
Nor from my arms unwilling force the dame.
'Twas Jove's high will alone o'er-ruling all,
That doom'd our strife, and doom'd the Greeks to fall.
Go then, ye chiefs! indulge the genial rite,
Achilles waits you, and expects the fight.
The speedy council at his word adjourn'd:
To their black vessels all the Greeks return'd;
Achilles sought his tent. His train before
March'd onward, bending with the gifts they bore.
These in the tents the squires industrious spread:
The foaming coursers to the stalls they led;
To their new seats the female captives move:
Briseïs, radiant as the queen of love,
Slow as she pass'd beheld with sad survey
Where, gash'd with cruel wounds, Patroclus lay.
Prone on the body fell the heavenly fair,
Beat her sad breast, and tore her golden hair;
All-beautiful in grief, her humid eyes
Shining with tears she lifts, and thus she cries:
Ah, youth for ever dear, for ever kind,
Once tender friend of my distracted mind!
I left thee fresh in life, in beauty gay!
Now find thee cold, inanimated clay!
What woes my wretched race of life attend!
Sorrows on sorrows, never doom'd to end.
The first loved consort of my virgin bed
Before these eyes in fatal battle bled!
My three brave brothers in one mournful day,
All trod the dark irremeable way;
Thy friendly hand uprear'd me from the plain,
And dried my sorrows for a husband slain;
Achilles' care you promised I should prove,
The first the dearest partner of his love!
That rites divine should ratify the band,
And make me empress in his native land.
Accept these grateful tears! for thee they flow,
For thee that ever felt another's woe!
Her sister captives echo'd groan for groan,
Nor mourn'd Patroclus' fortunes, but their own.
The leaders press'd the chief on every side,
Unmoved he heard them, and with sighs denied.
If yet Achilles have a friend, whose care
Is bent to please him, this request forbear:
Till yonder sun descend, ah let me pay
To grief and anguish one abstemious day.
He spoke, and from the warriors turn'd his face:
Yet still the brother-kings of Atreus' race,
Nestor, Idomeneus, Ulysses sage,
And Phœnix, strive to calm his grief and rage:
His rage they calm not, nor his grief controul;
He groans, he raves, he sorrows from his soul.
Thou too, Patroclus! (thus his heart he vents)
Once spread the inviting banquet in our tents:
Thy sweet society, thy winning care,
Once staid Achilles rushing to the war.
But now, alas! to death's cold arms resign'd,
What banquet but revenge can glad my mind?
What greater sorrow could afflict my breast,
What more if hoary Peleus were deceased:
Who now, perhaps, in Phthia dreads to hear
His son's sad fate, and drops a tender tear?
What more should Neoptolemus the brave
(My only offspring) sink into the grave.
If yet that offspring lives (I distant far,
Of all neglectful, wage a hateful war.)
I could not this, this cruel stroke attend;
Fate claim'd Achilles, but might spare his friend.
I hoped Patroclus might survive, to rear
My tender orphan with a parent's care,
From Scyros' isle conduct him o'er the main,
And glad his eyes with his paternal reign,
The lofty palace, and the large domain.
For Peleus breathes no more the vital air;
Or drags a wretched life of age and care
But till the news of my sad fate invades
His hastening soul, and sinks him to the shades.
Sighing he said: his grief the heroes join'd,
Each stole a tear for what he left behind.
Their mingled grief the sire of heaven survey'd,
And thus with pity to his blue-eyed maid:
Is then Achilles now no more thy care
And dost thou thus desert the great in war?
Lo, where yon sails their canvass wings extend,
All-comfortless he sits, and wails his friend:
Ere thirst and want his forces have oppress'd,
Haste and infuse ambrosia in his breast.
He spoke: and sudden at the word of Jove,
Shot the descending goddess from above.

So swift through ether the shrill Harpy springs,
The wide air floating to her ample wings.
To great Achilles she her flight address'd,
And pour'd divine ambrosia in his breast,
With nectar sweet (refection of the gods!)
Then, swift ascending, sought the bright abodes.
Now issued from the ships the warrior-train,
And like a deluge pour'd upon the plain.
As when the piercing blasts of Boreas blow,
And scatter o'er the fields the driving snow;
From dusky clouds the fleecy winter flies,
Whose dazzling lustre whitens all the skies:
So helms succeeding helms, so shields from shields
Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields;
Broad glittering breast-plates, spears with pointed rays,
Mix in one stream, reflecting blaze on blaze:
Thick beats the centre as the coursers bound,
With splendour flame the skies and laugh the fields around.
Full in the midst, high-towering o'er the rest,
His limbs in arms divine Achilles dress'd;
Arms which the father of the fire bestow'd,
Forged on the eternal anvils of the god.
Grief and revenge his furious heart inspire,
His glowing eye-balls roll with living fire;
He grinds his teeth, and furious with delay,
O'erlooks the embattled host, and hopes the bloody day.
The silver cuishes first his thighs infold;
Then o'er his breast was braced the hollow gold:
The brazen sword a various baldric tied,
That starr'd with gems hung glittering at his side;
And, like the moon, the broad refulgent shield,
Blazed with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the field.
So to night-wandering sailors, pale with fears,
Wide o'er the watery waste a light appears,
Which on the far-seen mountain blazing high,
Streams from some lonely watch-tower to the sky;
With mournful eyes they gaze, and gaze again;
Loud howls the storm, and drives them o'er the main.
Next his high head the helmet graced; behind
The sweepy crest hung floating in the wind:
Like the red star that from his flaming hair
Shakes down diseases, pestilence, and war;
So stream'd the golden honours from his head,
Trembled the sparkling plumes, and the loose glories shed.
The chief beholds himself with wondering eyes;
His arms he poises, and his motions tries;
Buoy'd by some inward force he seems to swim,
And feels a pinion lifting every limb.
And now he shakes his great paternal spear,
Ponderous and huge! which not a Greek could rear.
From Pelion's cloudy top an ash entire
Old Chiron fell'd, and shaped it for his sire;
A spear which stern Achilles only wields,
The death of heroes and the dread of fields!
Automedon and Alcimus prepare
The immortal coursers and the radiant car,
(The silver traces sweeping at their side;)
Their fiery mouths resplendent bridles tied;
The ivory-studded reins return'd behind,
Waved o'er their backs, and to the chariot join'd.
The charioteer then whirl'd the lash around,
And swift ascended at one active bound.
All bright in heavenly arms above his squire,
Achilles mounts, and sets the field on fire;
Not brighter Phœbus in the ethereal way
Flames from his chariot and restores the day.
High o'er the host all terrible he stands,
And thunders to his steeds these dread commands:
Xanthus and Balius! of Podarges' strain,
(Unless ye boast that heavenly race in vain)
Be swift, be mindful of the load ye bear,
And learn to make your master more your care:
Through falling squadrons bear my slaughtering sword,
Nor, as ye left Patroclus, leave your lord.
The generous Xanthus, as the words he said,
Seem'd sensible of woe, and droop'd his head:
Trembling he stood before the golden wain,
And bow'd to dust the honours of his mane;
When, strange to tell! (so Juno will'd) he broke
Eternal silence, and portentous spoke:
Achilles! yes! this day at least we bear
Thy rage in safety through the files of war:
But come it will, the fatal time must come,
Nor ours the fault, but God decrees thy doom.
Not through our crime, or slowness in the course,
Fell thy Patroclus, but by heavenly force;
The bright far-shooting god who gilds the day
(Confess'd we saw him,) tore his arms away.
No—could our swiftness o'er the winds prevail,
Or beat the pinions of the western gale,
All were in vain—the Fates thy death demand,
Due to a mortal and immortal hand.
Then ceased for ever, by the Furies tied,
His fateful voice. The intrepid chief replied
With unabated rage—So let it be!
Portents and prodigies are lost on me.
I know my fates; to die, to see no more
My much-loved parents and my native shore—
Enough—when heaven ordains, I sink in night;
Now perish Troy!—He said, and rush'd to fight

BOOK XX.

ARGUMENT.

The Battle of the Gods, and the Acts of Achilles.

Jupiter, upon Achilles' return to the battle, calls a council of the gods, and permits them to assist either party. The terrors of the battle described, when the deities are engaged. Apollo encourages Æneas to meet Achilles. After a long conversation, these two heroes encounter; but Æneas is preserved by the assistance of Neptune. Achilles falls upon the rest of the Trojans, and is upon the point of killing Hector, but Apollo conveys him away in a cloud. Achilles pursues the Trojans with a great slaughter.

The same day continues. The scene is the field before Troy.

BOOK XX.

Thus round Pelides, breathing war and blood,
Greece, sheath'd in arms, beside her vessels stood;
While near impending from a neighbouring height,
Troy's black battalions wait the shock of fight.
Then Jove to Themis gives command to call
The gods to council in the starry hall:
Swift o'er Olympus' hundred hills she flies,
And summons all the senate of the skies.
These shining on, in long procession come
To Jove's eternal adamantine dome.
Not one was absent, not a rural power,
That haunts the verdant gloom, or rosy bower:

Each fair-hair'd dryad of the shady wood,
Each azure sister of the silver flood;
All but old Ocean, hoary sire! who keeps
His ancient seat beneath the sacred deeps.
On marble thrones with lucid columns crown'd
(The work of Vulcan) sat the powers around.
E'en he whose trident sways the watery reign,*
Heard the loud summons, and forsook the main,
Assumed his throne amid the bright abodes,
And question'd thus the sire of men and gods:
What moves the god who heaven and earth commands,
And grasps the thunder in his awful hands,
Thus to convene the whole ethereal state?
Is Greece and Troy the subject in debate?
Already met the lowering hosts appear,
And death stands ardent on the edge of war.
'Tis true (the cloud-compelling power replies,)
This day we call the council of the skies
In care of human race; e'en Jove's own eye
Sees with regret unhappy mortals die.
Far on Olympus' top in secret state
Ourself will sit, and see the hand of Fate
Work out our will. Celestial powers! descend,
And as your minds direct, your succour lend
To either host. Troy soon must lie o'erthrown,
If uncontroll'd Achilles fights alone:
Their troops but lately durst not meet his eyes;
What can they now if in his rage he rise?
Assist them gods; or Ilion's sacred wall
May fall this day, though Fate forbids the fall.
He said, and fired their heavenly breasts with rage:
On adverse parts the warring gods engage.
Heaven's awful queen; and he whose azure round
Girds the vast globe; the maid in arms renown'd;
Hermes of profitable arts the sire;
And Vulcan the black sovereign of the fire;
These to the fleet repair with instant flight;
The vessels tremble as the gods alight.
In aid of Troy, Latona, Phœbus came,
Mars fiery-helm'd, the laughter-loving dame,
Xanthus whose streams in golden currents flow,
And the chaste huntress of the silver bow.
Ere yet the gods their various aids employ,
Each Argive bosom swell'd with manly joy,
While great Achilles (terror of the plain,)
Long lost to battle shone in arms again.
Dreadful he stood in front of all his host;
Pale Troy beheld, and seem'd already lost;
Her bravest heroes pant with inward fear,
And trembling see another god of war.
But when the powers descending swell'd the fight,
Then tumult rose; fierce rage and pale affright
Varied each face; then Discord sounds alarms,
Earth echoes, and the nations rush to arms.
Now through the trembling shores Minerva calls,
And now she thunders from the Grecian walls.
Mars, hovering o'er his Troy, his terror shrouds
In gloomy tempests and a night of clouds:
Now through each Trojan heart he fury pours
With voice divine from Ilion's topmost towers:
Now shouts to Simois from the beauteous hill;
The mountain shook, and rapid stream stood still:
Above, the sire of gods his thunder rolls,
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles.

Beneath stern Neptune shakes the solid ground;
The forests wave, the mountains nod around;
Through all their summits tremble Ida's woods,
And from their sources boil her hundred floods.
Troy's turrets totter on the rocking plain;
And the toss'd navies beat the heaving main.
Deep in the dismal regions of the dead,
The infernal monarch rear'd his horrid head,
Leap'd from his throne, lest Neptune's arm should lay
His dark dominions open to the day,
And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes,
Abhorr'd by men, and dreadful e'en to gods.
Such war the immortals wage; such horrors rend
The world's vast concave, when the gods contend.
First silver-shafted Phœbus took the plain
Against blue Neptune, monarch of the main:
The god of arms his giant bulk display'd,
Opposed to Pallas, war's triumphant maid.
Against Latona march'd the son of May;
The quiver'd Dian, sister of the Day,
(Her golden arrows sounding at her side,)
Saturnia, majesty of heaven, defied.
With fiery Vulcan last in battle stands
The sacred flood that rolls on golden sands;
Xanthus his name with those of heavenly birth;
But call'd Scamander by the sons of earth.
While thus the gods in various leagues engage;
Achilles glow'd with more than mortal rage:
Hector he sought; in search of Hector turn'd
His eyes around; for Hector only burn'd;
And burst like lightning through the ranks, and vow'd
To glut the god of battles with his blood.
Æneas was the first who dared to stay;
Apollo wedged him in the warrior's way,
But swell'd his bosom with undaunted might,
Half-forced and half-persuaded to the fight.
Like young Lycaon of the royal line,
In voice and aspect seem'd the power divine,
And bade the chief reflect, how, late, with scorn,
In distant threats he braved the goddess-born.
Then thus the hero of Anchises' strain:
To meet Pelides you persuade in vain;
Already have I met, nor void of fear
Observed the fury of his flying spear;
From Ida's woods he chased us to the field,
Our force he scatter'd, and our herds he kill'd;
Lyrnessus, Pedasus, in ashes lay;
But (Jove assisting) I surviv'd the day:
Else had I sunk oppress'd in fatal fight,
By fierce Achilles and Minerva's might.
Where'er he moved the goddess shone before,
And bathed his brazen lance in hostile gore.
What mortal man Achilles can sustain?
The immortals guard him through the dreadful plain,
And suffer not his dart to fall in vain.
Were God my aid this arm should check his power,
Though strong in battle as a brazen tower.
To whom the son of Jove: That god implore,
And be what great Achilles was before.
From heavenly Venus thou derivest thy strain,
And he but from a sister of the main;
An ancient sea-god father of his line,
But Jove himself the sacred source of thine.
Then lift thy weapon for a noble blow,
Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal foe.
This said, and spirit breathed into his breast,
Through the thick troops the embolden'd hero press'd

* Neptune.

His venturous act the white-arm'd queen survey'd,
And thus, assembling all the powers, she said:
Behold an action, gods! that claims your care;
Lo, great Æneas rushing to the war!
Against Pelides he directs his course
Phœbus impels, and Phœbus gives him force.
Restrain his bold career: at least, to attend
Our favour'd hero let some power descend.
To guard his life and add to his renown,
We, the great armament of heaven came down.
Hereafter let him fall as fates design,
That spun so short his life's illustrious line:
But let some adverse god now cross his way,
Give him to know what powers assist this day:
For how shall mortal stand the dire alarms,
When heaven's refulgent host appear in arms?
Thus she; and thus the god whose force can make
The solid globe's eternal basis shake:
Against the might of man so feeble known,
Why should celestial powers exert their own?
Suffice from yonder mount to view the scene,
And leave to war the fates of mortal men.
But if the Armipotent, or god of light,
Obstruct Achilles, or commence the fight,
Thence on the gods of Troy we swift descend:
Full soon, I doubt not, shall the conflict end;
And these in ruin and confusion hurl'd,
Yield to our conquering arms the lower world.
Thus having said, the tyrant of the sea,
Cerulean Neptune, rose, and led the way.
Advanced upon the field there stood a mound
Of earth congested, wall'd, and trench'd around:
In elder times to guard Alcides made,
(The work of Trojans with Minerva's aid,)
What time a vengeful monster of the main
Swept the wide shore and drove him to the plain.
Here Neptune and the gods of Greece repair,
With clouds encompass'd, and a veil of air:
The adverse powers around Apollo laid,
Crown the fair hills that silver Simoïs shade.
In circle close each heavenly party sat,
Intent to form the future scheme of fate;
But mix not yet in fight, though Jove on high
Gives the loud signal, and the heavens reply.
Meanwhile the rushing armies hide the ground;
The trampled centre yields a hollow sound:
Steeds cased in mail, and chiefs in armour bright,
The gleamy champaign glows with brazen light.
Amid both hosts (a dreadful space!) appear
There great Achilles, bold Æneas here.
With towering strides Æneas first advanced;
The nodding plumage on his helmet danced,
Spread o'er his breast the fencing shield he bore,
And as he moved his javelin flamed before.
Not so Pelides: furious to engage,
He rush'd impetuous. Such the lion's rage,
Who viewing first his foes with scornful eyes,
Though all in arms the peopled city rise,
Stalks careless on with unregarding pride;
Till at the length by some brave youth defied,
To his bold spear the savage turns alone,
He murmurs fury with a hollow groan;
He grins, he foams, he rolls his eyes around;
Lash'd by his tail his heaving sides resound;
He calls up all his rage; he grinds his teeth,
Resolved on vengeance or resolved on death;
So fierce Achilles on Æneas flies;
So stands Æneas, and his force defies.

Ere yet the stern encounter join'd, begun
The seed of Thetis thus to Venus' son:
Why comes Æneas through the ranks so far?
Seeks he to meet Achilles' arm in war,
In hope the realms of Priam to enjoy,
And prove his merits to the throne of Troy?
Grant that beneath thy lance Achilles dies,
The partial monarch may refuse the prize:
Sons he has many: those thy pride may quell;
And 'tis his fault to love those sons too well.
Or in reward of thy victorious hand,
Has Troy proposed some spacious tract of land?
An ample forest, or a fair domain,
Of hill for vines, and arable for grain?
E'en this, perhaps, will hardly prove thy lot.
But can Achilles be so soon forgot?
Once (as I think) you saw this brandish'd spear,
And then the great Æneas seem'd to fear:
With hearty haste from Ida's mount he fled,
Nor till he reach'd Lyrnessus turned his head.
Her lofty walls not long our progress staid;
Those Pallas, Jove, and we, in ruins laid:
In Grecian chains her captive race were cast;
'Tis true the great Æneas fled too fast.
Defrauded of my conquest once before,
What then I lost the gods this day restore.
Go: while thou may'st avoid the threatening fate;
Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.
To this Anchises' son: Such words employ
To one that fears thee, some unwarlike boy;
Such we disdain: the best may be defied
With mean reproaches, and unmanly pride;
Unworthy the high race from which we came,
Proclaim'd so loudly by the voice of fame:
Each from illustrious fathers draws his line;
Each goddess-born; half human, half divine.
Thetis' this day, or Venus' offspring dies,
And tears shall trickle from celestial eyes:
For when two heroes thus derived contend,
'Tis not in words the glorious strife can end.
If yet thou farther seek to learn my birth
(A tale resounding through the spacious earth,)
Hear how the glorious origin we prove
From ancient Dardanus, and first from Jove:
Dardania's walls he raised; for Ilion then
(The city since of many languaged men)
Was not. The natives were content to till
The shady foot of Ida's fountful hill.
From Dardanus great Erichthonius springs,
The richest once of Asia's wealthy kings;
Three thousand mares his spacious pastures bred,
Three thousand foals beside their mothers fed.
Boreas, enamour'd of the sprightly train,
Conceal'd his godhead in a flowing mane,
With voice dissembled to his loves he neigh'd,
And coursed the dappled beauties o'er the mead:
Hence sprung twelve others of unrival'd kind,
Swift as their mother mares and father wind.
These lightly skimming when they swept the plain,
Nor plied the grass, nor bent the tender grain;
And when along the level seas they flew,
Scarce on the surface curl'd the briny dew.
Such Erichthonius was: from him there came
The sacred Tros, of whom the Trojan name.
Three sons renown'd adorn'd his nuptial bed,
Ilus, Assaracus, and Ganymed:
The matchless Ganymed, divinely fair,
Whom heaven enamour'd snatch'd to upper air.

To bear the cup of Jove (ethereal guest,
The grace and glory of the ambrosial feast.)
The two remaining sons the line divide:
First rose Laomedon from Ilus' side:
From him Tithonus, now in cares grown old,
And Priam (blest with Hector brave and bold:)
Clytius and Lampus, ever-honour'd pair:
And Hicetaon, thunderbolt of war.
From great Assaracus sprung Capys, he
Begat Anchises, and Anchises me.
Such is our race: 'tis fortune gives us birth,
But Jove alone endues the soul with worth:
He, source of power and might! with boundless sway,
All human courage gives or takes away.
Long in the field of words we may contend;
Reproach is infinite and knows no end,
Arm'd or with truth, or falsehood, right or wrong;
So voluble a weapon is the tongue:
Wounded we wound, and neither side can fail,
For every man has equal strength to rail:
Women alone, when in the streets they jar,
Perhaps excel us in this wordy war;
Like us they stand encompass'd with the crowd,
And vent their anger impotent and loud.
Cease then: our business in the field of fight
Is not to question, but to prove our might.
To all those insults thou hast offer'd here,
Receive this answer: 'tis my flying spear.
He spoke. With all his force the javelin flung,
Fix'd deep, and loudly in the buckler rung.
Far on his out-stretch'd arm Pelides held
(To meet the thundering lance) his dreadful shield,
That trembled as it stuck: nor void of fear
Saw ere it fell, the immeasurable spear.
His fears were vain; impenetrable charms
Secured the temper of the ethereal arms.
Through two strong plates the point its passage held,
But stopp'd and rested, by the third repell'd.
Five plates of various metal, various mould,
Composed the shield, of brass each outward fold,
Of tin each inward, and the middle gold:
There stuck the lance. Then rising ere he threw,
The forceful spear of great Achilles flew,
And pierced the Dardan shield's extremest bound,
Where the shrill brass return'd a sharper sound:
Through the thin verge the Pelian weapon glides,
And the slight covering of expanded hides.
Æneas his contracted body bends,
And o'er him high the riven targe extends,
Sees through its parting plates the upper air,
And at his back perceives the quivering spear:
A fate so near him chills his soul with fright;
And swims before his eyes the many-colour'd light.
Achilles rushing in with dreadful cries,
Draws his broad blade, and at Æneas flies:
Æneas, rousing as the foe came on,
(With force collected) heaves a mighty stone;
A mass enormous! which in modern days
No two of earth's degenerate sons could raise:
But ocean's god, whose earthquakes rock the ground,
Saw the distress, and moved the powers around.
Lo! on the brink of fate Æneas stands,
An instant victim to Achilles' hands:
By Phœbus urged; but Phœbus has bestow'd
His aid in vain; the man o'erpowers the god.
And can ye see this righteous chief atone,
With guiltless blood for vices not his own?
To all the gods his constant vows were paid:
Sure through the wars for Troy he claims our aid.
Fate wills not this; nor thus can Jove resign
The future father of the Dardan line:
The first great ancestor obtain'd his grace,
And still his love descends on all the race.
For Priam now, and Priam's faithless kind,
At length are odious to the all-seeing mind;
On great Æneas shall devolve the reign,
And sons succeeding sons the lasting line sustain.
The great earth-shaker thus: to whom replies
The imperial goddess with the radiant eyes.
Good as he is, to immolate or spare
The Dardan prince, O Neptune, be thy care:
Pallas and I by all that gods can bind,
Have sworn destruction to the Trojan kind;
Not e'en an instant to protract their fate,
Or save one member of the sinking state;
Till her last flame be quench'd with her last gore,
And e'en her crumbling ruins are no more.
The king of ocean to the fight descends,
Through all the whistling darts his course he bends,
Swift interposed between the warriors flies,
And casts thick darkness o'er Achilles' eyes.
From great Æneas' shield the spear he drew,
And at his master's feet the weapon threw.
That done, with force divine he snatch'd on high
The Dardan prince, and bore him through the sky,
Smooth-gliding without step above the heads
Of warring heroes and of bounding steeds;
Till at the battle's utmost verge they light,
Where the slow Caucans close the rear of fight.
The godhead there (his heavenly form confess'd)
With words like these the panting chief address'd:
What power, O prince, with force inferior far
Urged thee to meet Achilles' arm in war?
Henceforth beware, nor antedate thy doom,
Defrauding Fate of all thy fame to come.
But when the day decreed (for come it must)
Shall lay this dreadful hero in the dust,
Let then the furies of that arm be known,
Secure no Grecian force transcends thy own.
With that he left him wondering as he lay,
Then from Achilles chased the mist away:
Sudden returning with the stream of light,
The scene of war came rushing on his sight.
Then thus amazed: What wonders strike my mind,
My spear that parted on the wings of wind,
Laid here before me! and the Dardan lord,
That fell this instant, vanish'd from my sword!
I thought alone with mortals to contend,
But powers celestial sure this foe defend.
Great as he is our arm he scarce will try,
Content for once, with all his gods, to fly:
Now then let others bleed.—This said, aloud
He vents his fury, and inflames the crowd.
O Greeks! (he cries, and every rank alarms)
Join battle, man to man, and arms to arms!
'Tis not in me, though favour'd by the sky,
To mow whole troops, and make whole armies fly;
No god can singly such a host engage,
Not Mars himself, nor great Minerva's rage.
But whatsoe'er Achilles can inspire,
Whate'er of active force or acting fire;
Whate'er this heart can prompt, or hand obey;
All, all Achilles, Greeks! is yours to day:
Through yon wide host this arm shall scatter fear,
And thin the squadrons with my single spear

He said: nor less elate with martial joy,
The godlike Hector warm'd the troops of Troy.
Trojans to war! think Hector leads you on;
Nor dread the vaunts of Peleus' haughty son.
Deeds must decide our fate. E'en those with words
Insult the brave who tremble at their swords:
The weakest atheist-wretch all heaven defies,
But shrinks and shudders when the thunder flies.
Nor from yon boaster shall your chief retire,
Not though his heart were steel, his hand were fire;
That fire, that steel, your Hector should withstand,
And brave that vengeful heart, that dreadful hand.
Thus (breathing rage through all) the hero said;
A wood of lances rises round his head,
Clamours on clamours tempest all the air,
They join, they throng, they thicken to the war.
But Phœbus warns him from high heaven to shun
The single fight with Thetis' godlike son;
More safe to combat in the mingled band,
Nor tempt too near the terrors of his hand.
He hears obedient to the god of light,
And plunged within the ranks awaits the fight.
Then fierce Achilles shouting to the skies,
On Troy's whole force with boundless fury flies.
First falls Iphytion at his army's head;
Brave was the chief, and brave the host he led;
From great Otrynteus he derived his blood:
His mother was a Naïs of the flood:
Beneath the shades of Tmolus crown'd with snow,
From Hydè's walls he ruled the lands below.
Fierce as he springs the sword his head divides;
The parted visage falls on equal sides:
With loud-resounding arms he strikes the plain;
While thus Achilles glories o'er the slain:
Lie there, Otryntides! the Trojan earth
Receives thee dead, though Gygæ boast thy birth;
Those beauteous fields where Hyllus' waves are roll'd,
And plenteous Hermus swells with tides of gold,
Are thine no more.—The insulting hero said,
And left him sleeping in eternal shade.
The rolling wheels of Greece the body tore,
And dash'd their axles with no vulgar gore.
Demoleon next, Antenor's offspring, laid
Breathless in dust, the price of rashness paid.
The impatient steel with full descending sway
Forced through his brazen helm its furious way,
Resistless drove the batter'd skull before,
And dash'd and mingled all the brains with gore.
This sees Hippodamas, and seized with fright,
Deserts his chariot for a swifter flight:
The lance arrests him: an ignoble wound
The panting Trojan rivets to the ground.
He groans away his soul; not louder roars
At Neptune's shrine on Helice's high shores
The victim bull: the rocks rebellow round,
And Ocean listens to the grateful sound.
Then fell on Polydore his vengeful rage,
The youngest hope of Priam's stooping age,
(Whose feet for swiftness in the race surpass'd;)
Of all his sons the dearest and the last.
To the forbidden field he takes his flight
In the first folly of a youthful knight:
To vaunt his swiftness wheels around the plain,
But vaunts not long, with all his swiftness slain.
Struck where the crossing belts unite behind,
And golden rings the double back-plate join'd.
Forth through the navel burst the thrilling steel,
And on his knees with piercing shrieks he fell;
The rushing entrails, pour'd upon the ground,
His hands collect; and darkness wraps him round.
When Hector view'd, all ghastly in his gore,
Thus sadly slain, the unhappy Polydore,
A cloud of sorrow overcast his sight,
His soul no longer brook'd the distant fight;
Full in Achilles' dreadful front he came,
And shook his javelin like a waving flame.
The son of Peleus sees with joy possess'd,
His heart high-bounding in his rising breast.
And, lo! the man on whom black fates attend,
The man that slew Achilles in his friend!
No more shall Hector's and Pelides' spear
Turn from each other in the walks of war—
Then with revengeful eyes he scann'd him o'er:
Come and receive thy fate! he spake no more.
Hector undaunted thus: Such words employ
To one that dreads thee, some unwarlike boy:
Such we could give, defying, and defied,
Mean intercourse of obloquy and pride!
I know thy force to mine superior far;
But Heaven alone confers success in war:
Mean as I am, the gods may guide my dart,
And give it entrance in a braver heart.
Then parts the lance; but Pallas' heavenly breath
Far from Achilles wafts the winged death:
The bidden dart again to Hector flies,
And at the feet of its great master lies.
Achilles closes with his hated foe,
His heart and eyes with flaming fury glow:
But present to his aid, Apollo shrouds
The favour'd hero in a veil of clouds.
Thrice struck Pelides with indignant heart,
Thrice in impassive air he plunged the dart:
The spear a fourth time buried in the cloud;
He foams with fury, and exclaims aloud:
Wretch! thou hast 'scaped again; once more thy flight
Has saved thee, and the partial god of light.
But long thou shalt not thy just fate withstand,
If any power assist Achilles' hand.
Fly then inglorious! but thy flight this day
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall pay.
With that he gluts his rage on numbers slain:
Then Dryops tumbled to the ensanguined plain,
Pierced through the neck: he left him panting there,
And stopp'd Demuchus, great Philetor's heir,
Gigantic chief! deep gash'd the enormous blade,
And for the soul an ample passage made.
Laogonus and Dardanus expire,
The valiant sons of an unhappy sire;
Both in one instant from the chariot hurl'd,
Sunk in one instant to the nether world;
This difference only their sad fates afford,
That one the spear destroy'd, and one the sword.
Nor less unpitied young Alastor bleeds:
In vain his youth, in vain his beauty pleads;
In vain he begs thee with a suppliant's moan,
To spare a form, an age, so like thy own!
Unhappy boy! no prayer, no moving art,
E'er bent that fierce inexorable heart!
While yet he trembled at his knees and cried,
The ruthless falchion oped his tender side;
The panting liver pours a flood of gore
That drowns his bosom till he pants no more.
Through Mulius' head then drove the impetuous spear,
The warrior falls transfix'd from ear to ear.

Thy life, Echeclus! next the sword bereaves,
Deep through the front the ponderous falchion cleaves;
Warm'd in the brain the smoking weapon lies,
The purple death comes floating o'er his eyes.
Then brave Deucalion died: the dart was flung
Where the knit nerves the pliant elbow strung;
He dropp'd his arm, an unassisting weight,
And stood all impotent, expecting fate:
Full on his neck the falling falchion sped,
From his broad shoulders hew'd his crested head;
Forth from the bone the spinal marrow flies,
And sunk in dust the corpse extended lies.
Rhigmus, whose race from fruitful Thracia came,
(The son of Pireus, an illustrious name,)
Succeeds to fate: the spear his belly rends;
Prone from his car the thundering chief descends:
The squire who saw expiring on the ground
His prostrate master, rein'd the steeds around:
His back scarce turn'd the Pelian javelin gored,
And stretch'd the servant o'er his dying lord.
As when a flame the winding valley fills,
And runs on crackling shrubs between the hills;
Then o'er the stubble up the mountain flies,
Fires the high woods and blazes to the skies,
This way and that the spreading torrent roars;
So sweeps the hero through the wasted shores:
Around him wide immense destruction pours,
And earth is deluged with the sanguine showers.
As with autumnal harvests cover'd o'er,
And thick bestrown lies Ceres' sacred floor,
When round and round with never-wearied pain,
The trampling steers beat out the unnumber'd grain,
So the fierce coursers as the chariot rolls,
Tread down whole ranks, and crush out heroes' souls.
Dash'd from their hoofs while o'er the dead they fly,
Black bloody drops the smoking chariot dye:
The spiky wheels through heaps of carnage tore;
And thick the groaning axles dropp'd with gore.
High o'er the scene of death Achilles stood,
All grim with dust, all horrible in blood:
Yet still insatiate, still with rage on flame;
Such is the lust of never-dying fame!

BOOK XXI.

ARGUMENT.

The Battle of the River Scamander.

The Trojans fly before Achilles, some toward the town, others to the river Scamander: he falls upon the latter with great slaughter, takes twelve captives alive, to sacrifice to the shade of Patroclus; and kills Lycaon and Asteropæus. Scamander attacks him with all his waves; Neptune and Pallas assist the hero; Simois joins Scamander: at length Vulcan, by the instigation of Juno, almost dries up the river. This combat ended, the other gods engage each other. Meanwhile Achilles continues the slaughter, drives the rest into Troy: Agenor only makes a stand, and is conveyed away in a cloud by Apollo; who (to delude Achilles) takes upon him Agenor's shape, and while he pursues him in that disguise, gives the Trojans an opportunity of retiring into their city.

The same day continues. The scene is on the banks and in the stream of Scamander.

BOOK XXI.

And now to Xanthus' gliding stream they drove,
Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove.
The river here divides the flying train,
Part to the town fly diverse o'er the plain,
Where late their troops triumphant bore the fight:
Now chased and trembling in ignoble flight:
(These with a gather'd mist Saturnia shrouds,
And rolls behind the rout a heap of clouds.)
Part plunge into the stream: old Xanthus roars,
The flashing billows beat the whiten'd shores:
With cries promiscuous all the banks resound;
And here and there in eddies whirling round,
The flouncing steeds and shrieking warriors drown'd.
As the scorch'd locusts from their fields retire,
While fast behind them runs the blaze of fire;
Driven from the land before the smoky cloud,
The clustering legions rush into the flood;
So plunged in Xanthus by Achilles' force,
Roars the resounding surge with men and horse.
His bloody lance the hero cast aside,
(Which spreading tamarisks on the margin hide;)
Then, like a god the rapid billows braves,
Arm'd with his sword high brandish'd o'er the waves;
Now down he plunges, now he whirls it round:
Deep groan'd the waters with the dying sound;
Repeated wounds the reddening river dyed,
And the warm purple circled on the tide.
Swift through the foamy flood the Trojans fly,
And close in rocks or winding caverns lie:
So the huge dolphin tempesting the main,
In shoals before him fly the scaly train;
Confusedly heap'd they seek their inmost caves,
Or pant and heave beneath the floating waves.
Now tired with slaughter from the Trojan band,
Twelve chosen youths he drags alive to land;
With their rich belts their captive arms constrains,
(Late their proud ornaments, but now their chains.)
These his attendants to the ships convey'd,
Sad victims! destined to Patroclus' shade.
Then, as once more he plunged amid the flood,
The young Lycaon in his passage stood;
The son of Priam, whom the hero's hand
But late made captive in his father's land,
(As from a sycamore his sounding steel
Lopp'd the green arms to spoke a chariot wheel;)
To Lemnos' isle he sold the royal slave,
Where Jason's son the price demanded gave;
But kind Eëtion touching on the shore,
The ransom'd prince to fair Arisbe bore.
Ten days were past since in his father's reign
He felt the sweets of liberty again;
The next, that God whom men in vain withstand,
Gives the same youth to the same conquering hand,
Now never to return! and doom'd to go
A sadder journey to the shades below.
His well-known face when great Achilles eyed
(The helm and visor he had cast aside
With wild affright, and dropp'd upon the field
His useless lance and unavailing shield,)
As trembling, panting, from the streams he fled,
And knock'd his faltering knees, the hero said:
Ye mighty gods! what wonders strike my view!
Is it in vain our conquering arms subdue?
Sure I shall see yon heaps of Trojans kill'd,
Rise from the shades and brave me on the field:
As now the captive, whom so late I bound,
And sold to Lemnos, stalks on Trojan ground!
Not him the sea's unmeasured deeps detain,
That bars such numbers from their native plain:

Lo! he returns. Try then my flying spear!
Try if the grave can hold the wanderer;
If earth at length this active prince can seize,
Earth whose strong grasp has held down Hercules.
Thus while he spake, the Trojan, pale with fears,
Approach'd, and sought his knees with suppliant tears;
Loath as he was to yield his youthful breath,
And his soul shivering at the approach of death.
Achilles raised the spear prepared to wound;
He kiss'd his feet extended on the ground:
And while above the spear suspended stood,
Longing to dip its thirsty point in blood,
One hand embraced them close, one stopp'd the dart,
While thus these melting words attempt his heart:
Thy well-known captive, great Achilles! see;
Once more Lycaon trembles at thy knee.
Some pity to a suppliant's name afford,
Who shared the gifts of Ceres at thy board;
Whom late thy conquering arm to Lemnos bore,
Far from his father, friends, and native shore;
A hundred oxen were his price that day,
Now sums immense thy mercy shall repay.
Scarce respited from woes I yet appear,
And scarce twelve morning suns have seen me here;
Lo! Jove again submits me to thy hands,
Again her victim cruel Fate demands!
I sprung from Priam and Laothöe fair;
(Old Altè's daughter, and Lelegia's heir;
Who held in Pedasus his famed abode,
And ruled the fields where silver Satnio flow'd;)
Two sons (alas! unhappy sons) she bore;
For ah! one spear shall drink each brother's gore,
And I succeed to slaughter'd Polydore.
How from that arm of terror shall I fly?
Some dæmon urges! 'tis my doom to die!
If ever yet soft pity touch'd thy mind,
Ah! think not me too much of Hector's kind!
Not the same mother gave thy suppliant breath,
With his who wrought thy loved Patroclus' death.
These words, attended with a shower of tears,
The youth address'd to unrelenting ears.
Talk not of life, or ransom (he replies;)
Patroclus dead, whoever meets me dies:
In vain a single Trojan sues for grace;
But least the sons of Priam's hateful race.
Die then, my friend! what boots it to deplore?
The great, the good Patroclus is no more!
He, far thy better was foredoom'd to die,
And thou, dost thou bewail mortality?
Seest thou not me, whom nature's gifts adorn,
Sprung from a hero, from a goddess born?
The day shall come (which nothing can avert)
When by the spear, the arrow, or the dart,
By night or day, by force or by design,
Impending death and certain fate are mine.
Die then—He said: and as the word he spoke,
The fainting stripling sunk before the stroke:
His hand forgot its grasp, and left the spear,
While all his trembling frame confess'd his fear;
Sudden Achilles his broad sword display'd,
And buried in his neck the reeking blade.
Prone fell the youth; and panting on the land,
The gushing purple dyed the thirsty sand;
The victor to the stream the carcass gave,
And thus insults him floating on the wave:
Lie there, Lycaon! let the fish surround
Thy bloated corse, and suck thy gory wound:
There no sad mother shall thy funerals weep,
But swift Scamander roll thee to the deep,
Whose every wave some watery monster brings
To feast unpunish'd on the fat of kings.
So perish Troy and all the Trojan line!
Such ruin theirs, and such compassion mine.
What boots ye now Scamander's worshipp'd stream,
His earthly honours and immortal name?
In vain your immolated bulls are slain,
Your living coursers glut his gulfs in vain:
Thus he rewards you with his bitter fate!
Thus till the Grecian vengeance is complete;
Thus is atoned Patroclus' honour'd shade,
And the short absence of Achilles paid.
These boastful words provoke the raging god;
With fury swells the violated flood.
What means divine may yet the power employ,
To check Achilles, and to rescue Troy?
Meanwhile the hero springs in arms to dare
The great Asteropeus to mortal war.
The son of Pelagon, whose lofty line
Flows from the source of Axius, stream divine!
(Fair Peribæa's love the god had crown'd,
With all his refluent waters circled round.)
On him Achilles rush'd; he fearless stood,
And shook two spears advancing from the flood;
The flood impell'd him on Pelides' head
To avenge his waters choked with heaps of dead.
Near as they drew, Achilles thus began:
What art thou, boldest of the race of man?
Who or from whence? Unhappy is the sire
Whose son encounters our resistless ire.
O son of Peleus! what avails to trace
(Replied the warrior) our illustrious race?
From rich Pæonia's valleys I command,
Arm'd with protended spears, my native band;
Now shines the tenth bright morning since I came
In aid of Ilion to the fields of fame:
Axius, who swells with all the neighbouring rills,
And wide around the floated region fills,
Begot my sire, whose spear such glory won:
Now lift thy arm and try that hero's son!
Threatening he said: the hostile chiefs advance;
At once Asteropeus discharged each lance:
(For both his dextrous hands the lance could wield:)
One struck, but pierced not the Vulcanian shield;
One razed Achilles' hand; the spouting blood
Spun forth, in earth the fasten'd weapon stood.
Like lightning next the Pelian javelin flies:
Its erring fury hiss'd along the skies;
Deep in the swelling bank was driven the spear
E'en to the middle earth'd; and quiver'd there.
Then from his side the sword Pelides drew,
And on his foe with doubled fury flew.
The foe thrice tugg'd and shook the rooted wood;
Repulsive of his might the weapon stood:
The fourth he tries to break the spear in vain;
Bent as he stands he tumbles to the plain;
His belly open'd with a ghastly wound,
The reeking entrails pour upon the ground.
Beneath the hero's feet he panting lies,
And his eye darkens, and his spirit flies:
While the proud victor thus triumphing said,
His radiant armour tearing from the dead:
So ends thy glory! such the fates they prove,
Who strive presumptuous with the sons of Jove.
Sprung from a river didst thou boast thy line?
But great Saturnius is the source of mine.

How durst thou vaunt thy watery progeny?
Of Peleus, Æacus, and Jove, am I;
The race of these superior far to those,
As he that thunders to the stream that flows.
What rivers can, Scamander might have shown;
But Jove he dreads, nor wars against his son.
E'en Achelöus might contend in vain,
And all the roaring billows of the main.
The eternal ocean from whose fountains flow
The seas, the rivers, and the springs below,
The thundering voice of Jove abhors to hear,
And in his deep abysses shakes with fear.
He said: then from the bank his javelin tore,
And left the breathless warrior in his gore.
The floating tides the bloody carcass lave,
And beat against it, wave succeeding wave;
Till roll'd between the banks, it lies the food
Of curling eels, and fishes of the flood.
All scatter'd round the stream (their mightiest slain)
The amazed Pæonians scour along the plain:
He vents his fury on the flying crew,
Thrasius, Astypylus, and Mnesus slew;
Mydon, Thersilochus, with Ænius fell;
And numbers more his lance had plunged to hell,
But from the bottom of his gulfs profound,
Scamander spoke; the shores return'd the sound:
O first of mortals! (for the gods are thine,)
In valour matchless, and in force divine!
If Jove have given thee every Trojan head,
'Tis not on me thy rage should heap the dead.
See! my choked streams no more their course can keep,
Nor roll their wonted tribute to the deep.
Turn, then, impetuous! from our injured flood;
Content thy slaughters could amaze a god.
In human form confess'd before his eyes,
The river thus; and thus the chief replies:
O sacred stream! thy word we shall obey;
But not till Troy the destined vengeance pay;
Not till within her towers the perjured train
Shall pant and tremble at our arms again;
Not till proud Hector, guardian of her wall,
Or stain this lance, or see Achilles fall.
He said; and drove with fury on the foe.
Then to the godhead of the silver bow
The yellow flood began: O son of Jove!
Was not the mandate of the sire above
Full and express? that Phœbus should employ
His sacred arrows in defence of Troy,
And make her conquer till Hyperion's fall
In awful darkness hide the face of all?
He spoke in vain—the chief without dismay
Ploughs through the boiling surge his desperate way.
Then rising in his rage above the shores,
From all his deep the bellowing river roars;
Huge heaps of slain disgorges on the coast,
And round the banks the ghastly dead are toss'd;
While all before the billows ranged on high
(A watery bulwark,) screen the bands who fly.
Now bursting on his head with thundering sound,
The falling deluge whelms the hero round:
His loaded shield bends to the rushing tide;
His feet, upborne, scarce the strong flood divide,
Sliddering and staggering. On the border stood
A spreading elm that overhung the flood;
He seized a bending bough his steps to stay;
The plant uprooted to his weight gave way,
Heaving the bank, and undermining all,
Loud flash the waters to the rushing fall
Of the thick foliage. The large trunk display'd
Bridged the rough flood across: the hero stay'd
On this his weight, and raised upon his hand,
Leap'd from the channel and regain'd the land.
Then blacken'd the wild waves; the murmur rose;
The god pursues, a huger billow throws,
And bursts the bank, ambitious to destroy
The man whose fury is the fate of Troy.
He, like the warlike eagle speeds his pace,
(Swiftest and strongest of the aërial race:)
Far as a spear can fly Achilles springs
At every bound; his clanging armour rings;
Now here, now there, he turns on every side,
And winds his course before the following tide;
The waves flow after wheresoe'er he wheels,
And gather fast and murmur at his heels.
So when a peasant to his garden brings
Soft rills of water from the bubbling springs,
And calls the floods from high to bless his bowers,
And feed with pregnant streams the plants and flowers,
Soon as he clears whate'er their passage staid,
And marks the future current with his spade,
Swift o'er the rolling pebbles down the hills,
Louder and louder purl the falling rills;
Before him scattering they prevent his pains,
And shine in mazy wanderings o'er the plains.
Still flies Achilles, but before his eyes
Still swift Scamander rolls where'er he flies:
Not all his speed escapes the rapid floods;
The first of men, but not a match for gods.
Oft as he turn'd, the torrent to oppose,
And bravely try if all the powers were foes,
So oft the surge in watery mountains spread,
Beats on his back, or bursts upon his head.
Yet dauntless still the adverse flood he braves,
And still indignant bounds above the waves.
Tired by the tides, his knees relax with toil;
Wash'd from beneath him slides the slimy soil;
When thus (his eyes on heaven's expansion thrown)
Forth bursts the hero with an angry groan:
Is there no god Achilles to befriend,
No power to avert his miserable end?
Prevent, O Jove! this ignominious date,
And make my future life the sport of Fate.
Of all Heaven's oracles believed in vain,
But most of Thetis must her son complain;
By Phœbus' darts she prophesied my fall,
In glorious arms before the Trojan wall.
O! had I died in fields of battle warm,
Stretch'd like a hero by a hero's arm!
Might Hector's spear this dauntless bosom rend,
And my swift soul o'ertake my slaughter'd friend!
Ah no! Achilles meets a shameful fate,
Oh how unworthy of the brave and great!
Like some vile swain, whom on a rainy day,
Crossing a ford the torrent sweeps away,
An unregarded carcass to the sea.
Neptune and Pallas haste to his relief,
And thus, in human form, address'd the chief:
The power of ocean first: Forbear thy fear,
O son of Peleus! lo, thy gods appear!
Behold! from Jove descending to thy aid,
Propitious Neptune and the blue-eyed maid.
Stay, and the furious flood shall cease to rave:
'Tis not thy fate to glut his angry wave.

But thou the counsel Heaven suggests attend;
Nor breathe from combat, nor thy sword suspend,
Till Troy receives her flying sons, till all
Her routed squadrons pant behind their wall:
Hector alone shall stand his fatal chance,
And Hector's blood shall smoke upon thy lance.
Thine is the glory doom'd. Thus spake the gods:
Then swift ascended to the bright abodes.
Stung by new ardour, thus by Heaven impell'd,
He springs impetuous, and invades the field:
O'er all the expanded plain the waters spread;
Heaved on the bounding billows danced the dead,
Floating 'midst scatter'd arms; while casques of gold,
And turn'd-up bucklers glitter'd as they roll'd.
High o'er the surging tide, by leaps and bounds,
He wades and mounts; the parted wave resounds.
Not a whole river stops the hero's course,
While Pallas fills him with immortal force.
With equal rage indignant Xanthus roars,
And lifts his billows and o'erwhelms his shores.
Then thus to Simoïs: Haste, my brother flood!
And check this mortal that controuls a god:
Our bravest heroes else shall quit the fight,
And Ilion tumble from her towery height.
Call then thy subject streams, and bid them roar,
From all thy fountains swell thy watery store,
With broken rocks, and with a load of dead
Charge the black surge, and pour it on his head.
Mark how resistless through the flood he goes,
And boldly bids the warring gods be foes!
But not that force, nor form divine to sight,
Shall aught avail him if our rage unite:
Whelm'd under our dark gulfs those arms shall lie,
That blaze so dreadful in each Trojan eye.
And deep beneath a sandy mountain hurl'd
Immersed remain this terror of the world.
Such ponderous ruin shall confound the place,
No Greek shall e'en his perish'd relics grace,
No hand his bones shall gather or inhume;
These his cold rites, and this his watery tomb.
He said: and on the chief descends amain,
Increased with gore, and swelling with the slain.
Then murmuring from his beds, he boils, he raves,
And a foam whitens on the purple waves:
At every step before Achilles stood
The crimson surge, and deluged him with blood.
Fear touch'd the queen of heaven; she saw dismay'd,
She call'd aloud, and summon'd Vulcan's aid.
Rise to the war! the insulting flood requires
Thy wasteful arm: assemble all thy fires!
While to their aid, by our command enjoin'd,
Rush the swift eastern and the western wind;
These from old ocean at my word shall blow,
Pour the red torrent on the watery foe,
Corses and arms to one bright ruin turn,
And hissing rivers to their bottoms burn.
Go, mighty in thy rage! display thy power,
Drink the whole flood, the crackling trees devour,
Scorch all the banks! and (till our voice reclaim)
Exert the unwearied furies of the flame!
The power ignipotent her word obeys;
Wide o'er the plain he pours the boundless blaze;
At once consumes the dead and dries the soil;
And the shrunk waters in their channel boil.
As when autumnal Boreas sweeps the sky,
And instant blows the water'd gardens dry;
So look'd the field, so whiten'd was the ground,
While Vulcan breathed the fiery blast around.
Swift on the sedgy reeds the ruin preys;
Along the margin winds the running blaze;
The trees in flaming rows to ashes turn,
The flowery lotos and the tamarisk burn,
Broad elm and cypress rising in a spire,
The watery willows hiss before the fire;
Now glow the waves, the fishes pant for breath,
The eels lie twisting in the pangs of death:
Now flounce aloft, now dive the scaly fry,
Or gasping turn their bellies to the sky.
At length the river rear'd his languid head,
And thus, short-panting to the god, he said:
Oh, Vulcan! oh! what power resists thy might?
I faint, I sink, unequal to the fight.
I yield—Let Ilion fall; if fate decree—
Ah bend no more thy fiery arms on me!
He ceased: wide conflagration blazing round;
The bubbling waters yield a hissing sound.
As when the flames beneath a caldron rise,
To melt the fat of some rich sacrifice,
Amid the fierce embrace of circling fires
The waters foam, the heavy smoke aspires:
So boils the imprison'd flood forbid to flow,
And choked with vapours feels his bottom glow.
To Juno then, imperial queen of air,
The burning river sends his earnest prayer:
Ah, why Saturnia! must thy son engage
Me, only me, with all his wasteful rage?
On other gods his dreadful arm employ,
For mightier gods assert the cause of Troy.
Submissive I desist if thou command:
But, ah! withdraw this all-destroying hand.
Hear then my solemn oath to yield to Fate
Unaided Ilion and her destined state,
Till Greece shall gird her with destructive flame,
And in one ruin sink the Trojan name.
His warm entreaty touch'd Saturnia's ear
She bade the ignipotent his rage forbear,
Recall the flame, nor in a mortal cause
Infest a god: the obedient flame withdraws:
Again the branching streams begin to spread,
And soft-remurmur in their wonted bed.
While these by Juno's will the strife resign,
The warring gods in fierce contention join:
Re-kindling rage each heavenly breast alarms;
With horrid clangour shock the ethereal arms:
Heaven in loud thunder bids the trumpet sound,
And wide beneath them groans the rending ground.
Jove, as his sport, the dreadful scene descries,
And views contending gods with careless eyes.
The power of battles lifts his brazen spear,
And first assaults the radiant queen of war.
What moved thy madness thus to disunite
Ethereal minds, and mix all heaven in fight?
What wonder this when in thy frantic mood
Thou drovest a mortal to insult a god!
Thy impious hand Tydides' javelin bore,
And madly bathed it in celestial gore.
He spoke; and smote the long-resounding shield,
Which bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful field;
The adamantine ægis of her sire,
That turns the glancing bolt and forked fire.
Then heaved the goddess in her mighty hand
A stone, the limit of the neighbouring land,
There fix'd from eldest times: black, craggy, vast:
This at the heavenly homicide she cast.
Thundering he falls a mass of monstrous size,
And seven broad acres covers as he lies

The stunning stroke his stubborn nerves unbound:
Loud o'er the fields his ringing arms resound:
The scornful dame her conquest views with smiles,
And glorying, thus the prostrate god reviles:
Hast thou not yet, insatiate fury! known
How far Minerva's force transcends thy own?
Juno, whom thou, rebellious, darest withstand,
Corrects thy folly thus by Pallas' hand;
Thus meets thy broken faith with just disgrace,
And partial aid to Troy's perfidious race.
The goddess spoke and turn'd her eyes away,
That beaming round diffused celestial day.
Jove's Cyprian daughter stooping on the land,
Lent to the wounded god her tender hand:
Slowly he rises, scarcely breathes with pain,
And propp'd on her fair arm, forsakes the plain.
This the bright empress of the heavens survey'd
And, scoffing, thus to war's victorious maid:
Lo! what an aid on Mars's side is seen!
The smiles' and loves' unconquerable queen!
Mark with what insolence, in open view,
She moves: let Pallas, if she dares, pursue.
Minerva smiling heard, the pair o'ertook,
And slightly on her breast the wanton struck:
She unresisting fell, (her spirits fled;)
On earth together lay the lovers spread.
And like these heroes be the fate of all
(Minervia cries) who guard the Trojan wall!
To Grecian gods such let the Phrygians be,
So dread, so fierce, as Venus is to me;
Then from the lowest stone shall Troy be moved.—
Thus she; and Juno with a smile approved.
Meantime to mix in more than mortal fight,
The god of ocean dares the god of light.
What sloth has seized us when the fields around
Ring with conflicting powers, and heaven returns the sound?
Shall, ignominous, we with shame retire,
No deed perform'd, to our Olympian sire?
Come, prove thy arm! for first the war to wage,
Suits not my greatness or superior age;
Rash as thou art to prop the Trojan throne
(Forgetful of my wrongs and of thy own,)
And guard the race of proud Laomedon!
Hast thou forgot how, at the monarch's prayer,
We shared the lengthen'd labours of a year?
Troy's walls I raised (for such were Jove's commands.)
And yon proud bulwarks grew beneath my hands:
Thy task it was to feed the bellowing droves
Along fair Ida's vales and pendent groves.
But when the circling seasons in their train
Brought back the grateful day that crown'd our pain,
With menace stern the fraudful king defied
Our latent godhead, and the prize denied:
Mad as he was he threaten'd servile bands,
And doom'd us exiles far in barbarous lands.
Incensed we heavenward fled with swiftest wing,
And destined vengeance on the perjured king.
Dost thou for this afford proud Ilion grace,
And not like us infest the faithless race;
Like us, their present, future sons destroy,
And from its deep foundations heave their Troy?
Apollo thus: To combat for mankind,
Ill suits the wisdom of celestial mind:
For what is man? Calamitous by birth,
They owe their life and nourishment to earth;
Like yearly leaves, that now with beauty crown'd,
Smile on the sun; now wither on the ground.
To their own hands commit the frantic scene,
Nor mix immortals in a cause so mean.
Then turns his face, far beaming heavenly fires,
And from the senior power submiss retires:
Him, thus retreating, Artemis upbraids,
The quiver'd huntress of the sylvan shades:
And is it thus the youthful Phœbus flies,
And yields to ocean's hoary sire the prize?
How vain that martial pomp and dreadful show
Of pointed arrows and the silver bow!
Now boast no more in yon celestial bower,
Thy force can match the great earth-shaking power.
Silent he heard the queen of woods upbraid:
Not so Saturnia bore the vaunting maid:
But furious thus: What insolence has driven
Thy pride to face the majesty of heaven?
What though, by Jove the female plague design'd,
Fierce to the feeble race of woman-kind,
The wretched matron feels thy piercing dart;
Thy sex's tyrant with a tiger's heart?
What though tremendous, in the woodland chase,
Thy certain arrows pierce the savage race?
How dares thy rashness on the powers divine
Employ those arms, or match thy force with mine?
Learn hence no more unequal war to wage—
She said, and seized her wrists with eager rage:
These in her left hand lock'd, her right untied,
The bow, the quiver, and its plumy pride.
About her temples flies the busy bow;
Now here, now there, she winds her from the blow:
The scattering arrows rattle from the case,
Drop round, and idly mark the dusty place.
Swift from the field the baffled huntress flies,
And scarce restrains the torrent in her eyes:
So when the falcon wings her way above,
To the cleft cavern speeds the gentle dove,
(Not fated yet to die) there safe retreats,
Yet still her heart against the marble beats.
To her Latona hastes with tender care,
Whom Hermes, viewing thus declines the war:
How shall I face the dame who gives delight
To him whose thunders blacken heaven with night?
Go matchless goddess! triumph in the skies,
And boast my conquest while I yield the prize.
He spoke and pass'd: Latona, stooping low,
Collects the shatter'd shafts and fallen bow,
That glittering on the dust, lay here and there;
Dishonour'd relics of Diana's war.
Then swift pursued her to her bless'd abode,
Where all confused, she sought the sovereign god;
Weeping she grasp'd his knees: the ambrosial vest
Shook with her sighs, and panted on her breast.
The sire superior smiled; and bade her show
What heavenly hand had caused his daughter's woe.
Abash'd she names his own imperial spouse;
And the pale crescent fades upon her brows.
Thus they above: while swiftly gliding down,
Apollo enters Ilion's sacred town:
The guardian god now trembled for her wall,
And fear'd the Greeks, though Fate forbade her fall.
Back to Olympus from the war's alarms
Return'd the shining bands of gods in arms:
Some proud in triumphs, some with rage on fire;
And take their thrones around the ethereal sire.
Through blood through death, Achilles still proceeds
O'er slaughter'd heroes, and o'er rolling steeds.
As when avenging flames with fury driven
On guilty towns, exert the wrath of Heaven;

The pale inhabitants, some fall, some fly;
And the red vapours purple all the sky:
So raged Achilles: death and dire dismay,
And toils, and terrors, fill'd the dreadful day.
High on a turret hoary Priam stands,
And marks the waste of his destructive hands;
Views from his arms the Trojan's scatter'd flight,
And the near hero rising on his sight!
No stop, no check, no aid! With feeble pace,
And settled sorrow on his aged face,
Fast as he could he sighing quits the walls;
And thus, descending, on the guards he calls:
You to whose care our city gates belong,
Set wide your portals to the flying throng:
For lo! he comes with unresisted sway;
He comes, and desolation marks his way!
But when within the walls our troops take breath,
Lock fast the brazen bars, and shut out death.
Thus charged the reverend monarch: wide were flung
The opening folds: the sounding hinges rung.
Phœbus rush'd forth the flying bands to meet;
Struck slaughter back, and cover'd the retreat.
On heaps the Trojans crowd to gain the gate,
And gladsome see their last escape from Fate.
Thither, all parch'd with thirst, a heartless train,
Hoary with dust they beat the hollow plain;
And gasping, panting, fainting, labour on,
With heavier strides that lengthen'd toward the town.
Enraged Achilles follows with his spear,
Wild with revenge, insatiable of war.
Then had the Greeks eternal praise acquired,
And Troy inglorious to her walls retired:
But he, the god who darts ethereal flame,*
Shot down to save her, and redeem her fame.
To young Agenor force divine he gave
(Antenor's offspring, haughty, bold and brave:)
In aid of him beside the beach he sate,
And wrapp'd in clouds restrain'd the hand of Fate.
When now the generous youth Achilles spies,
Thick beats his heart, the troubled motions rise;
(So ere a storm the waters heave and roll;)
He stops, and questions thus his mighty soul:
What! shall I fly this terror of the plain!
Like others fly, and be like others slain?
Vain hope to shun him by the self-same road
Yon line of slaughter'd Trojans lately trod!
No! with the common heap I scorn to fall—
What if they pass'd me to the Trojan wall,
While I decline to yonder path that leads
To Ida's forests and surrounding shades?
So may I reach conceal'd the cooling flood,
From my tired body wash the dirt and blood;
As soon as night her dusky veil extends,
Return in safety to my Trojan friends.
What if—? But wherefore all this vain debate?
Stand I to doubt within the reach of Fate?
E'en now perhaps, ere yet I turn the wall,
The fierce Achilles sees me, and I fall:
Such is his swiftness, 'tis in vain to fly,
And such his valour that who stands must die.
Howe'er, 'tis better fighting for the state,
Here, and in public view, to meet my fate.
Yet sure he too is mortal! he may feel
(Like all the sons of earth) the force of steel;

One only soul informs that dreadful frame,
And Jove's sole favour gives him all his fame.
He said, and stood collected in his might;
And all his beating bosom claim'd the fight.
So from some deep-grown wood a panther starts,
Roused from his thicket by a storm of darts:
Untaught to fear or fly, he hears the sounds
Of shouting hunters and of clamorous hounds;
Though struck, though wounded, scarce perceives the pain,
And the barb'd javelin stings his breast in vain:
On their whole war untamed the savage flies;
And tears his hunter, or beneath him dies.
Not less resolved, Antenor's valiant heir
Confronts Achilles, and awaits the war,
Disdainful of retreat: high-held before,
His shield (a broad circumference) he bore
Then graceful as he stood in act to throw
The lifted javelin, thus bespoke the foe:
How proud Achilles glories in his fame!
And hopes this day to sink the Trojan name
Beneath her ruins! Know, that hope is vain:
A thousand woes, a thousand toils remain.
Parents and children our just arms employ,
And strong and many are the sons of Troy.
Great as thou art, e'en thou may'st stain with gore
These Phrygian fields, and press a foreign shore.
He said: with matchless force the javelin flung
Smote on his knee; the hollow cuishes rung
Beneath the pointed steel: but safe from harms
He stands impassive in ethereal arms.
Then fiercely rushing on the daring foe,
His lifted arm prepares the fatal blow:
But jealous of his fame, Apollo shrouds
The godlike Trojan in a veil of clouds.
Safe from pursuit, and shut from mortal view,
Dismiss'd with fame the favour'd youth withdrew.
Meanwhile the god, to cover their escape,
Assumes Agenor's habit, voice, and shape,
Flies from the furious chief in this disguise;
The furious chief still follows where he flies.
Now o'er the fields they stretch with lengthen'd strides,
Now urge the course where swift Scamander glides;
The god now distant scarce a stride before,
Tempts his pursuit, and wheels about the shore;
While all the flying troops their speed employ,
And pour on heaps into the walls of Troy:
No stop, no stay; no thought to ask, or tell
Who 'scaped by flight, or who by battle fell.
'Twas tumult all, and violence of flight;
And sudden joy confused, and mix'd affright:
Pale Troy against Achilles shuts her gate;
And nations breathe deliver'd from their fate.

* Apollo.

BOOK XXII.

ARGUMENT.

The Death of Hector.

The Trojans being safe within the walls, Hector only stays to oppose Achilles. Priam is struck at his approach, and tries to persuade his son to re-enter the town. Hecuba joins her entreaties, but in vain. Hector consults within himself what measures to take; but at the advance of Achilles, his resolution fails him, and he flies: Achilles pursues him thrice round the walls of Troy. The gods debate concerning the fate of

Hector; at length Minerva descends to the aid of Achilles. She deludes Hector in the shape of Deiphobus; he stands the combat, and is slain. Achilles drags the dead body at his chariot, in the sight of Priam and Hecuba. Their lamentations, tears, and despair. Their cries reach the ears of Andromache, who, ignorant of this, was retired into the inner part of the palace; she mounts up to the walls, and beholds her dead husband. She swoons at the spectacle. Her excess of grief and lamentations.

The thirtieth day still continues. The scene lies under the walls, and on the battlements of Troy.

BOOK XXII.

Thus to their bulwarks, smit with panic fear,
The herded Ilians rush like driven deer;
There safe they wipe the briny drops away,
And drown in bowls the labour of the day.
Close to the walls advancing o'er the fields
Beneath one roof of well-compacted shields,
March bending on the Greeks' embodied powers,
Far-stretching in the shade of Trojan towers.
Great Hector singly staid; chain'd down by Fate,
There fix'd he stood before the Scæan gate;
Still his bold arms determined to employ,
The guardian still of long-defended Troy.
Apollo now to tired Achilles turns;
(The power confess'd in all his glory burns.)
And what (he cries) has Peleus son in view,
With mortal speed a godhead to pursue?
For not to thee to know the gods is given,
Unskill'd to trace the latent marks of Heaven.
What boots thee now, that Troy forsook the plain?
Vain thy past labour, and thy present vain:
Safe in her walls are now her troops bestow'd,
While here thy frantic rage attacks a god.
The chief incensed—Too partial god of day!
To check my conquest in the middle way;
How few in Ilion else had refuge found!
What gasping numbers now had bit the ground!
Thou robb'st me of a glory justly mine,
Powerful of godhead, and of fraud divine:
Mean fame, alas! for one of heavenly strain,
To cheat a mortal who repines in vain.
Then to the city, terrible and strong,
With high and haughty steps he tower'd along.
So the proud courser, victor of the prize,
To the near goal with double ardour flies.
Him, as he blazing shot across the field,
The careful eyes of Priam first beheld.
Not half so dreadful rises to the sight,
Through the thick gloom of some tempestuous night,
Orion's dog (the year when autumn weighs,)
And o'er the feeble stars exerts his rays:
Terrific glory! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
So flamed his fiery mail. Then wept the sage;
He strikes his reverend head now white with age:
He lifts his wither'd arms; obtests the skies;
He calls his much-loved son with feeble cries:
The son resolved Achilles force to dare,
Full at the Scæan gate expects the war:
While the sad father on the rampart stands,
And thus adjures him with extended hands:
Ah stay not, stay not! guardless and alone;
Hector! my loved, my dearest, bravest son!
Methinks already I behold thee slain,
And stretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.
Implacable Achilles! might'st thou be
To all the gods no dearer than to me!
The vultures wild should scatter round the shore,
And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore.
How many valiant sons I late enjoy'd,
Valiant in vain! by thy cursed arm destroy'd:
Or worse than slaughter'd, sold in distant isles
To shameful bondage and unworthy toils.
Two while I speak my eyes in vain explore,
Two from one mother sprung, my Polydore,
And loved Lycaon: now perhaps no more!
Oh! if in yonder hostile camp they live,
What heaps of gold, what treasures would I give!
(Their grandsire's wealth by right of birth their own,
Consign'd his daughter with Lelegia's throne:)
But if (which Heaven forbid) already lost,
All pale they wander on the Stygian coast,
What sorrows then must their sad mother know!
What anguish! unutterable woe!
Yet less that anguish, less to her, to me,
Less to all Troy, if not deprived of thee.
Yet shun Achilles! enter yet the wall;
And spare thyself, thy father, spare us all!
Save thy dear life; or if a soul so brave
Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory save.
Pity, while yet I live, these silver hairs!
While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
Yet cursed with sense! a wretch, whom, in his rage
(All trembling on the verge of helpless age)
Great Jove has placed, sad spectacle of pain!
The bitter dregs of Fortune's cup to drain:
To fill with scenes of death his closing eyes,
And number all his days by miseries;
My heroes slain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,
My daughters ravish'd, and my city burn'd,
My bleeding infants dash'd against the floor;
These I have yet to see, perhaps yet more!
Perhaps e'en I, reserved by angry Fate
The last sad relic of my ruin'd state,
(Dire pomp of sovereign wretchedness!) must fall,
And stain the pavement of my regal hall;
Where famish'd dogs, late guardians of my door,
Shall lick their mangled master's spatter'd gore.
Yet for my sons I thank ye, gods! 'twas well:
Well have they perish'd, for in fight they fell.
Who dies in youth and vigour dies the best,
Struck through with wounds, all honest on the breast.
But when the Fates, in fulness of their rage,
Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age,
In dust the reverend lineaments deform,
And pour to dogs the life blood scarcely warm:
This, this is misery! the last, the worst,
That man can feel; man, fated to be cursed!
He said, and acting what no words could say,
Rent from his head the silver locks away.
With him the mournful mother bears a part;
Yet all their sorrows turn not Hector's heart:
The zone unbraced, her bosom she display'd;
And thus, fast falling the salt tears, she said:
Have mercy on me, O my son! revere
The words of age; attend a parent's prayer!
If ever thee in these fond arms I press'd,
Or still'd thy infant clamours at this breast;
Ah! do not thus our helpless years forego,
But by our walls secured repel the foe.
Against his rage if singly thou proceed,
Shouldst thou (but Heaven avert it!) shouldst thou bleed,

Nor must thy corse lie honour'd on the bier,
Nor spouse nor mother grace thee with a tear;
Far from our pious rites, those dear remains
Must feast the vultures on the naked plains.
So they, while down their cheeks the torrents roll;
But fix'd remains the purpose of his soul:
Resolved he stands, and with a fiery glance
Expects the hero's terrible advance.
So roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake
Beholds the traveller approach the brake;
When fed with noxious herbs his turgid veins
Have gather'd half the poisons of the plains;
He burns, he stiffens with collected ire,
And his red eye-balls glare with living fire.
Beneath a turret, on his shield reclined,
He stood, and question'd thus his mighty mind:
Where lies my way? To enter in the wall?
Honour and shame the ungenerous thought recall:
Shall proud Polydamas before the gate
Proclaim his counsels are obey'd too late,
Which timely follow'd but the former night,
What numbers had been saved by Hector's flight?
That wise advice rejected with disdain,
I feel my folly in my people slain.
Methinks my suffering country's voice I hear,
But most her worthless sons insult my ear,
On my rash courage charge the chance of war,
And blame those virtues which they cannot share.
No—If I e'er return, return I must
Glorious, my country's terror laid in dust:
Or if I perish, let her see me fall
In field at least, and fighting for her wall.
And yet suppose these measures I forego,
Approach unarm'd and parley with the foe,
The warrior-shield, the helm, and lance, lay down,
And treat on terms of peace to save the town:
The wife withheld, the treasure ill-detain'd
(Cause of the war, and grievance of the land,)
With honourable justice to restore;
And add half Ilion's yet remaining store,
Which Troy shall sworn produce; that injured Greece
May share our wealth, and leave our walls in peace.
But why this thought? Unarm'd if I should go,
What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe,
But woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow?
We greet not here as man conversing man,
Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain;
No season now for calm familiar talk,
Like youths and maidens in an evening walk;
War is our business, but to whom is given
To die or triumph, that determine Heaven!
Thus pondering, like a god the Greek drew nigh,
His dreadful plumage nodded from on high;
The Pelian javelin in his better hand
Shot trembling rays that glitter'd o'er the land;
And on his breast the beamy splendours shone,
Like Jove's own lightning or the rising sun.
As Hector sees, unusual terrors rise,
Struck by some god, he fears, recedes, and flies;
He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind:
Achilles follows like the winged wind.
Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies
(The swiftest racer of the liquid skies;)
Just when he holds or thinks he holds his prey,
Obliquely wheeling through the aërial way,
With open beak and shrilling cries he springs,
And aims his claws and shoots upon his wings;
No less fore-right the rapid chase they held
One urged by fury, one by fear impell'd;
Now circling round the walls their course maintain,
Where the high watch-tower overlooks the plain:
Now where the fig-trees spread their umbrage broad,
(A wider compass,) smoke along the road.
Next by Scamander's double source they bound,
Where two famed fountains burst the parted ground;
This hot through scorching clefts is seen to rise,
With exhalations steaming to the skies;
That the green banks in summer's heat o'erflows,
Like crystal clear, and cold as winter snows.
Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,
Whose polish'd bed receives the falling rills;
Where Trojan dames (ere yet alarm'd by Greece)
Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace.
By these they pass'd, one chasing, one in flight:
(The mighty fled, pursued by stronger might.)
Swift was the course; no vulgar prize they play,
No vulgar victim must reward the day,
(Such as in races crown the speedy strife,)
The prize contended was great Hector's life.
As when some hero's funerals are decreed
In grateful honour of the mighty dead;
Where high rewards the vigorous youth inflame
(Some golden tripod, or some lovely dame;)
The panting coursers swiftly turn the goal,
And with them turns the raised spectator's soul:
Thus three times round the Trojan wall they fly:
The gazing gods lean forward from the sky;
To whom, while eager on the chase they look,
The sire of mortals and immortals spoke:
Unworthy sight! the man beloved of Heaven,
Behold, inglorious round yon city driven!
My heart partakes the generous Hector's pain;
Hector, whose zeal whole hecatombs has slain,
Whose grateful fumes the gods received with joy,
From Ida's summits and the towers of Troy:
Now see him flying! to his fears resign'd,
And Fate and fierce Achilles close behind.
Consult, ye powers! ('tis worthy your debate)
Whether to snatch him from impending Fate,
Or let him bear, by stern Pelides slain,
(Good as he is,) the lot imposed on man?
Then Pallas thus: Shall he whose vengeance forms
The forky bolt, and blackens heaven with storms,
Shall he prolong one Trojan's forfeit breath?
A man, a mortal, pre-ordain'd to death?
And will no murmurs fill the courts above?
No gods indignant blame their partial Jove?
Go then (return'd the sire) without delay,
Exert thy will: I give the fates their way.
Swift at the mandate pleased Tritonia flies,
And stoops impetuous from the cleaving skies.
As through the forest o'er the vale and lawn,
The well-breathed beagle drives the flying fawn;
In vain he tries the covert of the brakes,
Or deep beneath the trembling thicket shakes;
Sure of the vapour in the tainted dews,
The certain hound his various maze pursues:
Thus step by step, where'er the Trojan wheel'd,
There swift Achilles compass'd round the field.
Oft as to reach the Dardan gates he bends,
And hopes the assistance of his pitying friends
(Whose showering arrows, as he coursed below,
From the high turrets might oppress the foe,)
So oft Achilles turns him to the plain:
He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.

As men in slumber seem with speedy pace
One to pursue and one to lead the chase,
Their sinking limbs the fancied course forsake,
Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake:
No less the labouring heroes pant and strain,
While that but flies, and this pursues in vain.
What god, O muse! assisted Hector's force,
With Fate itself so long to hold the course?
Phœbus it was; who in its latest hour
Endued his knees with strength, his nerves with power:
And great Achilles, lest some Greek's advance
Should snatch the glory from his lifted lance,
Sign'd to the troops to yield his foe the way,
And leave untouch'd the honours of the day.
Jove lifts the golden balances that show
The fates of mortal men and things below;
Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
And weighs with equal hand their destinies.
Low sinks the scale surcharged with Hector's fate;
Heavy with death it sinks, and hell receives the weight.
Then Phœbus left him. Fierce Minerva flies
To stern Pelides, and triumphing cries:
Oh, loved of Jove! this day our labours cease,
And conquest blazes with full beams on Greece.
Great Hector falls: that Hector famed so far,
Drunk with renown, insatiable of war,
Falls by thy hand and mine; nor force nor flight
Shall more avail him, nor his god of light.
See where in vain he supplicates above,
Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting Jove!
Rest here: myself will lead the Trojan on,
And urge to meet the fate he cannot shun.
Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind
Obey'd; and rested, on his lance reclined.
While like Deïphobus the martial dame
(Her face, her gesture, and her arms the same)
In show and aid, by hapless Hector's side
Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice belied:
Too long, O Hector, have I borne the sight
Of this distress, and sorrow'd in thy flight:
It fits us now a noble stand to make,
And here as brothers equal fates partake.
Then he: O prince! allied in blood and fame,
Dearer than all that own a brother's name;
Of all that Hecuba to Priam bore,
Long tried, long loved; much loved, but honour'd more,
Since you of all our numerous race alone
Defend my life regardless of your own.
Again the goddess: Much my father's prayer,
And much my mother's press'd me to forbear:
My friends embraced my knees, adjured my stay,
But stronger love impell'd, and I obey.
Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,
Let the steel sparkle and the javelin fly:
Or let us stretch Achilles on the field,
Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield.
Fraudful she said; then swiftly march'd before:
The Dardan hero shuns his foe no more.
Sternly they met. The silence Hector broke;
His dreadful plumage nodded as he spoke:
Enough, O son of Peleus! Troy has view'd
Her walls thrice circled, and her chief pursued:
But now some god within me bids me try
Thine, or my fate: I kill thee, or I die.
Yet on the verge of battle let us stay,
And for a moment's space suspend the day;
Let heaven's high power be call'd to arbitrate
The just conditions of this stern debate
(Eternal witnesses of all below,
And faithful guardians of the treasured vow!)
To them I swear; if, victor in the strife,
Jove by these hands shall shed thy noble life,
No vile dishonour shall thy corse pursue;
Stripp'd of its arms alone (the conqueror's due)
The rest to Greece uninjured I'll restore:
Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more.
Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes:)
Detested as thou art, and ought to be,
Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee.
Such pacts as lambs and rabid wolves combine,
Such leagues as men and furious lions join,
To such I call the gods! one constant state
Of lasting rancour and eternal hate;
No thought but rage and never-ceasing strife,
Till death extinguish rage, and thought, and life.
Rouse then thy forces this important hour,
Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy power.
No farther subterfuge, no farther chance;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.
Each Grecian ghost by thee deprived of breath
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death.
He spoke, and launch'd the javelin at the foe:
But Hector shunn'd the meditated blow:
He stoop'd, while o'er his head the flying spear
Sung innocent, and spent its force in air.
Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,
Then drew and gave to great Achilles' hand,
Unseen of Hector, who, elate with joy,
Now shakes his lance, and braves the dread of Troy.
The life you boasted to that javelin given,
Prince! you have miss'd. My fate depends on Heaven.
To thee presumptuous as thou art, unknown
Or what must prove my fortune or thy own.
Boasting is but an art our fears to blind,
And with false terror sink another's mind.
But know, whatever fate I am to try,
By no dishonest wound shall Hector die;
I shall not fall a fugitive at least,
My soul shall bravely issue from my breast.
But first try thou my arm! and may this dart
End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart!
The weapon flew, its course unerring held;
Unerring, but the heavenly shield repell'd
The mortal dart; resulting with a bound
From off the ringing orb, it struck the ground.
Hector beheld his javelin fall in vain,
Nor other lance, nor other hope remain;
He calls Deïphobus, demands a spear,
In vain, for no Deïphobus was there.
All comfortless he stands: then, with a sigh,
'Tis so—Heaven wills it, and my hour is nigh!
I deem'd Deïphobus had heard my call,
But he secure lies guarded in the wall.
A god deceived me: Pallas, 'twas thy deed:
Death and black Fate approach! 'tis I must bleed.
No refuge now, no succour from above,
Great Jove deserts me, and the son of Jove,
Propitious once, and kind! then welcome Fate!
'Tis true I perish, yet I perish great:
Yet in a mighty deed I shall expire,
Let future ages hear it and admire!
Fierce at the word his weighty sword he drew,
And all-collected on Achilles flew.

So Jove's bold bird, high balanced in the air,
Stoops from the clouds to truss the quivering hare.
Nor less Achilles his fierce soul prepares;
Before his breast the flaming shield he bears,
Refulgent orb! above his fourfold cone
The gilded horse-hair sparkled in the sun,
Nodding at every step (Vulcanian frame!)
And as he moved his figure seem'd on flame.
As radiant Hesper shines with keener light,
Far beaming o'er the silver host of night,
When all the starry train emblaze the sphere:
So shone the point of great Achilles' spear.
In his right hand he waves the weapon round,
Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound:
But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore,
Securely cased the warrior's body o'er!
One place at length he spies to let in Fate,
Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate
Gave entrance: through that penetrable part
Furious he drove the well-directed dart:
Nor pierced the windpipe yet, nor took the power
Of speech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.
Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,
While thus triumphing stern Achilles cries:
At last is Hector stretch'd upon the plain,
Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus slain?
Then, prince, you should have fear'd what now you feel;
Achilles absent was Achilles still.
Yet a short space the great avenger stay'd,
Then low in dust thy strength and glory laid.
Peaceful he sleeps with all our rites adorn'd,
For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd:
While cast to all the rage of hostile power,
Thee birds shall mangle and the dogs devour.
Then Hector, fainting at the approach of death:
By thy own soul! by those who gave thee breath!
By all the sacred prevalence of prayer!
Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear!
The common rites of sepulture bestow,
To soothe a father's and a mother's woe;
Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,
And Hector's ashes in his country rest.
No, wretch accursed! relentless he replies
(Flames as he spoke shot flashing from his eyes,)
Not those who gave me breath should bid me spare,
Nor all the sacred prevalence of prayer.
Could I myself the bloody banquet join!
No—to the dogs that carcass I resign.
Should Troy to bribe me bring forth all her store,
And giving thousands, offer thousands more;
Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,
Drain the whole realm to buy one funeral flame:
Their Hector on the pile they should not see,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee.
Then thus the chief his dying accents drew:
Thy rage implacable too well I knew:
The Furies that relentless breast have steel'd,
And cursed thee with a heart that cannot yield.
Yet think, a day will come, when Fate's decree
And angry gods shall wreak this wrong on thee;
Phœbus and Paris shall avenge my fate,
And stretch thee here before this Scæan gate.
He ceased. The Fates suppress'd his labouring breath,
And his eyes stiffen'd at the hand of death;
To the dark realm the spirit wings its way
(The manly body left a load of clay,)
And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost!
Achilles, musing as he roll'd his eyes
O'er the dead hero, thus (unheard) replies;
Die thou the first! When Jove and Heaven ordain,
I follow thee—He said, and stripp'd the slain.
Then forcing backward from the gaping wound
The reeking javelin, cast it on the ground.
The thronging Greeks behold with wondering eyes
His manly beauty and superior size:
While some ignobler the great dead deface
With wounds ungenerous, or with taunts disgrace:
'How changed that Hector, who like Jove of late
Sent lightning on our fleets, and scatter'd fate!'
High o'er the slain the great Achilles stands,
Begirt with heroes and surrounding bands;
And thus aloud, while all the host attends:
Princes and leaders! countrymen and friends!
Since now at length the powerful will of Heaven
The dire destroyer to our arm has given,
Is not Troy fall'n already? Haste, ye powers!
See if already their deserted towers
Are left unmann'd; or if they yet retain
The souls of heroes, their great Hector slain.
But what is Troy, or glory what to me?
Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee,
Divine Patroclus! Death has seal'd his eyes;
Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd, he lies!
Can his dear image from my soul depart,
Long as the vital spirit moves my heart?
If in the melancholy shades below,
The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,
Yet mine shall sacred last; mine undecay'd
Burn on through death, and animate my shade.
Meanwhile, ye sons of Greece, in triumph bring
The corse of Hector, and your Pæans sing.
Be this the song, slow-moving toward the shore,
'Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more.'
Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred
(Unworthy of himself and of the dead.)
The nervous ancles bored, his feet he bound
With thongs inserted through the double wound;
These fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
His graceful head was trail'd along the plain.
Proud on his car the insulting victor stood,
And bore aloft his arms distilling blood.
He smites the steeds; the rapid chariot flies;
The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.
Now lost is all that formidable air;
The face divine, and long-descending hair,
Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand;
Deform'd, dishonour'd, in his native land,
Given to the rage of an insulting throng!
And in his parents' sight now dragg'd along!
The mother first beheld with sad survey:
She rent her tresses, venerably gray,
And cast far off the regal veils away.
With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she moans,
While the sad father answers groans with groans;
Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
And the whole city wears one face of woe:
Not less than if the rage of hostile fires,
From her foundations curling to her spires,
O'er the proud citadel at length should rise,
And the last blaze send Ilion to the skies.
The wretched monarch of the falling state
Distracted presses to the Dardan gate.

Scarce the whole people stop his desperate course,
While strong affliction gives the feeble force:
Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,
In all the raging impotence of woe.
At length he roll'd in dust, and thus begun,
Imploring all, and naming one by one:
Ah! let me, let me go where sorrow calls;
I, only I, will issue from your walls
(Guide or companion, friends! I ask you none,)
And bow before the murderer of my son:
My grief perhaps his pity may engage;
Perhaps at least he may respect my age.
He has a father too; a man like me;
One not exempt from age and misery:
(Vigorous no more, as when his young embrace
Begot this pest of me and all my race.)
How many valiant sons, in early bloom,
Has that cursed hand sent headlong to the tomb!
Thee, Hector! last: thy loss (divinely brave)
Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.
Oh had thy gentle spirit pass'd in peace,
The son expiring in the sire's embrace,
While both thy parents wept thy fatal hour,
And bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender shower!
Some comfort that had been, some sad relief,
To melt in full satiety of grief!
Thus wail'd the father, grovelling on the ground,
And all the eyes of Ilion stream'd around.
Amidst her matrons Hecuba appears
(A mourning princess, and a train in tears.)
Ah, why has heaven prolong'd this hated breath,
Patient of horrors, to behold thy death!
O Hector! late thy parents' pride and joy,
The boast of nations! the defence of Troy!
To whom her safety and her fame she owed
Her chief, her hero, and almost her god!
O fatal change! become in one sad day
A senseless corse! inanimated clay!
But not as yet the fatal news had spread
To fair Andromache, of Hector dead;
As yet no messenger had told his fate,
Nor e'en his stay without the Scæan gate.
Far in the close recesses of the dome,
Pensive she plied the melancholy loom;
A growing work employ'd her secret hours,
Confusedly gay with intermingled flowers.
Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn,
The bath preparing for her lord's return:
In vain: alas! her lord returns no more:
Unbathed he lies, and bleeds along the shore!
Now from the walls the clamours reach her ear,
And all her members shake with sudden fear;
Forth from her ivory hand the shuttle falls,
And thus, astonish'd, to her maids she calls:
Ah! follow me! (she cried) what plaintive noise
Invades my ear? 'Tis sure my mother's voice.
My faltering knees their trembling frame desert,
A pulse unusual flutters at my heart;
Some strange disaster, some reverse of fate
(Ye gods, avert it!) threats the Trojan state.
Far be the omen which my thoughts suggest!
But much I fear my Hector's dauntless breast
Confronts Achilles; chased along the plain,
Shut from our walls! I fear, I fear him slain!
Safe in the crowd he ever scorn'd to wait,
And sought for glory in the jaws of fate:
Perhaps that noble heat has cost his breath,
Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death.
She spoke; and furious with distracted pace,
Fears in her heart, and anguish in her face,
Flies through the dome (the maids her steps pursuer
And mounts the walls, and sends around her view
Too soon her eyes the killing object found,
The godlike Hector dragg'd along the ground.
A sudden darkness shades her swimming eyes;
She faints, she falls; her breath, her colour flies.
Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound
The net that held them, and the wreath that crown'
The veil and diadem flew far away
(The gift of Venus on her bridal day,)
Around a train of weeping sisters stands,
To raise her sinking with assisting hands.
Scarce from the verge of death recall'd again
She faints, or but recovers to complain.
O wretched husband of a wretched wife!
Born with one fate to one unhappy life!
For sure one star its baleful beam display'd
On Priam's roof and Hippoplacia's shade.
From different parents, different climes, we came,
At different periods, yet our fate the same!
Why was my birth to great Aëtion owed,
And why was all that tender care bestow'd.
Would I had never been!—O thou, the ghost
Of my dead husband, miserably lost!
Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!
An only child, once comfort of my pains,
Sad product now of hapless love remains!
No more to smile upon his sire, no friend
To help him now! no father to defend!
For should he 'scape the sword, the common doom
What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come!
E'en from his own paternal roof expell'd,
Some stranger ploughs his patrimonial field.
The day that to the shades the father sends,
Robs the sad orphan of his father's friends:
He, wretched outcast of mankind! appears
For ever sad, for ever bathed in tears!
Among the happy unregarded he
Hangs on the robe or trembles at the knee:
While those his father's former bounty fed,
Nor reach the goblet nor divide the bread!
The kindest but his present wants allay,
To leave him wretched the succeeding day:
Frugal compassion! Heedless they who boast
Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost,
Shall cry, 'Begone! thy father feasts not here:'
The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.
Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,
To my sad soul Astyanax appears!
Forced by repeated insults to return,
And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn.
He who, with tender delicacy bred,
With princes sported, and on dainties fed,
And when still evening gave him up to rest
Sunk soft in down upon his nurse's breast,
Must—ah what must he not? Whom Ilion calls
Astyanax, from her well-guarded walls,
Is now that name no more, unhappy boy!
Since now no more thy father guards his Troy.
But thou, my Hector! liest exposed in air,
Far from thy parents' and thy consort's care,
Whose hand in vain, directed by her love,
The martial scarf and robe of triumph wove.
Now to devouring flames be these a prey,
Useless to thee from this accursed day!

Yet let the sacrifice at least be paid,
An honour to the living, not the dead!
So spoke the mournful dame: her matrons hear,
Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear with tear.

BOOK XXIII.

ARGUMENT.

Funeral Games in honour of Patroclus.

Achilles and the Myrmidons do honour to the body of Patroclus. After the funeral feast he retires to the sea-shore, where falling asleep, the ghost of his friend appears to him, and demands the rites of burial; the next morning the soldiers are sent with mules and waggons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral procession, and the offering their hair to the dead. Achilles sacrifices several animals, and lastly twelve Trojan captives at the pile, then sets fire to it. He pays libations to the winds, which, (at the instance of Iris) rise, and raise the flames. When the pile has burned all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and raise the tomb. Achilles institutes the funeral games: the chariot-race, the fight of the cæstus, the wrestling, the foot-race, the single combat, the discus, the shooting with arrows, the darting the javelin: the various descriptions of which, and the various success of several antagonists, make the greatest part of the book.

In this book ends the thirtieth day. The night following the ghost of Patroclus appears to Achilles: the one-and-thirtieth day is employed in felling the timber for the pile; the two-and-thirtieth in burning it; and the three-and-thirtieth in the games. The scene is generally on the sea-shore.

BOOK XXIII.

Thus humbled in the dust, the pensive train
Through the sad city mourn'd her hero slain.
The body soil'd with dust, and black with gore,
Lies on broad Hellespont's resounding shore:
The Grecians seek their ships, and clear the strand,
All, but the martial Myrmidonian band;
These yet assembled great Achilles holds,
And the stern purpose of his mind unfolds:
Not yet (my brave companions of the war)
Release your smoking coursers from the car;
But, with his chariot each in order led,
Perform due honours to Patroclus dead.
Ere yet from rest or food we seek relief,
Some rites remain to glut our rage of grief.
The troops obey'd; and thrice in order led
(Achilles first) their coursers round the dead;
And thrice their sorrows, and laments renew:
Tears bathe their arms, and tears the sands bedew.
For such a warrior Thetis aids their woe,
Melts their strong hearts, and bids their eyes to flow.
But chief, Pelides: thick-succeeding sighs
Burst from his heart, and torrents from his eyes:
His slaughtering hands, yet red with blood, he laid
On his dead friend's cold breast, and thus he said:
All hail, Patroclus! let thy honour'd ghost
Hear, and rejoice on Pluto's dreary coast;
Behold! Achilles' promise is complete;
The bloody Hector stretch'd before thy feet.
Lo! to the dogs his carcass I resign;
And twelve sad victims of the Trojan line,
Sacred to vengeance, instant, shall expire:
Their lives effused, around thy funeral pyre.
Gloomy he said, and (horrible to view)
Before the bier the bleeding Hector threw,
Prone on the dust. The Myrmidons around
Unbraced their armour, and the steeds unbound.
All to Achilles' sable ship repair,
Frequent and full, the genial feast to share.
Now from the well-fed swine black smokes aspire.
The bristly victims hissing o'er the fire:
The huge ox bellowing falls; with feebler cries
Expires the goat; the sheep in silence dies.
Around the hero's prostrate body flow'd
In one promiscuous stream the reeking blood.
And now a band of Argive monarchs brings
The glorious victor to the king of kings.
From his dead friend the pensive warrior went,
With steps unwilling, to the regal tent.
The attending heralds, as by office bound,
With kindled flames the tripod-vase surround;
To cleanse his conquering hands from hostile gore,
They urged in vain; the chief refused, and swore:
No drop shall touch me, by almighty Jove!
The first and greatest of the gods above!
Till on the pyre I place thee; till I rear
The grassy mound, and clip thy sacred hair.
Some ease at least those pious rites may give,
And soothe my sorrows while I bear to live.
Howe'er, reluctant as I am, I stay
And share your feasts; but, with the dawn of day,
(O king of men!) it claims thy royal care,
That Greece the warrior's funeral pile prepare,
And bid the forests fall (such rites are paid
To heroes slumbering in eternal shade.)
Then, when his earthly part shall mount in fire,
Let the leagued squadrons to their posts retire.
He spoke; they hear him, and the word obey;
The rage of hunger and of thirst allay,
Then ease in sleep the labours of the day.
But great Pelides, stretch'd along the shore,
Where dash'd on rocks the broken billows roar,
Lies inly groaning; while on either hand
The martial Myrmidons confusedly stand.
Along the grass his languid members fall,
Tired with his chase around the Trojan wall:
Hush'd by the murmurs of the rolling deep,
At length he sinks in the soft arms of sleep.
When lo! the shades, before his closing eyes,
Of sad Patroclus rose, or seem'd to rise;
In the same robe he living wore, he came;
In stature, voice, and pleasing look, the same.
The form familiar hover'd o'er his head,—
And sleeps Achilles (thus the phantom said,)
Sleeps my Achilles, his Patroclus dead?
Living, I seem'd his dearest, tenderest care,
But now forgot I wander in the air.
Let my pale corse the rites of burial know,
And give me entrance in the realms below:
Till then the spirit finds no resting place,
But here and there the unbodied spectres chace
The vagrant dead around the dark abode,
Forbid to cross the irremeable flood.
Now give thy hand: for to the farther shore
When once we pass, the soul returns no more:
When once the last funereal flames ascend,
No more shall meet Achilles and his friend;
No more our thoughts to those we loved make known,
Or quit the dearest, to converse alone.
Me fate has sever'd from the sons of earth,
The fate foredoom'd that waited from my birth:

Thee too it waits; before the Trojan wall,
E'en great and godlike thou, art doom'd to fall.
Hear then; and as in fate and love we join,
Ah, suffer that my bones may rest with thine!
Together have we lived; together bred;
One house received us, and one table fed:
That golden urn thy goddess-mother gave,
May mix our ashes in one common grave.
And is it thou? (he answers:) to my sight
Once more return'st thou from the realms of night?
Oh more than brother! Think each office paid,
Whate'er can rest a discontented shade;
But grant one last embrace, unhappy boy!
Afford at least that melancholy joy.
He said, and with his longing arms essay'd
In vain to grasp the visionary shade;
Like a thin smoke he sees the spirit fly,
And hears a feeble lamentable cry.
Confused he wakes; amazement breaks the bands
Of golden sleep, and, starting from the sands,
Pensive he muses with uplifted hands:
'Tis true, 'tis certain; man, though dead, retains
Part of himself; the immortal mind remains:
The form subsists without the body's aid,
Aërial semblance, and an empty shade!
This night my friend, so late in battle lost,
Stood at my side, a pensive, plaintive ghost;
E'en now familiar, as in life, he came,
Alas! how different! yet how like the same.
Thus while he spoke, each eye grew big with tears:
And now the rosy-finger'd Morn appears,
Shows every mournful face with tears o'erspread,
And glares on the pale visage of the dead.
But Agamemnon, as the rites demand,
With mules and waggons sends a chosen band,
To load the timber, and the pile to rear;
A charge consign'd to Merion's faithful care.
With proper instruments they take the road,
Axes to cut, and ropes to sling the load.
First march the heavy mules, securely slow,
O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go:
Jumping high o'er the shrubs of the rough ground,
Rattle the clattering cars, and the shock'd axles bound.
But when arrived at Ida's spreading woods,
(Fair Ida, water'd with descending floods,)
Loud sounds the ax; redoubling strokes on strokes;
On all sides round the forest hurls her oaks
Headlong. Deep-echoing groan the thickets brown;
Then rustling, crackling, crashing, thunder down.
The wood the Grecians cleave, prepared to burn;
And the slow mules the same rough road return.
The sturdy woodmen equal burdens bore
(Such charge was given them) to the sandy shore;
There, on the spot which great Achilles show'd,
They eased their shoulders, and disposed the load;
Circling around the place, where times to come
Shall view Patroclus' and Achilles' tomb.
The hero bids his martial troops appear
High on their cars in all the pomp of war;
Each in refulgent arms his limbs attires,
All mount their chariots, combatants and squires.
The chariots first proceed, a shining train;
Then clouds of foot that smoke along the plain;
Next these a melancholy band appear,
Amidst, lay dead Patroclus on the bier:
O'er all the corse their scatter'd locks they throw.
Achilles next, oppress'd with mighty woe,
Supporting with his hands the hero's head,
Bends o'er the extended body of the dead.
Patroclus decent on the appointed ground
They placed, and heap the sylvan pile around.
But great Achilles stands apart in prayer,
And from his head divides the yellow hair;
Those curling locks which from his youth he vow'd,
And sacred grew, to Sperchius' honour'd flood:
Then sighing, to the deep his looks he cast,
And roll'd his eyes around the watery waste:
Sperchius! whose waves in mazy errors lost,
Delightful roll along my native coast!
To whom we vainly vow'd, at our return,
These locks to fall, and hecatombs to burn;
Full fifty lambs to bleed in sacrifice,
Where to the day thy silver fountains rise,
And where in shade of consecrated bowers
Thy altars stand, perfumed with native flowers:
So vow'd my father, but he vow'd in vain:
No more Achilles sees his native plain.
In that vain hope these hairs no longer grow;
Patroclus bears them to the shades below.
Thus o'er Patroclus while the hero pray'd,
On his cold hand the sacred lock he laid.
Once more afresh the Grecian sorrows flow;
And now the sun had set upon their woe;
But to the king of men thus spoke the chief:
Enough; Atrides! give the troops relief:
Permit the mourning legions to retire,
And let the chiefs alone attend the pyre;
The pious care be ours the dead to burn—
He said: the people to their ships return;
While those deputed to inter the slain,
Heap with a rising pyramid the plain.
A hundred foot in length, a hundred wide,
The growing structure spreads on every side:
High on the top the manly corse they lay,
And well-fed sheep and sable oxen slay:
Achilles cover'd with their fat the dead,
And the piled victims round the body spread;
Then jars of honey, and of fragrant oil,
Suspends around, low-bending o'er the pile.
Four sprightly coursers, with a deadly groan
Pour forth their lives, and on the pyre are thrown.
Of nine large dogs, domestic at his board,
Fall two, selected to attend their lord.
Then last of all, and horrible to tell,
Sad sacrifice! twelve Trojan captives fell.
On these the rage of fire victorious preys,
Involves and joins them in one common blaze.
Smear'd with the bloody rites, he stands on high,
And calls the spirit with a dreadful cry:
All hail, Patroclus! let thy vengeful ghost
Hear and exult on Pluto's dreary coast.
Behold, Achilles' promise fully paid,
Twelve Trojan heroes offer'd to thy shade.
But heavier fates on Hector's corse attend,
Saved from the flames for hungry dogs to rend.
So spake he, threatening! but the gods made vain
His threat, and guard inviolate the slain;
Celestial Venus hover'd o'er his head,
And roseate unguents, heavenly fragrance shed:
She watch'd him all the night and all the day,
And drove the bloodhounds from their destined prey,
Nor sacred Phœbus less employ'd his care;
He pour'd around a veil of gather'd air,
And kept the nerves undried, the flesh entire,
Against the solar beam and Sirian fire.

Nor yet the pile, where dead Patroclus lies,
Smokes, nor as yet the sullen flames arise;
But fast beside, Achilles stood in prayer,
Invoked the gods whose spirit moves the air,
And victims promised, and libations cast
To gentle Zephyr and the Boreal blast:
He call'd the aërial powers, along the skies
To breathe, and whisper to the fires to rise.
The winged Iris heard the hero's call,
And instant hasten'd to their airy hall,
Where, in old Zephyr's open courts on high,
Sat all the blustering brethren of the sky.
She shone amidst them, on her painted bow;
The rocky pavement glitter'd with the show.
All from the banquet rise, and each invites
The various goddess to partake the rites.
Not so (the dame replied,) I haste to go
To sacred Ocean and the floods below:
E'en now our solemn hecatombs attend,
And heaven is feasting, on the world's green end,
With righteous Æthiops (uncorrupted train!)
Far on the extremest limits of the main.
But Peleus' son entreats, with sacrifice,
The Western Spirit, and the North, to rise;
Let on Patroclus' pile your blast be driven,
And bear the blazing honours high to heaven.
Swift as the word she vanish'd from their view;
Swift as the word the winds tumultuous flew;
Forth burst the stormy band with thundering roar,
And heaps on heaps the clouds are toss'd before.
To the wide main then stooping from the skies,
The heaving deeps in watery mountains rise:
Troy feels the blast along her shaking walls,
Till on the pile the gather'd tempest falls.
The structure crackles in the roaring fires,
And all the night the plenteous flame aspires;
All night Achilles hails Patroclus' soul,
With large libations from the golden bowl.
As a poor father, helpless and undone,
Mourns o'er the ashes of an only son,
Takes a sad pleasure the last bones to burn,
And pour in tears, ere yet they close the urn:
So stay'd Achilles, circling round the shore,
So watch'd the flames, till now they flame no more.
'Twas then, emerging through the shades of night,
The morning planet told the approach of light; 281
And fast behind, Aurora's warmer ray,
O'er the broad ocean pour'd the golden day:
Then sunk the blaze, the pile no longer burn'd,
And to their caves the whistling winds return'd;
Across the Thracian seas their course they bore;
The ruffled seas beneath their passage roar.
Then parting from the pile, he ceased to weep,
And sunk to quiet in the embrace of sleep.
Exhausted with his grief: meanwhile the crowd 290
Of thronging Grecians round Achilles stood;
The tumult waked him: from his eyes he shook
Unwilling slumber, and the chiefs bespoke:
Ye kings and princes of the Achaian name:
First let us quench the yet remaining flame
With sable wine; then (as the rites direct)
The hero's bones with careful view select:
(Apart, and easy to be known they lie
Amidst the heap, and obvious to the eye:
The rest around the margin will be seen 300
Promiscuous, steeds and immolated men.)
These, wrapp'd in double cawls of fat, prepare;
And in the golden vase dispose with care:
There let them rest with decent honour laid,
Till I shall follow to the infernal shade.
Meantime erect the tomb with pious hands,
A common structure on the humble sands;
Hereafter Greece some nobler work may raise,
And late posterity record our praise.
The Greeks obey; where yet the embers glow 310
Wide o'er the pile the sable wine they throw,
And deep subsides the ashy heap below.
Next the white bones his sad companions place,
With tears collected, in the golden vase.
The sacred relics to the tent they bore:
The urn a veil of linen cover'd o'er.
That done, they bid the sepulchre aspire,
And cast the deep foundations round the pyre;
High in the midst they heap the swelling bed
Of rising earth, memorial of the dead. 320
The swarming populace the chief detains,
And leads amidst a wide extent of plains;
There placed them round: then from the ships proceeds
A train of oxen, mules, and stately steeds,
Vases and tripods (for the funeral games,)
Resplendent brass, and more resplendent dames.
First stood the prizes to reward the force
Of rapid racers in the dusty course:
A woman for the first, in beauty's bloom
Skill'd in the needle and the labouring loom: 330
And a large vase, where two bright handles rise,
Of twenty measures its capacious size.
The second victor claims a mare unbroke,
Big with a mule, unknowing of the yoke;
The third a charger yet untouch'd by flame;
Four ample measures held the shining frame:
Two golden talents for the fourth were placed,
An ample double bowl contents the last.
These in fair order ranged upon the plain,
The hero, rising, thus address'd the train: 340
Behold the prizes, valiant Greeks! decreed
To the brave rulers of the racing steed;
Prizes which none beside ourself could gain,
Should our immortal coursers take the plain,
(A race unrivall'd, which from Ocean's god
Peleus received, and on his son bestow'd.)
But this no time our vigour to display;
Nor suit with them, the games of this sad day;
Lost is Patroclus now, that wont to deck
Their flowing manes, and sleek their glossy neck.
Sad as they shared in human grief, they stand, 350
And trail those graceful honours on the sand;
Let others for the nobler task prepare,
Who trust the courser and the flying car.
Fired at his word, the rival racers rise:
But far the first, Eumelus hopes the prize,
Famed through Pieria for the fleetest breed,
And skill'd to manage the high bounding steed
With equal ardour bold Tydides swell'd,
The steeds of Tros beneath his yoke compell'd, 360
(Which late obey'd the Dardan chief's command,
When scarce a god redeem'd him from his hand.)
Then Menelaüs his Podargus brings,
And the famed courser of the king of kings:
Whom rich Echepolus (more rich than brave)
To 'scape the wars, to Agamemnon gave
(Æthe her name,) at home to end his days;
Base wealth preferring to eternal praise.
Next him Antilochus demands the course,
With beating heart, and cheers his Pylian horse. 370

Experienced Nestor gives his son the reins,
Directs his judgment, and his heat restrains;
Nor idly warms the hoary sire, nor hears
The prudent son with unattending ears.
My son! though youthful ardour fire thy breast,
The gods have loved thee, and with arts have bless'd.
Neptune and Jove on thee conferr'd the skill
Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel.
To guide thy conduct little precept needs;
But slow, and past their vigour, are my steeds.
Fear not thy rivals, though for swiftness known;
Compare those rivals' judgment and thy own:
It is not strength, but art, obtains the prize,
And to be swift is less than to be wise.
'Tis more by art than force of numerous strokes,
The dextrous woodman shakes the stubborn oaks;
By art the pilot, through the boiling deep
And howling tempest, steers the fearless ship;
And 'tis the artist wins the glorious course,
Not those who trust in chariots and in horse.
In vain; unskilful to the goal they strive,
And short or wide, the ungovern'd courser drive:
While with sure skill, though with inferior steeds,
The knowing racer to his end proceeds:
Fix'd on the goal his eye foreruns the course,
His hand unerring steers the steady horse,
And now contracts and now extends the rein,
Observing still the foremost on the plain.
Mark then the goal; 'tis easy to be found;
Yon aged trunk, a cubit from the ground;
Of some once stately oak the last remains,
Or hardy fir unperish'd with the rains:
Enclosed with stones, conspicuous from afar;
And round a circle for the wheeling car
(Some tomb, perhaps, of old, the dead to grace;
Or then, as now, the limit of a race:)
Bear close to this, and warily proceed
A little bending to the left hand steed
But urge the right, and give him all the reins;
While thy strict hand his fellow's head restrains,
And turns him short; till, doubling as they roll,
The wheel's round naves appear to brush the goal.
Yet (not to break the car, or lame the horse)
Clear of the stony heap direct the course:
Lest, through incaution failing, thou may'st be
A joy to others, a reproach to me.
So shalt thou pass the goal, secure of mind,
And leave unskilful swiftness far behind;
Though thy fierce rival drove the matchless steed
Which bore Adrastus, of celestial breed:
Or the famed race, through all the regions known,
That whirl'd the car of proud Laomedon.
Thus (nought unsaid) the much advising sage
Concludes; then sate, stiff with unwiedly age.
Next bold Meriones was seen to rise,
The last, but not least ardent for the prize.
They mount their seats; the lots their place dispose:
(Roll'd in his helmet, these Achilles throws.)
Young Nestor leads the race: Eumelus then;
And next the brother of the king of men
Thy lot, Meriones, the fourth was cast;
And far the bravest, Diomed, was last.
They stand in order, an impatient train;
Pelides points the barrier on the plain,
And sends before old Phœnix to the place,
To mark the racers, and to judge the race.
At once the coursers from the barrier bound
The lifted scourges all at once resound;
Their heart, their eyes, their voice, they send before
And up the champaign thunder from the shore:
Thick, where they drive, the dusty clouds arise,
And the lost courser in the whirlwind flies;
Loose on their shoulders the long manes, reclined,
Float in their speed and dance upon the wind:
The smoking chariots, rapid as they bound,
Now seem to touch the sky, and now the ground.
While hot for fame, and conquest all their care
(Each o'er his flying courser hung in air,)
Erect with ardour, poised upon the rein,
They pant, they stretch, they shout along the plain.
Now the last compass fetch'd around the goal,
At the near prize each gathers all his soul,
Each burns with double hope, with double pain,
Tears up the shore, and thunders toward the main.
First flew Eumelus on Pheretian steeds;
With those of Tros bold Diomed succeeds;
Close on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,
And seem just mounting on his car behind;
Full on his neck he feels the sultry breeze,
And hovering o'er, their stretching shadow sees.
Then had he lost, or left a doubtful prize:
But angry Phœbus to Tydides flies,
Strikes from his hand the scourge, and renders vain
His matchless horses' labour on the plain.
Rage fills his eye with anguish to survey,
Snatch'd from his hope, the glories of the day.
The fraud celestial Pallas sees with pain,
Springs to her knight, and gives the scourge again,
And fills his steeds with vigour. At a stroke,
She breaks his rival's chariot from the yoke;
No more their way the startled horses held;
The car reversed came rattling on the field;
Shot headlong from his seat, beside the wheel,
Prone on the dust the unhappy master fell;
His batter'd face and elbows strike the ground;
Nose, mouth, and front, one undistinguish'd wound:
Grief stops his voice, a torrent drowns his eyes;
Before him far the glad Tydides flies;
Minerva's spirit drives his matchless pace,
And crowns him victor of the labour'd race.
The next, though distant, Menelaus succeeds;
While thus young Nestor animates his steeds;
Now, now, my generous pair, exert your force;
Not that we hope to match Tydides' horse,
Since great Minerva wings their rapid way,
And gives their lord the honours of the day.
But rich Atrides! shall his mare out-go
Your swiftness, vanquish'd by a female foe?
Through your neglect, if lagging on the plain
The last ignoble gift be all we gain.
No more shall Nestor's hand your food supply,
The old man's fury rises, and ye die.
Haste then; yon narrow road before your sight
Presents the occasion, could we use it right.
Thus he. The coursers at their master's threat
With quicker steps the sounding champaign beat.
And now Antilochus with nice survey
Observes the compass of the hollow way.
'Twas where by force of wintry torrents torn
Fast by the road a precipice was worn;
Here, where but one could pass, to shun the throng
The Spartan hero's chariot smoked along.
Close up the venturous youth resolves to keep,
Still edging near, and bears him toward the steep.

Atrides, trembling, casts his eye below,
And wonders at the rashness of his foe.
Hold, stay your steeds! What madness thus to ride
This narrow way: take larger field (he cried)
Or both must fall—Atrides cried in vain;
He flies more fast, and throws up all the rein.
Far as an able arm the disk can send,
When youthful rivals their full force extend,
So far, Antilochus! thy chariot flew
Before the king: he, cautious, backward drew
His horse compell'd; foreboding in his fears
The rattling ruin of the clashing cars,
The floundering coursers rolling on the plain,
And conquest lost through frantic haste to gain;
But thus upbraids his rival as he flies:
Go, furious youth! ungenerous and unwise!
Go, but expect not I'll the prize resign;
Add perjury to fraud, and make it thine—
Then to his steeds with all his force he cries;
Be swift, be vigorous, and regain the prize!
Your rivals, destitute of youthful force,
With fainting knees shall labour in the course
And yield the glory yours—The steeds obey;
Already at their heels they wing their way,
And seem already to retrieve the day.
Meantime the Grecians in a ring beheld
The coursers bounding o'er the dusty field.
The first who mark'd them was the Cretan king:
High on a rising ground, above the ring,
The monarch sate; from whence with sure survey
He well observed the chief who led the way,
And heard from far his animating cries:
And saw the foremost steed with sharpen'd eyes;
On whose broad front, a blaze of shining white,
Like the full moon, stood obvious to the sight.
He saw; and, rising, to the Greeks begun;
Are yonder horse discern'd by me alone?
Or can ye all another chief survey,
And other steeds, than lately led the way?
Those, though the swiftest, by some god withheld,
Lie sure disabled in the middle field:
For since the goal they doubled, round the plain
I search to find them, but I search in vain.
Perchance the reins forsook the driver's hand,
And turn'd too short, he tumbled on the strand,
Shot from the chariot; while his coursers stray
With frantic fury from the destined way.
Rise then some other, and inform my sight;
For these dim eyes, perhaps, discern not right.
Yet sure he seems (to judge by shape and air)
The great Ætolian chief, renown'd in war.
Old man! (Oïleus rashly thus replies)
Thy tongue too hastily confers the prize;
Of those who view the course, not sharpest eyed
Nor youngest, yet the readiest to decide.
Eumelus' steeds high-bounding in the chase,
Still as at first, unrivall'd lead the race:
I well discern him as he shakes the rein,
And hear his shouts victorious o'er the plain.
Thus he. Idomeneus incensed rejoin'd:
Barbarous of words! and arrogant of mind!
Contentious prince, of all the Greeks beside
The last in merit, as the first in pride!
To vile reproach what answer can we make?
A goblet or a tripod let us stake,
And be the king the judge. The most unwise
Will learn their rashness, when they pay the price.

He said: and Ajax, by mad passion borne,
Stern had replied; fierce scorn enhancing scorn
To fell extremes; but Thetis' god-like son
Awful amidst them rose, and thus begun:
Forbear, ye chiefs! reproachful to contend;
Much would you blame, should others thus offend:
And lo! the approaching steeds your contest end.
No sooner had he spoke, but, thundering near,
Drives through a stream of dust the charioteer.
High o'er his head the circling lash he wields;
His bounding horses scarcely touch the fields:
His car amidst the dusty whirlwind roll'd,
Bright with the mingled blaze of tin and gold,
Refulgent through the cloud: no eye could find
The track his flying wheels had left behind:
And the fierce coursers urged their rapid pace
So swift, it seem'd a flight, and not a race.
Now victor at the goal Tydides stands,
Quits his bright car, and springs upon the sands;
From the hot steeds the sweaty torrents stream;
The well-plied whip is hung athwart the beam:
With joy brave Sthenelus receives the prize,
The tripod-vase, and dame with radiant eyes:
These to the ships his train triumphant leads;
The chief himself unyokes the panting steeds.
Young Nestor follows (who by art, not force,
O'er past Atrides) second in the course.
Behind, Atrides urged the race, more near
Than to the courser in his swift career
The following car, just touching with his heel
And brushing with his tail the whirling wheel
Such and so narrow now the space between,
The rivals, late so distant on the green:
So soon swift Æthe her lost ground regain'd,
One length, one moment, had the race obtain'd.
Merion pursued, at greater distance still,
With tardier coursers, and inferior skill.
Last came, Admetus! thy unhappy son:
Slow dragg'd the steeds his batter'd chariot on:
Achilles saw, and pitying thus begun:
Behold! the man whose matchless art surpass'd
The sons of Greece! the ablest, yet the last!
Fortune denies, but justice bids us pay
(Since great Tydides bears the first away)
To him the second honours of the day.
The Greeks consent with loud applauding cries,
And then Eumelus had received the prize;
But youthful Nestor, jealous of his fame,
The award opposes, and asserts his claim.
Think not (he cries) I tamely will resign,
O Peleus' son! the mare so justly mine.
What if the gods, the skilful to confound,
Have thrown the horse and horseman to the ground?
Perhaps he sought not Heaven by sacrifice,
And vows omitted forfeited the prize.
If yet (distinction to thy friend to show,
And please a soul desirous to bestow)
Some gift must grace Eumelus; view thy store
Of beauteous handmaids, steeds, and shining ore;
An ample present let him thence receive,
And Greece shall praise thy generous thirst to give.
But this my prize I never shall forego:
This, who but touches, warriors! is my foe.
Thus spake the youth; nor did his words offend;
Pleased with the well-turn'd flattery of a friend,
Achilles smiled: the gift proposed (he cried,)
Antilochus! we shall ourself provide.

With plates of brass the corselet cover'd o'er
(The same renown'd Asteropæus wore,)
Whose glittering margins raised with silver shine,
(No vulgar gift) Eumelus, shall be thine.
He said: Automedon at his command
The corselet brought and gave it to his hand.
Distinguish'd by his friend, his bosom glows
With generous joy: then Menelaüs rose;
The herald placed the sceptre in his hands,
And still'd the clamour of the shouting bands,
Not without cause incensed at Nestor's son,
And inly grieving thus the king begun:
The praise of wisdom, in thy youth obtain'd,
An act so rash, Antilochus, has stain'd.
Robb'd of my glory and my just reward,
To you, O Grecians! be my wrong declared:
So not a leader shall our conduct blame,
Or judge me envious of a rival's fame.
But shall not we, ourselves, the truth maintain?
What needs appealing in a fact so plain?
What Greek shall blame me, if I bid thee rise,
And vindicate by oath the ill-gotten prize?
Rise if thou darest, before thy chariot stand,
The driving scourge high lifted in thy hand;
And touch thy steeds, and swear, thy whole intent
Was but to conquer, not to circumvent.
Swear by that god whose liquid arms surround
The globe, and whose dread earthquakes heave the ground.
The prudent chief with calm attention heard;
Then mildly thus: Excuse, if youth have err'd:
Superior as thou art, forgive the offence,
Nor I thy equal, or in years or sense.
Thou know'st the errors of unripen'd age,
Weak are its counsels, headlong is its rage.
The prize I quit, if thou thy wrath resign;
The mare, or aught thou ask'st, be freely thine;
Ere I become (from thy dear friendship torn)
Hateful to thee, and to the gods foresworn.
So spoke Antilochus: and at the word
The mare contested to the king restored.
Joy swells his soul: as when the vernal grain
Lifts the green ear above the springing plain,
The fields their vegetable life renew,
And laugh and glitter with the morning dew;
Such joy the Spartan s shining face o'erspread
And lifted his gay heart, while thus he said:
Still may your souls, O generous youth! agree,
'Tis now Atrides' turn to yield to thee.
Rash heat perhaps a moment might controul,
Not break, the settled temper of thy soul.
Not (but my friend) 'tis still the wiser way
To waive contention with superior sway:
For ah! how few, who should like thee offend,
Like thee have talents to regain the friend?
To plead indulgence, and thy fault atone,
Suffice thy father's merit and thy own:
Generous alike for me, the sire and son
Have greatly suffer'd, and have greatly done.
I yield; that all may know, my soul can bend,
Nor is my pride preferr'd before my friend.
He said: and pleased his passion to command,
Resign'd the courser to Noëmon's hand,
Friend of the youthful chief: himself content,
The shining charger to his vessel sent.
The golden talents Merion next obtain'd;
The fifth reward, the double bowl, remain'd;
Achilles this to reverend Nestor bears,
And thus the purpose of his gift declares:
Accept thou this, O sacred sire! (he said)
In dear memorial of Patroclus dead:
Dead, and for ever lost, Patroclus lies,
For ever snatch'd from our desiring eyes!
Take thou this token of a grateful heart:
Though 'tis not thine to hurl the distant dart,
The quoit to toss, the ponderous mace to wield,
Or urge the race, or wrestle on the field:
Thy pristine vigour age has overthrown,
But left the glory of the past thy own.
He said, and placed the goblet at his side;
With joy the venerable king replied:
Wisely and well, my son, thy words have proved
A senior honour'd and a friend beloved;
Too true it is, deserted of my strength,
These withered arms and limbs have fail'd at length.
Oh! had I now that force I felt of yore,
Known through Buprasium and the Pylian shore!
Victorious then in every solemn game,
Ordain'd to Amarynces' mighty name;
The brave Epeians gave my glory way,
Ætolians, Pylians, all resign'd the day.
I quell'd Clytomedes in fights of hand,
And backward hurl'd Ancæus on the sand,
Surpass'd Iphyclus in the swift career,
Phyleus and Polydorus with the spear.
The sons of Actor won the prize of horse,
But won by numbers, not by art or force:
For the famed twins, impatient to survey,
Prize after prize by Nestor borne away,
Sprung to their car; and with united pains
One lash'd the coursers, while one ruled the reins.
Such once I was! Now to these tasks succeeds
A younger race, that emulate our deeds:
I yield, alas! (to age who must not yield?)
Though once the foremost hero of the field.
Go thou, my son! by generous friendship led,
With martial honours decorate the dead;
While pleased I take the gift thy hands present
(Pledge of benevolence and kind intent;)
Rejoiced, of all the numerous Greeks, to see
Not one but honours sacred age and me:
Those due distinctions thou so well canst pay,
May the just gods return another day!
Proud of the gift, thus spake the full of days.
Achilles heard him, prouder of the praise.
The prizes next are order'd to the field,
For the bold champions who the cæstus wield.
A stately mule, as yet by toils unbroke,
Of six years age, unconscious of the yoke,
Is to the circus led, and firmly bound;
Next stands a goblet, massy, large, and round.
Achilles rising thus: Let Greece excite
Two heroes equal to this hardy fight;
Who dares the foe with lifted arms provoke,
And rush beneath the long-descending stroke,
On whom Apollo shall the palm bestow,
And whom the Greeks supreme by conquest know,
This mule his dauntless labours shall repay;
The vanquish'd bear the massy bowl away.
This dreadful combat great Epëus chose,
High o'er the crowd, enormous bulk! he rose,
And seized the beast, and thus began to say:
Stand forth some man, to bear the bowl away!

(Price of his ruin:) for who dares deny
This mule my right, the undoubted victor I?
Others, 'tis own'd, in fields of battle shine,
But the first honours of this fight are mine;
For who excels in all? Then let my foe
Draw near, but first his certain fortune know:
Secure this hand shall his whole frame confound,
Mash all his bones, and all his body pound:
So let his friends be nigh, a needful train,
To heave the batter'd carcass off the plain.
The giant spoke: and in a stupid gaze
The host beheld him silent with amaze!
'Twas thou, Euryalus! who durst aspire
To meet his might, and emulate thy sire,
The great Mecistheus; who in days of yore
In Theban games the noblest trophy bore
('The games ordain'd dead Œdipus to grace,)
And singly vanquish'd the Cadmæan race.
Him great Tydides urges to contend,
Warm with the hopes of conquest for his friend;
Officious with the cincture girds him round;
And to his wrist the gloves of death are bound.
Amid the circle now each champion stands,
And poises high in air his iron hands:
With clashing gauntlets now they fiercely close,
Their crackling jaws re-echo to the blows,
And painful sweat from all their members flows.
At length Epëus dealt a weighty blow
Full on the cheek of his unwary foe;
Beneath that ponderous arm's resistless sway
Down dropp'd he nerveless, and extended lay.
As a large fish, when winds and waters roar,
By some huge billow dash'd against the shore,
Lies panting; not less batter'd with his wound,
The bleeding hero pants upon the ground.
To rear his fallen foe the victor lends,
Scornful, his hand; and gives him to his friends;
Whose arms support him, reeling through the throng,
And dragging his disabled legs along;
Nodding, his head hangs down his shoulder o'er;
His mouth and nostrils pour the clotted gore;
Wrapp'd round in mists he lies, and lost to thought;
His friends receive the bowl, too dearly bought.
The third bold game Achilles next demands,
And calls the wrestlers to the level sands:
A massy tripod for the victor lies,
Of twice six oxen its reputed price;
And next, the loser's spirits to restore,
A female captive, valued but at four.
Scarce did the chief the vigorous strife propose,
When tower-like Ajax and Ulysses rose.
Amid the ring each nervous rival stands,
Embracing rigid with implicit hands;
Close lock'd above, their heads and arms are mix'd;
Below, their planted feet, at distance fix'd:
Like two strong rafters which the builder forms,
Proof to the wintry winds and howling storms,
Their tops connected, but at wider space,
Fixt on the centre stands their solid base.
Now to the grasp each manly body bends:
The humid sweat from every pore descends;
Their bones resound with blows; sides, shoulders, thighs,
Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumours rise.
Nor could Ulysses, for his art renown'd,
O'erturn the strength of Ajax on the ground:
Nor could the strength of Ajax overthrow
The watchful caution of his artful foe.
While the long strife e'en tired the lookers-on,
Thus to Ulysses spoke great Telamon:
Or let me lift thee, chief, or lift thou me:
Prove we our force, and Jove the rest decree.
He said: and, straining, heaved him off the ground
With matchless strength; that time Ulysses found
The strength to evade, and where the nerves combine
His ancle struck: the giant fell supine;
Ulysses following, on his bosom lies;
Shouts of applause run rattling through the skies.
Ajax to lift, Ulysses next assays;
He barely stirr'd him, but he could not raise:
His knee lock'd fast, the foe's attempt denied;
And grappling close, they tumble side by side.
Defiled with honourable dust, they roll,
Still breathing strife, and unsubdued of soul:
Again they rage, again to combat rise;
When great Achilles thus divides the prize:
Your noble vigour, oh my friends, restrain;
Nor weary out your generous strength in vain.
Ye both have won: let others who excel,
Now prove that prowess you have proved so well
The hero's words the willing chiefs obey,
From their tired bodies wipe the dust away,
And clothed anew, the following games survey.
And now succeed the gifts ordain'd to grace
The youths contending in the rapid race.
A silver urn that full six measures held,
By none in weight or workmanship excell'd;
Sidonian artists taught the frame to shine,
Elaborate, with artifice divine;
Whence Tyrian sailors did the prize transport,
And gave to Thoas at the Lemnian port:
From him descended, good Eunæus heir'd
The glorious gift; and, for Lycaon spared,
To brave Patroclus gave the rich reward.
Now, the same hero's funeral rites to grace,
It stands the prize of swiftness in the race
A well-fed ox was for the second plac'd;
And half a talent must content the last.
Achilles, rising, then bespoke the train:
Who hope the palm of swiftness to obtain,
Stand forth, and bear these prizes through the plain.
The hero said; and starting from his place,
Oïlean Ajax rises to the race;
Ulysses next; and he whose speed surpass'd
His youthful equals, Nestor's son the last.
Ranged in a line the ready racers stand;
Pelides points the barrier with his hand.
All start at once; Oïleus led the race:
The next Ulysses, measuring pace with pace:
Behind him, diligently close, he sped,
As closely following as the running thread
The spindle follows, and displays the charms
Of the fair spinster's breast, and moving arms.
Graceful in motion thus, his foe he plies,
And treads each footstep ere the dust can rise;
His glowing breath upon his shoulders plays;
The admiring Greeks loud acclamations raise.
To him they give their wishes, hearts, and eyes,
And send their souls before him as he flies.
Now three times turn'd in prospect of the goal,
The panting chief to Pallas lifts his soul:
Assist, O goddess! (thus in thought he pray'd,)
And present at his thought descends the maid.
Buoy'd by her heavenly force, he seems to swim,
And feels a pinion lifting every limb.

All fierce and ready now the prize to gain,
Unhappy Ajax stumbles on the plain
(O'erturn'd by Pallas,) where the slippery shore
Was clogg'd with slimy dung, and mingled gore,
(The self-same place beside Patroclus' pyre,
Where late the slaughter'd victims fed the fire:)
Besmear'd with filth, and blotted o'er with clay,
Obscene to sight, the rueful racer lay;
The well-fed bull (the second prize) he shared,
And left the urn Ulysses' rich reward.
Then, grasping by the horn the mighty beast,
The baffled hero thus the Greeks address'd:
Accursed fate! the conquest I forego;
A mortal I, a goddess was my foe;
She urged her favourite on the rapid way,
And Pallas, not Ulysses, won the day.
Thus sourly wail'd he, sputtering dirt and gore,
A burst of laughter echo'd through the shore.
Antilochus, more humorous than the rest,
Takes the last prize, and takes it with a jest:
Why with our wiser elders should we strive?
The gods still love them, and they always thrive.
Ye see, to Ajax I must yield the prize:
He to Ulysses, still more aged and wise
(A green old age unconscious of decays,
That proves the hero born in better days!)
Behold his vigour in this active race,
Achilles only boasts a swifter pace:
For who can match Achilles? He who can,
Must yet be more than hero, more than man.
The effect succeeds the speech, Pelides cries,
Thy artful praise deserves a better prize;
Nor Greece in vain shall hear thy friend extoll'd:
Receive a talent of the purest gold.
The youth departs content. The host admire
The son of Nestor, worthy of his sire.
Next these, a buckler, spear, and helm, he brings;
Cast on the plain the brazen burden rings:
Arms, which of late divine Sarpedon wore,
And great Patroclus in short triumph bore.
Stand forth the bravest of our host! (he cries:)
Whoever dares deserve so rich a prize,
Now grace the lists before our army's sight,
And, sheath'd in steel, provoke his foe to fight.
Who first the jointed armour shall explore,
And stain his rival's mail with issuing gore,
The sword Asteropeus possess'd of old
(A Thracian blade distinct with studs of gold)
Shall pay the stroke, and grace the striker's side:
These arms in common let the chiefs divide:
For each brave champion, when the combat ends,
A sumptuous banquet at our tent attends.
Fierce at the word, up rose great Tydeus' son,
And the huge bulk of Ajax Telamon.
Clad in refulgent steel, on either hand,
The dreadful chiefs amid the circle stand:
Lowering they meet, tremendous to the sight;
Each Argive bosom beats with fierce delight.
Opposed in arms not long they idly stood,
But thrice they closed, and thrice the charge renew'd.
A furious pass the spear of Ajax made
Through the broad shield, but at the corselet stay'd:
Not thus the foe: his javelin aim'd above
The buckler's margin, at the neck he drove.
But Greece now trembling for her hero's life,
Bade share the honours, and surcease the strife.
Yet still the victor's due Tydides gains,
With him the sword and studded belt remains.
Then hurl'd the hero thundering on the ground
A mass of iron (an enormous round,)
Whose weight and size the circling Greeks admire,
Rude from the furnace, and but shaped by fire.
This mighty quoit Aëtion wont to rear,
And from his whirling arm dismiss in air:
The giant by Achilles slain, he stow'd
Among his spoils this memorable load.
For this, he bids those nervous artists vie,
That teach the disk to sound along the sky.
Let him whose might can hurl this bowl, arise;
Who farthest hurls it, takes it as his prize.
If he be one, enrich'd with large domain
Of downs for flocks, and arable for grain,
Small stock of iron needs that man provide;
His hinds and swains whole years shall be supplied
From hence: nor ask the neighbouring city's aid,
For ploughshares, wheels, and all the rural trade.
Stern Polypœtes stepp'd before the throng,
And great Leonteus, more than mortal strong:
Whose force with rival forces to oppose,
Up rose great Ajax: up Epëus rose.
Each stood in order: first Epëus threw:
High o'er the wondering crowds the whirling circle flew;
Leonteus next a little space surpass'd,
And third, the strength of godlike Ajax cast:
O'er both their marks it flew, till fiercely flung
From Polypœtus' arm, the discus sung:
Far as a swain his whirling sheephook throws,
That distant falls among the grazing cows,
So past them all the rapid circle flies:
His friends (while loud applauses shake the skies)
With force conjoin'd heave off the weighty prize.
Those who in skilful archery contend,
He next invites the twanging bow to bend:
And twice ten axes cast amidst the round
(Ten double-edged, and ten that singly wound.)
The mast, which late a first-rate galley bore,
The hero fixes in the sandy shore;
To the tall top a milk-white dove they tie,
The trembling mark at which their arrows fly.
Whose weapon strikes yon fluttering bird, shall bear
These two-edged axes, terrible in war;
The single, he, whose shaft divides the cord.
He said; experienced Merion took the word;
And skilful Teucer: in the helm they threw
Their lots inscribed, and forth the latter flew.
Swift from the string the sounding arrow flies;
But flies unblest! No grateful sacrifice,
No firstling lambs, unheedful! didst thou vow
To Phœbus, patron of the shaft and bow.
For this, thy well-aim'd arrow, turn'd aside,
Err'd from the dove, yet cut the cord that tied:
Adown the main-mast fell the parted string,
And the free bird to heaven displays her wing:
Seas, shores, and skies, with loud applause resound,
And Merion eager meditates the wound:
He takes the bow, directs the shaft above,
And following with his eyes the soaring dove,
Implores the god to speed it through the skies,
With vows of firstling lambs, and grateful sacrifice.
The dove, in airy circles as she wheels,
Amid the clouds the piercing arrow feels;
Quite through and through the point its passage found,
And at his feet fell bloody to the ground.

The wounded bird, ere yet she breath'd her last,
With flagging wings alighted on the mast;
A moment hung, and spread her pinions there,
Then sudden dropp'd, and left her life in air.
From the pleased crowd new peals of thunder rise,
And to the ships brave Merion bears the prize.
To close the funeral games, Achilles last
A massy spear amid the circle placed,
An ample charger of unsullied frame,
With flowers high-wrought, not blacken'd yet by flame.
For these he bids the heroes prove their art,
Whose dextrous skill directs the flying dart.
Here too great Merion hopes the noble prize;
Nor here disdain'd the king of men to rise.
With joy Pelides saw the honour paid,
Rose to the monarch, and respectful said:
Thee first in virtue, as in power supreme,
O king of nations! all thy Greeks proclaim;
In every martial game thy worth attest,
And know thee both their greatest and their best.
Take then the prize, but let brave Merion bear
This beamy javelin in thy brother's war.
Pleased from the hero's lips his praise to hear,
The king to Merion gives the brazen spear:
But set apart for sacred use, commands
The glittering charger to Talthybius' hands.

BOOK XXIV.

ARGUMENT.

The Redemption of the Body of Hector.

The gods deliberate about the redemption of Hector's body. Jupiter sends Thetis to Achilles, to dispose him for the restoring of it; and Iris to Priam, to encourage him to go in person, and treat for it. The old king, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his queen, makes ready for the journey, to which he is encouraged by an omen from Jupiter. He sets forth in his chariot, with a waggon loaded with presents under the charge of Idæus, the herald. Mercury descends in the shape of a young man, and conducts him to the pavilion of Achilles. Their conversation on the way. Priam finds Achilles at his table, casts himself at his feet, and begs for the body of his son. Achilles, moved with compassion, grants his request, detains him one night in his tent, and the next morning sends him home with the body; the Trojans run out to meet him. The lamentations of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen, with the solemnities of the funeral.

The time of twelve days is employed in this book while the body of Hector lies in the tent of Achilles; and as many more are spent in the truce allowed for his interment. The scene is partly in Achilles' camp, and partly in Troy.

BOOK XXIV.

Now from the finish'd games the Grecian band
Seek their black ships, and clear the crowded strand:
All, stretch'd at ease, the genial banquet share,
And pleasing slumbers quiet all their care.
Not so Achilles; he to grief resign'd,
His friend's dear image present to his mind,
Takes his sad couch, more unobserved to weep,
Nor tastes the gifts of all-composing sleep.
Restless he roll'd around his weary bed,
And all his soul on his Patroclus fed:
The form so pleasing, and the heart so kind,
That youthful vigour, and that manly mind,
What toils they shared, what martial works they wrought,
What seas they measured, and what fields they fought:
All pass'd before him in remembrance dear,
Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds to tear.
And now supine, now prone, the hero lay,
Now shifts his side, impatient for the day:
Then starting up, disconsolate he goes
Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes.
There as the solitary mourner raves,
The ruddy morning rises o'er the waves:
Soon as it rose, his furious steeds he join'd:
The chariot flies, and Hector trails behind.
And thrice, Patroclus! round thy monument
Was Hector dragg'd, then hurried to the tent.
There sleep at last o'ercomes the hero's eyes;
While foul in dust the unhonour'd carcass lies,
But not deserted by the pitying skies:
For Phœbus watch'd it with superior care,
Preserved from gaping wounds and tainting air;
And ignominious as it swept the field,
Spread o'er the sacred corse his golden shield.
All Heaven was moved, and Hermes will'd to go
By stealth to snatch him from the insulting foe:
But Neptune this, and Pallas this denies,
And the unrelenting empress of the skies:
E'er since that day implacable to Troy,
What time young Paris, simple shepherd boy
Won by destructive lust (reward obscene)
Their charms rejected for the Cyprian queen.
But when the tenth celestial morning broke,
To heaven assembled thus Apollo spoke:
Unpitying powers! how oft each holy fane
Has Hector tinged with blood of victims slain!
And can ye still his cold remains pursue?
Still grudge his body to the Trojans' view?
Deny to consort, mother, son and sire,
The last sad honours of a funeral fire?
Is then the dire Achilles all your care?
That iron heart, inflexibly severe;
A lion, not a man, who slaughters wide
In strength of rage and impotence of pride;
Who hastes to murder with a savage joy,
Invades around, and breathes but to destroy.
Shame is not of his soul; nor understood,
The greatest evil and the greatest good.
Still for one loss he rages unresign'd,
Repugnant to the lot of all mankind;
To lose a friend, a brother, or a son,
Heaven dooms each mortal, and its will is done:
Awhile they sorrow, then dismiss their care;
Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.
But this, insatiate, the commission given,
By fate exceeds, and tempts the wrath of Heaven:
Lo how his rage dishonest drags along
Hector's dead earth, insensible of wrong!
Brave though he be, yet by no reason awed,
He violates the laws of man and God.
If equal honours by the partial skies
Are doom'd both heroes (Juno thus replies,)
If Thetis son must no distinction know,
Then hear, ye gods! the patron of the bow.
But Hector only boasts a mortal claim;
His birth deriving from a mortal dame:
Achilles of your own ethereal race,
Springs from a goddess by a man's embrace,

(A goddess by ourself to Peleus given,
A man divine, and chosen friend of Heaven.)
To grace those nuptials from the bright abode,
Yourselves were present; where this minstrel god
(Well pleased to share the feast) amid the quire
Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre.
Then thus the Thunderer checks the imperial dame:
Let not thy wrath the court of heaven inflame;
Their merits nor their honours, are the same.
But mine, and every god's peculiar grace,
Hector deserves of all the Trojan race:
Still on our shrines his grateful offerings lay,
(The only honours men to gods can pay:)
Nor ever from our smoking altar ceased
The pure libation and the holy feast.
Howe'er, by stealth to snatch the corse away,
We will not: Thetis guards it night and day.
But haste and summon to our courts above
The azure queen: let her persuasion move
Her furious son from Priam to receive
The proffer'd ransom, and the corse to leave.
He added not; and Iris from the skies
Swift as a whirlwind, on the message flies,
Meteorous the face of ocean sweeps,
Refulgent gliding o'er the sable deeps.
Between where Samos wide his forests spreads,
And rocky Imbrus lifts its pointed heads,
Down plunged the maid (the parted waves resound:)
She plunged, and instant shot the dark profound.
As, bearing death in the fallacious bait,
From the bent angle sinks the leaden weight;
So pass'd the goddess through the closing wave,
Where Thetis sorrow'd in her sacred cave;
There placed amidst her melancholy train
(The blue-hair'd sisters of the sacred main,)
Pensive she sat, revolving fates to come,
And wept her godlike son's approaching doom.
Then thus the goddess of the painted bow;
Arise, O Thetis! from thy seats below:
'Tis Jove that calls. And why (the dame replies)
Calls Jove his Thetis to the hated skies?
Sad object as I am for heavenly sight!
Ah, may my sorrows ever shun the light!
Howe'er be heaven's almighty sire obey'd—
She spake, and veil'd her head in sable shade,
Which flowing long, her graceful person clad;
And forth she paced majestically sad.
Then through the world of waters they repair
(The way fair Iris led) to upper air.
The deeps dividing, o'er the coast they rise,
And touch with momentary flight the skies.
There in the lightning's blaze the sire they found,
And all the gods in shining synod round.
Thetis approach'd with anguish in her face
(Minerva rising, gave the mourner place,)
E'en Juno sought her sorrows to console,
And offer'd from her hand the nectar bowl:
She tasted, and resign'd it: then began
The sacred sire of gods and mortal man:
Thou comest, fair Thetis, but with grief o'ercast;
Maternal sorrows; long, ah long to last!
Suffice, we know and we partake thy cares:
But yield to Fate, and hear what Jove declares.
Nine days are past, since all the court above
In Hector's cause have moved the ear of Jove:
'Twas voted, Hermes from his godlike foe
By stealth should bear him, but we will'd not so:
We will, thy son himself the corse restore,
And to his conquest add this glory more.
Then hie thee to him, and our mandate bear:
Tell him he tempts the wrath of heaven too far:
Nor let him more (our anger if he dread)
Vent his mad vengeance on the sacred dead:
But yield to ransom and the father's prayer.
The mournful father Iris shall prepare
With gifts to sue, and offer to his hands
Whate'er his honour asks or heart demands.
His word the silver-footed queen attends,
And from Olympus' snowy tops descends.
Arrived, she heard the voice of loud lament,
And echoing groans that shook the lofty tent.
His friends prepare the victim, and dispose
Repast unheeded, while he vents his woes;
The goddess seats her by her pensive son,
She press'd his hand, and tender thus begun:
How long, unhappy! shall thy sorrows flow;
And thy heart waste with life-consuming woe:
Mindless of food, or love, whose pleasing reign
Soothes weary life and softens human pain?
O snatch the moments yet within thy power;
Not long to live, indulge the amorous hour!
Lo! Jove himself (for Jove's command I bear)
Forbids to tempt the wrath of Heaven too far.
No longer then (his fury if thou dread)
Detain the relics of great Hector dead;
Nor vent on senseless earth thy vengeance vain:
But yield to ransom, and restore the slain.
To whom Achilles: Be the ransom given,
And we submit, since such the will of Heaven.
While thus they communed, from the Olympian bowers
Jove orders Iris to the Trojan towers.
Haste, winged goddess! to the sacred town,
And urge her monarch to redeem his son;
Alone the Ilian ramparts let him leave,
And bear what stern Achilles may receive:
Alone, for so we will: no Trojan near;
Except, to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who with gentle hand
May the slow mules and funeral car command.
Nor let him death, nor let him danger dread,
Safe through the foe by our protection led:
Him Hermes to Achilles shall convey,
Guard of his life and partner of his way.
Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
His age, nor touch one venerable hair:
Some thought there must be in a soul so brave,
Some sense of duty, some desire to save.
Then down her bow the winged Iris drives,
And swift at Priam's mournful court arrives;
Where the sad sons beside their father's throne
Sate bathed in tears, and answered groan with groan.
And all amidst them lay the hoary sire
(Sad scene of woe!) His face his wrapp'd attire
Conceal'd from sight; with frantic hands he spread
A shower of ashes o'er his neck and head.
From room to room his pensive daughters roam;
Whose shrieks and clamours fill the vaulted dome.
Mindful of those who, late their pride and joy,
Lie pale and breathless round the fields of Troy!
Before the king Jove's messenger appears,
And thus in whispers greets his trembling ears:
Fear not, oh father! no ill news I bear;
From Jove I come, Jove makes thee still his care;

For Hector's sake these walls he bids thee leave,
And bear what stern Achilles may receive:
Alone, for so he wills: no Trojan near,
Except, to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who with gentle hand
May the slow mules and funeral car command.
Nor shalt thou death, nor shalt thou danger dread;
Safe through the foe by his protection led:
Thee Hermes to Pelides shall convey,
Guard of thy life and partner of thy way.
Fierce as he is, Achilles self shall spare
Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair;
Some thought there must be in a soul so brave,
Some sense of duty, some desire to save.
She spoke, and vanish'd. Priam bids prepare
His gentle mules, and harness to the car;
There, for the gifts, a polish'd casket lay:
His pious sons the king's command obey.
Then pass'd the monarch to his bridal-room,
Where cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume,
And where the treasures of his empire lay:
Then call'd his queen, and thus began to say:
Unhappy consort of a king distress'd!
Partake the troubles of thy husband's breast:
I saw descend the messenger of Jove,
Who bids me try Achilles' mind to move;
Forsake these ramparts, and with gifts obtain
The corse of Hector, at yon navy slain.
Tell me thy thought: my heart impels to go
Through hostile camps, and bears me to the foe.
The hoary monarch thus: Her piercing cries
Sad Hecuba renews, and then replies.
Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind?
And where the prudence now that awed mankind?
Through Phrygia once, and foreign regions known;
Now all confused, distracted, overthrown!
Singly to pass through hosts of foes! to face
(O heart of steel!) the murderer of thy race!
To view that deathful eye, and wander o'er
Those hands yet red with Hector's noble gore!
Alas! my lord! he knows not how to spare,
And what his mercy, thy slain sons declare;
So brave! so many fallen! To calm his rage
Vain were thy dignity, and vain thy age.
No—pent in this sad palace, let us give
To grief the wretched days we have to live.
Still, still for Hector let our sorrows flow,
Born to his own and to his parents' woe!
Doom'd from the hour his luckless life begun,
To dogs, to vultures, and to Peleus' son!
Oh! in his dearest blood might I allay
My rage, and these barbarities repay!
For ah! could Hector merit thus, whose breath
Expired not meanly in inactive death?
He pour'd his latest blood in manly fight,
And fell a hero in his country's right.
Seek not to stay me, nor my soul affright
With words of omen, like a bird of night
(Replied, unmoved, the venerable man;)
'Tis Heaven commands me, and you urge in vain.
Had any mortal voice the injunction laid,
Nor augur, priest, nor seer, had been obey'd.
A present goddess brought the high command;
I saw, I heard her, and the word shall stand.
I go, ye gods! obedient to your call:
If in yon camp your power have doom'd my fall,
Content—by the same hand let me expire!
Add to the slaughter'd son the wretched sire!
One cold embrace at least may be allowed,
And my last tears flow mingled with his blood!
From forth his open'd stores, this said, he drew
Twelve costly carpets of refulgent hue:
As many vests, as many mantles told,
And twelve fair veils, and garments stiff with gold
Two tripods next, and twice two chargers shine,
With ten pure talents from the richest mine;
And last a large well-labour'd bowl had place
(The pledge of treaties once with friendly Thrace.)
Seem'd all too mean the stores he could employ,
For one last look to buy him back to Troy!
Lo! the sad father, frantic with his pain,
Around him furious drives his menial train:
In vain each slave with duteous care attends;
Each office hurts him, and each face offends.
What make ye here, officious crowds? (he cries)
Hence! nor obtrude your anguish on my eyes.
Have ye no griefs at home, to fix you there?
Am I the only object of despair?
Am I become my people's common show,
Set up by Jove your spectacle of woe?
No, you must feel him too: yourself must fall;
The same stern god to ruin gives you all:
Nor is great Hector lost by me alone;
Your sole defence, your guardian power, is gone!
I see your blood the fields of Phrygia drown,
I see the ruins of your smoking town!
O send me, gods! ere that sad day shall come,
A willing ghost to Pluto's dreary dome!
He said, and feebly drives his friends away:
The sorrowing friends his frantic rage obey.
Next on his sons his erring fury falls,
Polites, Paris, Agathon, he calls:
His threats Deïphobus and Dius hear,
Hippothoüs Pammon, Helenus the seer,
And generous Antiphon: for yet these nine
Surviv'd, sad relics of his numerous line.
Inglorious sons of an unhappy sire!
Why did not all in Hector's cause expire?
Wretch that I am! my bravest offspring slain,
You, the disgrace of Priam's house, remain:
Mestor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,
With Troilus, dreadful on his rushing car,
And last great Hector, more than man divine,
For sure he seem'd not of terrestrial line!
All those relentless Mars untimely slew,
And left me these, a soft and servile crew,
Whose days the feast and wanton dance employ
Gluttons and flatterers, the contempt of Troy!
Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,
And speed my journey to redeem my son?
The sons their father's wretched age revere,
Forgive his anger, and produce the car.
High on the seat the cabinet they bind:
The new made car, with solid beauty shined;
Box was the yoke, emboss'd with costly pains,
And hung with ringlets to receive the reins;
Nine cubits long, the traces swept the ground;
These to the chariot's polish'd pole they bound,
Then fix'd a ring the running reins to guide
And close beneath the gather'd ends were tied.
Next with the gifts (the price of Hector slain)
The sad attendants load the groaning wain:
Last to the yoke the well-matched mules they bring,
(The gift of Mysia to the Trojan king.)
But the fair horses, long his darling care,
Himself received, and harness'd to his car:

Grieved as he was, he not this task denied:
The hoary herald help'd him at his side.
While careful these the gentle coursers join'd,
Sad Hecuba approach'd with anxious mind;
A golden bowl that flow'd with fragrant wine
(Libation destined to the power divine,)
Held in her right, before the steeds she stands,
And thus consigns it to the monarch's hands:
Take this, and pour to Jove: that, safe from harms,
His grace restore thee to our roof and arms.
Since victor of thy fears, and slighting mine,
Heaven or thy soul inspire this bold design:
Pray to that God who high on Ida's brow
Surveys thy desolated realms below,
His winged messenger to send from high,
And lead thy way with heavenly augury:
Let the strong sovereign of the plumy race
Tower on the right of yon ethereal space.
That sign beheld, and strengthened from above,
Boldly pursue the journey mark'd by Jove;
But if the God his augury denies,
Suppress thy impulse, nor reject advice.
'Tis just, (said Priam) to the sire above
To raise our hands; for who so good as Jove?
He spoke, and bade the attendant handmaid bring
The purest water of the living spring;
(Her ready hands the ewer and basin held:)
Then took the golden cup his queen had fill'd;
On the mid pavement pours the rosy wine,
Uplifts his eyes, and calls the power divine:
Oh first, and greatest! heaven's imperial lord!
On lofty Ida's holy hill adored!
To stern Achilles now direct my ways,
And teach him mercy when a father prays.
If such thy will, despatch from yonder sky
Thy sacred bird, celestial augury!
Let the strong sovereign of the plumy race
Tower on the right of yon ethereal space:
So shall thy suppliant, strengthen'd from above,
Fearless pursue the journey mark'd by Jove.
Jove heard his prayer, and from the throne on high
Despatch'd his bird, celestial augury!
The swift-wing'd chaser of the feather'd game,
And known to gods by Percnos' lofty name.
Wide as appears some palace-gate display'd,
So broad his pinions stretch'd their ample shade,
As stooping dexter with resounding wings
The imperial bird descends in airy rings.
A dawn of joy in every face appears;
The mourning matron dries her timorous tears:
Swift on his car the impatient monarch sprung;
The brazen portal in his passage rung.
The mules preceding draw the loaded wain,
Charged with the gifts: Idæus holds the rein:
The king himself his gentle steeds controuls,
And through surrounding friends the chariot rolls.
On his slow wheels the following people wait,
Mourn at each step, and give him up to fate;
With hands uplifted, eye him as he pass'd,
And gaze upon him as they gazed their last.
Now forward fares the father on his way,
Through the lone fields, and back to Ilion they.
Great Jove beheld him as he cross'd the plain,
And felt the woes of miserable man:
Then thus to Hermes: Thou whose constant cares
Still succour mortals, and attend their prayers;
Behold an object to thy charge consign'd:
If every pity touch'd thee for mankind,
Go, guard the sire: the observing foe prevent,
And safe conduct him to Achilles' tent.
The god obeys, his golden pinions binds,
And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds,
That high, through fields of air, his flight sustain
O'er the wide earth and o'er the boundless main;
Then grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;
Thus arm'd, swift Hermes steers his airy way,
And stops on Hellespont's resounding sea.
A beauteous youth, majestic and divine,
He seem'd; fair offspring of some princely line!
Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day,
And clad the dusky fields in sober grey;
What time the herald and the hoary king
(Their chariots stopping at the silver spring,
That circling Ilus' ancient marble flows,)
Allow'd the mules and steeds a short repose.
Through the dim shade the herald first espies
A man's approach, and thus to Priam cries:
I mark some foe's advance: O king beware;
This hard adventure claims thy utmost care;
For, much I fear, destruction hovers nigh;
Our state asks counsel: Is it best to fly?
Or, old and helpless, at his feet to fall,
(Two wretched suppliants,) and for mercy call?
The afflicted monarch shivered with despair;
Pale grew his face, and upright stood his hair:
Sunk was his heart; his colour went and came:
A sudden trembling shook his aged frame:
When Hermes, greeting, touch'd his royal hand,
And gently thus accosts with kind demand:
Say whither, father! when each mortal sight
Is seal'd in sleep, thou wander'st through the night?
Why roam thy mules and steeds the plains along,
Through Grecian foes, so numerous and so strong?
What couldst thou hope, should these thy treasures view;
These, who with endless hate thy race pursue?
For what defence, alas! couldst thou provide;
Thyself not young, a weak old man thy guide?
Yet suffer not thy soul to sink with dread;
From me no harm shall touch thy reverend head;
From Greece I'll guard thee too; for in those lines
The living image of my father shines.
Thy words, that speak benevolence of mind,
Are true, my son! (the godlike sire rejoin'd;)
Great are my hazards: but the gods survey
My steps, and send thee, guardian of my way.
Hail, and be blest! For scarce of mortal kind
Appear thy form, thy feature, and thy mind.
Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide
(The sacred messenger of heaven replied,)
But say, convey'st thou through the lonely plains
What yet most precious of thy store remains,
To lodge in safety with some friendly hand:
Prepared, perchance, to leave thy native land?
Or fly'st thou now?—What hopes can Troy retain,
Thy matchless son, her guard and glory, slain?
The king, alarm'd: Say what, and whence thou art,
Who search the sorrows of a parent's heart,
And know so well how godlike Hector died?
Thus Priam spoke, and Hermes thus replied:
You tempt me, father, and with pity touch:
On this sad subject you inquire too much.
Oft have these eyes that godlike Hector view'd
In glorious fight, with Grecian blood imbrued:

I saw him when, like Jove, his flames he toss'd
On thousand ships, and wither'd half a host:
I saw, but help'd not: stern Achilles' ire
Forbade assistance, and enjoy'd the fire.
For him I serve, of Myrmidonian race;
One ship convey'd us from our native place;
Polyctor is my sire, an honour'd name,
Old like thyself, and not unknown to fame:
Of seven his sons, by whom the lot was cast
To serve our prince, it fell on me, the last.
To watch this quarter my adventure falls:
For with the morn the Greeks attack your walls:
Sleepless they sit, impatient to engage,
And scarce their rulers check the martial rage.
If then thou art of stern Pelides' train
(The mournful monarch thus rejoin'd again,)
Ah, tell me truly, where, oh! where are laid
My son's dear relics! what befalls him dead?
Have dogs dismember'd (on the naked plains,)
Or yet unmangled rest his cold remains?
O favour'd of the skies! (thus answer'd then
The power that mediates between gods and men)
Nor dogs nor vultures have thy Hector rent,
But whole he lies, neglected in the tent;
This the twelfth evening since he rested there,
Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air.
Still as Aurora's ruddy beam is spread,
Round his friend's tomb Achilles drags the dead:
Yet undisfigured or in limb or face,
All fresh he lies, with every living grace,
Majestical in death! No stains are found
O'er all the corse, and closed is every wound;
Though many a wound they gave. Some heavenly care,
Some hand divine, preserves him ever fair;
Or all the host of heaven, to whom he led
A life so grateful, still regard him dead.
Thus spoke to Priam the celestial guide,
And joyful thus the royal sire replied:
Blest is the man who pays the gods above
The constant tribute of respect and love;
Those who inhabit the Olympian bower
My son forgot not, in exalted power;
And Heaven, that every virtue bears in mind,
E'en to the ashes of the just is kind.
But thou, O generous youth! this goblet take,
A pledge of gratitude, for Hector's sake;
And while the favouring gods our steps survey,
Safe to Pelides' tent conduct my way.
To whom the latent god: O king, forbear
To tempt my youth, for apt is youth to err:
But can I, absent from my prince's sight,
Take gifts in secret that must shun the light?
What from our master's interest thus we draw,
Is but a licensed theft that 'scapes the law.
Respecting him, my soul abjures the offence;
And as the crime, I dread the consequence.
Thee, far as Argos, pleased I could convey,
Guard of thy life and partner of thy way;
On thee attend, thy safety to maintain,
O'er pathless forests or the roaring main.
He said, then took the chariot at a bound,
And snatch'd the reins, and whirl'd the lash around:
Before the inspiring god that urged them on,
The coursers fly with spirit not their own.
And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found
The guards repasting, while the bowls go round.
On these the virtue of his wand he tries,
And pours deep slumber on their watchful eyes:
Then heaved the massy gates, removed the bars,
And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars.
Unseen, through all the hostile camp they went,
And now approach'd Pelides' lofty tent.
Of fir the roof was raised, and cover'd o'er
With reeds collected from the marshy shore;
And, fenced with palisades, a hall of state
(The work of soldiers,) where the hero sate.
Large was the door, whose well-compacted strength
A solid pine-tree barr'd, of wonderous length;
Scarce three strong Greeks could lift its mighty weight,
But great Achilles singly closed the gate.
This Hermes (such the power of gods) set wide;
Then swift alighted the celestial guide,
And thus, reveal'd—Hear, prince! and understand
Thou owest thy guidance to no mortal hand;
Hermes I am, descended from above,
The king of arts, the messenger of Jove.
Farewell: to shun Achilles' sight I fly;
Uncommon are such favours of the sky,
Nor stand confess'd to frail mortality.
Now fearless enter, and prefer thy prayers;
Adjure him by his father's silver hairs,
His son, his mother! urge him to bestow
Whatever pity that stern heart can know.
Thus having said, he vanish'd from his eyes,
And in a moment shot into the skies;
The king, confirm'd from heaven, alighted there,
And left his aged herald on the car;
With solemn pace through various rooms he went,
And found Achilles in his inner tent;
There sate the hero; Alcimus the brave,
And great Automedon, attendance gave;
These served his person at the royal feast:
Around, at awful distance, stood the rest.
Unseen by these, the king his entry made;
And, prostrate now before Achilles laid,
Sudden (a venerable sight) appears:
Embraced his knees, and bathed his hands in tears:
Those direful hands his kisses press'd, imbrued
E'en with the best, the dearest of his blood!
As when a wretch (who, conscious of his crime,
Pursued for murder, flies his native clime)
Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale, amazed!
All gaze, all wonder: thus Achilles gazed?
Thus stood the attendants stupid with surprise:
All mute, yet seem to question with their eyes;
Each look'd on other, none the silence broke,
Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke:
Ah think, thou favour'd of the powers divine,
Think of thy father's age, and pity mine!
In me, that father's reverend image trace,
Those silver hairs, that venerable face;
His trembling limbs, his helpless person, see!
In all my equal but in misery!
Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human fate
Expels him helpless from his peaceful state;
Think, from some powerful foe thou see'st him fly
And beg protection with a feeble cry.
Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise:
He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes;
And, hearing, still may hope a better day
May send him thee, to chase that foe away.
No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain,
The best, the bravest of my sons are slain!

Yet what a race, ere Greece to Ilion came,
The pledge of many a loved and loving dame!
Nineteen one mother bore—Dead, all are dead!
How oft, alas! has wretched Priam bled!
Still one was left, their loss to recompense;
His father's hope, his country's last defence.
Him too thy rage has slain! beneath thy steel
Unhappy in his country's cause he fell!
For him, through hostile camps I bend my way,
For him thus prostrate at thy feet I lay;
Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I bear;
Oh hear the wretched, and the gods revere!
Think of thy father, and this face behold!
See him in me, as helpless and as old,
Though not so wretched: there he yields to me,
The first of men in sovereign misery!
Thus forced to kneel, thus groveling to embrace
The scourge and ruin of my realm and race;
Suppliant my children's murderer to implore,
And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore!
  These words soft pity in the chief inspire,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his sire;
Then with his hand (as prostrate still he lay)
The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
Now each by turns indulged the gush of woe;
And now the mingled tides together flow;
This low on earth, that gently bending o'er,
A father one, and one a son deplore:
But great Achilles different passions rend,
And now his sire he mourns, and now his friend.
The infectious softness through the heroes ran;
One universal solemn shower began;
They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.
  Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
From the high throne divine Achilles rose;
The reverend monarch by the hand he raised;
On his white beard and form majestic gazed,
Not unrelenting: then serene began
With words to soothe the miserable man.
  Alas! what weight of anguish hast thou known!
Unhappy prince! thus guardless and alone
To pass through foes, and thus undaunted face
The man whose fury has destroy'd thy race!
Heaven sure has arm'd thee with a heart of steel,
A strength proportion'd to the woes you feel.
Rise then: let reason mitigate your care;
To mourn avails not; man is born to bear;
Such is, alas! the gods' severe decree;
They, only they, are blest, and only free.
Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
The source of evil one, and one of good;
From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
Blessings to these, to those distributes ills;
To most, he mingles both. The wretch decreed
To taste the bad, unmix'd, is curst indeed;
Pursued by wrongs, by meagre famine driven,
He wanders, outcast both of earth and heaven.
The happiest taste not happiness sincere,
But find the cordial draught is dash'd with care.
Who more than Peleus shone in wealth and power!
What stars concurring blest his natal hour!
A realm, a goddess to his wishes given;
Graced by the gods with all the gifts of heaven:
One evil yet o'ertakes his latest day:
No race succeeding to imperial sway:
An only son; and he (alas!) ordain'd,
To fall untimely in a foreign land.
See him, in Troy, the pious care decline,
Of his weak age, to live the curse of thine!
Thou too, old man, hast happier days beheld,
In riches once, in children once excell'd;
Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign,
And all fair Lesbos' blissful seats contain,
And all wide Hellespont's unmeasured main.
But since the god his hand has pleased to turn,
And fill thy measures from his bitter urn,
What sees the sun, but hapless heroes' falls?
War and the blood of men surround thy walls!
What must be, must be. Bear thy lot nor shed
These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead:
Thou canst not call him from the Stygian shore,
But thou, alas! may'st live, to suffer more!
  To whom the king: Oh favour'd of the skies!
Here let me grow to earth! since Hector lies
On the bare beach deprived of obsequies.
Oh give me Hector! to my eyes restore
His corse, and take the gifts; I ask no more.
Thou, as thou may'st, these boundless stores enjoy;
Safe may'st thou sail, and turn thy wrath from Troy;
So shall thy pity and forbearance give
A weak old man to see the light and live!
  Move me no more (Achilles thus replies,
While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes;)
Nor seek by tears my steady soul to bend;
To yield thy Hector I myself intend:
For know, from Jove my goddess-mother came
(Old Ocean's daughter, silver footed dame;)
Nor com'st thou but by heaven; nor com'st alone;
Some god impels with courage not thy own;
No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd,
Nor could the boldest of our youth have dared
To pass our out-works, or elude the guard.
Cease; lest neglectful of high Jove's command,
I show thee, king! thou tread'st on hostile land;
Release my knees, thy suppliant art give o'er,
And shake the purpose of my soul no more.
  The sire obey'd him, trembling and o'erawed,
Achilles, like a lion, rush'd abroad;
Automedon and Alcimus attend
(Whom most he honour'd since he lost his friend)
These to unyoke the mules and horses went,
And led the hoary herald to the tent;
Next heap'd on high the numerous presents bear
(Great Hector's ransom) from the polish'd car.
Two splendid mantles, and a carpet spread,
They leave, to cover and enwrap the dead.
Then call the handmaids, with assistant toil
To wash the body, and anoint with oil,
Apart from Priam; lest the unhappy sire,
Provoked to passion, once more rouse to ire
The stern Pelides; and nor sacred age,
Nor Jove's command should check the rising rage.
This done, the garments o'er the corse they spread:
Achilles lifts it to the funeral bed;
Then, while the body on the car they laid,
He groans, and calls on loved Patroclus' shade:
  If, in that gloom which never light must know,
The deeds of mortals touch the ghosts below;
O friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfil
(Restoring Hector) Heaven's unquestion'd will.
The gifts the father gave, be ever thine,
To grace thy manes, and adorn thy shrine.
  He said, and, entering, took his seat of state,
Where full before him reverend Priam sate:

To whom, composed, the godlike chief begun:
Lo! to thy prayer restored, thy breathless son;
Extended on the funeral couch he lies;
And soon as morning paints the eastern skies,
The sight is granted to thy longing eyes.
But now the peaceful hours of sacred night
Demand refection, and to rest invite;
Nor thou, O father! thus consumed with woe,
The common cares that nourish life forego.
Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,
A parent once, whose sorrows equall'd thine:
Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids,
In one sad day beheld the Stygian shades;
These by Apollo's silver bow were slain,
Those Cynthia's arrows stretch'd upon the plain:
So was her pride chastised by wrath divine,
Who match'd her own with bright Latona's line;
But two the goddess, twelve the queen enjoy'd;
Those boasted twelve the avenging two destroy'd.
Steep'd in their blood, and in the dust out-spread,
Nine days, neglected, lay exposed the dead:
None by to weep them, to inhume them none
(For Jove had turn'd the nation all to stone;)
The gods themselves at length, relenting, gave
The unhappy race the honours of a grave.
Herself a rock (for such was Heaven's high will)
Through deserts wild now pours a weeping rill;
Where round the bed whence Acheloüs springs,
The watery fairies dance in mazy rings,
There high on Sipylus's shaggy brow
She stands, her own sad monument of woe;
The rock for ever lasts, the tears for ever flow.
Such griefs, O king! have other parents known;
Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
The care of Heaven thy Hector has appear'd,
Nor shall he lie unwept and uninterr'd;
Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
And all the eyes of Ilion stream around.
He said; and, rising, chose the victim ewe
With silver fleece, which his attendants slew.
The limbs they sever from the recking hide,
With skill prepare them, and in parts divide:
Each on the coals the separate morsels lays,
And, hasty, snatches from the rising blaze.
With bread the glittering canisters they load,
Which round the board Automedon bestow'd:
The chief himself to each his portion placed,
And each indulging shared in sweet repast.
When now the rage of hunger was represt,
The wondering hero eyes his royal guest:
No less the royal guest the hero eyes,
His godlike aspect and majestic size;
Here, youthful grace and noble fire engage;
And there, the mild benevolence of age.
Thus gazing long, the silence neither broke
(A solemn scene!) at length the father spoke:
Permit me now, beloved of Jove! to steep
My careful temples in the dew of sleep:
For, since the day that number'd with the dead
My hapless son, the dust has been my bed;
Soft sleep a stranger to my weeping eyes;
My only food, my sorrows and my sighs;
Till now, encouraged by the grace you give,
I share thy banquet, and consent to live.
With that, Achilles bade prepare the bed,
With purple soft, and shaggy carpets spread;
Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their way,
And place the couches, and the coverings lay.

Then he: Now, father, sleep, but sleep not here;
Consult thy safety, and forgive my fear;
Lest any Argive (at this hour awake,
To ask our counsel, or our orders take)
Approaching sudden to our open'd tent,
Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent
Should such report thy honour'd person here,
The king of men the ransom might defer:
But say with speed, if aught of thy desire
Remains unask'd; what time the rites require
To inter thy Hector? For, so long we stay
Our slaughtering arm, and bid the hosts obey
If then thy will permit (the monarch said,)
To finish all due honours to the dead,
This, of thy grace accord: to thee are known
The fears of Ilion, closed within her town;
And at what distance from our walls aspire
The hills of Ide, and forests for the fire.
Nine days to vent our sorrows I request,
The tenth shall see the funeral and the feast;
The next to raise his monument be given:
The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by Heaven.
This thy request (replied the chief) enjoy:
Till then, our arms suspend the fall of Troy.
Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent
The old man's fears, and turn'd within the tent:
Where fair Briseïs, bright in blooming charms,
Expects her hero with desiring arms.
But in the porch the king and herald rest;
Sad dreams of care yet wandering in their breast.
Now gods and men the gifts of sleep partake
Industrious Hermes only was awake,
The king's return revolving in his mind,
To pass the ramparts, and the watch to blind.
The power descending hover'd o'er his head:
And sleep'st thou, father! (thus the vision said;)
Now dost thou sleep, when Hector is restored?
Nor fear the Grecian foes, or Grecian lord?
Thy presence here should stern Atrides see,
Thy still-surviving sons may sue for thee;
May offer all thy treasures yet contain,
To spare thy age; and offer all in vain.
Waked with the word, the trembling sire arose,
And raised his friend: the god before him goes:
He joins the mules, directs them with his hand,
And moves in silence through the hostile land.
When now to Xanthus' yellow stream they drove
(Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove,)
The winged deity forsook their view,
And in a moment to Olympus flew.
Now shed Aurora round her saffron ray,
Sprung through the gates of light, and gave the day:
Charged with their mournful load, to Ilion go
The sage and king, majestically slow.
Cassandra first beholds, from Ilion's spire,
The sad procession of her hoary sire;
Then as the pensive pomp advanced more near
(Her breathless brother stretch'd upon the bier,)
A shower of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,
Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries;
Turn here your steps, and here your eyes employ,
Ye wretched daughters, and ye sons of Troy!
If e'er ye rush'd in crowds, with vast delight,
To hail your hero glorious from the fight;
Now meet him dead, and let your sorrows flow!
Your common triumph, and your common woe.
In thronging crowds they issue to the plains;
Nor man, nor woman, in the walls remains:

In every face the self-same grief is shown;
And Troy sends forth one universal groan.
At Scæa's gates they meet the mourning wain,
Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the slain
The wife and mother, frantic with despair,
Kiss his pale cheek, and rend their scatter'd hair:
Thus wildly wailing at the gates they lay;
And there had sigh'd and sorrow'd out the day:
But godlike Priam from the chariot rose:
Forbear (he cried) this violence of woes;
First to the palace let the car proceed,
Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the dead.
The waves of people at his word divide,
Slow rolls the chariot through the following tide:
E'en to the palace the sad pomp they wait:
They weep, and place him on the bed of state.
A melancholy choir attend around,
With plaintive sighs, and music's solemn sound:
Alternately they sing, alternate flow
The obedient tears, melodious in their woe.
While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart,
And nature speaks at every pause of art.
First to the corse the weeping consort flew;
Around his neck her milk-white arms she threw—
And, oh, my Hector! oh, my lord! she cries,
Snatch'd in thy bloom from these desiring eyes!
Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!
An only son, once comfort of our pains,
Sad product now of hapless love, remains!
Never to manly age that son shall rise,
Or with increasing graces glad my eyes;
For Ilion now (her great defender slain)
Shall sink a smoking ruin on the plain.
Who now protects her wives with guardian care?
Who saves her infants from the rage of war?
Now hostile fleets must waft those infants o'er
(Those wives must wait them) to a foreign shore!
Thou too, my son! to barbarous climes shall go,
The sad companion of thy mother's woe;
Driven hence a slave before the victor's sword;
Condemn'd to toil for some inhuman lord:
Or else some Greek whose father press'd the plain,
Or son, or brother, by great Hector slain,
In Hector's blood his vengeance shall enjoy,
And hurl thee headlong from the towers of Troy.
For thy stern father never spared a foe:
Thence all these tears, and all this scene of woe!
Thence many evils his sad parents bore,
His parents many, but his consort more.
Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying hand?
And why received not I thy last command?
Some word thou wouldst have spoke, which, sadly dear,
My soul might keep, or utter with a tear;
Which never, never, could be lost in air,
Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there!
Thus to her weeping maids she makes her moan.
Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.
The mournful mother next sustains her part.
O thou, the best, the dearest to my heart!
Of all my race thou most by heaven approved,
And by the immortals e'en in death beloved!
While all my other sons in barbarous bands
Achilles bound, and sold to foreign lands,
This felt no chains, but went a glorious ghost,
Free and a hero, to the Stygian coast.
Sentenced, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom,
Thy noble corse was dragg'd around the tomb
(The tomb of him thy warlike arm had slain;)
Ungenerous insult, impotent and vain!
Yet glow'st thou fresh with every living grace;
No mark of pain or violence of face;
Rosy and fair, as Phœbus' silver bow
Dismiss'd thee gently to the shades below!
Thus spoke the dame, and melted into tears.
Sad Helen next in pomp of grief appears:
Fast from the shining sluices of her eyes
Fall the round crystal drops, while thus she cries:
Ah, dearest friend! in whom the gods had join'd
The mildest manners with the bravest mind;
Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are o'er,
Since Paris brought me to the Trojan shore.
(O had I perish'd ere that form divine
Seduced this soft, this easy heart of mine!)
Yet was it ne'er my fate, from thee to find
A deed ungentle, or a word unkind:
When others cursed the authoress of their woe,
Thy pity check'd my sorrows in their flow.
If some proud brother eyed me with disdain,
Or scornful sister with her sweeping train;
Thy gentle accents soften'd all my pain.
For thee I mourn; and mourn myself in thee,
The wretched source of all this misery!
The fate I caused for ever I bemoan;
Sad Helen has no friend, now thou art gone!
Through Troy's wide streets abandon'd shall I roam.
In Troy deserted, as abhorr'd at home!
So spoke the fair, with sorrow-streaming eye:
Distressful beauty melts each stander-by;
On all around the infectious sorrow glows;
But Priam check'd the torrent as it rose.
Perform, ye Trojans! what the rites require,
And fell the forest for a funeral pyre;
Twelve days, nor foes nor secret ambush dread;
Achilles grants these honours to the dead.
He spoke: and, at his word, the Trojan train,
Their mules and oxen harness to the wain,
Pour through the gates, and, fell'd from Ida's crown,
Roll back the gather'd forests to the town.
These toils continue nine succeeding days,
And high in air a sylvan structure raise.
But when the tenth fair morn began to shine,
Forth to the pile was borne the man divine,
And placed aloft: while all, with streaming eyes,
Beheld the flames and rolling smokes arise.
Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With rosy lustre streak'd the dewy lawn;
Again the mournful crowds surround the pyre,
And quench with wine the yet remaining fire.
The snowy bones his friends and brothers place
(With tears collected) in a golden vase;
The golden vase in purple palls they roll'd,
Of softest texture, and inwrought with gold.
Last o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,
And raised the tomb, memorial of the dead.
(Strong guards and spies, till all the rites were done,
Watch'd from the rising to the setting sun.)
All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,
A solemn, silent, melancholy train:
Assembled there, from pious toil they rest,
And sadly shared the last sepulchral feast.
Such honours Ilion to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

We have now passed through the Iliad, and seen the anger of Achilles, and the terrible effects of it, at an end. As that only was the subject of the poem, and the nature of epic poetry would not permit our author to proceed to the event of the war, it may, perhaps, be acceptable to the common reader, to give a short account of what happened to Troy and the chief actors of this poem, after the conclusion of it.

I need not mention that Troy was taken soon after the death of Hector, by the stratagem of the wooden horse, the particulars of which are described by Virgil in the second book of the Æneis.

Achilles fell before Troy, by the hand of Paris, by the shot of an arrow in his heel, as Hector had prophesied at his death, Book xxii.

The unfortunate Priam was killed by Pyrrhus the son of Achilles.

Ajax, after the death of Achilles, had a contest with Ulysses for the armour of Vulcan; but, being defeated in his aim, he slew himself through indignation.

Helen, after the death of Paris, married Deïphobus his brother, and at the taking of Troy, betrayed him, in order to reconcile herself to Menelaüs, her first husband, who received her again into favour.

Agamemnon at his return was barbarously murdered by Ægysthus, at the instigation of Clytemnestra, his wife, who, in his absence, had dishonoured his bed with Ægysthus.

Diomed, after the fall of Troy, was expelled his own country, and scarce escaped with life from his adulterous wife Ægiale; but at last was received by Daunus in Apulia, and shared his kingdom: it is uncertain how he died.

Nestor lived in peace, with his children, in Pylos, his native country.

Ulysses also, after innumerable troubles by sea and land, at last returned in safety to Ithaca, which is the subject of Homer's Odyssey.

I must end these remarks by discharging my duty to two of my friends, which is the more an indispensable piece of justice, as the one of them is since dead: the merit of their kindness to me will appear infinitely the greater, as the task they undertook was in its own nature, of much more labour than either pleasure or reputation. The larger part of the extracts from Eustathius together with several excellent observations, were sent me by Mr. Broome; and the whole essay upon Homer was written, upon such memoirs as I had collected, by the late Dr. Parnell, archdeacon of Clogher in Ireland: how very much that gentleman's friendship prevailed over his genius, in detaining a writer of his spirit in the drudgery of removing the rubbish of past pedants, will soon appear to the world, when they shall see those beautiful pieces of poetry, the publication of which he left to my charge, almost with his dying breath.

For what remains, I beg leave to be excused from the ceremonies of taking leave at the end of my work; and from embracing myself or others with any defences or apologies about it. But instead of raising a vain monument to myself, of the merits or difficulties of it (which must be left to the world, to truth, and to posterity,) let me leave behind me a memorial of my friendship, with one of the most valuable men, as well as finest writers, of my age and country: one who has tried, and knows by his own experience how hard an undertaking it is to do justice to Homer: and one who, I am sure, sincerely rejoices with me at the period of my labours. To him, therefore, having brought this long work to a conclusion, I desire to dedicate it; and to have the honour and satisfaction of placing together in this manner, the names of Mr. CONGREVE, and of

March 25, 1720. A POPE.

THE END.

THE

ODYSSEY OF HOMER.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

Minerva's Descent to Ithaca.

The Poem opens within forty-eight days of the arrival of Ulysses in his dominions. He had now remained seven years in the island of Calypso, when the gods assembled in council proposed the method of his departure from thence, and his return to his native country. For this purpose it is concluded to send Mercury to Calypso, and Pallas immediately descends to Ithaca. She holds a conference with Telemachus, in the shape of Mentes, king of the Taphians; in which she advises him to take a journey in quest of his father Ulysses, to Pylos and Sparta, where Nestor and Menelaus yet reigned; then, after having visibly displayed her divinity, disappears. The suitors of Penelope make great entertainments, and riot in her palace till night. Phemius sings to them the return of the Grecians, till Penelope puts a stop to the song. Some words arise between the suitors and Telemachus, who summons the council to meet the day following

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BOOK I.

THE man, for wisdom's various arts renown'd,
Long exercised in woes, oh Muse! resound.
Who, when his arms had wrought the destined fall
Of sacred Troy, and razed her heaven-built wall,
Wandering from clime to clime, observant stray'd,
Their manners noted, and their states survey'd.
On stormy seas unnumber'd toils he bore,
Safe with his friends to gain his natal shore:
Vain toils! their impious folly dared to prey
On herds devoted to the god of day;
The god vindictive doom'd them never more
(Ah, men unbless'd!) to touch that natal shore.
Oh, snatch some portion of these acts from fate,
Celestial Muse! and to our world relate.

Now at their native realms the Greeks arrived:
All who the wars of ten long years survived,
And 'scaped the perils of the gulfy main.
Ulysses, sole of all the victor train,
An exile from his dear paternal coast,
Deplored his absent queen and empire lost.
Calypso in her caves constrain'd his stay
With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay:
In vain—for now the circling years disclose
The day predestined to reward his woes.
At length his Ithaca is given by fate,
Where yet new labours his arrival wait;
At length their rage the hostile powers restrain,
All but the ruthless monarch of the main.
But now the god, remote, a heavenly guest,
In Æthiopia graced the genial feast,
(A race divided, whom with sloping rays
The rising and descending sun surveys;)
There on the world's extremest verge, revered
With hecatombs and prayer in pomp preferr'd,
Distant he lay: while in the bright abodes
Of high Olympus, Jove convened the gods:
The assembly thus the sire supreme addrest,
Ægysthus' fate revolving in his breast,
Whom young Orestes to the dreary coast
Of Pluto sent, a blood-polluted ghost.

Perverse mankind! whose wills, created free,
Charge all their woes on absolute decree;
All to the dooming gods their guilt translate,
And follies are miscall'd the crimes of fate.
When to his lust Ægysthus gave the rein,
Did fate, or we, the adulterous act constrain?
Did fate, or we, when great Atrides died,
Urge the bold traitor to the regicide?
Hermes I sent, while yet his soul remain'd
Sincere from royal blood, and faith profaned,
To warn the wretch, that young Orestes, grown
To manly years, should re-assert the throne.
Yet, impotent of mind, and uncontroll'd,
He plunged into the gulf which heaven foretold

Here paused the god: and pensive thus replies
Minerva, graceful with her azure eyes.
O thou! from whom the whole creation springs,
The source of power on earth derived to kings!
His death was equal to the direful deed;
So may the man of blood be doom'd to bleed:
But grief and rage alternate wound my breast
For brave Ulysses still by fate opprest.
Amidst an isle, around whose rocky shore
The forests murmur, and the surges roar,
The blameless hero from his wish'd-for home
A goddess guards in her enchanted dome:
(Atlas her sire, to whose fair piercing eye
The wonders of the deep expanded lie;
The eternal columns which on earth he rears
End in the starry vault, and prop the spheres,)
By his fair daughter is the chief confined,
Who soothes to dear delight his anxious mind:
Successless all her soft caresses prove,
To banish from his breast his country's love;
To see the smoke from his loved palace rise,
While the dear isle in distant prospect lies,
With what contentment could he close his eyes.

And will Omnipotence neglect to save
The suffering virtue of the wise and brave?
Must he, whose altars on the Phrygian shore
With frequent rites, and pure, avow'd thy power,
Be doom'd the worst of human ills to prove,
Unbless'd, abandon'd to the wrath of Jove?
Daughter! what words have pass'd thy lips unweigh'd?
(Replied the Thunderer to the martial maid:)
Deem not unjustly by my doom opprest,
Of human race the wisest and the best.
Neptune, by prayer repentant rarely won,
Afflicts the chief, to avenge his giant son,
Whose visual orb Ulysses robb'd of light;
Great Polypheme, of more than mortal might!
Him young Thoösa bore (the bright increase
Of Phorcys, dreaded in the sounds and seas:)
Whom Neptune eyed with bloom of beauty bless'd,
And in his cave the yielding nymph compress'd.
For this, the god constrains the Greek to roam,
A hopeless exile from his native home,
From death alone exempt—but cease to mourn;
Let all combine to achieve his wish'd return:
Neptune atoned, his wrath shall now refrain,
Or thwart the synod of the gods in vain.
Father and king adored! Minerva cried,
Since all who in the Olympian bower reside
Now make the wandering Greek their public care,
Let Hermes to the Atlantic isle* repair;
Bid him, arrived in bright Calypso's court,
The sanction of the assembled powers report:
That wise Ulysses to his native land
Must speed, obedient to their high command.
Meantime Telemachus, the blooming heir
Of sea-girt Ithaca, demands my care:
'Tis mine, to form his green, unpractised years,
In sage debates: surrounded with his peers,
To save the state, and timely to restrain
The bold intrusion of the suitor-train;
Who crowd his palace, and with lawless power
His herds and flocks in feastful rites devour.
To distant Sparta, and the spacious waste
Of sandy Pyle, the royal youth shall haste.
There, warm with filial love, the cause inquire
That from his realm retards his god-like sire:
Delivering early to the voice of fame,
The promise of a great immortal name.
She said: the sandals of celestial mould,
Fledged with ambrosial plumes, and rich with gold,
Surround her feet: with these sublime she sails
The aërial space, and mounts the winged gales:
O'er earth and ocean wide prepared to soar,
Her dreaded arm a beamy javelin bore,
Ponderous and vast; which, when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.
From high Olympus prone her flight she bends,
And in the realms of Ithaca descends.
Her lineaments divine, the grave disguise
Of Mentes' form conceal'd from human eyes
(Mentes, the monarch of the Taphian land:)
A glittering spear waved awful in her hand.
There in the portal placed the heaven-born maid,
Enormous riot and misrule survey'd.
On hides of beeves, before the palace gate
(Sad spoils of luxury) the suitors sate.

With rival art, and ardour in their mien,
At chess they vie, to captivate the queen;
Divining of their loves. Attending nigh,
A menial train the flowing bowl supply:
Others, apart, the spacious hall prepare,
And form the costly feast with busy care.
There young Telemachus, his bloomy face
Glowing celestial sweet, with godlike grace
Amid the circle shines: but hope and fear,
(Painful vicissitude!) his bosom tear.
Now, imaged in his mind, he sees restored
In peace and joy the people's rightful lord;
The proud oppressors fly the vengeful sword.
While his fond soul these fancied triumphs swell'd,
The stranger-guest the royal youth beheld:
Grieved that a visitant so long should wait
Unmark'd, unhonour'd, at a monarch's gate.
Instant he flew with hospitable haste,
And the new friend with courteous air embraced.
Stranger! whoe'er thou art, securely rest,
Affianced in my faith, a ready guest:
Approach the dome, the social banquet share,
And then the purpose of thy soul declare.
Thus affable and mild, the prince precedes,
And to the dome the unknown celestial leads.
The spear receiving from her hand, he placed
Against a column, fair with sculpture graced;
Where seemly ranged in peaceful order stood
Ulysses' arms, now long disused to blood.
He led the goddess to the sovereign seat,
Her feet supported with a stool of state,
(A purple carpet spread the pavement wide;)
Then drew his seat, familiar, to her side;
Far from the suitor-train, a brutal crowd,
With insolence, and wine, elate and loud:
Where the free guest, unnoted, might relate,
If, haply, conscious of his father's fate.
The golden ewer a maid obsequious brings,
Replenish'd from the cool, translucent springs;
With copious water the bright vase supplies
A silver laver of capacious size:
They wash. The tables in fair order spread,
They heap the glittering canisters with bread:
Viands of various kinds allure the taste,
Of choicest sort and savour, rich repast!
Delicious wines the attending herald brought;
The gold gave lustre to the purple draught.
Lured with the vapour of the fragrant feast,
In rush'd the suitors with voracious haste:
Marshall'd in order due, to each a sewer
Presents, to bathe his hands, a radiant ewer.
Luxurious then they feast. Observant round
Gay stripling youths the brimming goblets crown'd.
The rage of hunger quell'd, they all advance,
And form to measured airs the mazy dance:
To Phemius was consign'd the chorded lyre,
Whose hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire:
Phemius, whose voice divine could sweetest sing
High strains responsive to the vocal string.
Meanwhile, in whispers to his heavenly guest
His indignation thus the prince exprest.
Indulge my rising grief, whilst these (my friend)
With song and dance the pompous revel end.
Light is the dance, and doubly sweet the lays,
When for the dear delight another pays.
His treasured stores these cormorants consume
Whose bones, defrauded of a regal tomb

* Ogygia.

And common turf, lie naked on the plain,
Or doom'd to welter in the whelming main.
Should he return, that troop so blithe and bold,
With purple robe inwrought, and stiff with gold,
Precipitant in fear would wing their flight,
And curse their cumbrous pride's unwieldy weight.
But, ah, I dream! the appointed hour is fled;
And hope too long with vain delusion fed,
Deaf to the rumour of fallacious fame,
Gives to the roll of death his glorious name!
With venial freedom let me now demand
Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land;
Sincere, from whence began thy course, recite,
And to what ship I owe the friendly freight?
Now first to me this visit dost thou deign,
Or number'd in my father's social train?
All who deserved his choice, he made his own,
And, curious much to know, he far was known.
My birth I boast (the blue-eyed virgin cries)
From great Anchialus, renown'd and wise:
Mentes my name; I rule the Taphian race,
Whose bounds the deep circumfluent waves embrace:
A duteous people, and industrious isle,
To naval arts inured, and stormy toil.
Freighted with iron from my native land,
I steer my voyage to the Brutian strand;
To gain by commerce, for the labour'd mass,
A just proportion of refulgent brass.
Far from your capital my ship resides
At Reithrus, and secure at anchor rides;
Where waving groves on airy Neion grow,
Supremely tall, and shade the deeps below.
Thence to revisit your imperial dome,
An old hereditary guest I come:
Your father's friend. Laertes can relate
Our faith unspotted, and its early date;
Who, press'd with heart-corroding grief and years,
To the gay court a rural shed prefers,
Where, sole of all his train, a matron sage
Supports with homely food his drooping age,
With feeble steps from marshalling his vines,
Returning sad, when toilsome day declines.
With friendly speed, induced by erring fame,
To hail Ulysses' safe return, I came;
But still the frown of some celestial power
With envious joy retards the blissful hour.
Let not your soul be sunk in sad despair:
He lives, he breathes this heavenly vital air,
Among a savage race, whose shelfy bounds
With ceaseless roar the foaming deep surrounds.
The thoughts which roll within my ravish'd breast,
To me, no seer, the inspiring gods suggest;
Nor skill'd, nor studious, with prophetic eye
To judge the winged omens of the sky.
Yet hear this certain speech, nor deem it vain;
Though adamantine bonds the chief restrain,
The dire restraint his wisdom will defeat,
And soon restore him to his regal seat.
But, generous youth! sincere and free declare,
Are you, of manly growth, his royal heir?
For sure Ulysses in your look appears,
The same his features, if the same his years.
Such was the face on which I dwelt with joy,
Ere Greece assembled stemm'd the tides to Troy;
But, parting then for that detested shore,
Our eyes, unhappy! never greeted more.
To prove a genuine birth (the prince replies)
On female truth assenting faith relies:
Thus manifest of right, I build my claim,
Sure founded on a fair maternal fame,
Ulysses' son: but happier he, whom fate
Hath placed beneath the storms which toss the great!
Happier the son, whose hoary sire is blest
With humble affluence, and domestic rest!
Happier than I, to future empire born,
But doom'd a father's wretched fate to mourn!
To whom, with aspect mild, the guest divine:
Oh true descendant of a scepter'd line!
The gods a glorious fate, from anguish free,
To chaste Penelope's increase decree.
But say, yon jovial troops so gaily drest,
Is this a bridal or a friendly feast?
Or from their deed I rightlier may divine,
Unseemly flown with insolence and wine,
Unwelcome revellers, whose lawless joy
Pains the sage ear, and hurts the sober eye?
Magnificence of old (the prince replied)
Beneath our roof with virtue could reside;
Unblamed abundance crown'd the royal board,
What time this dome revered her prudent lord;
Who now (so heaven decrees) is doom'd to mourn,
Bitter constraint, erroneous and forlorn.
Better the chief, on Ilion's hostile plain,
Had fallen surrounded with his warlike train;
Or safe return'd, the race of glory past,
New to his friends' embrace, had breathed his last!
Then grateful Greece with streaming eyes would raise
Historic marbles to record his praise;
His praise, eternal on the faithful stone,
Had with transmissive honour graced his son.
Now snatch'd by harpies to the dreary coast,
Sunk is the hero, and his glory lost:
Vanish'd at once! unheard of, and unknown!
And I his heir in misery alone.
Nor for a dear lost father only flow
The filial tears, but woe succeeds to woe:
To tempt the spouseless queen with amorous wiles,
Resort the nobles from the neighbouring isles;
From Samos, circled with the Ionian main,
Dulichium, and Zacynthus' sylvan reign:
Even with presumptuous hope her bed to ascend,
The lords of Ithaca their right pretend.
She seems attentive to their pleaded vows,
Her heart detesting what her ear allows.
They, vain expectants of the bridal hour,
My stores in riotous expense devour,
In feast and dance the mirthful months employ,
And meditate my doom to crown their joy.
With tender pity touch'd, the goddess cried:
Soon may kind heaven a sure relief provide,
Soon may your sire discharge the vengeance due
And all your wrongs the proud oppressors rue.
Oh! in that portal should the chief appear,
Each hand tremendous with a brazen spear,
In radiant panoply his limbs incased
(For so of old my father's court he graced,
When social mirth unbent his serious soul,
O'er the full banquet, and the sprightly bowl:)
He then from Ephyré the fair domain
Of Ilus, sprung from Jason's royal strain,
Measured a length of seas, a toilsome length, in vain
For, voyaging to learn the direful art
To taint with deadly drugs the barbed dart,
Observant of the gods, and sternly just,
Ilus refused to impart the baneful trust:

With friendlier zeal my father's soul was fired,
The drugs he knew, and gave the boon desired.
Appear'd he now with such heroic port,
As then conspicuous at the Taphian court;
Soon should yon boasters cease their haughty strife,
Or each atone his guilty love with life.
But of his wish'd return the care resign;
Be future vengeance to the powers divine.
My sentence hear: with stern distaste avow'd,
To their own districts drive the suitor-crowd:
When next the morning warms the purple east,
Convoke the peerage, and the gods attest;
The sorrows of your inmost soul relate;
And form sure plans, to save the sinking state.
Should second love a pleasing flame inspire,
And the chaste queen connubial rites require;
Dismiss'd with honour, let her hence repair
To great Icarius, whose paternal care
Will guide her passion, and reward her choice
With wealthy dower, and bridal gifts of price.
Then let this dictate of my love prevail:
Instant, to foreign realms prepare to sail,
To learn your father's fortunes: Fame may prove,
Or omen'd voice (the messenger of Jove)
Propitious to the search. Direct your toil
Through the wide ocean first to sandy Pyle;
Of Nestor, hoary sage, his doom demand:
Thence speed your voyage to the Spartan strand?
For young Atrides to the Achaian coast
Arrived the last of all the victor host.
If yet Ulysses views the light, forbear,
Till the fleet hours restore the circling year.
But if his soul hath wing'd the destined flight,
Inhabitant of deep disastrous night;
Homeward with pious speed repass the main,
To the pale shade funereal rites ordain,
Plant the fair column o'er the vacant grave,
A hero's honours let the hero have.
With decent grief the royal dead deplored,
For the chaste queen select an equal lord.
Then let revenge your daring mind employ,
By fraud or force the suitor-train destroy,
And starting into manhood, scorn the boy.
Hast thou not heard how young Orestes, fired
With great revenge, immortal praise acquired?
His virgin-sword, Ægysthus' veins imbrued;
The murderer fell, and blood atoned for blood.
O greatly bless'd with every blooming grace!
With equal steps the paths of glory trace:
Join to that royal youth's your rival name,
And shine eternal in the sphere of fame.—
But my associates now my stay deplore,
Impatient on the hoarse-resounding shore.
Thou, heedful of advice, secure proceed;
My praise the precept is, be thine the deed.
The counsel of my friend (the youth rejoin'd)
Imprints conviction on my grateful mind.
So fathers speak (persuasive speech and mild)
Their sage experience to the favourite child.
But, since to part, for sweet refection due,
The genial viands let my train renew;
And the rich pledge of plighted faith receive,
Worthy the heir of Ithaca to give.
Defer the promised boon (the goddess cries,
Celestial azure brightening in her eyes,)
And let me now regain the Reithrian port:
From Temesè return'd, your royal court
I shall revisit; and that pledge receive;
And gifts, memorial of our friendship, leave.
Abrupt, with eagle-speed she cut the sky;
Instant invisible to mortal eye.
Then first he recognised the ethereal guest;
Wonder and joy alternate fire his breast:
Heroic thoughts, infused, his heart dilate:
Revolving much his father's doubtful fate.
At length, composed, he join'd the suitor-throng;
Hush'd in attention to the warbled song.
His tender theme the charming lyrist chose
Minerva's anger, and the dreadful woes
Which voyaging from Troy the victors bore,
While storms vindictive intercept the shore.
The shrilling airs the vaulted roof rebounds,
Reflecting to the queen the silver sounds.
With grief renew'd the weeping fair descends;
Their sovereign's step a virgin train attends;
A veil, of richest texture wrought, she wears,
And silent to the joyous hall repairs.
There from the portal, with her mild command,
Thus gently checks the minstrel's tuneful hand:
Phemius! let acts of gods, and heroes old,
What ancient bards in hall and bower have told,
Attemper'd to the lyre, your voice employ:
Such the pleased ear will drink with silent joy.
But, oh! forbear that dear disastrous name,
To sorrow sacred, and secure of fame:
My bleeding bosom sickens at the sound,
And every piercing note inflicts a wound.
Why, dearest object of my duteous love,
(Replied the prince) will you the bard reprove?
Oft, Jove's ethereal rays (resistless fire)
The chanter's soul and raptured song inspire;
Instinct divine! nor blame severe his choice,
Warbling the Grecian woes with harp and voice
For novel lays attract our ravish'd ears;
But old, the mind with inattention hears;
Patient permit the sadly pleasing strain;
Familiar now with grief, your tears refrain,
And in the public woe forget your own;
You weep not for a perish'd lord alone.
What Greeks now wandering in the Stygian gloom,
With your Ulysses shared an equal doom:
Your widow'd hours, apart, with female toil
And various labours of the loom beguile:
There rule, from palace-cares remote and free;
That care to man belongs, and most to me.
Mature beyond his years, the queen admires
His sage reply, and with her train retires.
Then swelling sorrows burst their former bounds,
With echoing grief afresh the dome resounds;
Till Pallas, piteous of her plaintive cries,
In slumber closed her silver-streaming eyes.
Meantime, rekindled at the royal charms,
Tumultuous love each beating bosom warms;
Intemperate rage a wordy war began;
But bold Telemachus assumed the man.
Instant (he cried) your female discord end,
Ye deedless boasters! and the song attend:
Obey that sweet compulsion, nor profane
With dissonance the smooth melodious strain.
Pacific now prolong the jovial feast;
But when the dawn reveals the rosy east,
I, to the peers assembled, shall propose
The firm resolve, I here to few disclose:
No longer live the cankers of my court;
All to their several states with speed resort·

Waste in wild riot what your land allows,
There ply the early feast, and late carouse.
But if, to honour lost, 'tis still decreed
For you my bowl shall flow, my flock shall bleed;
Judge and revenge my right, impartial Jove!—
By him and all the immortal thrones above
(A sacred oath,) each proud oppressor slain,
Shall with inglorious gore this marble stain.
Awed by the prince, thus haughty, bold, and young,
Rage gnaw'd the lip, and wonder chain'd the tongue.
Silence at length the gay Antinoüs broke,
Constrain'd a smile, and thus ambiguous spoke:
What god to your untutor'd youth affords
This headlong torrent of amazing words?
May Jove delay thy reign, and cumber late
So bright a genius with the toils of state.
Those toils (Telemachus serene replies)
Have charms, with all their weight, to allure the wise.
Fast by the throne obsequious fame resides,
And wealth incessant rolls her golden tides.
Nor let Antinoüs rage, if strong desire
Of wealth and fame a youthful bosom fire;
Elect by Jove his delegate of sway,
With joyous pride the summons I'd obey.
Whene'er Ulysses roams the realm of night,
Should factious power dispute my lineal right,
Some other Greeks a fairer claim may plead;
To your pretence their title would precede.
At least, the sceptre lost, I still should reign
Sole o'er my vassals, and domestic train.
To this Eurymachus: To heaven alone
Refer the choice to fill the vacant throne.
Your patrimonial stores in peace possess;
Undoubted, all your filial claim confess:
Your private right should impious power invade,
The peers of Ithaca would arm in aid.
But say, that stranger guest who late withdrew,
What and from whence? his name and lineage show.
His grave demeanour and majestic grace
Speak him descended of no vulgar race:
Did he some loan of ancient right require,
Or came fore-runner of your scepter'd sire?
Oh son of Polybus! the prince replies,
No more my sire will glad these longing eyes:
The queen's fond hope inventive rumour cheers,
Or vain diviners' dreams divert her fears.
That stranger-guest the Taphian realm obeys,
A realm defended with encircling seas.
Mentes, an ever-honour'd name, of old
High in Ulysses' social list enroll'd.
Thus he, though conscious of the ethereal guest,
Answer'd evasive of the sly request.
Meantime the lyre rejoins the sprightly lay;
Love-dittied airs, and dance, conclude the day.
But when the star of eve with golden light
Adorn'd the matron brow of sable night,
The mirthful train dispersing quit the court,
And to their several domes to rest resort.
A towering structure to the palace join'd;
To this his steps the thoughtful prince inclined:
In his pavilion there, to sleep repairs;
The lighted torch, the sage Eurycles bears;
(Daughter of Ops, the just Pisenor's son,
For twenty beeves by great Laertes won;
In rosy prime with charms attractive graced,
Honour'd by him, a gentle lord and chaste,
With dear esteem: too wise, with jealous strife
To taint the joys of sweet connubial life.
Sole with Telemachus her service ends,
A child she nursed him, and a man attends.)
Whilst to his couch himself the prince addrest,
The duteous dame received the purple vest;
The purple vest with decent care disposed,
The silver ring she pull'd, the door reclosed;
The bolt, obedient to the silken cord,
To the strong staple's inmost depth restored,
Secured the valves. There wrapt in silent shade,
Pensive, the rules the goddess gave, he weigh'd;
Stretch'd on the downy fleece, no rest he knows,
And in his raptured soul the vision glows.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

The council of Ithaca.

Telemachus, in the assembly of the lords of Ithaca, complains of the injustice done him by the suitors, and insists upon their departure from his palace; appealing to the princes, and exciting the people to declare against them. The suitors endeavour to justify their stay, at least till he shall send the queen to the court of Icarius her father; which he refuses. There appears a prodigy of two eagles in the sky, which an augur expounds to the ruin of the suitors. Telemachus then demands a vessel to carry him to Pylos and Sparta, there to inquire of his father's fortunes. Pallas, in the shape of Mentor, (an ancient friend of Ulysses) helps him to a ship, assists him in preparing necessaries for the voyage, and embarks with him that night; which concludes the second day from the opening of the poem.

The scene continues in the palace of Ulysses, in Ithaca.

BOOK II.

Now reddening from the dawn, the morning-ray
Glow'd in the front of heaven, and gave the day.
The youthful hero, with returning light,
Rose anxious from the inquietudes of night.
A royal robe he wore with graceful pride,
A two-edged falchion threaten'd by his side,
Embroider'd sandals glitter'd as he trod,
And forth he moved majestic as a god.
Then by his heralds, restless of delay,
To council calls the peers: the peers obey.
Soon as in solemn form the assembly sate,
From his high dome himself descends in state.
Bright in his hand a ponderous javelin shined;
Two dogs, a faithful guard, attend behind;
Pallas with grace divine his form improves,
And gazing crowds admire him as he moves.
His father's throne he fill'd: while distant stood
The hoary peers, and aged wisdom bow'd.
'Twas silence all. At last Ægyptius spoke;
Ægyptius by his age and sorrows broke:
A length of days his soul with prudence crown'd,
A length of days that bent him to the ground.
His eldest hope* in arms to Ilion came,
By great Ulysses taught the path to fame;
But (hapless youth) the hideous Cyclops tore
His quivering limbs, and quaff'd his spouting gore.
Three sons remain'd: to climb with haughty fires
The royal bed, Eurynomus aspires;
The rest with duteous love his griefs assuage,
And ease the sire of half the cares of age.

* Antiphus.

Yet still his Antiphus he loves, he mourns,
And, as he stood, he spoke and wept by turns.
Since great Ulysses sought the Phrygian plains,
Within these walls inglorious silence reigns.
Say then, ye peers! by whose commands we meet?
Why here once more in solemn council sit?
Ye young, ye old, the weighty cause disclose:
Arrives some message of invading foes?
Or say, does high necessity of state
Inspire some patriot, and demand debate?
The present synod speaks its author wise;
Assist him, Jove, thou regent of the skies!
He spoke. Telemachus with transport glows,
Embraced the omen, and majestic rose;
(His royal hand the imperial sceptre sway'd;)
Then thus, addressing to Ægyptius, said:
Reverend old man! lo, here, confess'd he stands
By whom ye meet; my grief your care demands.
No story I unfold of public woes,
Nor bear advices of impending foes:
Peace the blest land, and joys incessant crown:
Of all this happy realm, I grieve alone.
For my lost sire continual sorrows spring,
The great, the good; your father, and your king.
Yet more; our house from its foundation bows,
Our foes are powerful, and your sons the foes:
Hither, unwelcome to the queen they come;
Why seek they not the rich Icarian dome?
If she must wed, from other hands require
The dowry: is Telemachus her sire?
Yet through my court the noise of revel rings,
And wastes the wise frugality of kings.
Scarce all my herds their luxury suffice;
Scarce all my wine their midnight hours supplies.
Safe in my youth, in riot still they grow,
Nor in the helpless orphan dread a foe.
But come it will, the time when manhood grants
More powerful advocates than vain complaints.
Approach that hour! insufferable wrong
Cries to the gods, and vengeance sleeps too long.
Rise then, ye peers! with virtuous anger rise;
Your fame revere, but most the avenging skies.
By all the deathless powers that reign above,
By righteous Themis and by thundering Jove,
(Themis, who gives to councils, or denies
Success; and humbles, or confirms the wise,)
Rise in my aid! suffice the tears that flow
For my lost sire, nor add new woe to woe.
If e'er he bore the sword to strengthen ill,
Or, having power to wrong, betray'd the will,
On me, on me your kindled wrath assuage,
And bid the voice of lawless riot rage.
If ruin to your royal race ye doom,
Be you the spoilers, and our wealth consume.
Then might ye hope redress from juster laws,
And raise all Ithaca to aid our cause:
But while your sons commit the unpunish'd wrong,
You make the arm of violence too strong.
While thus he spoke, with rage and grief he frown'd,
And dash'd the imperial sceptre to the ground.
The big round tear hung trembling in his eye:
The synod grieved, and gave a pitying sigh,
Then silent sate—at length Antinoüs burns
With haughty rage, and sternly thus returns.
O insolence of youth! whose tongue affords
Such railing eloquence, and war of words.
Studious thy country's worthies to defame,
Thy erring voice displays thy mother's shame
Elusive of the bridal day she gives
Fond hopes to all, and all with hopes deceives.
Did not the sun, through heaven's wide azure roll'd,
For three long years the royal fraud behold?
While she, laborious in delusion spread
The spacious loom, and mix'd the various thread:
Where as to life the wondrous figures rise,
Thus spoke the inventive queen, with artful sighs:
'Though cold in death Ulysses breathes no more,
Cease yet awhile to urge the bridal hour:
Cease, till to great Laërtes I bequeath
A task of grief, his ornaments of death.
Lest when the Fates his royal ashes claim,
The Grecian matrons taint my spotless fame;
When he, whom, living, mighty realms obey'd,
Shall want, in death, a shroud to grace his shade."
Thus she: at once the generous train complies,
Nor fraud mistrusts in virtue's fair disguise
The work she plied; but, studious of delay,
By night reversed the labours of the day.
While thrice the sun his annual journey made,
The conscious lamp the midnight fraud survey'd;
Unheard, unseen, three years her arts prevail;
The fourth, her maid unfolds the amazing tale.
We saw, as unperceived we took our stand,
The backward labours of her faithless hand.
Then urged, she perfects her illustrious toils;
A wondrous monument of female wiles!
But you, oh peers! and thou, oh prince! give ear
(I speak aloud, that every Greek may hear;)
Dismiss the queen: and if her sire approves,
Let him espouse her to the peer she loves:
Bid instant to prepare the bridal train,
Nor let a race of princes wait in vain.
Though with a grace divine her soul is blest,
And all Minerva breathes within her breast,
In wondrous arts than woman more renown'd,
And more than woman with deep wisdom crown'd;
Though Tyro nor Mycené match her name,
Nor great Alcmena (the proud boast of fame;)
Yet thus by heaven adorn'd, by heaven's decree,
She shines with fatal excellence to thee:
With thee, the bowl we drain, indulge the feast,
Till righteous heaven reclaim her stubborn breast.
What though from pole to pole resounds her name!
The son's destruction waits the mother's fame:
For, till she leaves thy court, it is decreed,
Thy bowl to empty, and thy flock to bleed.
While yet he speaks, Telemachus replies:
Even nature starts, and what ye ask denies.
Thus, shall I thus repay a mother's cares,
Who gave me life, and nursed my infant years?
While sad on foreign shores Ulysses treads,
Or glides a ghost with unapparent shades;
How to Icarius in the bridal hour
Shall I, by waste undone, refund the dower?
How from my father should I vengeance dread!
How would my mother curse my hated head!
And while in wrath to vengeful fiends she cries,
How from their hell would vengeful fiends arise!
Abhorr'd by all, accursed my name would grow,
The earth's disgrace, and human-kind my foe.
If this displease, why urge ye here your stay?
Haste from the court, ye spoilers, haste away:
Waste in wild riot what your land allows,
There ply the early feast, and late carouse.
But if to honour lost, 'tis still decreed
For you my bowl shall flow, my flock shall bleed;

Judge and assert my right, impartial Jove!
By him, and all the immortal host above,
(A sacred oath,) if heaven the power supply,
Vengeance I vow, and for your wrongs ye die.
With that, two eagles from a mountain's height,
By Jove's command direct their rapid flight;
Swift they descend, with wing to wing conjoin'd,
Stretch their broad plumes, and float upon the wind
Above the assembled peers they wheel on high,
And clang their wings, and hovering beat the sky;
With ardent eyes the rival train they threat,
And shrieking loud, denounce approaching fate.
They cuff, they tear; their cheeks and necks they rend,
And from their plumes huge drops of blood descend:
Then, sailing o'er the domes and towers, they fly
Full toward the east, and mount into the sky.
The wondering rivals gaze with cares opprest,
And chilling horrors freeze in every breast.
Till big with knowledge of approaching woes
The prince of augurs, Halitherses, rose:
Prescient he view'd the aërial tracks, and drew
A sure presage from every wing that flew.
Ye sons (he cried) of Ithaca, give ear,
Hear all! but chiefly you, oh rivals! hear.
Destruction sure o'er all your heads impends;
Ulysses comes, and death his steps attends.
Nor to the great alone is death decreed;
We and our guilty Ithaca must bleed.
Why cease we then the wrath of heaven to stay?
Be humbled all, and lead, ye great! the way.
For lo! my words no fancied woes relate:
I speak from science, and the voice is fate.
When great Ulysses sought the Phrygian shores
To shake with war proud Ilion's lofty towers,
Deeds then undone my faithful tongue foretold:
Heaven seal'd my words, and you these deeds behold.
I see (I cried) his woes, a countless train;
I see his friends o'erwhelm'd beneath the main;
How twice ten years from shore to shore he roams:
Now twice ten years are past, and now he comes.
To whom Eurymachus—Fly, dotard, fly;
With thy wise dreams, and fables of the sky.
Go prophesy at home, thy sons advise:
Here thou art sage in vain—I better read the skies.
Unnumber'd birds glide through the aërial way,
Vagrants of air, and unforeboding stray.
Cold in the tomb, or in the deeps below,
Ulysses lies! oh, wert thou laid as low!
Then would that busy head no broils suggest,
Nor fire to rage Telemachus's breast.
From him some bribe thy venal tongue requires,
And interest, not the god, thy voice inspires.
His guideless youth, if thy experienced age
Mislead fallacious into idle rage,
Vengeance deserved thy malice shall repress,
And but augment the wrongs thou wouldst redress:
Telemachus may bid the queen repair
To great Icarius, whose paternal care
Will guide her passion, and reward her choice,
With wealthy dower, and bridal gifts of price.
Till she retires, determined we remain,
And both the prince and augur threat in vain:
His pride of words, and thy wild dream of fate,
Move not the brave, or only move their hate.
Threat on, O prince! elude the bridal day,
Threat on, till all thy stores in waste decay.
True, Greece affords a train of lovely dames,
In wealth and beauty worthy of our flames:
But never from this nobler suit we cease;
For wealth and beauty less than virtue please.
To whom the youth: Since then in vain I tell
My numerous woes, in silence let them dwell.
But heaven, and all the Greeks, have heard my wrongs;
To heaven, and all the Greeks, redress belongs.
Yet this I ask (nor be it ask'd in vain,)
A bark to waft me o'er the rolling main,
The realms of Pyle and Sparta to explore,
And seek my royal sire from shore to shore:
If, or to fame his doubtful fate be known,
Or to be learn'd from oracles alone.
If yet he lives, with patience I forbear,
Till the fleet hours restore the circling year:
But if already wandering in the train
Of empty shades; I measure back the main,
Plant the fair column o'er the mighty dead,
And yield his consort to the nuptial bed.
He ceased; and while abash'd the peers attend,
Mentor arose, Ulysses' faithful friend:
[When fierce in arms he sought the scenes of war
"My friend (he cried) my palace be thy care;
Years roll'd on years my godlike sire decay,
Guard thou his age, and his behests obey."]
Stern as he rose, he cast his eyes around,
That flash'd with rage; and as he spoke, he frown'd.
O never, never more, let king be just,
Be mild in power, or faithful to his trust!
Let tyrants govern with an iron rod,
Oppress, destroy, and be the scourge of God;
Since he who like a father held his reign,
So soon forgot, was just and mild in vain!
True, while my friend is grieved, his griefs I share;
Yet now the rivals are my smallest care:
They, for the mighty mischiefs they devise,
Ere long shall pay—their forfeit lives the price.
But against you, ye Greeks! ye coward train!
Gods! how my soul is moved with just disdain!
Dumb ye all stand, and not one tongue affords
His injured prince the little aid of words.
While yet he spoke, Leocritus rejoin'd:
O pride of words, and arrogance of mind!
Wouldst thou to rise in arms the Greeks advise?
Join all your powers! in arms, ye Greeks, arise!
Yet would your powers in vain our strength oppose:
The valiant few o'ermatch an host of foes.
Should great Ulysses stern appear in arms,
While the bowl circles, and the banquet warms;
Though to his breast his spouse with transport flies,
Torn from her breast, that hour, Ulysses dies.
But hence retreating to your domes repair;
To arm the vessel, Mentor! be thy care,
And, Halitherses! thine: be each his friend;
Ye loved the father: go, the son attend.
But yet, I trust, the boaster means to stay
Safe in the court, nor tempt the watery way.
Then, with a rushing sound, the assembly bend,
Diverse their steps: the rival rout ascend
The royal dome: while sad the prince explores
The neighbouring main, and sorrowing treads the shores.
There, as the waters o'er his hands he shed,
The royal suppliant to Minerva pray'd:
O Goddess! who, descending from the skies,
Vouchsafed thy presence to my wondering eyes,
By whose commands the raging deeps I trace,
And seek my sire through storms and rolling seas!

Hear from thy heavens above, oh warrior maid!
Descend once more, propitious to my aid.
Without thy presence, vain is thy command:
Greece, and the rival train, thy voice withstand.
Indulgent to his prayer, the goddess took
Sage Mentor's form, and thus like Mentor spoke:
O prince, in early youth divinely wise,
Born, the Ulysses of thy age to rise!
If to the sŏn the father's worth descends,
O'er the wide waves success thy way attends:
To tread the walks of death he stood prepared;
And what he greatly thought, he nobly dared.
Were not wise sons descendent of the wise,
And did not heroes from brave heroes rise,
Vain were my hopes: few sons attain the praise
Of their great sires, and most their sires disgrace.
But since thy veins paternal virtue fires,
And all Penelope thy soul inspires,
Go, and succeed! the rivals' aims despise;
For never, never, wicked man was wise.
Blind they rejoice, though now, even now they fall;
Death hastes amain: one hour o'erwhelms them all!
And lo, with speed we plough the watery way;
My power shall guard thee, and my hand convey:
The winged vessel studious I prepare,
Through seas and realms companion of thy care.
Thou to the court ascend: and to the shores
(When night advances) bear the naval stores;
Bread, that decaying man with strength supplies,
And generous wine, which thoughtful sorrow flies.
Meanwhile the mariners, by my command,
Shall speed aboard, a valiant chosen band.
Wide o'er the bay, by vessel vessel rides:
The best I choose to waft thee o'er the tides.
She spoke: to his high dome the prince returns,
And, as he moves, with royal anguish mourns.
'Twas riot all, among the lawless train;
Boar bled by boar, and goat by goat lay slain.
Arrived, his hand the gay Antinoüs press'd,
And thus, deriding, with a smile address'd.
Grieve not, oh daring prince! that noble heart:
Ill suits gay youth the stern heroic part.
Indulge the genial hour, unbend thy soul,
Leave thought to age, and drain the flowing bowl.
Studious to ease thy grief, our care provides
The bark, to waft thee o'er the swelling tides.
Is this, returns the prince, for mirth a time?
When lawless gluttons riot, mirth 's a crime:
The luscious wines, dishonour'd, lose their taste;
The song is noise, and impious is the feast,
Suffice it to have spent with swift decay
The wealth of kings, and made my youth a prey.
But now the wise instructions of the sage,
And manly thoughts inspired by manly age,
Teach me to seek redress for all my woe,
Here, or in Pyle—in Pyle, or here, your foe.
Deny your vessels, ye deny in vain:
A private voyager I pass the main.
Free breathe the winds, and free the billows flow,
And where on earth I live, I live your foe.
He spoke and frown'd, nor longer deign'd to stay,
Sternly his hand withdrew, and strode away.
Meantime, o'er all the dome, they quaff, they feast,
Derisive taunts were spread from guest to guest,
And each in jovial mood his mate address.
Tremble ye not, oh friends! and coward fly,
Doom'd by the stern Telemachus to die?
To Pyle or Sparta to demand supplies,
Big with revenge, the mighty warrior flies:
Or comes from Ephyrè with poisons fraught!
And kills us all in one tremendous draught!
Or who can say (his gamesome mate replies)
But, while the dangers of the deeps he tries,
He, like his sire, may sink deprived of breath,
And punish us unkindly by his death?
What mighty labours would he then create,
To seize his treasures, and divide his state,
The royal palace to the queen convey,
Or him she blesses in the bridal day!
Meantime the lofty room the prince surveys,
Where lay the treasures of the Ithacian race:
Here ruddy brass and gold refulgent blazed;
There polish'd chests embroider'd vestures graced:
Here jars of oil breathed forth a rich perfume;
There casks of wine in rows adorn'd the dome:
(Pure flavorous wine, by gods in bounty given,
And worthy to exalt the feasts of heaven.)
Untouch'd they stood, till his long labours o'er,
The great Ulysses reach'd his native shore.
A double strength of bars secured the gates:
Fast by the door the wise Euryclea waits:
Euryclea, who, great Ops! thy lineage shared
And watch'd all night, all day a faithful guard.
To whom the prince: O thou, whose guardian care
Nursed the most wretched king that breathes the air!
Untouch'd and sacred may these vessels stand,
Till great Ulysses views his native land.
But by thy care twelve urns of wine be fill'd;
Next these in worth, and firm these urns be seal'd;
And twice ten measures of the choicest flour
Prepared, ere yet descends the evening hour;
For when the favouring shades of night arise,
And peaceful slumbers close my mother's eyes
Me from our coast shall spreading sails convey,
To seek Ulysses through the watery way.
While yet he spoke, she fill'd the walls with cries,
And tears ran trickling from her aged eyes.
Oh whither, whither flies my son? she cried,
To realms, that rocks and roaring seas divide?
In foreign lands thy father's days decay'd
And foreign lands contain the mighty dead.
The watery way ill-fated if thou try,
All, all must perish, and by fraud you die!
Then stay, my child! storms beat, and rolls the main,
Oh, beat those storms, and roll the seas in vain!
Far hence (replied the prince) thy fears be driven:
Heaven calls me forth: these counsels are of Heaven.
But, by the powers that hate the perjured, swear,
To keep my voyage from the royal ear,
Nor uncompell'd the dangerous truth betray,
Till twice six times descends the lamp of day:
Lest the sad tale a mother's life impair,
And grief destroy what time awhile would spare
Thus he. The matron with uplifted eyes
Attests the all-seeing sovereign of the skies.
Then studious she prepares the choicest flour,
The strength of wheat, and wines an ample store;
While to the rival train the prince returns,
The martial goddess with impatience burns;
Like thee, Telemachus, in voice and size,
With speed divine from street to street she flies;
She bids the mariners, prepared, to stand,
When night descends, embodied on the strand.

Then to Noëmon swift she runs, she flies,
And asks a bark: the chief a bark supplies.
And now, declining, with his sloping wheels,
Down sunk the sun behind the western hills.
The goddess shoved the vessel from the shores,
And stow'd within its womb the naval stores.
Full in the openings of the spacious main
It rides; and now descends the sailor-train.
Next to the court impatient of delay,
With rapid step the goddess urged her way;
There every eye with slumbrous chains she bound,
And dash'd the flowing goblet to the ground.
Drowsy they rose, with heavy fumes opprest,
Reel'd from the palace, and retired to rest.
Then thus, in Mentor's reverend form array'd,
Spoke to Telemachus the martial maid;
Lo! on the seas, prepared the vessel stands,
The impatient mariner thy speed demands.
Swift as she spoke, with rapid pace she leads;
The footsteps of the deity he treads.
Swift to the shore they move: along the strand
The ready vessel rides, the sailors ready stand.
He bids them bring their stores; the attending train
Load the tall bark, and launch into the main.
The prince and goddess to the stern ascend;
To the strong stroke at once the rowers bend.
Full from the west she bids fresh breezes blow;
The sable billows foam and roar below.
The chief his orders gives: the obedient band
With due observance wait the chief's command:
With speed the mast they rear, with speed unbind
The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind.
High o'er the roaring waves the spreading sails
Bow the tall mast, and swell before the gales;
The crooked keel the parting surge divides,
And to the stern retreating roll the tides.
And now they ship their oars, and crown with wine
The holy goblet to the powers divine:
Imploring all the gods that reign above,
But chief the blue-eyed progeny of Jove.
Thus all the night they stem the liquid way,
And end their voyage with the morning ray.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

The Interview of Telemachus and Nestor.

Telemachus, guided by Pallas in the shape of Mentor, arrives in the morning at Pylos, where Nestors and his sons are sacrificing on the sea-shore to Neptune. Telemachus declares the occasion of his coming; and Nestor relates what passed in their return from Troy, how their fleets were separated, and he never since heard of Ulysses. They discourse concerning the death of Agamemnon, the revenge of Orestes, and the injuries of the suitors. Nestor advises him to go to Sparta, and inquire further of Menelaus. The sacrifice ending with the night, Minerva vanishes from them in the form of an eagle. Telemachus is lodged in the palace. The next morning they sacrifice a bullock to Minerva; and Telemachus proceeds on his journey to Sparta, attended by Pisistratus.

The scene lies on the sea-shore of Pylos.

BOOK III.

The sacred sun, above the waters raised,
Through heaven's eternal, brazen portals blazed;
And wide o'er earth diffused his cheering ray,
To gods and men to give the golden day.
Now on the coast of Pyle the vessel falls
Before old Neleus' venerable walls.
There suppliant to the monarch of the flood,
At nine green theatres the Pylians stood.
Each held five hundred, (a deputed train,)
At each, nine oxen on the sand lay slain.
They taste the entrails, and the altars load
With smoking thighs, an offering to the god.
Full for the port the Ithacensians stand,
And furl their sails, and issue on the land.
Telemachus already press'd the shore;
Not first, the power of wisdom march'd before,
And ere the sacrificing throng he join'd,
Admonish'd thus his well-attending mind:
Proceed, my son! this youthful shame expel:
An honest business never blush to tell.
To learn what fates thy wretched sire detain,
We pass'd the wide, immeasurable main.
Meet then the senior far renown'd for sense,
With reverend awe, but decent confidence:
Urge him with truth to frame his fair replies;
And sure he will: for wisdom never lies.
Oh tell me, Mentor! tell me, faithful guide,
(The youth with prudent modesty replied,)
How shall I meet, or how accost the sage,
Unskill'd in speech, not yet mature of age?
Awful the approach, and hard the task appears,
To question wisely men of riper years.
To whom the martial goddess thus rejoin'd:
Search, for some thoughts, thy own suggesting mind:
And others, dictated by heavenly power,
Shall rise spontanous in the needful hour:
For naught unprosperous shall thy ways attend,
Born with good omens, and with Heaven thy friend.
She spoke, and led the way with swiftest speed:
As swift, the youth pursued the way she led;
And join'd the band before with sacred fire,
Where sate, encompass'd with his sons, the sire.
The youth of Pylos, some on pointed wood
Transfix'd the fragments, some prepared the food.
In friendly throngs they gather to embrace
Their unknown guests, and at the banquet place.
Pisistratus was first to grasp their hands,
And spread soft hides upon the yellow sands;
Along the shore the illustrious pair he led,
Where Nestor sate with youthful Thrasymed.
To each a portion of the feast he bore.
And held the golden goblet foaming o'er;
Then first approaching to the elder guest,
The latent goddess in these words addrest.
Whoe'er thou art, whom fortune brings to keep
These rites of Neptune, monarch of the deep,
Thee first it fits, oh stranger! to prepare
The due libation and the solemn prayer;
Then give thy friend to shed the sacred wine:
Though much thy younger, and his years like mine,
He too, I deem, implores the power divine:
For all mankind alike require their grace,
All born to want; a miserable race!
He spake, and to her hand preferr'd the bowl:
A secret pleasure touch'd Athena's soul,
To see the preference due to sacred age
Regarded ever by the just and sage.
Of Ocean's king she then implores the grace.
Oh thou! whose arms this ample globe embrace,

Fulfil our wish, and let thy glory shine
On Nestor first, and Nestor's royal line;
Next grant the Pylian states their just desires,
Pleased with their hecatomb's ascending fires;
Last deign Telemachus and me to bless,
And crown our voyage with desired success.
Thus she: and having paid the rite divine,
Gave to Ulysses' son the rosy wine.
Suppliant he pray'd. And now the victims drest
They draw, divide, and celebrate the feast.
The banquet done, the narrative old man,
Thus mild, the pleasing conference began.
Now, gentle guests! the genial banquet o'er,
It fits to ask ye, what your native shore,
And whence your race? on what adventure, say,
Thus far you wander through the watery way?
Relate, if business, or the thirst of gain,
Engage your journey o'er the pathless main:
Where savage pirates seek through seas unknown
The lives of others, venturous of their own.
Urged by the precepts by the goddess given,
And fill'd with confidence infused from Heaven,
The youth, whom Pallas destined to be wise
And famed among the sons of men, replies.
Inquirest thou, father! from what coast we came?
(Oh grace and glory of the Grecian name!)
From where high Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
Brown with o'er-arching shades and pendent woods,
Us to these shores our filial duty draws,
A private sorrow, not a public cause.
My sire I seek, where'er the voice of fame
Has told the glories of his noble name,
The great Ulysses; famed from shore to shore
For valour much, for hardy suffering more.
Long time with thee before proud Ilion's wall
In arms he fought; with thee beheld her fall.
Of all the chiefs, this hero's fate alone
Has Jove reserved, unheard of, and unknown;
Whether in fields by hostile fury slain,
Or sunk by tempests in the gulfy main?
Of this to learn, oppress'd with tender fears,
Lo, at thy knee his suppliant son appears.
If or thy certain eye, or curious ear,
Have learnt his fate, the whole dark story clear:
And, oh! whate'er heaven destined to betide,
Let neither flattery soothe, nor pity hide.
Prepared I stand: he was but born to try
The lot of man; to suffer, and to die.
Oh then, if ever through the ten years' war
The wise, the good Ulysses claim'd thy care;
If e'er he join'd thy council, or thy sword,
True in his deed, and constant to his word;
Far as thy mind through backward time can see,
Search all thy stores of faithful memory:
'Tis sacred truth I ask, and ask of thee.
To him experienced Nestor thus rejoin'd:
O friend! what sorrows dost thou bring to mind!
Shall I the long laborious scene review,
And open all the wounds of Greece anew?
What toils by sea! where dark in quest of prey
Dauntless we roved; Achilles led the way:
What toils by land; where mix'd in fatal fight
Such numbers fell, such heroes sunk to night:
There Ajax great, Achilles there the brave,
There wise Patroclus, fill an early grave:
There too—my son—ah, once my best delight,
Once swift of foot, and terrible in fight,
In whom stern courage with soft virtue join'd,
A faultless body and a blameless mind:
Antilochus—What more can I relate?
How trace the tedious series of our fate?
Not added years on years my task could close,
The long historian of my country's woes:
Back to thy native islands might'st thou sail,
And leave half-heard the melancholy tale.
Nine painful years on that detested shore,
What stratagems we form'd, what toils we bore!
Still labouring on, till scarce at last we found
Great Jove propitious, and our conquest crown'd.
Far o'er the rest thy mighty father shined,
In wit, in prudence, and in force of mind.
Art thou the son of that illustrious sire?
With joy I grasp thee, and with love admire.
So like your voices, and your words so wise,
Who finds thee younger must consult his eyes.
Thy sire and I were one; nor varied aught
In public sentence, or in private thought;
Alike to council, or the assembly came,
With equal souls, and sentiments the same.
But when (by wisdom won) proud Ilion burn'd,
And in their ships the conquering Greeks return'd,
'Twas God's high will the victors to divide,
And turn the event, confounding human pride:
Some he destroy'd, some scatter'd as the dust,
(Not all were prudent, and not all were just.)
Then Discord, sent by Pallas from above,
Stern daughter of the great avenger, Jove,
The brother-kings inspired with fell debate;
Who call'd to council all the Achaian state.
But call'd untimely (not the sacred rite
Observed, nor heedful of the setting light,
Nor herald sworn the session to proclaim)
Sour with debauch, a reeling tribe they came.
To these the cause of meeting they explain,
And Menelaüs moves to cross the main;
Not so the king of men; he will'd to stay,
The sacred rites and hecatombs to pay,
And calm Minerva's wrath. Oh blind to fate!
The gods not lightly change their love, or hate.
With ireful taunts each other they oppose,
Till in loud tumult all the Greeks arose.
Now different counsels every breast divide,
Each burns with rancour to the adverse side:
The unquiet night strange projects entertain'd
(So Jove, that urged us to our fate, ordain'd.)
We, with the rising morn our ships unmoor'd,
And brought our captives and our stores aboard;
But half the people with respect obey'd
The king of men, and at his bidding staid.
Now on the wings of winds our course we keep;
(For God had smooth'd the waters of the deep;)
For Tenedos we spread our eager oars,
There land, and pay due victims to the powers.
To bless our safe return, we join in prayer;
But angry Jove dispersed our vows in air,
And raised new discord. Then (so Heaven decreed)
Ulysses first and Nestor disagreed:
Wise as he was, by various counsels sway'd,
He there, though late, to please the monarch, staid.
But I, determined, stem the foamy floods,
Warn'd of the coming fury of the gods.
With us, Tydides fear'd, and urged his haste,
And Menelaüs came, but came the last.
He join'd our vessels in the Lesbian bay,
While yet we doubted of our watery way;

If to the right to urge the pilot's toil,
(The safer road,) beside the Psyrian isle:
Or the straight course to rocky Chios plough,
And anchor under Mimas shaggy brow?
We sought direction of the power divine:
The god propitious gave the guiding sign;
Through the mid seas he bid our navy steer,
And in Eubœ shun the woes we fear.
The whistling winds already waked the sky;
Before the whistling winds the vessels fly,
With rapid swiftness cut the liquid way,
And reach Gerestus at the point of day.
There hecatombs of bulls, to Neptune slain,
High-flaming please the monarch of the main.
The fourth day shone, when all their labours o'er
Tydides' vessels touch'd the wish'd-for shore.
But I to Pylos scud before the gales,
The god still breathing on my swelling sails;
Separate from all, I safely landed here;
Their fates or fortunes never reach'd my ear.
Yet what I learn'd, attend; as here I sate,
And ask'd each voyager each hero's fate,
Curious to know, and willing to relate.
Safe reach'd the Myrmidons their native land,
Beneath Achilles' warlike son's command.
Those, whom the heir of great Apollo's art,
Brave Philoctetes, taught to wing the dart;
And those whom Idomen from Ilion's plain
Had led, securely cross'd the dreadful main.
How Agamemnon touch'd his Argive coast,
And how his life by fraud and force he lost,
And how the murderer paid his forfeit breath;
What lands so distant from that scene of death
But trembling heard the fame; and heard, admire
How well the son appeased his slaughter'd sire,
Even to the unhappy, that unjustly bleed,
Heaven gives posterity, to avenge the deed.
So fell Ægysthus; and mayest thou, my friend
(On whom the virtue of thy sire descend,)
Make future times thy equal act adore,
And be what brave Orestes was before!
The prudent youth replied: O thou the grace
And lasting glory of the Grecian race!
Just was the vengeance, and to latest days
Shall long posterity resound the praise.
Some god this arm with equal prowess bless!
And the proud suitors shall its force confess;
Injurious men! who while my soul is sore
Of fresh affronts, are meditating more.
But Heaven denies this honour to my hand,
Nor shall my father repossess the land:
The father's fortune never to return,
And the sad son's to suffer and to mourn.
Thus he: and Nestor took the word: My son,
Is it then true, as distant rumours run,
That crowds of rivals for thy mother's charms
Thy palace fill with insults and alarms?
Say, is the fault through tame submission, thine;
Or leagued against thee, do thy people join,
Moved by some oracle or voice divine?
And yet who knows, but ripening lies in fate
An hour of vengeance for the afflicted state;
When great Ulysses shall suppress these harms,
Ulysses singly, or all Greece in arms.
But if Athena, war's triumphant maid,
The happy son will, as the father, aid,
(Whose fame and safety was her constant care
In every danger and in every war:
Never on man did heavenly favour shine
With rays so strong, distinguish'd, and divine,
As those with which Minerva mark'd thy sire)
So might she love thee, so thy soul inspire!
So should their hopes in humble dust be laid,
And long oblivion of the bridal bed.
Ah! no such hope (the prince with sighs replies)
Can touch my breast; that blessing heaven denies.
Even by celestial favour were it given,
Fortune or fate would cross the will of Heaven.
What words are these, and what imprudence thine?
(Thus interposed the martial maid divine)
Forgetful youth! but know, the Power above
With ease can save each object of his love;
Wide as his will, extends his boundless grace;
Nor lost in time, nor circumscribed by place.
Happier his lot, who, many sorrows past,
Long labouring, gains his natal shore at last;
Than who, too speedy, hastes to end his life
By some stern ruffian, or adulterous wife.
Death only is the lot which none can miss,
And all is possible to Heaven, but this.
The best, the dearest favourite of the sky
Must taste that cup, for man is born to die.
Thus check'd, replied Ulysses' prudent heir:
Mentor, no more—the mournful thought forbear;
For he no more must draw his country's breath,
Already snatch'd by fate, and the black doom of death!
Pass we to other subjects; and engage
On themes remote the venerable sage,
(Who thrice has seen the perishable kind
Of men decay, and through three ages shined
Like gods majestic, and like gods in mind;)
For much he knows, and just conclusions draws
From various precedents, and various laws.
O son of Neleus! awful Nestor, tell
How he, the mighty Agamemnon, fell;
By what strange fraud Ægysthus wrought, relate,
(By force he could not) such a hero's fate?
Lived Menelaüs not in Greece? or where
Was then the martial brother's pious care?
Condemn'd perhaps some foreign shore to tread;
Or sure Ægysthus had not dared the deed.
To whom the full of days. Illustrious youth,
Attend (though partly thou hast guess'd) the truth.
For had the martial Menelaüs found
The ruffian breathing yet on Argive ground,
Nor earth had hid his carcass from the skies,
Nor Grecian virgins shriek'd his obsequies,
But fowls obscene dismember'd his remains,
And dogs had torn him on the naked plains.
While us the works of bloody Mars employ'd,
The wanton youth inglorious peace enjoy'd;
He, stretch'd at ease in Argos' calm recess
(Whose stately steeds luxuriant pastures bless,)
With flattery's insinuating art
Sooth'd the frail queen, and poison'd all her heart.
At first, with worthy shame and decent pride,
The royal dame his lawless suit denied:
For virtue's image yet possess'd her mind,
Taught by a master of the tuneful kind:
Atrides, parting for the Trojan war,
Consign'd the youthful consort to his care.
True to his charge, the bard preserved her long
In honour's limits; such the power of song.
But when the gods these objects of their hate
Dragg'd to destruction by the links of fate;

The bard they banish'd from his native soil,
And left all helpless in a desert isle:
There he, the sweetest of the sacred train,
Sung, dying, to the rocks; but sung in vain.
Then virtue was no more; her guard away,
She fell, to lust a voluntary prey.
E'en to the temple stalk'd the adulterous spouse,
With impious thanks, and mockery of vows,
With images, with garments, and with gold;
And odorous fumes from loaded altars roll'd.
Meantime from flaming Troy we cut the way,
With Menelaüs, through the curling sea.
But when to Sunium's sacred point we came,
Crown'd with the temple of the Athenian dame;
Atrides pilot, Phrontes, there expired:
(Phrontes, of all the sons of men admired
To steer the bounding bark with steady toil,
When the storm thickens, and the billows boil;)
While yet he exercised the steerman's art,
Apollo touch'd him with his gentle dart;
E'en with the rudder in his hand he fell.
To pay whose honours to the shades of hell,
We check'd our haste, by pious office bound,
And laid our old companion in the ground.
And now, the rites discharged, our course we keep
Far on the gloomy bosom of the deep:
Soon as Malæa's misty tops arise,
Sudden the Thunderer blackens all the skies,
And the winds whistle, and the surges roll
Mountains on mountains, and obscure the pole.
The tempest scatters, and divides our fleet;
Part, the storm urges on the coast of Crete,
Where winding round the rich Cydonian plain,
The streams of Jardan issue to the main.
There stands a rock, high eminent and steep,
Whose shaggy brow o'erhangs the shady deep,
And views Gortyna on the western side;
On this rough Auster drove the impetuous tide;
With broken force the billows roll'd away,
And heaved the fleet into the neighbouring bay.
Thus saved from death, they gain'd the Phæstan shores,
With shatter'd vessels and disabled oars:
But five tall barks the winds and waters tost,
Far from their fellows, on the Ægyptian coast.
There wander'd Menelaus through foreign shores,
Amassing gold, and gathering naval stores;
While curst Ægysthus the detested deed
By fraud fulfill'd, and his great brother bled.
Seven years, the traitor rich Mycenæ sway'd,
And his stern rule the groaning land obey'd;
The eighth, from Athens to his realm restored,
Orestes brandish'd the revenging sword,
Slew the dire pair, and gave to funeral flame
The vile assassin and adulterous dame.
That day, ere yet the bloody triumph cease,
Return'd Atrides to the coast of Greece,
And safe to Argos' port his navy brought,
With gifts of price and ponderous treasure fraught.
Hence warn'd, my son, beware! nor idly stand
Too long a stranger to thy native land;
Lest heedless absence wear thy wealth away,
While lawless feasters in thy palace sway;
Perhaps may seize thy realm, and share the spoil;
And thou return, with disappointed toil,
From thy vain journey, to a rifled isle.
Howe'er, my friend, indulge one labour more,
And seek Atrides on the Spartan shore
He, wandering long, a wider circle made,
And many-languaged nations has survey'd;
And measured tracks unknown to other ships
Amid the monstrous wonders of the deeps,
(A length of ocean and unbounded sky,
Which scarce the sea-fowl in a year o'erfly:)
Go, then; to Sparta take the watery way,
Thy ship and sailors but for orders stay;
Or, if by land thou choose thy course to bend,
My steeds, my chariots, and my sons, attend:
Thee to Atrides they shall safe convey,
Guides of thy road, companions of thy way.
Urge him with truth to frame his free replies,
And sure he will: for Menelaus is wise.
Thus while he speaks the ruddy sun descends,
And twilight gray her evening shade extends.
Then thus the blue-eyed maid: O full of days!
Wise are thy words, and just are all thy ways.
Now immolate the tongues, and mix the wine,
Sacred to Neptune and the powers divine.
The lamp of day is quench'd beneath the deep,
And soft approach the balmy hours of sleep:
Nor fits it to prolong the heavenly feast,
Timeless, indecent, but retire to rest.
So spake Jove's daughter, the celestial maid.
The sober train attended and obey'd.
The sacred heralds on their hands around
Pour'd the full urns; the youths the goblets crown'd:
From bowl to bowl the holy beverage flows;
While to the final sacrifice they rose.
The tongues they cast upon the fragrant flame,
And pour, above, the consecrated stream.
And now, their thirst by copious draughts allay'd,
The youthful hero and the Athenian maid
Propose departure from the finish'd rite,
And in their hollow bark to pass the night:
But this the hospitable sage denied.
Forbid it, Jove! and all the gods! he cried.
Thus from my walls the much-loved son to send
Of such a hero, and of such a friend!
Me, as some needy peasant, would ye leave,
Whom heaven denies the blessing to relieve?
Me would ye leave, who boast imperial sway
When beds of royal state invite your stay?
No—long as life this mortal shall inspire,
Or as my children imitate their sire,
Here shall the wandering stranger find his home,
And hospitable rites adorn the dome.
Well hast thou spoke (the blue-eyed maid replies,)
Beloved old man! benevolent as wise.
Be the kind dictates of thy heart obey'd,
And let thy words Telemachus persuade:
He to thy palace shall thy steps pursue;
I to the ship, to give the orders due,
Prescribe directions and confirm the crew.
For I alone sustain their naval cares,
Who boast experience from these silver hairs;
All youths the rest, whom to this journey move
Like years, like tempers, and their prince's love.
There in the vessel shall I pass the night;
And soon as morning paints the fields of light,
I go to challenge from the Caucons bold,
A debt, contracted in the days of old.
But this thy guest, received with friendly care,
Let thy strong coursers swift to Sparta bear:
Prepare thy chariot at the dawn of day,
And be thy son companion of his way

Then turning with the word, Minerva flies,
And soars an eagle through the liquid skies.
Vision divine! the throng'd spectators gaze
In holy wonder fix'd, and still amaze.
But chief the reverend sage admired; he took
The hand of young Telemachus, and spoke.
Oh, happy youth! and favour'd of the skies
Distinguish'd care of guardian deities!
Whose early years for future worth engage,
No vulgar manhood, no ignoble age.
For lo! none other of the court above
Than she, the daughter of almighty Jove,
Pallas herself, the war-triumphant maid,
Confess'd is thine, as once thy father's aid.
So guide, me goddess! so propitious shine
On me, my consort, and my royal line!
A yearling bullock to thy name shall smoke,
Untamed, unconscious of the galling yoke,
With ample forehead, and yet tender horns,
Whose budding honours ductile gold adorns.
Submissive thus the hoary sire preferr'd
His holy vow: the favouring goddess heard.
Then, slowly rising, o'er the sandy space
Precede the father, follow'd by his race,
(A long procession) timely marching home
In comely order to the regal dome.
There when arrived, on thrones around him placed,
His sons, and grandsons the wide circle graced.
To these the hospitable sage, in sign
Of social welcome mix'd the racy wine,
(Late from the mellowing cask restored to light,
By ten long years refined, and rosy bright.)
To Pallas high the foaming bowl he crown'd,
And sprinkled large libations on the ground.
Each drinks a full oblivion of his cares,
And to the gifts of balmy sleep repairs.
Deep in a rich alcove the prince was laid,
And slept beneath the pompous colonade:
Fast by his side Pisistratus lay spread,
(In age his equal) on a splendid bed:
But in an inner court, securely closed,
The reverend Nestor and his queen reposed.
When now Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With rosy lustre purpled o'er the lawn;
The old man early rose, walk'd forth, and sate
On polish'd stone before his palace gate:
With unguents smooth the lucid marble shone,
Where ancient Neleus sate, a rustic throne;
But he descending to the infernal shade,
Sage Nestor fill'd it, and the sceptre sway'd.
His sons around him mild obeisance pay,
And duteous take the orders of the day.
First Echephron and Stratius quit their bed:
Then Perseus, Aretus, and Thrasymed;
The last Pisistratus arose from rest:
They came, and near him placed the stranger-guest,
To these the senior thus declared his will:
My sons! the dictates of your sire fulfil.
To Pallas, first of gods, prepare the feast,
Who graced our rites, a more than mortal guest.
Let one, dispatchful, bid some swain to lead
A well-fed bullock from the grassy mead;
One seek the harbour, where the vessels moor,
And bring thy friends, Telemachus! ashore:
(Leave only two the galley to attend.)
Another to Laerceus must we send,
Artist divine, whose skilful hands infold
The victim's horn with circumfusile gold.
The rest may here the pious duty share,
And bid the handmaids for the feast prepare,
The seats to range, the fragrant wood to bring,
And limpid waters from the living spring.
He said, and busy each his care bestow'd;
Already at the gates the bullock low'd,
Already came the Ithacensian crew,
The dextrous smith the tools already drew:
His ponderous hammer and his anvil sound,
And the strong tongs to turn the metal round.
Nor was Minerva absent from the rite,
She view'd her honours, and enjoy'd the sight.
With reverend hand the king presents the gold,
Which round the intorted horns the gilder roll'd,
So wrought, as Pallas might with pride behold.
Young Aretus from forth his bridal bower
Brought the full laver, o'er their hands to pour,
And canisters of consecrated flour.
Stratius and Echephron the victim led:
The ax was held by warlike Thrasymed,
In act to strike: before him Perseus stood,
The vase extending to receive the blood.
The king himself initiates to the power;
Scatters with quivering hand the sacred flour,
And the stream sprinkles: from the curling brows
The hair collected in the fire he throws.
Soon as due vows on every part were pai
And sacred wheat upon the victim laid,
Strong Thrasymed discharged the speeding blow
Full on his neck, and cut the nerves in two.
Down sunk the heavy beast; the females round,
Maids, wives, and matrons, mix a shrilling sound.
Nor scorn'd the queen the holy choir to join;
(The first-born she, of old Clymeneus' line,
In youth by Nestor loved, of spotless fame,
And loved in age, Eurydice her name.)
From earth they rear him, struggling now with death
And Nestor's youngest stops the vents of breath.
The soul for ever flies: on all sides round
Streams the black blood, and smokes upon the ground.
The beast they then divide, and disunite
The ribs and limbs, observant of the rite:
On these, in double cawls involved with art,
The choicest morsels lay from every part.
The sacred sage before his altar stands,
Turns the burnt-offering with his holy hands,
And pours the wine, and bids the flames aspire;
The youth with instruments surround the fire.
The thighs now sacrificed, and entrails dress'd,
The assistants part, transfix, and boil the rest.
While these officious tend the rites divine,
The last fair branch of the Nestorean line,
Sweet Polycastè, took the pleasing toil
To bathe the prince, and pour the fragrant oil.
O'er his fair limbs a flowery vest he threw,
And issued, like a god, to mortal view.
His former seat beside the king he found,
(His people's father, with his peers around;)
All placed at ease the holy banquet join,
And in the dazzling goblet laughs the wine.
The rage of thirst and hunger now suppress'd,
The monarch turns him to his royal guest;
And for the promised journey bids prepare
The smooth-hair'd horses, and the rapid car.
Observant of his word; the word scarce spoke,
The sons obey, and join them to the yoke.
Then bread and wine a ready handmaid brings,
And presents, such as suit the state of kings.

The glittering seat Telemachus ascends
His faithful guide Pisistratus attends;
With hasty hand the ruling reins he drew:
He lash'd the coursers, and the coursers flew.
Beneath the bounding yoke alike they held
Their equal pace, and smoked along the field.
The towers of Pylos sink, its views decay,
Fields after fields fly back till close of day:
Then sunk the sun, and darken'd all the way.
To Pheræ now Diocleus' stately seat
(Of Alpheus' race,) the weary youth retreat.
His house affords the hospitable rite,
And pleased they sleep, (the blessing of the night.)
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With rosy lustre purpled o'er the lawn
Again they mount their journey to renew,
And from the sounding portico they flew.
Along the waving fields their way they hold,
The fields receding as their chariot roll'd:
Then slowly sunk the ruddy globe of light,
And o'er the shaded landscape rush'd the night.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

The Conference with Menelaus.

Telemachus with Pisistratus arriving at Sparta, is hospitably received by Menelaus, to whom he relates the cause of his coming, and learns from him many particulars of what befel the Greeks since the destruction of Troy. He dwells more at large upon the prophecies of Proteus to him in his return; from which he acquaints Telemachus, that Ulysses is detained in the island of Calypso.

In the meantime the suitors consult to destroy Telemachus in his voyage home. Penelope is apprised of this; but comforted in a dream by Pallas, in the shape of her sister Iphthima.

BOOK IV.

And now proud Sparta with their wheels resounds,
Sparta whose walls a range of hills surrounds:
At the fair dome the rapid labour ends;
Where sate Atrides 'midst his bridal friends,
With double vows invoking Hymen's power,
To bless his son's and daughter's nuptial hour.
That day, to great Achilles' son resign'd,
Hermione, the fairest of her kind,
Was sent to crown the long-protracted joy,
Espoused before the final doom of Troy:
With steeds and gilded cars, a gorgeous train
Attend the nymph to Phthia's distant reign.
Meanwhile at home, to Megapenthes' bed
The virgin-choir Alector's daughter led.
Brave Megapenthes, from a stolen amour
To great Atrides' age his hand-maid bore:
To Helen's bed the gods alone assign
Hermione, to extend the regal line:
On whom a radiant pomp of graces wait,
Resembling Venus in attractive state.
While this gay friendly troop the king surround,
With festival and mirth the roofs resound:
A bard amid the joyous circle sings
High airs, attemper'd to the vocal strings:
Whilst warbling to the varied strain, advance
Two sprightly youths to form the bounding dance.
'Twas then, that, issuing through the palace gate,
The splendid car roll'd slow in regal state:
On the bright eminence young Nestor shone,
And fast beside him great Ulysses' son:
Grave Eteoneus saw the pomp appear,
And speeding, thus address'd the royal ear.
Two youths approach whose semblant features prove
Their blood devolving from the source of Jove.
Is due reception deign'd, or must they bend
Their doubtful course to seek a distant friend?
Insensate! (with a sigh the king replies,)
Too long, misjudging, have I thought thee wise:
But sure relentless folly steels thy breast,
Obdurate to reject the stranger-guest;
To those dear hospitable rites a foe,
Which in my wanderings oft relieved my woe;
Fed by the bounty of another's board,
Till pitying Jove my native realm restored—
Straight be the coursers from the car released,
Conduct the youths to grace the genial feast.
The seneschal, rebuked, in haste withdrew;
With equal haste a menial train pursue:
Part led the coursers, from the car enlarged,
Each to a crib with choicest grain surcharged;
Part in a portico, profusely graced
With rich magnificence, the chariot placed:
Then to the dome the friendly pair invite,
Who eye the dazzling roofs with vast delight;
Resplendent as the blaze of summer-noon,
Or the pale radiance of the midnight moon.
From room to room their eager view they bend;
Thence to the bath, a beauteous pile, descend;
Where a bright damsel-train attends the guests
With liquid odours, and embroider'd vests.
Refresh'd, they wait them to the bower of state,
Where circled with his peers Atrides sate:
Throned next the king, a fair attendant brings
The purest product of the crystal springs;
High on a massy vase of silver mould,
The burnish'd laver flames with solid gold;
In solid gold the purple vintage flows,
And on the board a second banquet rose.
When thus the king, with hospitable port:—
Accept this welcome to the Spartan court;
The waste of nature let the feast repair,
Then your high lineage and your names declare:
Say from what scepter'd ancestry ye claim,
Recorded eminent in deathless fame?
For vulgar parents cannot stamp their race
With signatures of such majestic grace.
Ceasing, benevolent he straight assigns
The royal portion of the choicest chines
To each accepted friend: with grateful haste
They share the honours of the rich repast.
Sufficed, soft whispering thus to Nestor's son,
His head reclined, young Ithacus begun:
View'st thou unmoved, O ever-honour'd most!
These prodigies of art, and wondrous cost!
Above, beneath, around the palace shines
The sumless treasure of exhausted mines;
The spoils of elephants the roofs inlay,
And studded amber darts a golden ray:
Such, and not nobler, in the realms above
My wonder dictates is the dome of Jove.
The monarch took the word, and grave replied,
Presumptuous are the vaunts, and vain the pride
Of man, who dares in pomp with Jove contest,
Unchanged, immortal, and supremely blest!
With all my affluence when my woes are weigh'd
Envy will own the purchase dearly paid.

For eight slow-circling years by tempests toss'd
From Cyprus to the far Phœnician coast
(Sidon the capital) I stretch'd my toil
Through regions fatten'd with the flows of Nile.
Next, Æthiopia's utmost bounds explore,
And the parch'd borders of the Arabian shore:
Then warp my voyage on the southern gales,
O'er the warm Libyan wave to spread my sails:
That happy clime! where each revolving year
The teeming ewes a triple offspring bear;
And two fair crescents of translucent horn
The brows of all their young increase adorn:
The shepherd swains, with sure abundance blest,
On the fat flock and rural dainties feast:
Nor want of herbage makes the dairy fail,
But every season fills the foaming pail.
Whilst, heaping unwish'd wealth, I distant roam,
The best of brothers at his natal home,
By the dire fury of a traitress wife,
Ends the sad evening of a stormy life:
Whence with incessant grief my soul annoy'd,
These riches are possess'd, but not enjoy'd;
My wars, the copious theme of every tongue,
To you, your fathers have recorded long;
How favouring heaven repaid my glorious toils
With a sack'd palace, and barbaric spoils.
Oh! had the gods so large a boon denied,
And life, the just equivalent, supplied
To those brave warriors, who, with glory fired,
Far from their country, in my cause expired!
Still in short intervals of pleasing woe,
Regardful of the friendly dues I owe,
I to the glorious dead, for ever dear!
Indulge the tribute of a grateful tear.
But oh! Ulysses—deeper than the rest
That sad idea wounds my anxious breast!
My heart bleeds fresh with agonizing pain;
The bowl and tasteful viands tempt in vain;
Nor sleep's soft power can close my streaming eyes,
When imaged to my soul his sorrows rise.
No peril in my cause he ceased to prove,
His labours equall'd only by my love:
And both alike to bitter fortune born,
For him to suffer, and for me to mourn!
Whether he wanders on some friendly coast,
Or glides in Stygian gloom a pensive ghost,
No fame reveals; but doubtful of his doom,
His good old sire with sorrow to the tomb
Declines his trembling steps; untimely care
Withers the blooming vigour of his heir;
And the chaste partner of his bed and throne
Wastes all her widow'd hours in tender moan.
  While thus pathetic to the prince he spoke,
From the brave youth the streaming passion broke:
Studious to veil the grief, in vain repress,
His face he shrouded with his purple vest:
The conscious monarch pierced the coy disguise,
And view'd his filial love with vast surprise:
Dubious to press the tender theme, or wait
To hear the youth inquire his father's fate.
In this suspense bright Helen graced the room;
Before her breathed a gale of rich perfume.
So moves, adorn'd with each attractive grace,
The silver-shafted goddess of the chase.
The seat of majesty Adraste brings.
With arts illustrious for the pomp of kings:
To spread the pall (beneath the regal chair
Of softest woof, is bright Alcippe's care.
A silver canister, divinely wrought,
In her soft hands the beauteous Phylo brought;
To Sparta's queen of old the radiant vase
Alcandra gave, a pledge of royal grace:
For Polybus her lord (whose sovereign sway
The wealthy tribes of Pharian Thebes obey,)
When to that court Atrides came, carest
With vast munificence the imperial guest;
Two lavers from the richest ore refined,
With silver tripods, the kind host assign'd:
And bounteous from the royal treasure told
Ten equal talents of refulgent gold.
Alcandra, consort of his high command,
A golden distaff gave to Helen's hand;
And that rich vase, with living sculpture wrought,
Which heap'd with wool the beauteous Phylo brought
The silken fleece impurpled for the loom,
Rival'd the hyacinth in vernal bloom.
The sovereign seat then Jove-born Helen press'd,
And, pleasing, thus her scepter'd lord address'd:
  Who grace our palace now, that friendly pair,
Speak they their lineage, or their names declare?
Uncertain of the truth, yet uncontroll'd
Hear me the bodings of my breast unfold.
With wonder-wrapt, on yonder cheek I trace
The feature of the Ulyssean race:
Diffused o'er each resembling line appear,
In just similitude, the grace and air
Of young Telemachus! the lovely boy,
Who bless'd Ulysses with a father's joy,
What time the Greeks combined their social arms,
To avenge the stain of my ill-fated charms!
  Just is thy thought, the king assenting cries,
Methinks Ulysses strikes my wondering eyes;
Full shines the father in the filial frame,
His port, his features, and his shape the same:
Such quick regards his sparkling eyes bestow
Such wavy ringlets o'er his shoulders flow.
And when he heard the long disastrous store
Of cares, which in my cause Ulysses bore;
Dismay'd, heart-wounded with paternal woes,
Above restraint the tide of sorrow rose:
Cautious to let the gushing grief appear,
His purple garment veil'd the falling tear.
  See there confess'd, Pisistratus replies,
The genuine worth of Ithacus the wise!
Of that heroic sire the youth is sprung,
But modest awe hath chain'd his timorous tongue.
Thy voice, O king! with pleased attention heard,
Is like the dictates of a god revered.
With him, at Nestor's high command I came,
Whose age I honour with a parent's name.
By adverse destiny constrain'd to sue
For counsel and redress, he sues to you.
Whatever ill the friendless orphan bears,
Bereaved of parents in his infant years,
Still must the wrong'd Telemachus sustain,
If, hopeful of your aid, he hopes in vain:
Affianced in your friendly power alone,
The youth would vindicate the vacant throne.
  Is Sparta blest, and these desiring eyes
View my friend's son? (the king exulting cries;)
Son of my friend, by glorious toils approved,
Whose sword was sacred to the man he loved:
Mirror of constant faith, revered and mourn'd!—
When Troy was ruin'd, had the chief return'd,
No Greek an equal space had e'er possess'd,
Of dear affection, in my grateful breast.

I, to confirm the mutual joys we shared,
For his abode a capital prepared:
Argos the seat of sovereign rule I chose;
Fair in the plan the future palace rose,
Where my Ulysses and his race might reign,
And portion to his tribes the wide domain.
To them my vassals had resign'd a soil,
With teeming plenty to reward their toil.
There with commutual zeal we both had strove
In acts of dear benevolence and love:
Brothers in peace, not rivals in command,
And death alone dissolved the friendly band!
Some envious power the blissful scene destroys:
Vanish'd are all the visionary joys;
The soul of friendship to my hope is lost
Fated to wander from his natal coast!
He ceased; a gust of grief began to rise:
Fast streams a tide from beauteous Helen's eyes:
Fast for the sire the filial sorrows flow;
The weeping monarch swells the mighty woe:
Thy cheeks, Pisistratus, the tears bedew
While pictured to thy mind appear'd in view
Thy martial brother:* on the Phrygian plain
Extended pale, by swarthy Memnon slain!
But silence soon the son of Nestor broke,
And melting with fraternal pity spoke:
Frequent, O king, was Nestor wont to raise
And charm attention with thy copious praise;
To crown thy various gifts, the sage assign'd
The glory of a firm capacious mind:
With that superior attribute, controul
This unavailing impotence of soul.
Let not your roof with echoing grief resound,
Now for the feast the friendly bowl is crown'd:
But when from dewy shade emerging bright
Aurora streaks the sky with orient light,
Let each deplore his dead: the rites of woe
Are all, alas! the living can bestow:
O'er the congenial dust enjoin'd to shear
The graceful curl, and drop the tender tear.
Then, mingling in the mournful pomp with you,
I'll pay my brother's ghost a warrior's due,
And mourn the brave Antilochus, a name
Not unrecorded in the rolls of fame:
With strength and speed superior form'd, in fight
To face the foe, or intercept his flight:
Too early snatch'd by fate ere known to me!
I boast a witness of his worth in thee.
Young and mature! the monarch thus rejoins,
In thee renew'd the soul of Nestor shines:
Form'd by the care of that consummate sage,
In early bloom an oracle of age.
Whene'er his influence Jove vouchsafes to shower,
To bless the natal, and the nuptial hour;
From the great sire transmissive to the race,
The boon devolving gives distinguish'd grace.
Such, happy Nestor! was thy glorious doom;
Around thee, full of years, thy offspring bloom,
Expert of arms, and prudent in debate;
The gifts of heaven to guard thy hoary state.
But now let each becalm his troubled breast,
Wash, and partake, serene, the friendly feast.
To move thy suit, Telemachus, delay,
Till heaven's revolving lamp restores the day.
He said, Asphalion swift the laver brings;
Alternate all partake the grateful springs;
Then from the rites of purity repair,
And with keen gust the savoury viands share.
Meantime, with genial joy to warm the soul,
Bright Helen mix'd a mirth inspiring bowl:
Temper'd with drugs of sovereign use, to assuage
The boiling bosom of tumultuous rage;
To clear the cloudy front of wrinkled Care,
And dry the tearful sluices of Despair:
Charm'd with that virtuous draught, the exalted mind
All sense of woe delivers to the wind.
Though on the blazing pile his parent lay,
Or a loved brother groan'd his life away,
Or darling son, oppress'd by ruffian force,
Fell breathless at his feet, a mangled corse;
From morn to eve, impassive and serene,
The man entranced would view the deathful scene.
These drugs, so friendly to the joys of life,
Bright Helen learn'd from Thone's imperial wife;
Who sway'd the sceptre, where prolific Nile
With various simples clothes the fatten'd soil.
With wholesome herbage mix'd, the direful bane
Of vegetable venom taints the plain;
From Pæon sprung, their patron-god imparts
To all the Pharian race his healing arts.
The beverage now prepared to inspire the feast,
The circle thus the beauteous queen address'd:
Throned in omnipotence, supremest Jove
Tempers the fates of human race above;
By the firm sanction of his sovereign will,
Alternate are decreed our good and ill.
To feastful mirth be this white hour assign'd,
And sweet discourse, the banquet of the mind.
Myself, assisting in the social joy,
Will tell Ulysses' bold exploit in Troy:
Sole witness of the deed I now declare;
Speak you, (who saw) his wonders in the war.
Seam'd o'er with wounds, which his own sabre gave,
In the vile habit of a village-slave,
The foe deceived, he pass'd the tented plain,
In Troy to mingle with the hostile train.
In this attire, secure from searching eyes,
Till haply piercing through the dark disguise
The chief I challenged; he, whose practised wit
Knew all the serpent mazes of deceit,
Eludes my search: but when his form I view'd
Fresh from the bath with fragrant oils renew'd,
His limbs in military purple dress'd,
Each brightening grace the genuine Greek confess'd.
A previous pledge of sacred faith obtain'd,
Till he the lines and Argive fleet regain'd,
To keep his stay conceal'd; the chief declared
The plans of war against the town prepared.
Exploring then the secrets of the state,
He learn'd what best might urge the Dardan fate:
And, safe returning to the Grecian host,
Sent many a shade to Pluto's dreary coast.
Loud grief resounded through the towers of Troy,
But my pleased bosom glow'd with secret joy:
For then, with dire remorse and conscious shame,
I view'd the effects of that disastrous flame,
Which, kindled by the imperious queen of love,
Constrain'd me from my native realm to rove:
And oft in bitterness of soul deplored
My absent daughter, and my dearer lord,
Admired among the first of human race,
For every gift of mind and manly grace.
Right well, replied the king, your speech displays
The matchless merit of the chief you praise:

* Antilochus.

Heroes in various climes myself have found,
For martial deeds and depth of thought renown'd;
But Ithacus, unrivall'd in his claim,
May boast a title to the loudest fame:
In battle calm, he guides the rapid storm,
Wise to resolve, and patient to perform.
What wondrous conduct in the chief appear'd,
When the vast fabric of the steed we rear'd!
Some dæmon, anxious for the Trojan doom,
Urged you with great Deïphobus to come,
To explore the fraud; with guile opposed to guile,
Slow-pacing thrice around the insidious pile;
Each noted leader's name you thrice invoke,
Your accent varying as their spouses spoke
The pleasing sounds each latent warrior warm'd,
But most Tydides, and my heart alarm'd:
To quit the steed we both impatient press,
Threatening to answer from the dark recess.
Unmoved the mind of Ithacus remain'd:
And the vain ardours of our love restrain'd:
But Anticlus, unable to controul,
Spoke loud the language of his yearning soul:
Ulysses straight, with indignation fired
(For so the common care of Greece required,)
Firm to his lips his forceful hands applied,
Till on his tongue the fluttering murmurs died.
Meantime Minerva, from the fraudful horse,
Back to the court of Priam bent your course.
Inclement fate! Telemachus replies;
Frail is the boasted attribute of wise:
The leader, mingling with the vulgar host,
Is in the common mass of matter lost:
But now let sleep the painful waste repair
Of sad reflection, and corroding care.
He ceased; the menial fair that round her wait,
At Helen's beck prepare the room of state;
Beneath an ample portico they spread
The downy fleece to form the slumberous bed;
And o'er soft palls of purple grain, unfold
Rich tapestry, stiff with inwoven gold:
Then through the illumined dome, to balmy rest
The obsequious herald guides each princely guest;
While to his regal bower the king ascends,
And beauteous Helen on her lord attends.
Soon as the morn, in orient purple dress'd,
Unbarr'd the portal of the roseate east,
The monarch rose; magnificent to view,
The imperial mantle o'er his vest he threw:
The glittering zone, athwart his shoulder cast,
A starry falchion low-depending graced;
Clasp'd on his feet the embroider'd sandals shine;
And forth he moves, majestic and divine:
Instant to young Telemachus he press'd,
And thus benevolent his speech address'd:
Say, royal youth, sincere of soul, report
What cause hath led you to the Spartan court?
Do public or domestic cares constrain
This toilsome voyage o'er the surgy main?
O highly-favour'd delegate of Jove!
(Replies the prince;) inflamed with filial love,
And anxious hope, to hear my parent's doom,
A suppliant to your royal court I come.
Our sovereign seat a lewd usurping race
With lawless riot and misrule disgrace;
To pamper'd insolence devoted fall
Prime of the flock, and choicest of the stall:
For wild ambition wings their bold desire,
And all to mount the imperial bed aspire.
But prostrate I implore, oh king! relate
The mournful series of my father's fate:
Each known disaster of the man disclose
Born by his mother to a world of woes!
Recite them; nor in erring pity fear
To wound with storied grief the filial ear:
If e'er Ulysses, to reclaim your right,
Avow'd his zeal in council or in fight,
If Phrygian camps the friendly toils attest,
To the sire's merit give the son's request.
Deep from his inmost soul Atrides sigh'd,
And thus indignant to the prince replied:
Heavens! would a soft, inglorious, dastard train
An absent hero's nuptial joys profane!
So with her young, amid the woodland shades,
A timorous hind the lion's court invades,
Leaves in the fatal lair the tender fawns,
Climbs the green cliff or feeds the flowery lawns:
Meantime return'd, with dire remorseless sway
The monarch-savage rends the trembling prey.
With equal fury, and with equal fame,
Ulysses soon shall re-assert his claim.
O Jove, supreme, whom gods and men revere!
And thou* to whom 'tis given to gild the sphere!
With power congenial join'd, propitious aid
The chief adopted by the martial maid!
Such to our wish the warrior soon restore,
As when contending on the Lesbian shore
His prowess Philomelides confess'd,
And loud-acclaiming Greeks the victor bless'd:
Then soon the invaders of his bed and throne
Their love presumptuous shall with life atone.
With patient ear, O royal youth, attend
The storied labours of thy father's friend:
Fruitful of deeds, the copious tale is long,
But truth severe shall dictate to my tongue:
Learn what I heard the sea-born seer relate,
Whose eye can pierce the dark recess of fate.
Long on the Ægyptian coast by calms confined
Heaven to my fleet refused a prosperous wind:
No vows had we preferr'd, nor victim slain!
For this the gods each favouring gale restrain:
Jealous, to see their high behests obey'd:
Severe, if men the eternal rights evade.
High o'er a gulfy sea, the Pharian isle
Fronts the deep roar of disemboguing Nile:
Her distance from the shore, the course begun
At dawn, and ending with the setting sun,
A galley measures: when the stiffer gales
Rise on the poop, and fully stretch the sails.
There, anchor'd vessels safe in harbour lie,
Whilst limpid springs the failing cask supply.
And now the twentieth sun, descending, laves
His glowing axle in the western waves;
Still with expanded sails we court in vain
Propitious winds to waft us o'er the main:
And the pale mariner at once deplores
His drooping vigour and exhausted stores.
When lo! a bright cœrulean form appears,
The fair Eidothea! to dispel my fears;
Proteus her sire divine. With pity press'd,
Me sole the daughter of the deep address'd;
What time, with hunger pined, my absent mates
Roam the wild isle in search of rural cates,
Bait the barb'd steel, and from the fishy flood
Appease the afflictive fierce desire of food.

* Apollo.

Whoe'er thou art (the azure goddess cries)
Thy conduct ill deserves the praise of wise:
Is death thy choice, or misery thy boast,
That here inglorious on a barren coast
Thy brave associates droop, a meagre train
With famine pale, and ask thy care in vain?
Struck with the kind reproach, I straight reply;
Whate'er thy title in thy native sky,
A goddess sure! for more than mortal grace
Speaks thee descendant of ethereal race:
Deem not, that here of choice my fleet remains;
Some heavenly power averse my stay constrains:
O, piteous of my fate, vouchsafe to show
(For what's sequester'd from celestial view?)
What power becalms the innavigable seas?
What guilt provokes him, and what vows appease?
I ceased, when affable the goddess cried;
Observe, and in the truths I speak confide:
The oraculous seer frequents the Pharian coast,
From whose high bed my birth divine I boast;
Proteus, a name tremendous o'er the main,
The delegate of Neptune's watery reign.
Watch with insidious care his known abode;
There fast in chains constrain the various god;
Who bound, obedient to superior force,
Unerring will prescribe your destined course.
If, studious of your realms, you then demand
Their state, since last you left your natal land;
Instant the god obsequious will disclose
Bright tracts of glory, or a cloud of woes.
She ceased: and suppliant thus I made reply:
O goddess! on thy aid my hopes rely;
Dictate propitious to my duteous ear,
What arts can captivate the changeful seer;
For perilous the essay, unheard the toil,
To elude the prescience of a god by guile.
Thus to the goddess mild my suit I end.
Then she. Obedient to my rule, attend:
When through the zone of heaven the mounted sun
Hath journey'd half, and half remains to run;
The seer, while zephyrs curl the swelling deep,
Basks on the breezy shore, in grateful sleep,
His oozy limbs. Emerging from the wave,
The Phocæ swift surround his rocky cave,
Frequent and full; the consecrated train
Of her,* whose azure trident awes the main:
There wallowing warm, the enormous herd exhales
An oily stream, and taints the noon-tide gales.
To that recess, commodious for surprise
When purple light shall next suffuse the skies,
With me repair; and from thy warrior-band
Three chosen chiefs of dauntless soul command:
Let their auxiliar force befriend the toil;
For strong the god, and perfected in guile.
Stretch'd on the shelly shore, he first surveys
The flouncing herd ascending from the seas;
Their number summ'd, reposed in sleep profound
The scaly charge their guardian god surround:
So with his battening flocks the careful swain
Abides pavilion'd on the grassy plain.
With powers united, obstinately bold
Invade him, couch'd amid the scaly fold;
Instant he wears, elusive of the rape,
The mimic force of every savage shape;
Or glides with liquid lapse a murmuring stream,
Or, wrapt in flame, he glows at every limb.
Yet still retentive, with redoubled might,
Through each vain passive form constrain his flight.
But when, his native shape resumed, he stands
Patient of conquest, and your cause demands,
The cause that urged the bold attempt declare,
And soothe the vanquish'd with a victor's prayer.
The bands relax'd implore the seer to say
What godhead interdicts the watery way?
Who, straight propitious, in prophetic strain
Will teach you to repass the unmeasured main.
She ceased, and bounding from the shelfy shore,
Round the descending nymph the waves redounding
High wrapt in wonder of the future deed, [roar.
With joy impetuous, to the port I speed:
The wants of nature with repast suffice,
Till night with grateful shade involved the skies,
And shed ambrosial dews. Fast by the deep,
Along the tented shore, in balmy sleep,
Our cares were lost. When o'er the eastern lawn,
In saffron robes, the daughter of the dawn
Advanced her rosy steps; before the bay,
Due ritual honours to the gods I pay;
Then seek the place the sea-born nymph assign'd,
With three associates of undaunted mind.
Arrived, to form along the appointed strand
For each a bed, she scoops the hilly sand;
Then, from her azure car the finny spoils
Of four vast Phocæ takes to veil her wiles;
Beneath the finny spoils extended prone,
Hard toil! the prophet's piercing eye to shun;
New from the corse, the scaly frauds diffuse
Unsavoury stench of oil, and brackish ooze:
But the bright sea-maid's gentle power implored,
With nectar'd drops the sickening sense restored.
Thus till the sun had travell'd half the skies,
Ambush'd we lie, and wait the bold emprise;
When, thronging quick to bask in open air,
The flocks of Ocean to the strand repair:
Couch'd on the sunny sand, the monsters sleep:
Then Proteus, mounting from the hoary deep,
Surveys his charge, unknowing of deceit:
(In order told, we make the sum complete:)
Pleased with the false review, secure he lies
And leaden slumbers press his drooping eyes.
Rushing impetuous forth, we straight prepare
A furious onset with the sound of war,
And shouting seize the god: our force to evade
His various arts he soon resumes in aid:
A lion now, he curls a surgy mane;
Sudden our bands a spotted pard restrain;
Then, arm'd with tusks, and lightning in his eyes,
A boar's obscener shape the god belies:
On spiry volumes, there, a dragon rides:
Here, from our strict embrace a stream he glides;
And last, sublime, his stately growth he rears,
A tree, and well-dissembled foliage wears.
Vain efforts! with superior power compress'd,
Me with reluctance thus the seer address'd:
Say, son of Atreus, say what god inspired
This daring fraud, and what the boon desired?
I thus: O thou, whose certain eye foresees
The fix'd event of Fate's remote decrees;
After long woes, and various toil endured,
Still on this desert isle my fleet is moor'd;
Unfriended of the gales. All-knowing! say,
What godhead interdicts the watery way?
What vows repentant will the power appease,
To speed a prosperous voyage o'er the seas?

* Amphitrite.

To Jove (with stern regard the god replies)
And all the offended synod of the skies,
Just hecatombs with due devotion slain,
Thy guilt absolved, a prosperous voyage gain.
To the firm sanction of thy fate attend!
An exile thou, nor cheering face of friend,
Nor sight of natal shore, nor regal dome,
Shalt yet enjoy, but still art doom'd to roam.
Once more the Nile, who from the secret source
Of Jove's high seat descends with sweepy force,
Must view his billows white beneath thy oar,
And altars blaze along his sanguine shore.
Then will the gods, with holy pomp adored,
To thy long vows a safe return accord.
He ceased; heart-wounded with afflictive pain
(Doom'd to repeat the perils of the main,
A shelfy track and long!) O seer! I cry,
To the stern sanction of the offended sky
My prompt obedience bows. But deign to say,
What fate propitious, or what dire dismay,
Sustain those peers, the reliques of our host,
Whom I with Nestor on the Phrygian coast
Embracing left? Must I the warriors weep,
Whelm'd in the bottom of the monstrous deep?
Or did the kind domestic friend deplore
The breathless heroes on their native shore?
Press not too far, replied the god; but cease
To know, what known will violate thy peace:
Too curious of their doom! with friendly woe
Thy breast will heave, and tears eternal flow.
Part live, the rest, a lamentable train:
Range the dark bounds of Pluto's dreary reign.
Two, foremost in the roll of Mars renown'd,
Whose arms with conquest in thy cause were crown'd,
Fell by disastrous fate; by tempests toss'd,
A third lives wretched on a distant coast.
By Neptune rescued from Minerva's hate,
On Gyræ, safe Oïlean Ajax sate,
His ship o'erwhelm'd: but, frowning on the floods,
Impious he roar'd defiance to the gods;
To his own prowess all the glory gave,
The power defrauding who vouchsafed to save.
This heard the raging ruler of the main;
His spear, indignant for such high disdain,
He launch'd: dividing with his forky mace
The aërial summit from the marble base:
The rock rush'd seaward with impetuous roar,
Ingulf'd, and to the abyss the boaster bore.
By Juno's guardian aid, the watery vast,
Secure of storms, your royal brother pass'd;
Till coasting nigh the cape, where Malea shrouds
Her spiry cliffs amid surrounding clouds;
A whirling gust tumultuous from the shore
Across the deep his labouring vessel bore.
In an ill-fated hour the coast he gain'd,
Where late in regal pomp Thyestes reign'd;
But when his hoary honours bow'd to fate,
Ægysthus govern'd in paternal state.
The surges now subside, the tempest ends;
From his tall ship the king of men descends;
There fondly thinks the gods conclude his toil!
Far from his own domain salutes the soil:
With rapture oft the verge of Greece reviews,
And the dear turf with tears of joy bedews.
Him thus exulting on the distant strand,
A spy distinguish'd from his airy stand;
To bribe whose vigilance, Ægysthus told
A mighty sum of ill-persuading gold:
There watch'd this guardian of his guilty fear,
Till the twelfth moon had wheel'd her pale career.
And now, admonish'd by his eye, to court
With terror wing'd conveys the dread report.
Of deathful arts expert, his lord employs
The ministers of blood in dark surprise;
And twenty youths in radiant mail incased,
Close ambush'd, nigh the spacious hall he placed.
Then bids prepare the hospitable treat:
Vain shows of love to veil his felon-hate!
To grace the victor's welcome from the wars
A train of coursers, and triumphal cars
Magnificent he leads: the royal guest,
Thoughtless of ill, accepts the fraudful feast.
The troop forth-issuing from the dark recess,
With homicidal rage the king oppress.
So, whilst he feeds luxuriant in the stall,
The sovereign of the herd is doom'd to fall.
The partners of his fame and toils of Troy,
Around their lord, a mighty ruin! lie:
Mix'd with the brave, the base invaders bleed;
Ægysthus sole survives to boast the deed.
He said; chill horrors shook my shivering soul,
Rack'd with convulsive pangs in dust I roll;
And hate, in madness of extreme despair,
To view the sun, or breathe the vital air.
But when, superior to the rage of woe,
I stood restored, and tears had ceased to flow,
Lenitent of grief, the pitying god began—
Forget the brother and resume the man:
To Fate's supreme dispose the dead resign,
That care be Fate's, a speedy passage thine.
Still lives the wretch who wrought the death deplored,
But lives a victim for thy vengeful sword;
Unless with filial rage Orestes glow
And swift prevent the meditated blow:
You timely will return a welcome guest,
With him to share the sad funereal feast.
He said: new thoughts my beating heart employ,
My gloomy soul receives a gleam of joy.
Fair hope revives; and eager I addrest
The prescient godhead to reveal the rest
The doom decreed of those disasterous two
I've heard with pain, but, oh! the tale pursue;
What third brave son of Mars the Fates constrain
To roam the howling desert of the main;
Or, in eternal shade if cold he lies,
Provoke new sorrows from these grateful eyes.
That chief (rejoin'd the god) his race derives
From Ithaca, and wondrous woes survives;
Laërtes son: girt with circumfluous tides,
He still calamitous constraint abides.
Him in Calypso's cave of late I view'd,
When streaming grief his faded cheek bedew'd.
But vain his prayer, his arts are vain, to move
The enamour'd goddess; or elude her love:
His vessel sunk, and dear companions lost,
He lives reluctant on a foreign coast.
But oh, beloved by heaven! reserved to thee
A happier lot the smiling fates decree:
Free from that law, beneath whose mortal sway
Matter is changed, and varying forms decay;
Elysium shall be thine; the blissful plains
Of utmost earth, where (Rhadamanthus) reigns.
Joys ever young, unmix'd with pain or fear,
Fill the wide circle of the eternal year:
Stern winter smiles on that auspicious clime:
The fields are florid with unfading prime:

From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,
Mould the round hail, or flake the fleecy snow;
But from the breezy deep the blest inhale
The fragrant murmurs of the western gale.
This grace peculiar will the gods afford
To thee, the son of Jove, and beauteous Helen's lord.
He ceased, and plunging in the vast profound,
Beneath the god the whirling billows bound.
Then speeding back, involved in various thought,
My friends attending at the shore I sought.
Arrived, the rage of hunger we controul,
Till night with silent shade invests the pole;
Then lose the cares of life in pleasing rest.—
Soon as the morn reveals the roseate east,
With sails we wing the masts, our anchors weigh,
Unmoor the fleet and rush into the sea.
Ranged on the banks, beneath our equal oars
White curl the waves, and the vex'd ocean roars.
Then, steering backward from the Pharian isle,
We gain the stream of Jove-descended Nile;
There quit the ships, and on the destined shore
With ritual hecatombs the gods adore:
Their wrath atoned, to Agamemnon's name
A cenotaph I raise of deathless fame.
These rites to piety and grief discharged,
The friendly gods a springing gale enlarged;
The fleet swift tilting o'er the surges flew
Till Grecian cliffs appear'd a blissful view!
Thy patient ear hath heard me long relate
A story, fruitful of disastrous fate;
And now, young prince indulge my fond request.
Be Sparta honour'd with his royal guest,
Till, from his eastern goal, the joyous sun
His twelfth diurnal race begins to run.
Meantime my train the friendly gifts prepare,
Three sprightly coursers, and a polish'd car:
With these, a goblet of capacious mould,
Figured with art to dignify the gold,
(Form'd for libation to the gods,) shall prove
A pledge and monument of sacred love.
My quick return, young Ithacus rejoin'd,
Damps the warm wishes of my raptured mind:
Did not my fate my needful haste constrain,
Charmed by your speech, so graceful and humane,
Lost in delight the circling year would roll,
While deep attention fix'd my listening soul.
But now to Pyle permit my destined way,
My loved associates chide my long delay:
In dear remembrance of your royal grace,
I take the present of the promised vase;
The coursers, for the champaign sports, retain;
That gift our barren rocks will render vain:
Horrid with cliffs, our meager land allows
Thin herbage for the mountain goat to browse,
But neither mead nor plain supplies, to feed
The sprightly courser, or indulge his speed:
To sea-surrounded realms the gods assign
Small tract of fertile lawn, the least to mine.
His hand the king with tender passion press'd,
And, smiling, thus the royal youth address'd:
O early worth! a soul so wise, and young,
Proclaims you from the sage Ulysses sprung.
Selected from my stores, of matchless price,
An urn shall recompense your prudent choice
Not mean the massy mould of silver, graced
By Vulcan's art, the verge with gold enchased;
A pledge the scepter'd power of Sidon gave,
When to his realm I plough'd the orient wave.
Thus they alternate; while with artful care
The menial train the regal feast prepare:
The firstlings of the flock are doom'd to die;
Rich fragrant wines the cheering bowl supply;
A female band the gift of Ceres bring;
And the gilt roofs with genial triumph ring.
Meanwhile, in Ithaca, the suitor powers
In active games divide their jovial hours:
In areas varied with mosaic art,
Some whirl the disk, and some the javelin dart.
Aside, sequester'd from the vast resort,
Antinoüs sate spectator of the sport;
With great Eurymachus, of worth confess'd,
And high descent, superior to the rest;
Whom young Noëmon lowly thus address'd.
My ship, equipp'd within the neighbouring port,
The prince, departing for the Pylian court,
Requested for his speed; but, courteous, say
When steers he home, or why this long delay?
For Elis I should sail with utmost speed,
To import twelve mares which there luxurious feed,
And twelve young mules, a strong laborious race,
New to the plough, unpractised in the trace.
Unknowing of the course to Pyle design'd,
A sudden horror seized on either mind:
The prince in rural bower they fondly thought,
Numbering his flocks and herds, not far remote.
Relate, Antinoüs cries, devoid of guile,
When spread the prince his sail for distant Pyle?
Did chosen chiefs across the gulfy main
Attend his voyage, or domestic train?
Spontaneous did you speed his secret course,
Or was the vessel seized by fraud or force?
With willing duty, not reluctant mind
(Noëmon cried,) the vessel was resign'd.
Who, in the balance, with the great affairs
Of courts, presume to weigh their private cares?
With him, the peerage next in power to you:
And Mentor, captain of the lordly crew,
Or some celestial in his reverend form,
Safe from the secret rock and adverse storm,
Pilots the course: for when the glimmering ray
Of yester dawn disclosed the tender day,
Mentor himself I saw, and much admired—
Then ceased the youth, and from the court retired.
Confounded and appall'd, the unfinish'd game
The suitors quit, and all to council came.
Antinoüs first the assembled peers address'd,
Rage sparkling in his eyes, and burning in his breast.
O shame to manhood! shall one daring boy
The scheme of all our happiness destroy?
Fly unperceived, seducing half the flower
Of nobles, and invite a foreign power?
The pondrous engine raised to crush us all,
Recoiling, on his head is sure to fall.
Instant prepare me, on the neighbouring strand,
With twenty chosen mates a vessel mann'd;
For ambush'd close beneath the Samian shore
His ship returning shall my spies explore:
He soon his rashness shall with life atone,
Seek for his father's fate, but find his own.
With vast applause the sentence all approve;
Then rise, and to the feastful hall remove:
Swift to the queen the herald Medon ran,
Who heard the consult of the dire divan:
Before her dome the royal matron stands,
And thus the message of his haste demands.

What will the suitors? must my servant-train
The allotted labours of the day refrain,
For them to form some exquisite repast?
Heaven grant this festival may prove their last!
Or, if they still must live, from me remove
The double plague of luxury and love!
Forbear, ye sons of insolence! forbear,
In riot to consume a wretched heir.
In the young soul illustrious thought to raise,
Were ye not tutor'd with Ulysses' praise?
Have not your fathers oft my lord defined,
Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind?
Some kings with arbitrary rage devour,
Or in their tyrant-minions vest the power:
Ulysses let no partial favours fall,
The people's parent he protected all:
But absent now, perfidious and ingrate!
His stores ye ravage, and usurp his state.
He thus: O were the woes you speak the worst!
They form a deed more odious and accurst;
More dreadful than your boding soul divines:
But pitying Jove avert the dire designs!
The darling object of your royal care
Is mark'd to perish in a deathful snare;
Before he anchors in his native port,
From Pyle-resailing and the Spartan court;
Horrid to speak! in ambush is decreed
The hope and heir of Ithaca to bleed!
Sudden she sunk beneath the weighty woes,
The vital streams a chilling horror froze;
The big round tear stands trembling in her eye,
And on her tongue imperfect accents die.
At length, in tender language interwove
With sighs, she thus express'd her anxious love:
Why rashly would my son his fate explore,
Ride the wild waves, and quit the safer shore?
Did he, with all the greatly wretched, crave
A blank oblivion, and untimely grave?
'Tis not, replied the sage, to Medon given
To know, if some inhabitant of heaven
In his young breast the daring thought inspired!
Or if alone with filial duty fired,
The winds and waves he tempts in early bloom,
Studious to learn his absent father's doom.
The sage retired: unable to controul
The mighty griefs that swell her labouring soul,
Rolling convulsive on the floor, is seen
The piteous object of a prostrate queen.
Words to her dumb complaint a pause supplies,
And breath, to waste in unavailing cries.
Around their sovereign wept the menial fair,
To whom she thus address'd her deep despair.
Behold a wretch whom all the gods consign
To woe! Did ever sorrows equal mine?
Long to my joys my dearest lord is lost,
His country's buckler, and the Grecian boast:
Now from my fond embrace, by tempests torn
Our other column of the state is borne:
Nor took a kind adieu, nor sought consent!—
Unkind confederates in his dire intent!
Ill suits it with your shows of duteous zeal,
From me the purposed voyage to conceal:
Though at the solemn midnight hour he rose,
Why did you fear to trouble my repose?
He either had obey'd my fond desire,
Or seen his mother pierced with grief expire.
Bid Dolius quick attend, the faithful slave
Whom to my nuptial train Icarius gave,
To tend the fruit-groves; with incessant speed
He shall this violence of death decreed
To good Laërtes tell. Experienced age
May timely intercept the ruffian rage.
Convene the tribes, the murderous plot reveal,
And to their power to save his race appeal.
Then Euryclea thus. My dearest dread!
Though to the sword I bow this hoary head,
Or if a dungeon be the pain decreed,
I own me conscious of the unpleasing deed:
Auxiliar to his flight, my aid implored,
With wine and viands I the vessel stored:
A solemn oath, imposed, the secret seal'd,
Till the twelfth dawn the light of heaven reveal'd
Dreading the effect of a fond mother's fear,
He dared not violate your royal ear.
But bathe, and, in imperial robes array'd,
Pay due devotions to the martial maid,*
And rest affianced in her guardian aid.
Send not to good Laërtes, nor engage
In toils of state the miseries of age:
'Tis impious to surmise the powers divine
To ruin doom the Jove-descended line:
Long shall the race of just Arcesius reign,
And isles remote enlarge his old domain.
The queen her speech with calm attention hears,
Her eyes restrain the silver-streaming tears:
She bathes, and robed, the sacred dome ascends;
Her pious speed a female train attends:
The salted cakes in canisters are laid,
And thus the queen invokes Minerva's aid.
Daughter divine of Jove, whose arm can wield
The avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield!
If e'er Ulysses to thy fane preferr'd
The best and choicest of his flock and herd,
Hear, goddess, hear, by those oblations won;
And for the pious sire preserve the son;
His wish'd return with happy power befriend
And on the suitors let thy wrath descend.
She ceased; shrill ecstacies of joy declare
The favouring goddess present to the prayer:
The suitors heard, and deem'd the mirthful voice
A signal of her hymeneal choice:
Whilst one most jovial thus accosts the board:
"Too late the queen selects a second lord;
In evil hour the nuptial rite intends,
When o'er her son disastrous death impends."
Thus he unskill'd of what the fates provide!
But with severe rebuke Antinoüs cried.
These empty vaunts will make the voyage vain;
Alarm not with discourse the menial train:
The great event with silent hope attend;
Our deeds alone our counsel must commend.
His speech thus ended short, he frowning rose,
And twenty chiefs renown'd for valour chose:
Down to the strand he speeds with haughty strides,
Where anchor'd in the bay the vessel rides,
Replete with mail and military store,
In all her tackle trim to quit the shore.
The desperate crew ascend, unfurl the sails
(The seaward prow invites the tardy gales;)
Then take repast, till Hesperus display'd
His golden circlet in the western shade.
Meantime the queen, without refection due,
Heart-wounded, to the bed of state withdrew:
In her sad breast the prince's fortunes roll,
And hope and doubt alternate seize her soul.

* Minerva.

So when the woodman's toil her cave surrounds,
And with the hunter's cry the grove resounds,
With grief and rage the mother-lion stung,
Fearless herself, yet trembles for her young.
While pensive in the silent slumberous shade,
Sleep's gentle powers her drooping eyes invade;
Minerva, life-like on embodied air
Impress'd the form of Iphthima the fair;
(Icarius' daughter she, whose blooming charms
Allured Eumelus to her virgin arms;
A scepter'd lord, who o'er the fruitful plain
Of Thessaly, wide stretch'd his ample reign:)
As Pallas will'd, along the sable skies,
To calm the queen, the phantom sister flies.
Swift on the regal dome, descending right,
The bolted valves are pervious to her flight.
Close to her head the pleasing vision stands,
And thus performs Minerva's high commands.
O why, Penelope, this causeless fear,
To render sleep's soft blessing unsincere?
Alike devote to sorrow's dire extreme
The day-reflection, and the midnight dream!
Thy son the gods propitious will restore,
And bid thee cease his absence to deplore.
To whom the queen (whilst yet her pensive mind
Was in the silent gates of sleep confined:)
O sister, to my soul for ever dear,
Why this first visit to reprove my fear?
How, in a realm so distant, should you know
From what deep source my ceaseless sorrows flow!
To all my hope my royal lord is lost,
His country's buckler, and the Grecian boast:
And, with consummate woe to weigh me down,
The heir of all his honours and his crown,
My darling son is fled! an easy prey
To the fierce storms, or men more fierce than they:
Who, in a league of blood associates sworn,
Will intercept the unwary youth's return.
Courage resume, the shadowy form replied,
In the protecting care of heaven confide:
On him attends the blue-eyed martial maid;
What earthly can implore a surer aid?
Me now the guardian goddess deigns to send,
To bid thee patient his return attend.
The queen replies: If in the bless'd abodes,
A goddess, thou hast commerce with the gods;
Say, breathes my lord the blissful realm of light,
Or lies he wrapp'd in ever-during night?
Inquire not all his doom, the phantom cries,
I speak not of the counsel of the skies:
Nor must indulge with vain discourse or long,
The windy satisfaction of the tongue.
Swift through the valves the visionary fair
Repass'd, and viewless mix'd with common air.
The queen awakes deliver'd of her woes;
With florid joy her heart dilating glows:
The vision manifest of future fate,
Makes her with hope her son's arrival wait.
Meantime, the suitors plough the watery plain;
Telemachus, in thought, already slain!
When sight of lessening Ithaca was lost,
Their sail directed for the Samian coast;
A small but verdant isle appeared in view,
And Asteris the advancing pilot knew:
An ample port the rocks projected form,
To break the rolling waves and ruffling storm:
That safe recess they gain with happy speed,
And in close ambush wait the murderous deed.

BOOK V.

ARGUMENT.

The departure of Ulysses from Calypso.

Pallas in a council of the gods complains of the detention of Ulysses in the island of Calypso; whereupon Mercury is sent to command his removal. The seat of Calypso described. She consents with much difficulty; and Ulysses builds a vessel with his own hands, on which he embarks. Neptune overtakes him with a terrible tempest; in which he is shipwrecked, and in the last danger of death: till Leucothea, a sea-goddess, assists him, and, after innumerable perils, he gets ashore at Phæacia.

BOOK V.

The saffron morn, with early blushes spread,
Now rose refulgent from Tithonus' bed;
With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the courts of heaven with sacred light.
Then met the eternal synod of the sky,
Before the god who thunders from on high,
Supreme in might, sublime in majesty.
Pallas to these deplores the unequal fates
Of wise Ulysses, and his toils relates:
Her hero's danger touch'd the pitying power,
The nymph's seducements, and the magic bower.
Thus she began her plaint: Immortal Jove!
And you who fill the blissful seats above!
Let kings no more with gentle mercy sway,
Or bless a people willing to obey,
But crush the nations with an iron rod,
And every monarch be the scourge of God!
If from your thoughts Ulysses you remove,
Who ruled his subjects with a father's love.
Sole in an isle, encircled with the main,
Abandon'd, banish'd from his native reign,
Unbless'd he sighs; detain'd by lawless charms,
And press'd unwilling in Calypso's arms.
Nor friends are there, nor vessels to convey,
Nor oars to cut the immeasurable way.
And now fierce traitors, studious to destroy
His only son, their ambush'd fraud employ;
Who, pious, following his great father's fame,
To sacred Pylos and to Sparta came.
What words are these? (replied the power who forms
The clouds of night, and darkens heaven with storms;)
Is not already in thy soul decreed,
The chief's return shall make the guilty bleed?
What cannot Wisdom do? Thou may'st restore
The son in safety to his native shore:
While the fell foes, who late in ambush lay,
With fraud defeated measure back their way.
Then thus to Hermes the command was given:
Hermes, thou chosen messenger of heaven!
Go; to the nymph be these our orders borne;
Tis Jove's decree, Ulysses shall return:
The patient man shall view his old abodes,
Nor help'd by mortal hand, nor guiding gods;
In twice ten days shall fertile Scheria find,
Alone, and floating to the wave and wind.
The bold Phæacians there, whose haughty line
Is mix'd with gods, half human, half divine,
The chief shall honour as some heavenly guest,
And swift transport him to his place of rest.
His vessels loaded with a plenteous store
Of brass, of vestures, and resplendent ore,

(A richer prize than if his joyful isle
Received him charged with Ilion's noble spoil,)
His friends, his country, he shall see, though late;
Such is our sovereign will, and such is fate.
He spoke. The god who mounts the winged winds
Fast to his feet the golden pinions binds,
That high through fields of air his flight sustain
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main.
He grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye:
Then shoots from heaven to high Pieria's steep
And stoops incumbent on the rolling deep.
So watery fowl, that seek their fishy food,
With wings expanded, o'er the foaming flood,
Now sailing smooth the level surface sweep,
Now dip their pinions in the briny deep.
Thus o'er the world of waters Hermes flew,
Till now the distant island rose in view:
Then swift ascending from the azure wave,
He took the path that winded to the cave.
Large was the grot, in which the nymph he found;
(The fair-hair'd nymph with every beauty crown'd.)
She sate and sung; the rocks resound her lays:
The cave was brighten'd with a rising blaze;
Cedar and frankincense, an odorous pile,
Flamed on the hearth, and wide perfumed the isle;
While she with work and song the time divides,
And through the loom the golden shuttle guides.
Without the grot a various sylvan scene
Appear'd around, and groves of living green;
Poplars and alders ever quivering play'd,
And nodding cypress form'd a fragrant shade;
On whose high branches, waving with the storm,
The birds of broadest wing their mansions form,
The chough, the sea-mew, the loquacious crow,
And scream aloft, and skim the deeps below.
Depending vines the shelving cavern screen,
With purple clusters blushing through the green.
Four limpid fountains from the clefts distil,
And every fountain pours a several rill,
In mazy windings wandering down the hill,
Where bloomy meads with vivid greens were crown'd,
And glowing violets threw odours round.
A scene, where if a god should cast his sight,
A god might gaze, and wander with delight!
Joy touched the messenger of heaven: he stay'd
Entranced, and all the blissful haunts survey'd.
Him, entering in the cave, Calypso knew;
For powers celestial to each other's view
Stand still confess'd, though distant far they lie
To habitants of earth, or sea, or sky.
But sad Ulysses, by himself apart,
Pour'd the big sorrows of his swelling heart.
All on the lonely shore he sate to weep,
And roll'd his eyes around the restless deep;
Toward his loved coast he roll'd his eyes in vain,
Till, dimm'd with rising grief, they stream'd again.
Now graceful seated on her shining throne,
To Hermes thus the nymph divine begun:
God of the golden wand! on what behest
Arrivest thou here, an unexpected guest?
Loved as thou art, thy free injunctions lay;
'Tis mine, with joy and duty to obey.
Till now a stranger, in a happy hour
Approach and taste the dainties of my bower.
Thus having spoke, the nymph the table spread;
(Ambrosial cates, with nectar rosy-red;)
Hermes the hospitable rite partook,
Divine refection! then, recruited, spoke:
What moved this journey from my native sky,
A goddess asks, nor can a god deny:
Hear then the truth. By mighty Jove's command
Unwilling have I trod this pleasing land;
For who, self-moved, with weary wing would sweep
Such length of ocean and unmeasured deep:
A world of waters! far from all the ways
Where men frequent, or sacred altars blaze?
But to Jove's will submission we must pay:
What power so great, to dare to disobey?
A man, he says, a man resides with thee,
Of all his kind most worn with misery;
The Greeks, (whose arms for nine long years employ'd
Their force on Ilion, in the tenth destroy'd)
At length embarking in a luckless hour,
With conquest proud, incensed Minerva's power:
Hence on the guilty race her vengeance hurl'd
With storms pursued them through the liquid world.
There all his vessels sunk beneath the wave!
There all his dear companions found their grave!
Saved from the jaws of death by heaven's decree,
The tempest drove him to these shores and thee:
Him Jove now orders to his native lands
Straight to dismiss: so destiny commands:
Impatient fate his near return attends,
And calls him to his country, and his friends.
Even to her inmost soul the goddess shook:
Then thus her anguish and her passion broke:
Ungracious gods! with spite and envy curst!
Still to your own ethereal race the worst!
Ye envy mortal and immortal joy,
And love, the only sweet of life, destroy.
Did ever goddess by her charms engage
A favour'd mortal, and not feel your rage?
So when Aurora sought Orion's love,
Her joys disturb'd your blissful hours above,
Till, in Ortygia, Dian's winged dart
Had pierced the hapless hunter to the heart
So when the covert of the thrice-ear'd field
Saw stately Ceres to her passion yield,
Scarce could Iäsion taste her heavenly charms,
But Jove's swift lightning scorch'd him in her arms
And is it now my turn, ye mighty powers!
Am I the envy of your blissful bowers?
A man, an outcast to the storm and wave,
It was my crime to pity and to save;
When he who thunders rent his bark in twain,
And sunk his brave companions in the main,
Alone, abandon'd, in mid-ocean toss'd
The sport of winds, and driven from every coast,
Hither this man of miseries I led,
Received the friendless, and the hungry fed;
Nay promised (vainly promised!) to bestow
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe.
'Tis past—and Jove decrees he shall remove;
Gods as we are, we are but slaves to Jove.
Go then he may (he must, if he ordain,
Try all those dangers, all those deeps, again:)
But never, never shall Calypso send
To toils like these her husband and her friend.
What ships have I, what sailors to convey,
What oars to cut the long laborious way?
Yet, I'll direct the safest means to go;
That last advice is all I can bestow.
To her the power who bears the charming rod:
Dismiss the man, nor irritate the god;

Prevent the rage of him who reigns above;
For what so dreadful as the wrath of Jove?
Thus having said, he cut the cleaving sky,
And in a moment vanish'd from her eye.
The nymph, obedient to divine command,
To seek Ulysses, paced along the sand.
Him pensive on the lonely beach she found,
With streaming eyes in briny torrents drown'd,
And inly pining for his native shore;
For now the soft enchantress pleased no more:
For now, reluctant, and constrain'd by charms,
Absent he lay in her desiring arms;
In slumber wore the heavy night away;
On rocks and shores consumed the tedious day:
There sate all desolate, and sigh'd alone,
With echoing sorrows made the mountains groan,
And roll'd his eyes o'er all the restless main,
Till, dimm'd with rising grief, they stream'd again.
Here, on his musing mood the goddess press'd,
Approaching soft: and thus the chief address'd:
Unhappy man! to wasting woes a prey,
No more in sorrows languish life away:
Free as the winds I give thee now to rove—
Go, fell the timber of yon lofty grove,
And form a raft, and build the rising ship,
Sublime to bear thee o'er the gloomy deep;
To store the vessel let the care be mine,
With water from the rock, and rosy wine,
And life-sustaining bread, and fair array,
And prosperous gales to waft thee on the way.
These, if the gods with my desire comply,
(The gods, alas! more mighty far than I,
And better skill'd in dark events to come,)
In peace shall land thee at thy native home.
With sighs Ulysses heard the words she spoke,
Then thus his melancholy silence broke.
Some other motive, goddess! sways thy mind
(Some close design, or turn of womankind,)
Nor my return the end, nor this the way,
On a slight raft to pass the swelling sea,
Huge, horrid, vast! where scarce in safety sails
The best-built ship, though Jove inspire the gales.
The bold proposal how shall I fulfil,
Dark as I am, unconscious of thy will?
Swear then thou mean'st not what my soul forebodes;
Swear by the solemn oath that binds the gods.
Him, while he spoke, with smiles Calypso eyed,
And gently grasp'd his hand, and thus replied:
This shows thee, friend, by old experience taught,
And learn'd in all the wiles of human thought.
How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wise!
But hear, oh earth, and hear, ye sacred skies!
And thou, oh Styx! whose formidable floods
Glide through the shades, and bind the attesting gods!
No form'd design, no meditated end,
Lurks in the counsel of thy faithful friend;
Kind the persuasion, and sincere my aim;
The same my practice, were my fate the same.
Heaven has not curst me with a heart of steel,
But given the sense, to pity, and to feel.
Thus having said, the goddess march'd before:
He trod her footsteps in the sandy shore.
At the cool cave arrived, they took their state:
He fill'd the throne where Mercury had sate.
For him, the nymph a rich repast ordains,
Such as the mortal life of man sustains;
Before herself were placed the cates divine,
Ambrosial banquet, and celestial wine.
Their hunger satiate, and their thirst represt,
Thus spoke Calypso to her godlike guest;
Ulysses! (with a sigh she thus began;)
O sprung from gods! in wisdom more than man!
Is then thy home the passion of thy heart?
Thus wilt thou leave me? are we thus to part?
Farewell! and ever joyful may'st thou be,
Nor break the transport with one thought of me.
But, ah, Ulysses! wert thou given to know
What Fate yet dooms thee yet to undergo;
Thy heart might settle in this scene of ease,
And even these slighted charms might learn to please.
A willing goddess, and immortal life,
Might banish from thy mind an absent wife.
Am I inferior to a mortal dame?
Less soft my feature, less august my frame?
Or shall the daughters of mankind compare
Their earth-born beauties with the heavenly fair?
Alas! for this (the prudent man replies)
Against Ulysses shall thy anger rise?
Loved and adored, oh goddess, as thou art,
Forgive the weakness of a human heart.
Though well I see thy graces far above
The dear, though mortal, object of my love;
Of youth eternal well the difference know,
And the short date of fading charms below;
Yet every day, while absent thus I roam,
I languish to return and die at home.
Whate'er the gods shall destine me to bear
In the black ocean, or the watery war,
'Tis mine to master with a constant mind;
Inured to perils, to the worst resign'd.
By seas, by wars, so many dangers run;
Still I can suffer: their high will be done!
Thus while he spoke, the beamy sun descends,
And rising night her friendly shade extends.
To the close grot the lonely pair remove,
And slept delighted with the gifts of love.
When rosy morning call'd them from their rest,
Ulysses robed him in the cloak and vest:
The nymph's fair head a veil transparent graced,
Her swelling loins a radiant zone embraced
With flowers of gold: an under robe, unbound,
In snowy waves flow'd glittering on the ground.
Forth issuing thus, she gave him first to wield
A weighty ax with truest temper steel'd,
And doubled-edged; the handle smooth and plain,
Wrought of the clouded olive's easy grain:
And next, a wedge to drive with sweepy sway:
Then to the neighbouring forest led the way.
On the lone island's utmost verge there stood
Of poplars, pines, and firs, a lofty wood,
Whose leafless summits to the skies aspire,
Scorch'd by the sun, or sear'd by heavenly fire,
(Already dried.) These pointing out to view,
The nymph just show'd him, and with tears withdrew.
Now toils the hero: trees on trees o'erthrown
Fall crackling round him and the forests groan:
Sudden, full twenty on the plain are strow'd,
And lopp'd and lighten'd of their branchy load.
At equal angles these disposed to join,
He smooth'd and squared them by the rule and line.
(The wimbles for the work Calypso found)
With those he pierced them, and with clinchers bound.
Long and capacious as a shipwright forms
Some bark's broad bottom to out-ride the storms,
So large he built the raft: then ribb'd it strong
From space to space, and nail'd the planks along;

These form'd the sides : the deck he fashion'd last ;
Then o'er the vessel raised the taper mast,
With crossing sail-yards dancing in the wind ;
And to the helm the guiding rudder join'd,
(With yielding osiers fenced, to break the force
Of surging waves, and steer the steady course.)
Thy loom, Calypso ! for the future sails
Supplied the cloth, capacious of the gales.
With stays and cordage last he rigg'd the ship,
And, roll'd on levers, launch'd her in the deep.
Four days were past, and now the work complete,
Shone the fifth morn, when from her sacred seat
The nymph dismiss'd him (odorous garments given)
And bath'd in fragrant oils that breath'd of heaven ;
Then fill'd two goat-skins with her hands divine,
With water one, and one with sable wine :
Of every kind, provisions heaved aboard ;
And the full decks with copious viands stored.
The goddess, last, a gentle breeze supplies,
To curl old Ocean, and to warm the skies.
And now, rejoicing in the prosperous gales,
With beating heart Ulysses spreads his sails :
Placed at the helm he sate, and mark'd the skies,
Nor closed in sleep his ever-watchful eyes.
There view'd the Pleiads, and the Northern Team,
And great Orion's more refulgent beam,
To which, around the axle of the sky,
The Bear, revolving, points his golden eye :
Who shines exalted on the ethereal plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.
Far on the left those radiant fires to keep,
The nymph directed, as he sail'd the deep.
Full seventeen nights he cut the foamy way :
The distant land appear'd the following day :
Then swell'd to sight Phæacia's dusky coast,
And woody mountains, half in vapours lost,
That lay before him indistinct and vast,
Like a broad shield amid the watery waste.
But him, thus voyaging the deeps below,
From far, on Solymè's aërial brow,
The king of Ocean saw, and seeing burn'd ;
(From Æthiopia's happy climes return'd :)
The raging monarch shook his azure head,
And thus in secret to his soul he said :
Heavens ! how uncertain are the powers on high !
Is then reversed the sentence of the sky,
In one man's favour ; whilst a distant guest
I shared secure the Æthiopian feast ?
Behold how near Phæacia's land he draws !
The land, affix'd by Fate's eternal laws
To end his toils. Is then our anger vain ?
No ; if this sceptre yet commands the main.
He spoke, and high the forky trident hurl'd,
Rolls clouds on clouds, and stirs the watery world,
At once the face of earth and sea deforms,
Swells all the winds, and rouses all the storms.
Down rush'd the night ; east, west, together roar ;
And south and north roll mountains to the shore ;
Then shook the hero, to despair resign'd,
And question'd thus his yet unconquer'd mind.
Wretch that I am ! what farther fates attend
This life of toils ? and what my destined end ?
Too well, alas ! the island goddess knew,
On the black sea what perils should ensue.
New horrors now this destined head enclose,
Unfill'd is yet the measure of my woes ;
With what a cloud the brows of heaven are crown'd !
What raging winds ! what roaring waters round !
'Tis Jove himself the swelling tempest rears ;
Death, present death, on every side appears.
Happy ! thrice happy ! who, in battle slain,
Press'd, in Atrides' cause, the Trojan plain !
Oh ! had I died before that well-fought wall ;
Had some distinguish'd day renown'd my fall
(Such as was that when showers of javelins fled
From conquering Troy around Achilles dead :)
All Greece had paid me solemn funerals then,
And spread my glory with the sons of men.
A shameful fate now hides my hapless head,
Unwept, unnoted, and for ever dead !
A mighty wave rush'd o'er him as he spoke,
The raft it cover'd, and the mast it broke ;
Swept from the deck, and from the rudder torn,
Far on the swelling surge the chief was borne ;
While by the howling tempest rent in twain
Flew sail and sail-yards rattling o'er the main.
Long press'd, he heaved beneath the weighty wave,
Clogg'd by the cumbrous vest Calypso gave ;
At length emerging, from his nostrils wide,
And gushing mouth, effused the briny tide,
Even then, not mindless of his last retreat,
He seized the raft, and leap'd into his seat,
Strong with the fear of death. The rolling flood
Now here, now there, impell'd the floating wood
As when a heap of gather'd thorns is cast
Now to, now fro, before the autumnal blast ;
Together clung, it rolls around the field ;
So roll'd the float, and so its texture held :
And now the south, and now the north, bear sway,
And now the east the foamy floods obey,
And now the west-wind whirls it o'er the sea.
The wandering chief with toils on toils oppress'd,
Leucothea saw, and pity touch'd her breast :
(Herself a mortal once, of Cadmus' strain,
But now an azure sister of the main.)
Swift as a sea-mew, springing from the flood,
All radiant on the raft the goddess stood :
Then thus address'd him : Thou, whom heaven decrees
To Neptune's wrath, stern tyrant of the seas :
(Unequal contest !) not his rage and power,
Great as he is, such virtue shall devour.
What I suggest, thy wisdom will perform ;
Forsake thy float, and leave it to the storm :
Strip off thy garments ; Neptune's fury brave
With naked strength, and plunge into the wave.
To reach Phæacia all thy nerves extend,
There Fate decrees thy miseries shall end.
This heavenly scarf beneath thy bosom bind,
And live ; give all thy terrors to the wind.
Soon as thy arms the happy shore shall gain,
Return the gift, and cast it in the main ;
Observe my orders, and with heed obey,
Cast it far off, and turn thy eyes away.
With that, her hand the sacred veil bestows,
Then down the deeps she dived from whence she rose :
A moment snatch'd the shining form away,
And all was cover'd with the curling sea.
Struck with amaze, yet still to doubt inclined,
He stands suspended, and explores his mind.
What shall I do ? unhappy me ! who knows
But other gods intend me other woes ?
Whoe'er thou art, I shall not blindly join
Thy pleaded reason, but consult with mine.
For scarce in ken appears that distant isle
Thy voice foretells me shall conclude my toil.

Thus then I judge. while yet the planks sustain
The wild waves' fury, here I fix'd remain;
But when their texture to the tempest yields,
I launch adventurous on the liquid fields,
Join to the help of gods the strength of man,
And take this method, since the best I can.
While thus his thoughts an anxious council hold,
The raging god a watery mountain roll'd;
Like a black sheet the whelming billows spread,
Burst o'er the float, and thunder'd on his head.
Planks, beams, disparted fly; the scatter'd wood
Rolls diverse, and in fragments strews the flood.
So the rude Boreas, o'er the field new-shorn
Tosses and drives the scatter'd heaps of corn.
And now a single beam the chief bestrides;
There poised awhile above the bounding tides,
His limbs discumbers of the clinging vest,
And binds the sacred cincture round his breast:
Then prone on ocean in a moment flung,
Stretch'd wide his eager arms, and shot the seas along.
All naked now, on heaving billows laid,
Stern Neptune eyed him, and contemptuous said:
Go, learn'd in woes, and other foes essay!
Go, wander helpless on the watery way:
Thus, thus find out the destined shore, and then
(If Jove ordains it) mix with happier men.
Whate'er thy fate, the ills our wrath could raise
Shall last remember'd in thy best of days.
This said, his sea-green steeds divide the foam,
And reach high Ægæ and the towery dome.
Now, scarce withdrawn the fierce earth-shaking power,
Jove's daughter Pallas watch'd the favouring hour.
Back to their caves she bade the winds to fly,
And hush'd the blustering brethren of the sky.
The drier blasts alone of Boreas sway,
And bear him soft on broken waves away;
With gentle force impelling to that shore,
Where Fate has destined he shall toil no more.
And now two nights, and now two days were past,
Since wide he wander'd on the watery waste;
Heaved on the surge with intermitting breath,
And hourly panting in the arms of death.
The third fair morn now blazed upon the main;
Then glassy smooth lay all the liquid plain;
The winds were hush'd, the billows scarcely curl'd,
And a dead silence still'd the watery world.
When lifted on a ridgy wave he spies
The land at distance, and with sharpen'd eyes.
As pious children joy with vast delight
When a loved sire revives before their sight,
(Who, lingering long, has call'd on death in vain,
Fix'd by some dæmon to his bed of pain,
Till Heaven by miracle his life restore;)
So joys Ulysses at the appearing shore;
And sees (and labours onward as he sees)
The rising forests, and the tufted trees.
And now, as near approaching as the sound
Of human voice the listening ear may wound,
Amidst the rocks he heard a hollow roar
Of murmuring surges breaking on the shore;
Nor peaceful port was there, nor winding bay,
To shield the vessel from the rolling sea,
But cliffs, and shaggy shores, a dreadful sight!
All rough with rocks, and foamy billows white.
Fear seized his slacken'd limbs and beating heart,
As thus he communed with his soul apart.

Ah me! when o'er a length of waters toss'd,
These eyes at last behold the unhoped-for coast,
No port receives me from the angry main,
But the loud deeps demand me back again.
Above sharp rocks forbid access; around
Roar the wild waves; beneath is sea profound!
No footing sure affords the faithless sand,
To stem too rapid, and too deep to stand.
If here I enter, my efforts are vain,
Dash'd on the cliffs, or heaved into the main:
Or round the island if my course I bend,
Where the ports open, or the snores descend,
Back to the seas the rolling surge may sweep,
And bury all my hopes beneath the deep.
Or some enormous whale the god may send
(For many such on Amphitrite attend,)
Too well the turns of mortal chance I know,
And hate relentless of my heavenly foe.
While thus he thought, a monstrous wave upbore
The chief, and dash'd him on the craggy shore:
Torn was his skin, nor had his ribs been whole,
But instant Pallas enter'd in his soul.
Close to the cliff with both his hands he clung
And stuck adherent, and suspended hung,
Till the huge surge roll'd off: then, backward sweep
The refluent tides, and plunge him in the deep.
As when the polypus, from forth his cave
Torn with full force, reluctant beats the wave;
His ragged claws are stuck with stones and sands,
So the rough rock had shagg'd Ulysses hands:
And now had perish'd, whelm'd beneath the main,
The unhappy man; even fate had been in vain;
But all-subduing Pallas lent her power,
And prudence saved him in the needful hour.
Beyond the beating surge his course he bore
(A wider circle, but in sight of shore,)
With longing eyes, observing to survey
Some smooth ascent, or safe sequestered bay.
Between the parting rocks at length he spied
A falling stream with gentler waters glide;
Where to the seas the shelving shore declined,
And form'd a bay impervious to the wind.
To this calm port the glad Ulysses press'd,
And hail'd the river, and its god address'd:
Whoe'er thou art, before whose stream unknown
I bend, a suppliant at thy watery throne,
Hear, azure king! nor let me fly in vain
To thee from Neptune and the raging main.
Heaven hears and pities hapless men like me,
For sacred e'en to gods is misery:
Let then thy waters give the weary rest,
And save a suppliant, and a man distress'd.
He pray'd, and straight the gentle stream subsides,
Detains the rushing current of his tides,
Before the wanderer smooths the watery way,
And soft receives him from the rolling sea.
That moment, fainting as he touch'd the shore,
He dropp'd his sinewy arms: his knees no more
Perform'd their office, or his weight upheld:
His swoln heart heaved; his bloated body swell'd;
From mouth and nose the briny torrent ran;
And lost in lassitude lay all the man,
Deprived of voice, of motion, and of breath,
The soul scarce waking in the arms of death.
Soon as warm life its wonted office found,
The mindful chief Leucothea's scarf unbound;
Observant of her word, he turn'd aside
His head, and cast it on the rolling tide.

Behind him far upon the purple waves
The waters waft it, and the nymph receives.
Now parting from the stream, Ulysses found
A mossy bank with pliant rushes crown'd;
The bank he press'd, and gently kiss'd the ground;
Where on the flowery herb as soft he lay,
Thus to his soul the sage began to say:
What will ye next ordain, ye powers on high!
And yet, ah yet, what fates are we to try?
Here by the stream, if I the night out-wear,
Thus spent already, how shall nature bear
The dews descending and nocturnal air;
Or chilly vapours breathing from the flood
When morning rises? If I take the wood,
And in thick shelter of innumerous boughs
Enjoy the comfort gentle sleep allows;
Though fenced from cold, and though my toil be pass'd,
What savage beasts may wander in the waste!
Perhaps I yet may fall a bloody prey
To prowling bears, or lions in the way.
Thus long debating in himself he stood:
At length he took the passage to the wood,
Whose shady horrors on a rising brow
Waved high, and frown'd upon the stream below.
There grew two olives, closest of the grove,
With roots entwined, and branches interwove;
Alike their leaves, but not alike they smiled
With sister-fruits; one fertile, one was wild.
Nor here the sun's meridian rays had power,
Nor wind sharp-piercing, nor the rushing shower;
The verdant arch so close its texture kept.
Beneath this covert great Ulysses crept:
Of gathered leaves an ample bed he made
(Thick strewn by tempest through the bowery shade:)
Where three at least might winter's cold defy,
Though Boreas raged along the inclement sky.
This store, with joy the patient hero found,
And, sunk amidst them, heaped the leaves around.
As some poor peasant, fated to reside
Remote from neighbours in a forest wide,
Studious to save what human wants require,
In embers heaped, preserves the seeds of fire:
Hid in dry foliage thus Ulysses lies,
Till Pallas pour'd soft slumbers on his eyes;
And golden dreams (the gift of sweet repose)
Lull'd all his cares, and banish'd all his woes.

BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT.

Pallas appearing in a dream to Nausicaa (the daughter of Alcinous king of Phæacia,) commands her to descend to the river, and wash the robes of state, in preparation to her nuptials. Nausicaa goes with her handmaids to the river; where, while the garments are spread on the bank, they divert themselves in sports. Their voices awake Ulysses, who, addressing himself to the princess, is by her relieved and clothed, and receives directions in what manner to apply to the king and queen of the island.

BOOK VI.

While thus the weary wanderer sunk to rest,
And peaceful slumbers calm'd his anxious breast;
The martial maid from heaven's aërial height
Swift to Phæacia wing'd her rapid flight.
In elder times the soft Phæacian train
In ease possess'd the wide Hyperian plain;
Till the Cyclopean race in arms arose,
A lawless nation of gigantic foes;
Then great Nausithous from Hyperia far,
Through seas retreating from the sound of war,
The recreant nation to fair Scheria led,
Where never science rear'd her laurel'd head:
There round his tribes a strength of wall he raised:
To heaven the glittering domes and temples blazed:
Just to his realms, he parted grounds from grounds,
And shared the lands, and gave the lands their bounds.
Now in the silent grave the monarch lay,
And wise Alcinoüs held the regal sway.
To his high palace through the fields of air
The goddess shot; Ulysses was her care.
There as the night in silence roll'd away,
A heaven of charms divine Nausicaa lay;
Through the thick gloom the shining portals blaze;
Two nymphs the portals guard, each nymph a Grace.
Light as the viewless air, the warrior maid
Glides through the valves, and hovers round her head;
A favourite virgin's blooming form she took,
From Dymus sprung, and thus the vision spoke:
Oh indolent! to waste thy hours away!
And sleep'st thou careless of the bridal day?
Thy spousal ornament neglected lies;
Arise, prepare the bridal train, arise!
A just applause the cares of dress impart,
And give soft transport to a parent's heart.
Haste, to the limpid stream direct thy way,
When the gay morn unveils her smiling ray:
Haste to the stream! companion of thy care,
Lo, I thy steps attend, thy labours share.
Virgin, awake! the marriage hour is nigh,
See! from their thrones thy kindred monarchs sigh!
The royal car at early dawn obtain,
And order mules obedient to the rein:
For rough the way, and distant rōlls the wave,
Where the fair vests Phæacian virgins lave.
In pomp ride forth; for pomp becomes the great,
And majesty derives a grace from state.
Then to the palaces of heaven she sails,
Incumbent on the wings of wafting gales;
The seat of gods: the regions mild of peace,
Full joy, and calm eternity of ease:
There no rude winds presume to shake the skies,
No rains descend, no snowy vapours rise:
But on immortal thrones the bless'd repose;
The firmament with living splendor glows,
Hither the goddess wing'd the aërial way,
Through heaven's eternal gates that blazed with day.
Now from her rosy car Aurora shed
The dawn, and all the orient flam'd with red.
Up rose the virgin with the morning light,
Obedient to the vision of the night.
The queen she sought: the queen her hours bestow'd
In curious works; the whirling spindle glow'd
With crimson threads, while busy damsels cull
The snowy fleece, or twist the purpled wool.
Meanwhile Phæacia's peers in council sate;
From his high dome the king descends in state;
Then with a filial awe the royal maid
Approach'd him passing, and submissive said:
Will my dread sire his ear regardful deign,
And may his child the royal car obtain?
Say, with thy garments shall I bend my way,
Where through the vales the mazy waters stray?

A dignity of dress adorns the great,
And kings draw lustre from the robe of state.
Five sons thou hast; three wait the bridal day,
And spotless robes become the young and gay;
So when with praise amid the dance they shine,
By these my cares adorn'd, that praise is mine.
Thus she: but blushes, ill-restrain'd, betray
Her thoughts intentive on the bridal day:
The conscious sire the dawning blush survey'd,
And smiling, thus bespoke the blooming maid.
My child, my darling joy, the car receive;
That, and whate'er our daughter asks, we give.
Swift as the royal nod the attending train
The car prepare, the mules incessant rein.
The blooming virgin with despatchful cares
Tunics, and stoles, and robes imperial, bears.
The queen, assiduous, to her train assigns
The sumptuous viands, and the flavorous wines.
The train prepare a cruise of curious mould,
A cruise of fragrance, form'd of burnish'd gold:
Odour divine! whose soft refreshing streams
Sleek the smooth skin, and scent the snowy limbs.
Now mounting the gay seat, the silken reins
Shine in her hand; along the sounding plains
Swift fly the mules: nor rode the nymph alone;
Around, a bevy of bright damsels shone.
They seek the cisterns where Phæacian dames
Wash their fair garments in the limpid streams;
Where, gathering into depth from falling rills,
The lucid wave a spacious bason fills.
The mules unharness'd range beside the main,
Or crop the verdant herbage of the plain.
Then, emulous, the royal robes they lave,
And plunge the vestures in the cleansing wave;
(The vestures cleansed o'erspread the shelly sand,
Their snowy lustre whitens all the strand;)
Then with a short repast relieve their toil,
And o'er their limbs diffuse ambrosial oil;
And while the robes imbibe the solar ray,
O'er the green mead the sporting virgins play,
(Their shining veils unbound.) Along the skies
Toss'd, and retoss'd, the ball incessant flies.
They sport, they feast: Nausicaa lifts her voice,
And, warbling sweet, makes earth and heaven rejoice.
As when o'er Erymanth Diana roves,
Or wide Taygetus' resounding groves;
A sylvan train the huntress queen surrounds,
Her rattling quiver from her shoulder sounds;
Fierce in the sport, along the mountain's brow
They bay the boar, or chase the bounding roe;
High o'er the lawn, with more majestic pace,
Above the nymphs she treads with stately grace;
Distinguish'd excellence the goddess proves;
Exults Latona as the virgin moves.
With equal grace Nausicaa trod the plain,
And shone transcendent o'er the beauteous train.
Meantime (the care and favourite of the skies)
Wrapt in embowering shade, Ulysses lies,
His woes forgot; but Pallas now addrest
To break the bands of all-composing rest.
Forth from her snowy hand Nausicaa threw
The various ball; the ball erroneous flew,
And swam the stream; loud shrieks the virgin train,
And the loud shriek redoubles from the main.
Waked by the shrilling sound, Ulysses rose,
And, to the deaf woods wailing, breathed his woes.
Ah me! on what inhospitable coast,
On what new region is Ulysses tost:
Possess'd by wild barbarians fierce in arms;
Or men, whose bosom tender pity warms?
What sounds are these that gather from the shores?
The voice of nymphs that haunt the sylvan bowers,
The fair-hair'd Dryads of the shady wood;
Or azure daughters of the silver flood;
Or human voice? but, issuing from the shades,
Why cease I straight to learn what sound invades?
Then, where the grove with leaves umbrageous bends
With forceful strength a branch the hero rends;
Around his loins the verdant cincture spreads
A wreathy foliage and concealing shades.
As when a lion in the midnight hours,
Beat by rude blasts, and wet with wintry showers,
Descends terrific from the mountain's brow;
With living flames his rolling eye-balls glow;
With conscious strength elate, he bends his way,
Majestically fierce to seize his prey,
(The steer or stag;) or, with keen hunger bold,
Springs o'er the fence, and dissipates the fold.
No less a terror, from the neighbouring groves
(Rough from the tossing surge) Ulysses moves;
Urged on by want, and recent from the storms:
The brackish ooze his manly grace deforms.
Wide o'er the shore with many a piercing cry
To rocks, to caves, the frighten'd virgins fly;
All but the nymph: the nymph stood fix'd alone,
By Pallas arm'd with boldness not her own.
Meantime in dubious thought the king awaits,
And, self-considering, as he stands, debates;
Distant his mournful story to declare,
Or prostrate at her knee address the prayer.
But fearful to offend, by wisdom sway'd,
At awful distance he accosts the maid.
If from the skies a goddess, or if earth
(Imperial virgin) boast thy glorious birth,
To thee I bend! If in that bright disguise
Thou visit earth, a daughter of the skies,
Hail, Dian, hail! the huntress of the groves
So shines majestic, and so stately moves,
So breathes an air divine! But if thy race
Be mortal, and this earth thy native place,
Bless'd is the father from whose loins you sprung,
Bless'd is the mother at whose breast you hung,
Bless'd are the brethren who thy blood divide,
To such a miracle of charms allied:
Joyful they see applauding princes gaze,
When stately in the dance you swim the harmonious maze.
But bless'd o'er all, the youth with heavenly charms,
Who clasps the bright perfection in his arms!
Never, I never view'd till this bless'd hour
Such finish'd grace! I gaze, and I adore!
Thus seems the palm, with stately honours crown'd
By Phœbus' altars, thus o'erlooks the ground;
The pride of Delos. (By the Delian coast,
I voyaged, leader of a warrior-host,
But ah, how changed! from thence my sorrow flows;
O fatal voyage, source of all my woes!)
Raptured I stood, and as this hour amazed,
With reverence at the lofty wonder gazed:
Raptured I stand! for earth ne'er knew to bear
A plant so stately, or a nymph so fair.
Awed from access, I lift my suppliant hands;
For misery, oh queen, before thee stands!
Twice ten tempestuous nights I roll'd, resign'd
To roaring billows, and the warring wind:

Heaven bade the deep to spare! but Heaven, my foe,
Spares only to inflict some mightier woe!
Inured to cares, to death in all its forms,
Outcast I rove, familiar with the storms!
Once more I view the face of human kind:
Oh let soft pity touch thy generous mind!
Unconscious of what air I breathe, I stand
Naked, defenceless on a foreign land.
Propitious to my wants, a vest supply
To guard the wretched from the inclement sky:
So may the gods, who heaven and earth controul,
Crown the chaste wishes of thy virtuous soul,
On thy soft hours their choicest blessings shed;
Bless'd with a husband be thy bridal bed;
Bless'd be thy husband with a blooming race,
And lasting union crown your blissful days.
The gods, when they supremely bless, bestow
Firm union on their favourites below:
Then envy grieves, with inly-pining hate:
The good exult, and heaven is in our state.
To whom the nymph—O stranger, cease thy care:
Wise is thy soul, but man is born to bear:
Jove weighs affairs of earth in dubious scales,
And the good suffers, while the bad prevails.
Bear, with a soul resign'd, the will of Jove;
Who breathes, must mourn: thy woes are from above.
But since thou tread'st our hospitable shore,
'Tis mine to bid the wretched grieve no more,
To clothe the naked, and thy way to guide—
Know, the Phæacian tribes this land divide;
From great Alcinoüs royal loins I spring,
A happy nation, and a happy king.
Then to her maids—Why, why, ye coward train,
These fears, this flight? ye fear, and fly in vain.
Dread ye a foe? dismiss that idle dread,
'Tis death with hostile step these shores to tread:
Safe in the love of heaven, an ocean flows
Around our realm, a barrier from the foes;
'Tis ours this son of sorrow to relieve,
Cheer the sad heart, nor let affliction grieve.
By Jove the stranger and the poor are sent;
And what to those we give, to Jove is lent.
Then food supply, and bathe his fainting limbs
Where waving shades obscure the mazy streams.
Obedient to the call, the chief they guide
To the calm current of the secret tide:
Close by the stream a royal dress they lay,
A vest and robe with rich embroidery gay:
Then unguents in a vase of gold supply,
That breathed a fragrance through the balmy sky.
To them the king. No longer I detain
Your friendly care; retire, ye virgin train!
Retire, while from my wearied limbs I lave
The foul pollution of the briny wave.
Ye gods! since this worn frame refection knew,
What scenes have I survey'd of dreadful view!
But, nymphs, recede! sage chastity denies
To raise the blush, or pain the modest eyes.
The nymphs withdrawn, at once into the tide
Active he bounds; the flashing waves divide:
O'er all his limbs his hands the wave diffuse,
And from his locks compress the weedy ooze;
The balmy oil, a fragrant shower, he sheds:
Then, dress'd, in pomp magnificently treads.
The warrior-goddess gives his frame to shine
With majesty enlarged, and air divine:
Back from his brows a length of hair unfurls,
His hyacinthine locks descend in wavy curls.
As by some artist to whom Vulcan gives
His skill divine, a breathing statue lives;
By Pallas taught, he frames the wondrous mould,
And o'er the silver pours the fusile gold.
So Pallas his heroic frame improves
With heavenly bloom, and like a god he moves.
A fragrance breathes around; majestic grace
Attends his steps; the astonish'd virgins gaze.
Soft he reclines along the murmuring seas,
Inhaling freshness from the fanning breeze
The wondering nymph his glorious port survey'd,
And to her damsels, with amazement, said:
Not without care divine the stranger treads
This land of joy; his steps some godhead leads:
Would Jove destroy him, sure he had been driven
Far from this realm, the favourite isle of heaven.
Late a sad spectacle of woe, he trod.
The desert sands, and now he looks a god.
Oh heaven! in my connubial hour decree
This man my spouse, or such a spouse as he.
But haste, the viands and the bowl provide—
The maids the viands and the bowl supplied:
Eager he fed, for keen his hunger raged,
And with the generous vintage thirst assuaged.
Now on return her care Nausicaa bends,
The robes resumes, the glittering car ascends,
Far blooming o'er the field; and as she press'd
The splendid seat, the listening chief address'd.
Stranger, arise! the sun rolls down the day;
Lo, to the palace I direct thy way;
Where in high state the nobles of the land
Attend my royal sire, a radiant band.
But hear, though wisdom in thy soul presides,
Speaks from thy tongue, and every action guides;
Advance at distance, while I pass the plain
Where o'er the furrows waves the golden grain:
Alone I re-ascend—With airy mounds
A strength of wall the guarded city bounds;
The jutting land two ample bays divides;
Full through the narrow mouths descend the tides:
The spacious basins arching rocks enclose,
A sure defence from every storm that blows.
Close to the bay great Neptune's fane adjoins,
And near, a forum flank'd with marble shines,
Where the bold youth, the numerous fleets to store,
Shape the broad sail, or smooth the taper oar:
For not the bow they bend, nor boast the skill
To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill;
But the tall mast above the vessel rear,
Or teach the fluttering sail to float in air.
They rush into the deep with eager joy,
Climb the steep surge, and through the tempest fly;
A proud, unpolish'd race—To me belongs
The care to shun the blast of slanderous tongues
Lest malice, prone the virtuous to defame,
Thus with vile censure taint my spotless name:
"What stranger this whom thus Nausicaa leads?
Heavens, with what graceful majesty he treads!
Perhaps a native of some distant shore,
The future consort of her bridal hour;
Or rather some descendant of the skies!
Won by her prayer, the aërial bridegroom flies.
Heaven on that hour its choicest influence shed,
That gave a foreign spouse to crown her bed!
All, all the godlike worthies that adorn
This realm, she flies: Phæacia is her scorn."
And just the blame: for female innocence
Not only flies the guilt, but shuns the offence;

The unguarded virgin, as unchaste, I blame;
And the least freedom with the sex is shame,
Till our consenting sires a spouse provide,
And public nuptials justify the bride.
But wouldst thou soon review thy native plain?
Attend, and speedy thou shalt pass the main:
Nigh where a grove with verdant poplars crown'd,
To Pallas sacred, shades the holy ground,
We bend our way: a bubbling fount distils,
A lucid lake, and thence descends in rills;
Around the grove, a mead with lively green
Falls by degrees, and forms a beauteous scene;
Here a rich juice the royal vineyard pours;
And there the garden yields a waste of flowers.
Hence lies the town, as far as to the ear
Floats a strong shout along the waves of air.
There wait embower'd, while I ascend alone
To great Alcinoüs on his royal throne.
Arrived, advance, impatient of delay,
And to the lofty palace bend thy way:
The lofty palace overlooks the town,
From every dome by pomp superior known;
A child may point the way. With earnest gait
Seek thou the queen along the rooms of state;
Her royal hand a wondrous work designs,
Around a circle of bright damsels shines;
Part twist the threads, and part the wool dispose,
While with the purple orb the spindle glows.
High on a throne, amid the Scherian powers
My royal father shares the genial hours;
But to the queen thy mournful tale disclose,
With the prevailing eloquence of woes:
So shalt thou view with joy thy natal shore,
Though mountains rise between, and oceans roar.
She added not, but waving as she wheel'd
The silver scourge, it glitter'd o'er the field:
With skill the virgin guides the embroider'd rein,
Slow rolls the car before the attending train.
Now whirling down the heavens, the golden day
Shot through the western clouds a dewy ray;
The grove they reach, where from the sacred shade
To Pallas thus the pensive hero pray'd.
Daughter of Jove! whose arms in thunder wield
The avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield;
Forsook by thee, in vain I sought thy aid
When booming billows closed above my head:
Attend, unconquer'd maid! accord my vows,
Bid the great hear, and pitying heal my woes.
This heard Minerva, but forbore to fly
(By Neptune awed) apparent from the sky;
Stern god! who raged with vengeance unrestrain'd,
Till great Ulysses hail'd his native land.

BOOK VII.

ARGUMENT.

The Court of Alcinous.

The princess Nausicaa returns to the city, and Ulysses soon after follows thither. He is met by Pallas in the form of a young virgin, who guides him to the palace, and directs him in what manner to address the queen Arete. She then involves him in a mist, which causes him to pass invisible. The palace and gardens of Alcinous described. Ulysses falling at the feet of the queen, the mist disperses, the Phæacians admire, and receive him with respect. The queen inquiring by what means he had the garments he then wore, he relates to her and Alcinous his departure from Calypso. And his arrival on their dominions.

The same day continues, and the book ends with the night.

BOOK VII.

The patient heavenly man thus suppliant pray'd;
While the slow mules draw on the imperial maid:
Through the proud street she moves, the public gaze
The turning wheel before the palace stays.
With ready love her brothers gathering round,
Received the vestures, and the mules unbound.
She seeks the bridal bower: a matron there
The rising fire supplies with busy care,
Whose charms in youth her father's heart inflamed,
Now worn with age, Eurymedusa named:
The captive dame Phæacian rovers bore,
Snatch'd from Epirus, her sweet native shore,
(A grateful prize,) and in her bloom bestow'd
On good Alcinoüs, honour'd as a god;
Nurse of Nausicaa from her infant years,
And tender second to a mother's cares.
Now from the sacred thicket where he lay,
To town Ulysses took the winding way.
Propitious Pallas, to secure her care,
Around him spread a veil of thicken'd air:
To shun the encounter of the vulgar crowd,
Insulting still, inquisitive and loud.
When near the famed Phæacian walls he drew,
The beauteous city opening to his view,
His step a virgin met, and stood before:
A polish'd urn the seeming virgin bore,
And youthful smiled; but in the low disguise
Lay hid the goddess with the azure eyes.
Show me, fair daughter (thus the chief demands,)
The house of him who rules these happy lands.
Through many woes and wanderings, lo! I come
To good Alcinoüs' hospitable dome.
Far from my native coast, I rove along,
A wretched stranger, and of all unknown!
The goddess answer'd, Father, I obey,
And point the wandering traveller his way:
Well known to me the palace you inquire,
For fast beside it dwells my honour'd sire:
But silent march, nor greet the common train
With question needless, or inquiry vain:
A race of rugged mariners are these:
Unpolish'd men, and boisterous as their seas;
The native islanders alone their care,
And hateful he who breathes a foreign air.
These did the ruler of the deep ordain
To build proud navies, and command the main;
On canvas wings to cut the watery way:
No bird so light, no thought so swift as they.
Thus having spoke, the unknown celestial leads:
The footsteps of the deity he treads,
And secret moves along the crowded space,
Unseen of all the rude Phæacian race.
(So Pallas order'd. Pallas to their eyes
The mist objected, and condensed the skies.)
The chief with wonder sees the extended streets,
The spreading harbours, and the riding fleets;
He next their princes' lofty domes admires,
In separate islands, crown'd with rising spires;
And deep entrenchments, and high walls of stone
That gird the city like a marble zone
At length the kingly palace gates he view'd;
There stopp'd the goddess, and her speech renew'd.

My task is done; the mansion you inquire
Appears before you: enter, and admire.
High-throned, and feasting, there thou shalt behold,
The scepter'd rulers. Fear not, but be bold:
A decent boldness ever meets with friends,
Succeeds, and even a stranger recommends.
First to the queen prefer a suppliant's claim,
Alcinoüs' queen, Aretè is her name,
The same her parents, and her power the same.
For know, from Ocean's god Nausithoüs sprung,
And Peribæa, beautiful and young:
(Eurymedon's last hope, who ruled of old
The race of giants, impious, proud and bold;
Perish'd the nation in unrighteous war,
Perish'd the prince, and left this only heir;)
Who now by Neptune's amorous power compress'd,
Produced a monarch that his people bless'd.
Father and prince of the Phæacian name;
From him Rhexenor and Alcinoüs came.
The first by Phœbus' burning arrows fired,
New from his nuptials, hapless youth! expired.
No son survived: Aretè heir'd his state,
And her Alcinoüs chose his royal mate.
With honours yet to womankind unknown,
This queen he graces, and divides the throne:
In equal tenderness her sons conspire
And all the children emulate their sire.
When through the streets she gracious deigns to move,
(The public wonder and the public love,)
The tongues of all with transport sound her praise,
The eyes of all, as on a goddess, gaze.
She feels the triumph of a generous breast;
To heal divisions, to relieve the oppress'd;
In virtue rich; in blessing others, bless'd.
Go then secure, thy humble suit prefer,
And owe thy country and thy friends to her.
With that the goddess deign'd no longer stay,
But o'er the world of waters wing'd her way:
Forsaking Scheria's ever-pleasing shore,
The winds to Marathon the virgin bore;
Thence, where proud Athens rears her towery head,
With opening streets and shining structures spread,
She pass'd, delighted with the well-known seats;
And to Erectheus' sacred dome retreats.
Meanwhile Ulysses at the palace waits,
There stops, and anxious with his soul debates,
Fix'd in amaze before the royal gates.
The front appear'd with radiant splendors gay,
Bright as the lamp of night, or orb of day.
The walls were massy brass: the cornice high
Blue metals crown'd, in colours of the sky:
Rich plates of gold the folding doors incase;
The pillars silver, on a brazen base;
Silver the lintels deep-projecting o'er,
And gold, the ringlets that command the door.
Two rows of stately dogs on either hand,
In sculptured gold and laboured silver stand.
These Vulcan form'd with art divine, to wait
Immortal guardians at Alcinoüs' gate;
Alive each animated frame appears,
And still to live beyond the power of years.
Fair thrones within from space to space were raised,
Where various carpets with embroidery blazed,
The work of matrons: these the princes press'd,
Day following day, a long continued feast.
Refulgent pedestals the walls surround,
Which boys of gold with flaming torches crown'd;
The polish'd ore, reflecting every ray,
Blazed on the banquets with a double day.
Full fifty handmaids form the household train;
Some turn the mill, or sift the golden grain;
Some ply the loom; their busy fingers move
Like poplar leaves when Zephyr fans the grove
Not more renown'd the men of Scheria's isle
For sailing arts and all the naval toil,
Than works of female skill: their women's pride,
The flying shuttle through the threads to guide:
Pallas to these her double gifts imparts,
Inventive genius, and industrious arts.
Close to the gates a spacious garden lies,
From storms defended and inclement skies.
Four acres was the allotted space of ground,
Fenced with a green enclosure all around.
Tall thriving trees confess'd the fruitful mould;
The reddening apple ripens here to gold.
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows,
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flourish round the year.
The balmy spirit of the western gale
Eternal breathes on fruits, untaught to fail:
Each dropping pear a following pear supplies,
On apples apples, figs on figs arise:
The same mild season gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.
Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear,
With all the united labours of the year;
Some to unload the fertile branches run,
Some dry the blackening clusters in the sun,
Others to tread the liquid harvest join.
The groaning presses foam with floods of wine.
Here are the vines in early flower descried,
Here grapes discolour'd on the sunny side,
And there in autumn's richest purple dyed.
Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the scene.
Two plenteous fountains the whole prospect crown'd
This through the gardens leads its streams around,
Visits each plant, and waters all the ground;
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,
And thence its current on the town bestows.
To various use their various streams they bring,
The people one, and one supplies the king.
Such were the glories which the gods ordain'd
To grace Alcinoüs, and his happy land.
Even from the chief who men and nations knew
The unwonted scene surprise and rapture drew:
In pleasing thought he ran the prospect o'er,
Then hasty enter'd at the lofty door.
Night now approaching, in the palace stand,
With goblets crown'd, the rulers of the land;
Prepared for rest, and offering to the god*
Who bears the virtue of the sleepy rod.
Unseen he glided through the joyous crowd,
With darkness circled, and an ambient cloud.
Direct to great Alcinoüs' throne he came,
And prostrate fell before the imperial dame.
Then from around him dropp'd the veil of night;
Sudden he shines, and manifest to sight.
The nobles gaze, with awful fear oppress'd;
Silent they gaze, and eye the godlike guest.
Daughter of great Rhenexor! (thus began,
Low at her knees, the much-enduring man)

* Mercury.

To thee, thy consort, and this royal train,
To all that share the blessings of your reign,
A suppliant bends: oh pity human woe!
'Tis what the happy to the unhappy owe.
A wretched exile to his country send,
Long worn with griefs, and long without a friend;
So may the gods your better days increase,
And all your joys descend on all your race;
So reign for ever on your country's breast,
Your people blessing, by your people bless'd!
Then to the genial earth he bow'd his face,
And humbled in the ashes took his place.
Silence ensued. The eldest first began,
Echeneus sage, a venerable man,
Whose well-taught mind the present age surpass'd
And join'd to that the experience of the last.
Fit words attended on his weighty sense,
And mild persuasion flow'd in eloquence.
Oh sight (he cried) dishonest and unjust!
A guest, a stranger, seated in the dust!
To raise the lowly suppliant from the ground
Befits a monarch. Lo! the peers around
But wait thy word, the gentle guest to grace,
And seat him fair in some distinguish'd place.
Let first the herald due libation pay
To Jove, who guides the wanderer on his way;
Then set the genial banquet in his view,
And give the stranger-guest a stranger's due.
His sage advice the listening king obeys,
He stretch'd his hand the prudent chief to raise,
And from his seat Laodamas removed,
(The monarch's offspring, and his best beloved;)
There next his side the godlike hero sate;
With stars of silver shone the bed of state.
The golden ewer a beauteous handmaid brings,
Replenish'd from the cool translucent springs,
Whose polish'd vase with copious stream supplies
A silver laver of capacious size.
The table next in regal order spread,
The glittering canisters are heap'd with bread;
Viands of various kinds invite the taste,
Of choicest sort and savour, rich repast!
Thus feasting high, Alcinoüs gave the sign,
And bade the herald pour the rosy wine.
Let all around the due libation pay
To Jove, who guides the wanderer on his way.
He said. Pontonous heard the king's command;
The circling goblet moves from hand to hand;
Each drinks the juice that glads the heart of man,
Alcinoüs then, with aspect mild, began.
Princes and peers, attend; while we impart
To you, the thoughts of no inhuman heart.
Now pleased and satiate from the social rite
Repair we to the blessings of the night;
But with the rising day, assembled here,
Let all the elders of the land appear,
Pious observe our hospitable laws,
And heaven propitiate in the stranger's cause;
Then join'd in council, proper means explore
Safe to transport him to the wish'd-for shore.
(How distant that, imports not us to know,
Nor weigh the labour, but relieve the woe.)
Meantime, nor harm nor anguish let him bear:
This interval, Heaven trusts him to our care;
But to his native land our charge resign'd,
Heaven's is his life to come, and all the woes behind.
Then must he suffer what the Fates ordain;
For Fate has wove the thread of life with pain!
And twins even from their birth are misery and man.
But if, descended from the Olympian bower,
Gracious approach us some immortal power;
If in that form thou comest a guest divine,
Some high event the conscious gods design.
As yet, unbid they never graced our feast;
The solemn sacrifice call'd down the guest:
Then manifest of heaven the vision stood,
And to our eyes familiar was the god.
Oft with some favour'd traveller they stray,
And shine before him all the desert way,
With social intercourse, and face to face,
The friends and guardians of our pious race.
So near approach we their celestial kind,
By justice, truth, and probity of mind;
As our dire neighbours of Cyclopean birth
Match in fierce wrong the giant sons of earth.
Let no such thought (with modest grace rejoin'd
The prudent Greek) possess the royal mind.
Alas! a mortal, like thyself, am I;
No glorious native of yon azure sky:
In form, ah how unlike their heavenly kind!
How much inferior in the gifts of mind!
Alas, a mortal! most oppress'd of those
Whom Fate has loaded with a weight of woes;
By a sad train of miseries alone
Distinguish'd long, and second now to none!
By heaven's high will compell'd from shore to shore;
With heaven's high will prepared to suffer more.
What histories of toil could I declare!
But still long-wearied nature wants repair;
Spent with fatigue, and shrunk with pining fast,
My craving bowels still require repast.
Howe'er the noble, suffering mind may grieve
Its load of anguish, and disdain to live,
Necessity demands our daily bread;
Hunger is insolent, and will be fed.
But finish, oh ye peers! what you propose,
And let the morrow's dawn conclude my woes.
Pleased will I suffer all the gods ordain,
To see my soil, my son, my friends, again.
That view vouchsafed, let instant death surprise
With ever-during shade these happy eyes!
The assembled peers with general praise approved
His pleaded reason, and the suit he moved.
Each drinks a full oblivion of his cares,
And to the gifts of balmy sleep repairs.
Ulysses in the regal walls alone
Remain'd: beside him, on a splendid throne,
Divine Aretè and Alcinoüs shone.
The queen, on nearer view, the guest survey'd,
Robed in the garments her own hands had made;
Not without wonder seen. Then thus began,
Her words addressing to the godlike man.
Camest thou not hither, wondrous stranger! say,
From lands remote, and o'er a length of sea?
Tell, then, whence art thou? whence that princely air?
And robes like these, so recent and so fair?
Hard is the task, oh princess! you impose,
(Thus sighing spoke the man of many woes,)
The long, the mournful series to relate
Of all my sorrows sent by Heaven and Fate!
Yet what you ask, attend. An island lies
Beyond these tracts, and under other skies,
Ogygia named, in Ocean's watery arms,
Where dwells Calypso, dreadful in her charms!

Remote from gods or men she holds her reign,
Amid the terrors of the rolling main.
Me, only me, the hand of fortune bore,
Unbless'd! to tread that interdicted shore:
When Jove tremendous in the sable deeps
Launch'd his red lightning at our scatter'd ships;
Then, all my fleet, and all my followers lost,
Sole on a plank, on boiling surges toss'd,
Heaven drove my wreck the Ogygian isle to find,
Full nine days floating to the wave and wind.
Met by the goddess there with open arms,
She bribed my stay with more than human charms;
Nay, promised, vainly promised, to bestow
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe:
But all her blandishments successless prove,
To banish from my breast my country's love.
I stay reluctant seven continued years,
And water her ambrosial couch with tears.
The eighth she voluntary moves to part,
Or urged by Jove, or her own changeful heart.
A raft was formed to cross the surging sea;
Herself supplied the stores and rich array,
And gave the gales to waft me on the way.
In seventeen days appear'd your pleasing coast,
And woody mountains half in vapours lost.
Joy touch'd my soul: my soul was joy'd in vain;
For angry Neptune roused the raging main;
The wild winds whistle, and the billows roar;
The splitting raft the furious tempest tore;
And storms vindictive intercept the shore.
Soon as their rage subsides, the seas I brave
With naked force, and shoot along the wave,
To reach this isle; but there my hopes were lost,
The surge impelled me on a craggy coast.
I chose the safer sea, and chanced to find
A river's mouth impervious to the wind,
And clear of rocks. I fainted by the flood;
Then took the shelter of the neighbouring wood.
'Twas night, and cover'd in the foliage deep,
Jove plunged my senses in the death of sleep.
All night I slept, oblivious of my pain:
Aurora dawn'd and Phœbus shined in vain;
Nor, till oblique he sloped his evening ray,
Had Somnus dried the balmy dews away.
Then female voices from the shore I heard:
A maid amidst them, goddess-like appear'd;
To her I sued, she pitied my distress;
Like thee in beauty, nor in virtue less.
Who from such youth could hope considerate care?
In youth and beauty wisdom is but rare!
She gave me life, relieved with just supplies
My wants, and lent these robes that strike your eyes.
This is the truth: and oh, ye powers on high!
Forbid that want should sink me to a lie.
To this the king: Our daughter but express'd
Her cares imperfect to our godlike guest.
Suppliant to her, since first he chose to pray,
Why not herself did she conduct the way,
And with her handmaids to our court convey?
Hero and king! (Ulysses thus replied)
Nor blame her faultless, nor suspect of pride:
She bade me follow in the attendant train;
But fear and reverence did my steps detain,
Lest rash suspicion might alarm thy mind:
Man's of a jealous and mistaking kind.
Far from my soul (he cried) the gods efface
All wrath ill-grounded, and suspicion base!
Whate'er is honest, stranger, I approve,
And would to Phœbus, Pallas and to Jove,
Such as thou art, thy thought and mine were one,
Nor thou unwilling to be call'd my son.
In such alliance couldst thou wish to join,
A palace stored with treasures should be thine
But if reluctant, who shall force thy stay?
Jove bids to set the stranger on his way,
And ships shall wait thee with the morning ray
Till then, let slumber close thy careful eyes;
The wakeful mariners shall watch the skies,
And seize the moment when the breezes rise:
Then gently waft thee to the pleasing shore,
Where thy soul rests, and labour is no more.
Far as Eubœa though thy country lay,
Our ships with ease transport thee in a day.
Thither of old, earth's giant son* to view,
On wings of winds with Rhadamanth they flew;
This land, from whence their morning course begun;
Saw them returning with the setting sun.
Your eyes shall witness and confirm my tale,
Our youth how dextrous and how fleet our sail,
When justly timed with equal sweep they row,
And ocean whitens in long tracks below.
Thus he. No word the experienced man replies,
But thus to heaven (and heavenward lifts his eyes:)
Oh Jove! oh father! what the king accords
Do thou make perfect! sacred be his words!
Wide o'er the world Alcinoüs glory shine!
Let fame be his, and ah! my country mine!
Meanwhile Aretè, for the hour of rest,
Ordains the fleecy couch and covering vest;
Bids her fair train the purple quilts prepare,
And the thick carpets spread with busy care.
With torches blazing in their hands they past,
And finish'd all their queen's command with haste;
Then gave the signal to the willing guest:
He rose with pleasure, and retired to rest.
There, soft-extended to the murmuring sound
Of the high porch, Ulysses sleeps profound!
Within, released from cares Alcinoüs lies:
And fast beside were closed Aretè's eyes.

BOOK VIII.

ARGUMENT.

Alcinoüs calls a council, in which it is resolved to transport Ulysses into his country. After which, splendid entertainments are made, where the celebrated musician and poet Demodocus plays and sings to the guests. They next proceed to the games, the race, the wrestling, the discus, &c. where Ulysses casts a prodigious length, to the admiration of all the spectators. They return again to the banquet, and Demodocus sings the loves of Mars and Venus. Ulysses, after a compliment to the poet, desires him to sing the introduction of the wooden horse into Troy: which subject provoking his tears, Alcinoüs inquires of his guest his name, parentage, and fortunes.

BOOK VIII.

Now fair Aurora lifts her golden ray,
And all the ruddy orient flames with day:
Alcinoüs, and the chief, with dawning light,
Rose instant from the slumbers of the night!
Then to the council seat they bend their way,
And fill the shining thrones along the bay.

* Tityus.

Meanwhile Minerva, in her guardian care,
Shoots from the starry vault through fields of air;
In form a herald of the king, she flies
From peer to peer, and thus incessant cries.
Nobles and chiefs who rule Phæacia's states,
The king in council your attendance waits;
A prince of grace divine your aid implores,
O'er unknown seas arrived from unknown shores.
She spoke, and sudden with tumultuous sounds
Of thronging multitudes the shore rebounds:
At once the seats they fill; and every eye
Gazed, as before some brother of the sky.
Pallas with grace divine his form improves,
More high he treads, and more enlarged he moves;
She sheds celestial bloom, regard to draw,
And gives a dignity of mien to awe:
With strength the future prize of fame to play,
And gather all the honours of the day.
Then from his glittering throne Alcinoüs rose:
Attend, he cried, while we our will disclose.
Your present aid this godlike stranger craves,
Toss'd by rude tempest through a war of waves:
Perhaps from realms that view the rising day,
Or nations subject to the western ray.
Then grant, what here all sons of woe obtain;
(For here affliction never pleads in vain:)
Be chosen youths prepared, expert to try
The vast profound, and bid the vessel fly:
Launch the tall bark, and order ever oar;
Then in our court indulge the genial hour:
Instant, you sailors, to this task attend;
Swift to the palace, all ye peers, ascend;
Let none to strangers honours due disclaim:
Be there Demodocus, the bard of fame,
Taught by the gods to please, when high he sings
The vocal lay, responsive to the strings.
Thus spoke the prince: the attending peers obey;
In state they move; Alcinoüs leads the way:
Swift to Demodocus the herald flies,
At once the sailors to their charge arise;
They launch the vessel, and unfurl the sails,
And stretch the swelling canvas to the gales;
Then to the palace move: a gathering throng,
Youth, and white age, tumultuous pour along.
Now all accesses to the dome are fill'd;
Eight boars, the choicest of the herd, are kill'd!
Two beeves, twelve fatlings, from the flock they bring
To crown the feast; so wills the bounteous king.
The herald now arrives, and guides along
The sacred master of celestial song:
Dear to the Muse! who gave his days to flow
With mighty blessings, mix'd with mighty woe;
With clouds of darkness quench'd his visual ray,
But gave him skill to raise the lofty lay.
High on a radiant throne sublime in state,
Encircled by huge multitudes, he sate:
With silver shone the throne: his lyre well strung
To rapturous sounds, at hand Pontonous hung:
Before his seat a polish'd table shines,
And a full goblet foams with generous wines:
His food a herald bore: and now they fed;
And now the rage of craving hunger fled.
Then, fir'd by all the Muse, aloud he sings
The mighty deeds of demigods and kings:
From that fierce wrath the noble song arose,
That made Ulysses and Achilles foes:
How o'er the feast they doom the fall of Troy:
The stern debate Atrides hears with joy:
For heaven foretold the contest, when he trod
The marble threshold of the Delphic god,
Curious to learn the counsels of the sky,
E'er yet he loosed the rage of war on Troy.
Touch'd at the song, Ulysses straight resign'd
To soft affliction all his manly mind:
Before his eyes the purple vest he drew,
Industrious to conceal the falling dew:
But when the music paused, he ceased to shed
The flowing tear, and raised his drooping head;
And, lifting to the gods a goblet crown'd,
He pour'd a pure libation to the ground.
Transported with the song, the listening train
Again with loud applause demand the strain:
Again Ulysses veil'd his pensive head,
Again unmann'd, a shower of sorrow shed;
Conceal'd he wept: the king observed alone
The silent tear and heard the secret groan;
Then to the bard aloud—O cease to sing;
Dumb be thy voice, and mute the harmonious string,
Enough the feast has pleased, enough the power
Of heavenly song has crown'd the genial hour!
Incessant in the games your strength display,
Contest, ye brave, the honours of the day;
That pleased the admiring stranger may proclaim
In distant regions the Phæacian fame:
None wield the gauntlet with so dire a sway,
Or swifter in the race devour the way;
None in the leap spring with so strong a bound,
Or firmer, in the wrestling, press the ground.
Thus spoke the king: the attending peers obey;
In state they move, Alcinoüs leads the way:
His golden lyre Demodocus unstrung,
High on a column in the palace hung;
And, guided by a herald's guardian cares,
Majestic to the lists of fame repairs.
Now swarms the populace: a countless throng,
Youth and hoar age; and man drives man along.
The games begin: ambitious of the prize,
Acroneus, Thoon, and Eretmeus rise;
The prize Ocyalus and Prymneus claim,
Anchialus and Ponteus, chiefs of fame.
There Proreus, Nantes, Eratreus, appear,
And famed Amphialus, Polyneus' heir;
Euryalus, like Mars terrific rose,
When clad in wrath he withers hosts of foes;
Naubolides with grace unequall'd shone,
Or equall'd by Laodamas alone.
With these came forth Ambasineus the strong;
And three brave sons, from great Alcinoüs sprung.
Ranged in a line the ready racers stand,
Start from the goal, and vanish o'er the strand:
Swift as on wings of winds, upborne they fly,
And drifts of rising dust involve the sky.
Before the rest, what space the hinds allow
Between the mule and ox, from plough to plough,
Clytonius sprung: he wing'd the rapid way,
And bore the unrivall'd honours of the day.
With fierce embrace the brawny wrestlers join:
The conquest, great Euryalus, is thine.
Amphialus sprung forward with a bound,
Superior in the leap, a length of ground.
From Elatreus' strong arm the discus flies,
And sings with unmatch'd force along the skies.
And Laodam whirls high, with dreadful sway,
The gloves of death, victorious in the fray.
While thus the peerage in the games contends,
In act to speak Laodamas ascends.

O friends, he cries, the stranger seems well skill'd
To try the illustrious labours of the field:
I deem him brave: then grant the brave man's claim,
Invite the hero to his share of fame.
What nervous arms he boasts! how firm his tread!
His limbs how turn'd! how broad his shoulders spread!
By age unbroke!—but all-consuming care
Destroys perhaps the strength that time would spare:
Dire is the ocean, dread in all its forms!
Man must decay, when man contends with storms.
Well hast thou spoke (Euryalus replies:)
Thine is the guest, invite him thou to rise.
Swift at the word, advancing from the crowd
He made obeisance, and thus spoke aloud:
Vouchsafes the reverend stranger to display
His manly worth, and share the glorious day?
Father, arise! for thee thy port proclaims
Expert to conquer in the solemn games.
To fame arise! for what more fame can yield
Than the swift race, or conflict in the field?
Steal from corroding care one transient day,
To glory give the space thou hast to stay;
Short is the time, and lo! even now the gales
Call thee aboard, and stretch the swelling sails.
To whom with sighs Ulysses gave reply:
Ah why the ill-suiting pastime must I try?
To gloomy care my thoughts alone are free:
Ill the gay sports with troubled hearts agree:
Sad from my natal hour my days have ran,
A much-afflicted, much-enduring man!
Who suppliant to the king and peers, implores
A speedy voyage to his native shores.
Wide wanders, Laodam, thy erring tongue,
The sports of glory to the brave belong,
(Retorts Euryalus:) he boasts no claim
Among the great, unlike the sons of Fame.
A wandering merchant he frequents the main;
Some mean sea-farer in pursuit of gain;
Studious of freight, in naval trade well skill'd,
But dreads the athletic labours of the field
Incensed Ulysses with a frown replies—
O forward to proclaim thy soul unwise!
With partial hands the gods their gifts dispense;
Some greatly think, some speak with manly sense;
Here heaven an elegance of form denies,
But wisdom the defect of form supplies:
This man with energy of thought controuls,
And steals with modest violence our souls;
He speaks reservedly, but he speaks with force,
Nor can one word be changed but for a worse;
In public more than mortal he appears,
And, as he moves, the gazing crowd reveres.
While others, beauteous as the ethereal kind,
The nobler portion want, a knowing mind.
In outward show heaven gives thee to excel,
But heaven denies the praise of thinking well.
Ill bear the brave a rude ungovern'd tongue,
And, youth, my generous soul resents the wrong:
Skill'd in heroic exercise, I claim
A post of honour with the sons of Fame.
Such was my boast while vigour crown'd my days;
Now care surrounds me, and my force decays;
Inured a melancholy part to bear,
In scenes of death, by tempest and by war.
Yet thus by woes impair'd, no more I wave
To prove the hero—slander stings the brave.
Then striding forward with a furious bound,
He wrench'd a rocky fragment from the ground,
By far more ponderous and more huge by far,
Than what Phæacia's sons discharged in air.
Fierce from his arm the enormous load he flings;
Sonorous through the shaded air it sings;
Couch'd to the earth, tempestuous as it flies,
The crowd gaze upward while it cleaves the skies.
Beyond all marks, with many a giddy round
Down-rushing, it upturns a hill of ground.
That instant Pallas, bursting from a cloud,
Fix'd a distinguish'd mark, and cried aloud:
Even he who sightless wants his visual ray
May by his touch alone award the day:
Thy signal throw transcends the utmost bound
Of every champion by a length of ground:
Securely bid the strongest of the train
Arise to throw; the strongest throws in vain.
She spoke; and momentary mounts the sky:
The friendly voice Ulysses hears with joy;
Then thus aloud, (elate with decent pride,)
Rise, ye Phæacians, try your force, he cried;
If with this throw the strongest caster vie,
Still, further still, I bid the discus fly.
Stand forth, ye champions, who the gauntlet wield,
Or ye, the swiftest racers of the field!
Stand forth, ye wrestlers, who these pastimes grace!
I wield the gauntlet, and I run the race.
In such heroic games I yield to none,
Or yield to brave Laodamas alone:
Shall I with brave Laodamas contend?
A friend is sacred, and I style him friend.
Ungenerous were the man, and base of heart,
Who takes the kind, and pays the ungrateful part;
Chiefly the man, in foreign realms confined,
Base to his friend, to his own interest blind:
All, all your heroes I this day defy;
Give me a man, that we our might may try.
Expert in every art, I boast the skill
To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill:
Should a whole host at once discharge the bow,
My well-aim'd shaft with death prevents the foe:
Alone superior in the field of Troy,
Great Philoctetes taught the shaft to fly.
From all the sons of earth unrivall'd praise
I justly claim; but yield to better days,
To those famed days when great Alcides rose,
And Eurytus, who bade the gods be foes:
(Vain Eurytus, whose art became his crime,
Swept from the earth, he perish'd in his prime;
Sudden the irremeable way he trod,
Who boldly durst defy the bowyer god.)
In fighting fields as far the spear I throw
As flies an arrow from the well-drawn bow.
Sole in the race the contest I decline,
Stiff are my weary joints, and I resign;
By storms and hunger worn: age well may fail,
When storms and hunger both at once assail.
Abash'd, the numbers hear the godlike man,
Till great Alcinoüs mildly thus began:
Well hast thou spoke, and well thy generous tongue
With decent pride refutes a public wrong:
Warm are thy words but warm without offence;
Fear only fools, secure in men of sense:
Thy worth is known. Then hear our country's claim,
And bear to heroes our heroic fame:
In distant realms our glorious deeds display,
Repeat them frequent in the genial day;

When bless'd with ease thy woes and wanderings end,
Teach them thy consort, bid thy sons attend;
How loved of Jove, he crown'd our sires with praise,
How we their offspring dignify our race.
Let other realms the deathful gauntlet wield,
Or boast the glories of the athletic field.
We in the course unrivall'd speed display,
Or through cærulean billows plough the way;
To dress, to dance, to sing, our sole delight,
The feast or bath by day, and love by night:
Rise then, ye skill'd in measures; let him bear
Your fame to men that breathe a distant air;
And faithful say, to you the powers belong
To race, to sail, to dance, to chant the song.
But, herald, to the palace swift repair,
And the soft lyre to grace our pastimes bear.
Swift at the word, obedient to the king,
The herald flies the tuneful lyre to bring.
Up rose nine seniors, chosen to survey
The future games, the judges of the day.
With instant care they mark a spacious round,
And level for the dance the allotted ground;
The herald bears the lyre: intent to play,
The bard advancing meditates the lay.
Skill'd in the dance, tall youths, a blooming band,
Graceful before the heavenly minstrel stand:
Light-bounding from the earth, at once they rise,
Their feet half-viewless quiver in the skies:
Ulysses gazed, astonish'd to survey
The glancing splendors as their sandals play.
Meantime the bard, alternate to the strings,
The loves of Mars and Cytherea sings;
How the stern god, enamour'd with her charms,
Clasped the gay panting goddess in his arms,
By bribes seduced; and how the sun, whose eye
Views the broad heavens, disclosed the lawless joy.
Stung to the soul, indignant through the skies
To his black forge vindictive Vulcan flies:
Arrived, his sinewy arms incessant place
The eternal anvil on the massy base.
A wondrous net he labours, to betray
The wanton lovers, as entwined they lay,
Indissolubly strong! Then instant bears
To his immortal dome the finish'd snares.
Above, below, around, with art dispread,
The sure inclosure folds the genial bed;
Whose texture even the search of gods deceives,
Thin as the filmy threads the spider weaves.
Then, as withdrawing from the starry bowers,
He feigns a journey to the Lemnian shores,
His favourite isle; observant Mars descries
His wish'd recess, and to the goddess flies;
He glows, he burns, the fair-hair'd queen of love
Descends smooth gliding from the courts of Jove,
Gay blooming in full charms: her hand he press'd
With eager joy, and with a sigh address'd.
Come, my beloved! and taste the soft delights;
Come; to repose the genial bed invites:
Thy absent spouse, neglectful of thy charms,
Prefers his barbarous Sintians to thy arms!
Then, nothing loth, the enamour'd fair he led,
And sunk transported on the conscious bed.
Down rush'd the toils, inwrapping as they lay,
The careless lovers in their wanton play:
In vain they strive; the entangling snares deny
(Inextricably firm) the power to fly.
Warn'd by the god who sheds the golden day,
Stern Vulcan homeward treads the starry way:
Arrived, he sees, he grieves, with rage he burns:
Full horrible he roars, his voice all heaven returns
O Jove, he cried, oh all ye powers above,
See the lewd dalliance of the queen of love!
Me, awkward me, she scorns; and yields her charms
To that fair lecher, the strong god of arms.
If I am lame, that stain my natal hour
By fate imposed; such me my parent bore.
Why was I born? See how the wanton lies!
Oh sight tormenting to an husband's eyes!
But yet I trust, this once even Mars would fly
His fair-one's arms—he thinks her, once, too nigh.
But there remain, ye guilty, in my power,
Till Jove refunds his shameless daughter's dower.
Too dear I prized a fair enchanting face:
Beauty unchaste is beauty in disgrace.
Meanwhile the gods the dome of Vulcan throng;
Apollo comes, and Neptune comes along;
With these gay Hermes trod the starry plain;
But modesty withheld the goddess train.
All heaven beholds, imprison'd as they lie,
And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the sky.
Then mutual, thus they spoke: Behold, on wrong
Swift vengeance waits; and art subdues the strong!
Dwells there a god on all the Olympian brow
More swift than Mars, and more than Vulcan slow?
Yet Vulcan conquers, and the god of arms
Must pay the penalty for lawless charms.
Thus serious they: but he who gilds the skies,
The gay Apollo, thus to Hermes cries:
Wouldst thou enchain'd like Mars, oh Hermes, lie,
And bear the shame like Mars, to share the joy?
O envied shame! (the smiling youth rejoin'd;)
Add thrice the chains, and thrice more firmly bind;
Gaze all ye gods, and every goddess gaze,
Yet eager would I bless the sweet disgrace.
Loud laugh the rest, even Neptune laughs aloud,
Yet sues importunate to loose the god:
And free, he cries, oh Vulcan! free from shame
Thy captives; I insure the penal claim.
Will Neptune (Vulcan then) the faithless trust?
He suffers who gives surety for th' unjust:
But say, if that lewd scandal of the sky,
To liberty restored, perfidious fly:
Say, wilt thou bear the mulct? He instant cries,
The mulct I bear, if Mars perfidious flies.
To whom, appeased: No more I urge delay;
When Neptune sues, my part is to obey.
Then to the snares his force the god applies;
They burst; and Mars to Thrace indignant flies:
To the soft Cyprian shores the goddess moves,
To visit Paphos and her blooming groves,
Where to the Power an hundred altars rise,
And breathing odours scent the balmy skies;
Conceal'd she bathes in consecrated bowers,
The Graces unguents shed, ambrosial showers,
Unguents that charm the gods! she last assumes
Her wondrous robes; and the full goddess blooms.
Thus sung the bard; Ulysses hears with joy,
And loud applauses rend the vaulted sky.
Then to the sports his sons the king commands,
Each blooming youth before the monarch stands,
In dance unmatch'd! A wondrous ball is brought
(The work of Polyphus, divinely wrought;)
This youth with strength enormous bids it fly,
And bending backward whirls it to the sky;
His brother, springing with an active bound,
At distance intercepts it from the ground.

The ball dismiss'd, in dance they skim the strand,
Turn and return, and scarce imprint the sand
The assembly gazes with astonish'd eyes,
And sends in shouts applauses to the skies.
Then thus Ulysses: Happy king, whose name
The brightest shines in all the rolls of fame!
In subjects happy! with surprise I gaze;
Thy praise was just: their skill transcends thy praise.
Pleased with his people's fame, the monarch hears,
And thus benevolent accosts the peers.
Since wisdom's sacred guidance he pursues,
Give to the stranger-guest a stranger's dues:
Twelve princes in our realm dominion share,
O'er whom supreme, imperial power I bear:
Bring gold, a pledge of love: a talent bring,
A vest, a robe, and imitate your king.
Be swift to give; that he this night may share
The social feast of joy, with joy sincere.
And thou, Euryalus, redeem thy wrong;
A generous heart repairs a slanderous tongue.
The assenting peers, obedient to the king,
In haste their heralds send the gifts to bring.
Then thus Euryalus: O prince, whose sway
Rules this bless'd realm, repentant I obey!
Be his this sword, whose blade of brass displays
A ruddy gleam; whose hilt a silver blaze;
Whose ivory sheath, inwrought with curious pride,
Adds graceful terror to the wearer's side.
He said, and to his hand the sword consign'd:
And if, he cried, my words affect thy mind,
Far from thy mind those words, ye whirlwinds, bear,
And scatter them, ye storms, in empty air!
Crown, oh ye heavens, with joy his peaceful hours,
And grant him to his spouse, and native shores!
And bless'd be thou, my friend, Ulysses cries:
Crown him with every joy, ye favouring skies!
To thy calm hours continued peace afford,
And never, never may'st thou want this sword!
He said, and o'er his shoulders flung the blade.
Now o'er the earth ascends the evening shade:
The precious gifts the illustrious heralds bear,
And to the court the embodied peers repair.
Before the queen Alcinoüs' sons unfold
The vest, the robes, and heaps of shining gold;
Then to the radiant thrones they move in state:
Aloft, the king in pomp imperial sate.
Thence to the queen. O partner of our reign,
O sole beloved! command thy menial train
A polish'd chest and stately robes to bear,
And healing waters for the bath prepare;
That, bathed, our guest may bid his sorrows cease,
Hear the sweet song, and taste the feast in peace.
A bowl that flames with gold, of wondrous frame,
Ourself we give, memorial of our name;
To raise in offerings to almighty Jove,
And every god that treads the courts above.
Instant the queen, observant of the king,
Commands her train a spacious vase to bring,
The spacious vase with ample streams suffice,
Heap high the wood, and bid the flames arise.
The flames climb round it with a fierce embrace,
The fuming waters bubble o'er the blaze.
Herself the chest prepares: in order roll'd
The robes, the vests are ranged, and heaps of gold:
And adding a rich dress inwrought with art,
A gift expressive of her bounteous heart,
Thus spoke to Ithacus: To guard with bands
Insolvable these gifts, thy care demands:
Lest, in thy slumbers on the watery main,
The hand of rapine make our bounty vain.
Then bending with full force, around he roll'd
A labyrinth of bands in fold on fold,
Closed with Circæan art. A train attends
Around the bath: the bath the king ascends
(Untasted joy, since that disastrous hour,
He sail'd ill-fated from Calypso's bower;)
Where, happy as the gods that range the sky,
He feasted every sense, with every joy.
He bathes; the damsels, with officious toil,
Shed sweets, shed unguents, in a shower of oil:
Then o'er his limbs a gorgeous robe he spreads,
And to the feast magnificently treads.
Full where the dome its shining valves expands,
Nausicaa blooming as a goddess stands;
With wondering eyes the hero she survey'd,
And graceful thus began the royal maid.
Hail, godlike stranger! and when heaven restores
To thy fond wish thy long-expected shores,
This ever grateful in remembrance bear,
To me thou owest, to me, the vital air.
O royal maid, Ulysses straight returns,
Whose worth the splendours of thy race adorns,
So may dread Jove (whose arm in vengeance forms
The writhen bolt, and blackens heaven with storms,)
Restore me safe, through weary wanderings toss'd,
To my dear country's ever-pleasing coast,
As while the spirit in this bosom glows,
To thee, my goddess, I address my vows;
My life, thy gift I boast! He said, and sate
Fast by Alcinoüs on a throne of state.
Now each partakes the feast, the wine prepares,
Portions the food, and each his portion shares.
The bard an herald guides; the gazing throng
Pay low obeisance as he moves along:
Beneath a sculptured arch he sits enthroned,
The peers encircling form an awful round.
Then, from the chine, Ulysses carves with art
Delicious food, an honorary part;
This let the master of the lyre receive,
A pledge of love! 'tis all a wretch can give.
Lives there a man beneath the spacious skies,
Who sacred honours to the bard denies?
The Muse the bard inspires, exalts his mind:
The Muse indulgent loves the harmonious kind.
The herald to his hand the charge conveys,
Not fond of flattery, nor unpleased with praise.
When now the rage of hunger was allay'd,
Thus to the lyrist wise Ulysses said:
O more than man! thy soul the Muse inspires,
Or Phœbus animates with all his fires!
For who, by Phœbus uninform'd, could know
The woe of Greece, and sing so well the woe?
Just to the tale, as present at the fray,
Or taught the labours of the dreadful day:
The song recalls past horrors to my eyes,
And bids proud Ilion from her ashes rise.
Once more harmonious strike the sounding string,
The Epæan fabric, framed by Pallas, sing:
How stern Ulysses, furious to destroy,
With latent heroes sack'd imperial Troy.
If faithful thou record the tale of Fame,
The god himself inspires thy breast with flame;
And mine shall be the task henceforth to raise
In every land thy monument of praise.
Full of the god, he raised his lofty strain,
How the Greeks rush'd tumultuous to the main;

How blazing tents illumined half the skies,
While from the shores the winged navy flies:
How, even in Ilion's walls, in deathful bands,
Came the stern Greeks by Troy's assisting hands:
All Troy up-heaved the steed; of differing mind,
Various the Trojans counsell'd; part consign'd
The monster to the sword, part sentence gave
To plunge it headlong in the whelming wave;
The unwise award to lodge it in the towers,
An offering sacred to the immortal powers:
The unwise prevail, they lodge it in the walls,
And by the gods' decree proud Ilion falls:
Destruction enters in the treacherous wood,
And vengeful slaughter, fierce for human blood.
He sung the Greeks stern-issuing from the steed,
How Ilion burns, how all her fathers bleed;
How to thy dome, Deiphobus! ascends
The Spartan king; how Ithacus attends
(Horrid as Mars,) and how with dire alarms
He fights, subdues; for Pallas strings his arms.
Thus while he sung, Ulysses griefs renew,
Tears bathe his cheeks, and tears the ground bedew;
As some fond matron views in mortal fight
Her husband falling in his country's right:
Frantic through clashing swords she runs, she flies,
As ghastly pale he groans, and faints and dies;
Close to his breast she grovels on the ground;
And bathes with floods of tears the gaping wound:
She cries, she shrieks; the fierce insulting foe
Relentless mocks her violence of woe:
To chains condemn'd as wildly she deplores;
A widow, and a slave on foreign shores.
So from the sluices of Ulysses' eyes
Fast fell the tears, and sighs succeeded sighs;
Conceal'd he grieved: the king observed alone
The silent tear, and heard the secret groan;
Then to the bard aloud: O cease to sing,
Dumb be thy voice, and mute the tuneful string;
To every note his tears responsive flow,
And his great heart heaves with tumultuous woe;
Thy lay too deeply moves: then cease the lay,
And o'er the banquet every heart be gay:
This social right demands; for him the sails,
Floating in air, invite the impelling gales:
His are the gifts of love; the wise and good
Receive the stranger as a brother's blood.
But, friend, discover faithful what I crave;
Artful concealment ill becomes the brave:
Say what thy birth, and what the name you bore,
Imposed by parents in the natal hour?
(For from the natal hour distinctive names,
One common right, the great and lowly claims;)
Say from what city, from what regions tost,
And what inhabitants those regions boast?
So shalt thou instant reach the realm assign'd,
In wonderous ships, self-moved, instinct with mind:
No helm secures their course, no pilot guides:
Like man intelligent, they plough the tides
Conscious of every coast, and every bay,
That lies beneath the sun's all-seeing ray:
Though clouds and darkness veil the encumber'd sky,
Fearless through darkness, and through clouds they fly;
Though tempests rage, though rolls the swelling main,
The seas may roll, the tempests rage in vain:
Even the stern god that o'er the waves presides
Safe as they pass, and safe repass the tides,
With fury burns; while careless they convey
Promiscuous every guest to every bay.
These ears have heard my royal sire disclose
A dreadful story big with future woes,
How Neptune raged, and how, by his command.
Firm rooted in a surge a ship should stand
A monument of wrath; how mound on mound
Should bury these proud towers beneath the ground.
But this the gods may frustrate or fulfil,
As suits the purpose of the eternal will.
But say through what waste regions hast thou stray'd,
What customs noted, and what coasts survey'd;
Possess'd by wild barbarians fierce in arms,
Or men whose bosom tender pity warms?
Say why the fate of Troy awaked thy cares,
Why heaved thy bosom, and why flow'd thy tears?
Just are the ways of heaven; from heaven proceed
The woes of man; heaven doom'd the Greeks to bleed,
A theme of future song! Say then if slain
Some dear loved brother press'd the Phrygian plain?
Or bled some friend, who bore a brother's part,
And claim'd by merit, not by blood, the heart?

BOOK IX.

ARGUMENT.

The Adventures of the Cicons, Lotophagia, and Cyclops.

Ulysses begins the relation of his adventures; how after the destruction of Troy, he with his companions made an incursion on the Cicons, by whom they were repulsed; and meeting with a storm, were driven to the coast of the Lotophagi. From thence they sailed to the land of the Cyclops, whose manners and situation are particularly characterised. The giant Polyphemus and his cave described; the usage Ulysses and his companions met with there; and lastly, the method and artifice by which he escaped.

BOOK IX.

Then thus Ulysses. Thou whom first in sway,
As first in virtue, these thy realms obey:
How sweet the products of a peaceful reign!
The heaven-taught poet, and enchanting strain,
The well-fill'd palace, the perpetual feast,
A land rejoicing, and a people blest!
How goodly seems it ever to employ
Man's social days in union and in joy;
The plenteous board high-heap'd with cates divine,
And o'er the foaming bowl the laughing wine.
Amid these joys, why seeks thy mind to know
The unhappy series of a wanderer's woe?
Remembrance sad, whose image to review,
Alas! must open all my wounds anew!
And oh, what first, what last shall I relate,
Of woes unnumber'd sent by Heaven and Fate?
Know first the man (though now a wretch distress'd)
Who hopes thee, monarch, for his future guest.
Behold Ulysses! no ignoble name,
Earth sounds my wisdom, and high heaven my fame
My native soil is Ithaca the fair,
Where high Neritus waves his woods in air;
Dulichium, Samé, and Zacynthus, crown'd
With shady mountains, spread their isles around:
(These to the north and night's dark regions run,
Those to Aurora and the rising sun.)
Low lies our isle, yet bless'd in fruitful stores;
Strong are her sons, though rocky are her shores;

And none, ah none so lovely to my sight,
Of all the lands that heaven o'erspreads with light!
In vain Calypso long constrain'd my stay,
With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay;
With all her charms as vainly Circe strove,
And added magic to secure my love.
In pomps or joys, the palace or the grot,
My country's image never was forgot,
My absent parents rose before my sight,
And distant lay contentment and delight.
Hear then the woes which mighty Jove ordain'd
To wait my passage from the Trojan land.
The winds from Ilion to the Cicons' shore,
Beneath cold Ismarus, our vessels bore.
We boldly landed on the hostile place,
And sack'd the city, and destroy'd the race,
Their wives made captive, their possessions shared,
And every soldier found a like reward.
I then advised to fly; not so the rest,
Who stay'd to revel, and prolong the feast:
The fatted sheep and sable bulls they slay,
And bowls flow round, and riot wastes the day.
Meantime the Cicons, to their holds retired,
Call on the Cicons, with new fury fired:
With early morn the gather'd country swarms,
And all the continent is bright with arms;
Thick as the budding leaves or rising flowers
O'erspread the land, when spring descends in showers:
All expert soldiers, skill'd on foot to dare,
Or from the bounding courser urge the war.
Now fortune changes (so the Fates ordain:)
Our hour was come to taste our share of pain.
Close at the ships the bloody fight began,
Wounded they wound, and man expires on man.
Long as the morning sun increasing bright
O'er heaven's pure azure spread the growing light,
Promiscuous death the form of war confounds,
Each adverse battle gored with equal wounds;
But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main,
Then conquest crown'd the fierce Ciconian train.
Six brave companions from each ship we lost,
The rest escaped in haste, and quit the coast.
With sails outspread we fly the unequal strife,
Sad for their loss, but joyful of our life:
Yet as we fled, our fellows' rites we paid,
And thrice we call'd on each unhappy shade.
Meanwhile the god whose hand the thunder forms,
Drives clouds on clouds, and blackens heaven with storms:
Wide o'er the waste the rage of Boreas sweeps,
And night rush'd headlong on the shaded deeps.
Now here, now there, the giddy ships are borne,
And all the rattling shrouds in fragments torn.
We furl'd the sail, we plied the labouring oar,
Took down our masts, and row'd our ships to shore.
Two tedious days and two long nights we lay,
O'erwatch'd and batter'd in the naked bay.
But the third morning when Aurora brings,
We rear the masts, we spread the canvas wings;
Refresh'd, and careless on the deck reclined,
We sit, and trust the pilot and the wind.
Then to my native country had I sail'd;
But the cape doubled, adverse winds prevail'd.
Strong was the tide, which, by the northern blast
Impell'd, our vessels on Cythera cast.
Nine days our fleet the uncertain tempest bore
Far in wide ocean, and from sight of shore;
The tenth we touch'd, by various errors tost,
The land of Lotus and the flowery coast.
We climb'd the beach, and springs of water found,
Then spread our hasty banquet on the ground.
Three men were sent, deputed from the crew
(An herald one,) the dubious coast to view,
And learn what habitants possess'd the place.
They went, and found a hospitable race:
Not prone to ill, nor strange to foreign guest,
They eat, they drink, and nature gives the feast;
The trees around them all their food produce;
Lotos, the name; divine, nectareous juice!
(Thence call'd Lotophagi;) which whoso tastes,
Insatiate riots in the sweet repasts,
Nor other home, nor other care intends,
But quits his house, his country, and his friends.
The three we sent, from off the enchanting ground
We dragg'd reluctant, and by force we bound
The rest in haste forsook the pleasing shore,
Or, the charm tasted, had return'd no more.
Now placed in order on their banks, they sweep
The sea's smooth face, and cleave the hoary deep;
With heavy hearts we labour through the tide,
To coasts unknown, and oceans yet untried.
The land of Cyclops first, a savage kind,
Nor tamed by manners, nor by laws confined,
Untaught to plant, to turn the glebe and sow,
They all their products to free nature owe.
The soil untill'd a ready harvest yields,
With wheat and barley wave the golden fields,
Spontaneous wines from weighty clusters pour,
And Jove descends in each prolific shower.
By these no statutes and no rights are known,
No council held, no monarch fills the throne,
But high on hills, or airy cliffs, they dwell,
Or deep in caves whose entrance leads to hell.
Each rules his race, his neighbour not his care,
Heedless of others, to his own severe.
Opposed to the Cyclopean coast, there lay
An isle, whose hills their subject fields survey;
Its name Lachæa, crown'd with many a grove,
Where savage goats through pathless thickets rove;
No needy mortals here, with hunger bold,
Or wretched hunters through the wintry cold
Pursue their flight; but leave them safe to bound
From hill to hill, o'er all the desert ground.
Nor knows the soil to feed the fleecy care,
Or feels the labours of the crooked share;
But uninhabited, untill'd, unsown
It lies, and breeds the bleating goat alone.
For there no vessel with vermilion prore,
Or bark of traffic, glides from shore to shore;
The rugged race of savages, unskill'd
The seas to traverse, or the ships to build,
Gaze on the coast, nor cultivate the soil;
Unlearn'd in all the industrious arts of toil.
Yet here all products and all plants abound,
Sprung from the fruitful genius of the ground;
Fields waving high with heavy crops are seen,
And vines that flourish in eternal green,
Refreshing meads along the murmuring main,
And fountains streaming down the fruitful plain.
A port there is, inclosed on either side,
Where ships may rest, unanchor'd and untied;
Till the glad mariners incline to sail,
And the sea whitens with the rising gale.
High at its head, from out the cavern'd rock
In living rills a gushing fountain broke:

Around it, and above, for ever green
The bushing alders form'd a shady scene.
Hither some favouring god, beyond our thought,
Through all-surrounding shade our navy brought;
For gloomy night descended on the main,
Nor glimmer'd Phœbe in the ethereal plain:
But all unseen the clouded island lay,
And all unseen the surge and rolling sea,
Till safe we anchor'd in the shelter'd bay:
Our sails we gather'd, cast our cables o'er,
And slept secure along the sandy shore.
Soon as again the rosy morning shone,
Reveal'd the landscape and the scene unknown,
With wonder seized, we view the pleasing ground,
And walk delighted, and expatiate round.
Roused by the woodland nymphs at early dawn,
The mountain goats came bounding o'er the lawn:
In haste our fellows to the ships repair,
For arms and weapons of the sylvan war;
Straight in three squadrons all our crew we part,
And bend the bow, or wing the missile dart;
The bounteous gods afford a copious prey,
And nine fat goats each vessel bears away:
The royal bark had ten. Our ships complete
We thus supplied (for twelve were all the fleet.)
Here, till the setting sun roll'd down the light,
We sat indulging in the genial rite:
Nor wines were wanting; those from ample jars
We drain'd, the prize of our Ciconian wars.
The land of Cyclops lay in prospect near;
The voice of goats and bleating flocks we hear,
And from their mountains rising smokes appear.
Now sunk the sun, and darkness cover'd o'er
The face of things: along the sea-beat shore
Satiate we slept: but when the sacred dawn
Arising glitter'd o'er the dewy lawn,
I call'd my fellows, and these words address'd:
My dear associates, here indulge your rest,
While, with my single ship, adventurous, I
Go forth the manners of yon men to try;
Whether a race unjust, of barbarous might,
Rude, and unconscious of a stranger's right:
Or such who harbour pity in their breast,
Revere the gods, and succour the distress'd.
This said, I climb'd my vessel's lofty side;
My train obey'd me, and the ship untied.
In order seated on their banks, they sweep
Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding deep.
When to the nearest verge of land we drew,
Fast by the sea a lonely cave we view,
High, and with darkening laurels cover'd o'er,
Where sheep and goats lay slumbering round the shore.
Near this, a fence of marble from the rock,
Brown with o'erarching pine and spreading oak.
A giant shepherd here his flock maintains
Far from the rest, and solitary reigns,
In shelter thick of horrid shade reclined;
And gloomy mischiefs labour in his mind.
A form enormous! far unlike the race
Of human birth, in stature or in face;
As some lone mountain's monstrous growth he stood,
Crown'd with rough thickets, and a nodding wood.
I left my vessel at the point of land,
And close to guard it, gave our crew command:
With only twelve, the boldest and the best,
I seek the adventure, and forsake the rest:
Then took a goatskin fill'd with precious wine,
The gift of Maron of Evantheus' line,
(The priest of Phœbus at the Ismarian shrine.)
In sacred shade his honour'd mansion stood,
Amidst Apollo's consecrated wood;
Him, and his house, heaven moved my mind to save,
And costly presents in return he gave;
Seven golden talents to perfection wrought,
A silver bowl that held a copious draught,
And twelve large vessels of unmingled wine,
Mellifluous, undecaying, and divine!
Which now, some ages from his race conceal'd,
The hoary sire in gratitude reveal'd
Such was the wine; to quench whose fervent stream
Scarce twenty measures from the living stream
To cool one cup sufficed: the goblet crown'd
Breathed aromatic fragrancies around.
Of this an ample vase we heaved aboard,
And brought another with provisions stored.
My soul foreboded I should find the bower
Of some fell monster, fierce with barbarous power,
Some rustic wretch, who lived in heaven's despite,
Contemning laws, and trampling on the right.
The cave we found, but vacant all within,
(His flock the giant tended on the green:)
But round the grot we gaze: and all we view,
In order ranged, our admiration drew:
The bending shelves with loads of cheeses press'd,
The folded flocks each separate from the rest;
(The larger here, and there the lesser lambs,
The new-fall'n young there bleating for their dams;
The kid distinguish'd from the lambkin lies:)
The cavern echoes with responsive cries
Capacious chargers all around were laid,
Full pails, and vessels of the milking trade.
With fresh provisions hence our fleet to store
My friends advise me, and to quit the shore;
Or drive a flock of sheep and goats away,
Consult our safety, and put off to sea.
Their wholesome counsel rashly I declined,
Curious to view the man of monstrous kind,
And try what social rites a savage lends:
Dire rites, alas! and fatal to my friends!
Then first a fire we kindle, and prepare
For his return with sacrifice and prayer.
The loaden shelves afford us full repast;
We sit expecting. Lo! he comes at last.
Near half a forest on his back he bore,
And cast the ponderous burden at the door.
It thunder'd as it fell. We trembled then,
And sought the deep recesses of the den.
Now driven before him through the arching rock,
Came tumbling, heaps on heaps, the unnumber'd flock;
Big udder'd ewes, and goats of female kind
(The males were penn'd in outward courts behind;)
Then heaved on high, a rock's enormous weight
To the cave's mouth he roll'd, and closed the gate:
(Scarce twenty four-wheel'd cars, compact and strong,
The massy load could bear, or roll along.)
He next betakes him to his evening cares,
And, sitting down, to milk his flocks prepares;
Of half their udders eases first the dams,
Then to the mothers he submits the lambs.
Half the white stream to hardening cheese he press'd
And high in wicker-baskets heap'd: the rest,
Reserved in bowls, supplied his nightly feast.

His labour done, he fired the pile, that gave
A sudden blaze, and lighted all the cave.
We stand discover'd by the rising fires;
Askance the giant glares, and thus inquires:
What are ye, guests? on what adventure, say,
Thus far ye wander through the watery way?
Pirates perhaps, who seek through seas unknown
The lives of others, and expose your own?
His voice like thunder through the caverns sounds:
My bold companions thrilling fear confounds,
Appall'd at sight of more than mortal man;
At length, with heart recover'd, I began:
From Troy's famed fields, sad wanderers o'er the main,
Behold the relics of the Grecian train!
Through various seas, by various perils tost,
And forced by storms, unwilling, on your coast;
Far from our destined course and native land,
Such was our fate, and such high Jove's command:
Nor what we are befits us to disclaim,
Atrides' friends (in arms a mighty name,)
Who taught proud Troy and all her sons to bow,
Victors of late, but humble suppliants now!
Low at thy knee thy succour we implore;
Respect us, human, and relieve us, poor.
At least some hospitable gift bestow;
'Tis what the happy to the unhappy owe:
'Tis what the gods require: those gods revere,
The poor and stranger are their constant care;
To Jove their cause, and their revenge belongs,
He wanders with them, and he feels their wrongs.
Fools that ye are! (the savage thus replies,
His inward fury blazing at his eyes)
Or strangers, distant far from our abodes,
To bid me reverence or regard the gods.
Know then, we Cyclops are a race above
Those air-bred people, and their goat-nursed Jove;
And learn, our power proceeds with thee and thine,
Not as he wills, but as ourselves incline.
But answer, the good ship that brought ye o'er,
Where lies she anchor'd? near or off the shore?
Thus he. His meditated fraud I find
(Versed in the turns of various human-kind;)
And, cautious, thus. Against a dreadful rock,
Fast by your shore, the gallant vessel broke.
Scarce with these few I 'scaped of all my train,
Whom angry Neptune whelm'd beneath the main:
The scatter'd wreck the winds blow back again.
He answer'd with his deed: his bloody hand
Snatch'd two, unhappy! of my martial band:
And dash'd like dogs against the stony floor;
The pavement swims with brains and mingled gore;
Torn limb from limb, he spreads his horrid feast,
And fierce devours it like a mountain beast:
He sucks the marrow, and the blood he drains,
Nor entrails, flesh, nor solid bone remains.
We see the death from which we cannot move,
And humbled groan beneath the hand of Jove.
His ample maw with human carnage fill'd,
A milky deluge next the giant swill'd;
Then stretch'd in length o'er half the cavern'd rock,
Lay senseless, and supine, amidst the flock.
To seize the time, and with a sudden wound
To fix the slumbering monster to the ground,
My soul impels me; and in act I stand
To draw the sword; but wisdom held my hand;
A deed so rash had finish'd all our fate;
No mortal forces from the lofty gate
Could roll the rock. In hopeless grief we lay
And sigh, expecting the return of day.
Now did the rosy-finger'd morn arise,
And shed her sacred light along the skies:
He wakes, he lights the fire, he milks the dams,
And to the mothers' teats submits the lambs.
The task thus finish'd of his morning hours,
Two more he snatches, murders, and devours.
Then pleased, and whistling, drives his flock before;
Removes the rocky mountain from the door
And shuts again: with equal ease disposed,
As a light quiver's lid is oped and closed.
His giant voice the echoing region fills;
His flocks, obedient, spread o'er all the hills.
Thus left behind, even in the last despair
I thought, devised, and Pallas heard my prayer.
Revenge, and doubt, and caution, work'd my breast;
But this of many counsels seem'd the best:
The monster's club within the cave I spied,
A tree of stateliest growth, and yet undried,
Green from the wood; of height and bulk so vast,
The largest ship might claim it for a mast.
This shorten'd of its top, I gave my train
A fathom's length, to shape it and to plane;
The narrower end I sharpen'd to a spire;
Whose point we harden'd with the force of fire,
And hid it in the dust that strew'd the cave.
Then to my few companions, bold and brave,
Proposed who first the venturous deed should try,
In the broad orbit of his monstrous eye
To plunge the brand, and twirl the pointed wood,
When slumber next should tame the man of blood
Just as I wish'd, the lots were cast on four:
Myself the fifth. We stand and wait the hour.
He comes with evening: All his fleecy flock
Before him march, and pour into the rock:
Not one, or male or female, staid behind;
(So fortune chanced, or so some god design'd:)
Then heaving high the stone's unwieldy weight,
He roll'd it on the cave, and closed the gate.
First down he sits, to milk the woolly dams,
And then permits their udder to the lambs.
Next seized two wretches more, and headlong cast,
Brain'd on the rock; his second dire repast.
I then approach'd him reeking with their gore,
And held the brimming goblet foaming o'er;
Cyclop! since human flesh has been thy feast,
Now drain this goblet, potent to digest;
Know hence what treasures in our ship we lost,
And what rich liquors other climates boast.
We to thy shore the precious freight shall bear,
If home thou send us, and vouchsafe to spare.
But oh! thus furious, thirsting thus for gore,
The sons of men shall ne'er approach thy shore,
And never shalt thou taste this nectar more.
He heard, he took, and pouring down his throat,
Delighted, swill'd the large luxurious draught.
More! give me more, he cried; the boon be thine,
Whoe'er thou art that bearest celestial wine;
Declare thy name; not mortal is this juice,
Such as the unblest Cyclopean climes produce
(Though sure our vine the largest cluster yields,
And Jove's scorn'd thunder serves to drench our fields;)
But this descended from the blest abodes,
A rill of nectar, streaming from the gods.
He said, and greedy grasped the heady bowl,
Thrice drain'd, and pour'd the deluge on his soul.

His sense lay cover'd with the dozy fume,
While thus my fraudful speech I re-assume:
Thy promised boon, O Cyclop! now I claim,
And plead my title; Noman is my name.
By that distinguish'd from my tender years,
'Tis what my parents call me, and my peers.
The giant then: Our promised grace receive,
The hospital boon we mean to give:
When all thy wretched crew have felt my power,
Noman shall be the last I will devour.
He said: then nodding with the fumes of wine
Dropp'd his huge head, and snoring lay supine.
His neck obliquely o'er his shoulders hung,
Press'd with the weight of sleep that tames the strong;
There belched the mingled streams of wine and blood,
And human flesh, his indigested food.
Sudden I stir the embers, and inspire
With animating breath the seeds of fire;
Each drooping spirit with bold words repair,
And urge my train the dreadful deed to dare.
The stake now glow'd beneath the burning bed
(Green as it was) and sparkled fiery red;
Then forth the vengeful instrument I bring;
With beating hearts my fellows form a ring.
Urged by some present god, they swift let fall
The pointed torment on his visual ball.
Myself above them from a rising ground
Guide the sharp stake, and twirl it round and round.
As when a shipwright stands his workmen o'er
Who ply the wimble, some huge beam to bore;
Urged on all hands, it nimbly spins about,
The grain deep piercing till it scoops it out:
In his broad eye so whirls the fiery wood;
From the pierced pupil spouts the boiling blood;
Singed are his brows: the scorching lids grow black;
The jelly bubbles, and the fibres crack.
And as when armourers temper in the ford
The keen-edged pole-axe, or the shining sword,
The red-hot metal hisses in the lake,
Thus in his eye-ball hiss'd the plunging stake.
He sends a dreadful groan, the rocks around
Through all their inmost winding caves resound.
Scared we receded. Forth with frantic hand,
He tore, and dash'd on earth the gory brand;
Then calls the Cyclops, all that round him dwell,
With voice like thunder, and a direful yell.
From all their dens, the one-eyed race repair,
From rifted rocks, and mountains bleak in air.
All haste assembled, at his well-known roar,
Inquire the cause, and crowd the cavern door.
What hurts thee, Polypheme? what strange affright
Thus breaks our slumbers, and disturbs the night?
Does any mortal in the unguarded hour
Of sleep, oppress thee, or by fraud or power?
Or thieves insidious thy fair flocks surprise?
Thus they: the Cyclop from his den replies:
Friends, Noman kills me; Noman in the hour
Of sleep, oppresses me with fraudful power.
"If no man hurt thee, but the hand divine
Inflict disease, it fits thee to resign:
To Jove or to thy father Neptune pray,"
The brethren cried, and instant strode away.
Joy touch'd my secret soul and conscious heart,
Pleased with the effect of conduct and of art.
Meantime the Cyclop, raging with the wound,
Spreads his wide arms, and searches round and round;
At last, the stone removing from the gate,
With hands extended in the midst he sate:
And search'd each passing sheep, and felt it o'er
Secure to seize us ere we reach'd the door.
(Such as his shallow wit he deem'd was mine;)
But secret I revolved the deep design;
'Twas for our lives my labouring bosom wrought;
Each scheme I turn'd, and sharpen'd every thought;
This way and that I cast to save my friends,
Till one resolve my varying counsel ends.
Strong were the rams, with native purple fair,
Well fed, and largest of the fleecy care.
These three and three, with ozier bands we tied,
(The twining bands the Cyclop's bed supplied;)
The midmost bore a man, the outward two
Secured each side: so bound we all the crew,
One ram remain'd, the leader of the flock;
In his deep fleece my grasping hands I lock,
And fast beneath, in woolly curls inwove,
There cling implicit, and confide in Jove.
When rosy morning glimmer'd o'er the dales,
He drove to pasture all the lusty males:
The ewes still folded, with distended thighs
Unmilked, lay bleating in distressful cries.
But heedless of those cares, with anguish stung,
He felt their fleeces as they pass'd along.
(Fool that he was) and let them safely go,
All unsuspecting of their freight below.
The master ram at last approach'd the gate,
Charged with his wool, and with Ulysses' fate.
Him while he pass'd, the monster blind bespoke;
What makes my ram the lag of all the flock?
First thou wert wont to crop the flowery mead,
First to the field and river's bank to lead,
And first with stately step at evening hour
Thy fleecy fellows usher to their bower.
Now far the last, with pensive pace and slow
Thou movest, as conscious of thy master's woe!
Seest thou these lids that now unfold in vain?
(The deed of Noman and his wicked train!)
Oh! didst thou feel for thy afflicted lord,
And would but Fate the power of speech afford,
Soon might'st thou tell me, where in secret here
The dastard lurks, all trembling with his fear:
Swung round and round, and dash'd from rock to rock,
His batter'd brains should on the pavement smoke.
No ease, no pleasure my sad heart receives,
While such a monster as wild Noman lives.
The giant spoke, and through the hollow rock
Dismiss'd the ram, the father of the flock.
No sooner freed, and through the enclosure pass'd,
First I release myself, my fellows last:
Fat sheep and goats in throngs we drive before,
And reach our vessel on the winding shore.
With joy the sailors view their friends return'd,
And hail us living, whom as dead they mourn'd:
Big tears of transport stand in every eye:
I check their fondness, and command to fly.
Aboard in haste they heave the wealthy sheep,
And snatch their oars and rush into the deep.
Now off at sea, and from the shallows clear,
As far as human voice could reach the ear,
With taunts the distant giant I accost.
Hear me, O Cyclop! hear, ungracious host!
'Twas on no coward, no ignoble slave,
Thou meditatest thy meal in yonder cave;
But one the vengeance fated from above
Doom'd to inflict; the instrument of Jove.

Thy barbarous breach of hospitable bands,
The god, the god revenges by my hands.
These words the Cyclop's burning rage provoke:
From the tall hill he rends a pointed rock;
High o'er the billows flew the massy load,
And near the ship came thundering on the flood.
It almost brush'd the helm, and fell before:
The whole sea shook, and refluent beat the shore.
The strong concussion on the heaving tide
Roll'd back the vessel to the island's side;
Again I shoved her off; our fate to fly,
Each nerve we stretch, and every oar we ply.
Just 'scaped impending death, when now again
We twice as far had furrow'd back the main,
Once more I raise my voice; my friends afraid
With mild entreaties my design dissuade.
What boots the godless giant to provoke,
Whose arm may sink us at a single stroke?
Already when the dreadful rock he threw,
Old Ocean shook, and back his surges flew.
The sounding voice directs his aim again;
The rock o'erwhelms us, and we 'scaped in vain
But I, of mind elate, and scorning fear,
Thus with new taunts insult the monster's ear.
Cyclop! if any, pitying thy disgrace,
Ask who disfigured thus that eyeless face?
Say, 'Twas Ulysses; 'twas his deed declare,
Laërtes son, of Ithaca the fair;
Ulysses, far in fighting fields renown'd,
Before whose arm Troy tumbled to the ground.
The astonish'd savage with a roar replies:
Oh heavens! oh faith of ancient prophecies!
This, Telemus Eurymedes foretold,
(The mighty seer who on these hills grew old;
Skill'd the dark fates of mortals to declare,
And learn'd in all wing'd omens of the air:)
Long since he menaced, such was Fate's command;
And named Ulysses as the destined hand.
I deem'd some godlike giant to behold,
Or lofty hero, haughty brave, and bold;
Not this weak pigmy-wretch, of mean design,
Who not by strength subdued me, but by wine.
But come, accept our gifts, and join to pray
Great Neptune's blessing on the watery way;
For his I am, and I the lineage own:
The immortal father no less boasts the son.
His power can heal me, and relight my eye;
And only his, of all the gods on high.
Oh! could this arm, (I thus aloud rejoin'd)
From that vast bulk dislodge thy bloody mind,
And send thee howling to the realms of night
As sure as Neptune cannot give thee sight!
Thus I; while raging he repeats his cries,
With hands uplifted to the starry skies.
Hear me, O Neptune; thou whose arms are hurl'd
From shore to shore, and gird the solid world,
If thine I am, nor thou my birth disown,
And if the unhappy Cyclop be thy son;
Let not Ulysses breathe his native air,
Laërtes son, of Ithaca the fair.
If to review his country be his fate,
Be it through toils and sufferings long and late;
His lost companions let him first deplore;
Some vessel, not his own, transport him o'er;
And when at home from foreign sufferings freed,
More near and deep, domestic woes succeed.
With imprecations thus he fill'd the air,
And angry Neptune heard the unrighteous prayer.
A larger rock then heaving from the plain,
He whirl'd it round; it sung across the main;
It fell, and brush'd the stern: the billows roar,
Shake at the weight, and refluent beat the shore.
With all our force we kept aloof to sea,
And gain'd the island where our vessels lay.
Our sight the whole collected navy cheer'd,
Who, waiting long, by turns had hoped and fear'd.
There disembarking on the green sea-side,
We land our cattle, and the spoil divide:
Of these due shares to every sailor fall;
The master ram was voted mine by all:
And him (the guardian of Ulysses' fate)
With pious mind to Heaven I consecrate.
But the great god, whose thunder rends the skies,
Averse, beholds the smoking sacrifice;
And sees me wandering still from coast to coast;
And all my vessels, all my people, lost!
While thoughtless we indulge the genial rite,
As plenteous cates and flowing bowls invite,
Till evening Phœbus roll'd away the light:
Stretch'd on the shore in careless ease we rest
Till ruddy morning purpled o'er the east;
Then from their anchors all our ships unbind,
And mount the decks, and call the willing wind.
Now, ranged in order on our banks we sweep
With hasty strokes the hoarse-resounding deep;
Blind to the future, pensive with our fears,
Glad for the living, for the dead in tears.

BOOK X.

ARGUMENT.

Adventures with Æolus, the Lestrigons, and Circe.

Ulysses arrives at the island of Æolus, who gives him prosperous winds, and incloses the adverse ones in a bag, which his companious untying, they are driven back again, and rejected. Then they sail to the Lestrigons, where they lose eleven ships, and with one only remaining, proceed to the island of Circe. Eurylochus is sent first with some companions, all which, except Eurylochus, are transformed into swine. Ulysses then undertakes the adventure, and by the help of Mercury, who gives him the herb Moly, overcomes the enchantress, and procures the restoration of his men. After a year's stay with her, he prepares, at her instigation, for his voyage to the infernal shades.

BOOK X.

At length we reach'd Æolia's sea-girt shore,
Where great Hippotades the sceptre bore,
A floating isle! High raised by toil divine
Strong walls of brass the rocky coast confine.
Six blooming youths, in private grandeur bred,
And six fair daughters, graced the royal bed;
These sons their sisters wed, and all remain
Their parents' pride, and pleasure of their reign.
All day they feast, all day the bowls flow round,
And joy and music through the isle resound:
At night each pair on splendid carpets lay,
And crown'd with love the pleasures of the day.
This happy port affords our wandering fleet
A month's reception, and a safe retreat.
Full oft the monarch urged me to relate
The fall of Ilion, and the Grecian fate;
Full oft I told; at length for parting moved;
The king with mighty gifts my suit approved.

The adverse winds in leathern bags he braced,
Compress'd their force, and lock'd each struggling blast.
For him the mighty sire of gods assign'd
The tempest's lord, the tyrant of the wind:
His word alone the listening storms obey,
To smooth the deep, or swell the foamy sea.
These in my hollow ship the monarch hung,
Securely fetter'd by a silver thong;
But Zephyrus exempt, with friendly gales
He charged to fill, and guide the swelling sails:
Rare gift! but oh, what gift to fools avails!
Nine prosperous days we plied the labouring oar;
The tenth presents our welcome native shore:
The hills display the beacon's friendly light,
And rising mountains gain upon our sight.
Then first my eyes, by watchful toils oppress'd,
Complied to take the balmy gifts of rest;
Then first my hands did from the rudder part
(So much the love of home possess'd my heart;)
When lo! on board a fond debate arose,
What rare device those vessels might inclose?
What sum, what prize, from Æolus I brought?
Whilst to his neighbour each express'd his thought.
Say, whence, ye gods, contending nations strive
Who most shall please, who most our hero give?
Long have his coffers groan'd with Trojan spoils;
Whilst we, the wretched partners of his toils,
Reproach'd by want, our fruitless labours mourn,
And only rich in barren fame return.
Now Æolus, ye see, augments his store:
But come, my friends, these mystic gifts explore.
They said; and (oh curst fate) the thongs unbound!
The gushing tempest sweeps the ocean round;
Snatch'd in the whirl, the hurried navy flew,
The ocean widen'd, and the shores withdrew.
Rous'd from my fatal sleep, I long debate
If still to live, or desperate plunge to fate;
Thus doubting, prostrate on the deck I lay,
Till all the coward thoughts of death gave way.
Meanwhile our vessels plough the liquid plain,
And soon the known Æolian coast regain,
Our groans the rocks remurmur'd to the main.
We leap'd on shore, and with a scanty feast
Our thirst and hunger hastily repress'd;
That done, two chosen heralds straight attend
Our second progress to my royal friend:
And him amidst his jovial sons we found;
The banquet steaming and the goblets crown'd:
There humbly stopp'd with conscious shame and awe,
Nor nearer than the gate presumed to draw.
But soon his sons their well-known guest descried,
And starting from their couches loudly cried,
Ulysses here! what dæmon couldst thou meet
To thwart thy passage, and repel thy fleet?
Wast thou not furnish'd by our choicest care
For Greece, for home, and all thy soul held dear?
Thus they; in silence long my fate I mourn'd,
At length these words with accent low return'd
Me, lock'd in sleep, my faithless crew bereft
Of all the blessings of your godlike gift!
But grant, oh grant, our loss we may retrieve:
A favour you, and you alone can give.
Thus I with art to move their pity tried,
And touch'd the youths; but their stern sire replied:
Vile wretch, begone! this instant I command
Thy fleet accursed to leave our hallow'd land.
His baneful suit pollutes these blest abodes,
Whose fate proclaims him hateful to the gods.
Thus fierce he said: we sighing went our way,
And with desponding hearts put off to sea.
The sailors, spent with toil, their folly mourn,
But mourn in vain; no prospect of return:
Six days and nights a doubtful course we steer,
The next proud Lamos' stately towers appear,
And Læstrigonia's gates arise distinct in air.
The shepherd, quitting here at night the plain,
Calls, to succeed his cares, the watchful swain;
But he that scorns the chains of sleep to wear,
And adds the herdsman's to the shepherd's care,
So near the pastures, and so short the way,
His double toils may claim a double pay,
And join the labours of the night and day.
Within a long recess a bay there lies,
Edged round with cliffs high pointing to the skies:
The jutting shores that swell on either side
Contract its mouth, and break the rushing tide.
Our eager sailors seize the fair retreat,
And bound within the port their crowded fleet
For here retired the sinking billows sleep,
And smiling calmness silver'd o'er the deep
I only in the bay refused to moor,
And fix'd, without, my halsers to the shore.
From thence we climb'd a point, whose airy brow
Commands the prospect of the plains below:
No tracks of beasts, or signs of men, we found,
But smoky volumes rolling from the ground.
Two with our herald thither we command,
With speed to learn what men possess'd the land.
They went, and kept the wheel's smooth beaten road,
Which to the city drew the mountain wood;
When lo! they met beside a crystal spring,
The daughter of Antiphates the king:
She to Artacia's silver streams came down;
(Artacia's streams alone supply the town:)
The damsel they approach, and ask'd what race
The people were? who monarch of the place?
With joy the maid the unwary strangers heard,
And show'd them where the royal dome appear'd
They went; but, as they entering saw the queen
Of size enormous, and terrific mien,
(Not yielding to some bulky mountain's height,)
A sudden horror struck their aching sight.
Swift at her call her husband scour'd away
To wreak his hunger on the destined prey;
One for his food the raging glutton slew,
But two rush'd out, and to the navy flew.
Balk'd of his prey, the yelling monster flies,
And fills the city with his hideous cries;
A ghastly band of giants hear the roar,
And, pouring down the mountains, crowd the shore.
Fragments they rend from off the craggy brow,
And dash the ruins on the ships below:
The crackling vessels burst; hoarse groans arise,
And mingled horrors echo to the skies;
The men, like fish, they stuck upon the flood,
And cramm'd their filthy throats with human food.
Whilst thus their fury rages at the bay,
My sword our cables cut, I call'd to weigh;
And charged my men, as they from fate would fly,
Each nerve to strain, each bending oar to ply.
The sailors catch the word, their oars they seize,
And sweep with equal strokes the smoky seas:
Clear of the rocks the impatient vessel flies;
Whilst in the port each wretch encumber'd dies.

With earnest haste my frighted sailors press,
While kindling transports glow'd at our success;
But the sad fate that did our friends destroy
Cool'd every breast, and damp'd the rising joy.
Now dropp'd our anchors in the Ææan bay,
Where Circe dwelt, the daughter of the Day!
Her mother Persè, of old Ocean's strain,
Thus from the Sun descended, and the Main,
(From the same lineage stern Ætes came,
The far-famed brother of the enchantress dame,)
Goddess and queen, to whom the powers belong
Of dreadful magic and commanding song.
Some god directing, to this peaceful bay
Silent we came, and melancholy lay,
Spent and o'erwatch'd. Two days and nights roll'd on,
And now the third succeeding morning shone.
I climb'd a cliff, with spear and sword in hand,
Whose ridge o'erlooked a shady length of land:
To learn if aught of mortal works appear,
Or cheerful voice of mortal strike the ear?
From the high point I mark'd, in distant view,
A stream of curling smoke ascending blue,
And spiry tops, the tufted trees above,
Of Circe's palace bosom'd in the grove.
Thither to haste, the region to explore,
Was my first thought: but speeding back to shore
I deem'd it best to visit first my crew,
And send out spies, the dubious coast to view.
As down the hill I solitary go,
Some power divine, who pities human woe,
Sent a tall stag, descending from the wood,
To cool his fervour in the crystal flood;
Luxuriant on the wave-worn bank he lay,
Stretch'd forth, and panting in the sunny ray.
I launch'd my spear, and with a sudden wound
Transpierced his back, and fix'd him to the ground.
He falls, and mourns his fate with human cries:
Through the wide wound the vital spirit flies.
I drew, and casting on the river's side
The bloody spear, his gather'd feet I tied
With twining osiers which the bank supplied.
An ell in length the pliant wisp I weaved,
And the huge body on my shoulders heaved:
Then leaning on my spear with both my hands,
Upbore my load, and press'd the sinking sands
With weighty steps, till at the ship I threw
The welcome burden, and bespoke my crew.
Cheer up, my friends! it is not yet our fate
To glide with ghosts through Pluto's gloomy gate.
Food in the desert land, behold! is given;
Live, and enjoy the providence of heaven.
The joyful crew survey his mighty size,
And on the future banquet feast their eyes,
As huge in length extended lay the beast;
Then wash their hands, and hasten to the feast.
There, till the setting sun roll'd down the light,
They sate indulging in the genial rite.
When evening rose, and darkness cover'd o'er
The face of things, we slept along the shore.
But when the rosy morning warmed the east,
My men I summon'd, and these words address'd:
Followers and friends! attend what I propose:
Ye sad companions of Ulysses' woes!
We know not here what land before us lies,
Or to what quarter now we turn our eyes,
Or where the sun shall set, or where shall rise.
Here let us think (if thinking be not vain)
If any counsel, any hope remain.

Alas! from yonder promontory's brow
I view'd the coast, a region flat and low:
An isle encircled with the boundless flood;
A length of thickets, and entangled wood.
Some smoke I saw amid the forest rise,
And all around it only seas and skies!
With broken hearts my sad companions stood,
Mindful of Cyclops and his human food,
And horrid Læstrigons, the men of blood.
Presaging tears apace began to rain;
But tears in mortal miseries are vain.
In equal parts I straight divide my band,
And name a chief each party to command;
I led the one, and of the other side
Appointed brave Eurylochus the guide.
Then in the brazen helm the lots we throw,
And fortune casts Eurylochus to go:
He march'd with twice eleven in his train;
Pensive they march, and pensive we remain.
The palace in a woody vale they found,
High raised of stone; a shaded space around;
Where mountain wolves and brindled lions roam,
(By magic tamed,) familiar to the dome.
With gentle blandishment our men they meet,
And wag their tails, and fawning lick their feet.
As from some feast a man returning late,
His faithful dogs all meet him at the gate,
Rejoicing round, some morsel to receive
(Such as the good man ever used to give,)
Domestic thus the grisly beasts drew near:
They gaze with wonder not unmix'd with fear.
Now on the threshold of the dome they stood,
And heard a voice resounding through the wood:
Placed at her loom within, the goddess sung:
The vaulted roofs and solid pavements rung.
O'er the fair web the rising figures shine,
Immortal labour! worthy hands divine.
Polites to the rest the question moved:
(A gallant leader, and a man I loved.)
What voice celestial chanting to the loom
(Or nymph, or goddess) echoes from the room?
Say, shall we seek access? With that they call;
And wide unfold the portals of the hall.
The goddess rising, asks her guests to stay,
Who blindly follow where she leads the way.
Eurylochus alone of all the band,
Suspecting fraud, more prudently remain'd.
On thrones around with downy coverings graced,
With semblance fair, the unhappy men she placed.
Milk newly press'd, the sacred flour of wheat,
And honey fresh, and Pramnian wines the treat:
But venom'd was the bread, and mix'd the bowl,
With drugs of force to darken all the soul:
Soon in the luscious feast themselves they lost,
And drank oblivion of their native coast.
Instant her circling wand the goddess waves,
To hogs transforms them, and the sty receives.
No more was seen the human form divine;
Head, face, and members, bristle into swine:
Still curs'd with sense, their minds remain alone,
And their own voice affrights them when they groan.
Meanwhile the goddess in disdain bestows
The mast and acorn, brutal food! and strows
The fruits of cornel, as their feast, around;
Now prone and groveling on unsavory ground.
Eurylochus, with pensive steps and slow,
Aghast returns; the messenger of woe,

And bitter fate. To speak he made essay,
In vain essay'd, nor would his tongue obey
His swelling heart denied the words their way:
But speaking tears the want of words supply,
And the full soul bursts copious from his eye.
Affrighted, anxious for our fellows' fates,
We press to hear what sadly he relates.
We went, Ulysses! (Such was thy command!)
Through the lone thicket and the desert land.
A palace in a woody vale we found
Brown with dark forests, and with shades around.
A voice celestial echoed from the dome,
Or nymph or goddess, chanting to the loom.
Access we sought, nor was access denied:
Radiant she came; the portals open'd wide:
The goddess mild invites the guests to stay:
They blindly follow where she leads the way.
I only wait behind of all the train:
I waited long, and eyed the doors in vain:
The rest are vanish'd, none repass'd the gate;
And not a man appears to tell their fate.
I heard, and instant o'er my shoulders flung
The belt in which my weighty falchion hung;
(A beamy blade;) then seized the bended bow,
And bade him guide the way, resolved to go.
He, prostrate falling, with both hands embraced
My knees, and weeping thus his suit address'd:
O king, beloved of Jove, thy servant spare,
And ah, thyself the rash attempt forbear!
Never, alas! thou never shalt return,
Or see the wretched for whose loss we mourn.
With what remains from certain ruin fly,
And save the few not fated yet to die.
I answer'd stern. Inglorious then remain,
Here feast and loiter, and desert thy train.
Alone, unfriended, will I tempt my way;
The laws of fate compel, and I obey.
This said, and scornful turning from the shore
My haughty step, I stalk'd the valley o'er.
Till now approaching nigh the magic bower,
Where dwelt the enchantress skill'd in herbs of power;
A form divine forth issuing from the wood
(Immortal Hermes with the golden rod)
In human semblance. On his bloomy face
Youth smiled celestial, with each opening grace.
He seized my hand, and gracious thus began:
Ah, whither roam'st thou, much-enduring man?
O blind to fate! what led thy steps to rove
The horrid mazes of this magic grove?
Each friend you seek in yon enclosure lies,
All lost their form, and habitants of sties.
Think'st thou by wit to model their escape?
Sooner shalt thou, a stranger to thy shape,
Fall prone their equal: first thy danger know,
Then take the antidote the gods bestow.
The plant I give, through all the direful bower
Shall guard thee, and avert the evil hour.
Now hear her wicked arts. Before thy eyes
The bowl shall sparkle, and the banquet rise;
Take this, nor from the faithless feast abstain,
For temper'd drugs and poison shall be vain.
Soon as she strikes her wand, and gives the word,
Draw forth and brandish thy refulgent sword,
And menace death; those menaces shall move
Her alter'd mind to blandishment and love.
Nor shun the blessing proffer'd to thy arms,
Ascend her bed, and taste celestial charms:
So shall thy tedious toils a respite find,
And thy lost friends return to human-kind.
But swear her first by those dread oaths that tie
The powers below, the blessed in the sky;
Lest to thee naked secret fraud be meant,
Or magic bind thee cold and impotent.
Thus while he spoke, the sovereign plant he drew,
Where on the all-bearing earth unmark'd it grew,
And show'd its nature and its wondrous power:
Black was the root, but milky white the flower;
Moly the name, to mortals hard to find,
But all is easy to the ethereal kind.
This Hermes gave, then, gliding off the glade,
Shot to Olympus from the woodland shade.
While, full of thought, revolving fates to come,
I speed my passage to the enchanted dome.
Arrived, before the lofty gates I stay'd;
The lofty gates the goddess wide display'd:
She leads before, and to the feast invites;
I follow sadly to the magic rites.
Radiant with starry studs, a silver seat
Received my limbs: a footstool eased my feet.
She mix'd the potion, fraudulent of soul;
The poison mantled in the golden bowl.
I took, and quaff'd it, confident in heaven:
Then waved the wand, and then the word was given.
Hence to thy fellows! (dreadful she began)
Go, be a beast!—I heard, and yet was man.
Then sudden whirling, like a waving flame,
My beamy falchion, I assault the dame.
Struck with unusual fear, she trembling cries,
She faints, she falls; she lifts her weeping eyes.
What art thou? say! from whence, from whom you came?
O more than human! tell thy race, thy name.
Amazing strength, these poisons to sustain!
Not mortal thou, nor mortal is thy brain.
Or art thou he? the man to come (foretold
By Hermes powerful with the wand of gold?)
The man from Troy, who wander'd ocean round;
The man for wisdom's various arts renown'd,
Ulysses? Oh! thy threatening fury cease,
Sheath thy bright sword, and join our hands in peace!
Let mutual joys our mutual trust combine,
And love, and love-born confidence, be thine.
And how, dread Circe! (furious I rejoin)
Can love, and love-born confidence be mine?
Beneath thy charms when my companions groan,
Transform'd to beasts, with accents not their own?
O thou of fraudful heart, shall I be led
To share thy feast-rites, or ascend thy bed,
That, all unarm'd, thy vengeance may have vent,
And magic bind me, cold and impotent?
Celestial as thou art, yet stand denied;
Or swear that oath by which the gods are tried,
Swear, in thy soul no latent frauds remain,
Swear by the vow which never can be vain.
The goddess swore: then seized my hand, and led
To the sweet transports of the genial bed.
Ministrant to the queen, with busy care
Four faithful handmaids the soft rites prepare;
Nymphs sprung from fountains, or from shady woods,
Or the fair offspring of the sacred floods.
One o'er the couches painted carpets threw,
Whose purple lustre glow'd against the view:
White linen lay beneath. Another placed
The silver stands, with golden flaskets graced:

With dulcet beverage this the beaker crown'd,
Fair in the midst, with gilded cups around;
That in the tripod o'er the kindled pile
The water pours; the bubbling waters boil;
An ample vase receives the smoking wave;
And, in the bath prepared, my limbs I lave;
Reviving sweets repair the mind's decay,
And take the painful sense of toil away.
A vest and tunic o'er me next she threw,
Fresh from the bath, and dropping balmy dew;
Then led and placed me on the sovereign seat,
With carpets spread; a footstool at my feet.
The golden ewer a nymph obsequious brings,
Replenish'd from the cool translucent springs,
With copious water the bright vase supplies
A silver laver of capacious size.
I wash'd. The table in fair order spread,
They heap the glittering canisters with bread;
Viands of various kinds allure the taste,
Of choicest sort and savour, rich repast!
Circe in vain invites the feast to share;
Absent I ponder, and absorpt in care:
While scenes of woe rose anxious in my breast,
The queen beheld me, and these words addrest:
Why sits Ulysses silent and apart,
Some hoard of grief close harbour'd at his heart?
Untouch'd before thee stand the cates divine,
And unregarded laughs the rosy wine.
Can yet a doubt or any dread remain,
When sworn that oath which never can be vain?
I answer'd—Goddess! human is my breast,
By justice sway'd, by tender pity press'd:
Ill fits it me, whose friends are sunk to beasts,
To quaff thy bowls, or riot in thy feasts.
Me wouldst thou please? for them thy cares employ,
And them to me restore, and me to joy.
With that she parted; in her potent hand
She bore the virtue of the magic wand.
Then, hastening to the sties, set wide the door,
Urged forth, and drove the bristly herd before;
Unwieldy, out they rush'd with general cry,
Enormous beasts dishonest to the eye.
Now touch'd by counter-charms they change again,
And stand majestic, and recall'd to men.
Those hairs of late that bristled every part,
Fall off, miraculous effect of art!
Till all the form in full proportion rise
More young, more large, more grateful to my eyes.
They saw, they knew me, and with eager pace
Clung to their master in a long embrace:
Sad, pleasing sight! with tears each eye ran o'er,
And sobs of joy re-echoed through the bower:
Even Circe wept, her adamantine heart
Felt pity enter, and sustain'd her part.
Son of Laërtes! (then the queen began)
Oh much-enduring, much experienced man!
Haste to thy vessel on the sea-beat shore,
Unload thy treasures, and the galley moor;
Then bring thy friends, secure from future harms,
And in our grottoes stow thy spoils and arms.
She said. Obedient to her high command
I quit the place, and hasten to the strand.
My sad companions on the beach I found,
Their wistful eyes in floods of sorrow drown'd.
As from fresh pastures and the dewy field
(When loaded cribs their evening banquet yield)
The lowing herds return; around them throng
With leaps and bounds their late imprison'd young,
Rush to their mothers with unruly joy,
And echoing hills return the tender cry:
So round me press'd, exulting at my sight,
With cries and agonies of wild delight,
The weeping sailors; nor less fierce their joy
Than if return'd to Ithaca from Troy.
Ah master! ever honour'd, ever dear!
(These tender words on every side I hear)
What other joy can equal thy return?
Not that loved country for whose sight we mourn,
The soil that nursed us, and that gave us breath:
But ah! relate our lost companions' death.
I answer'd cheerfully. Haste, your galley moor
And bring our treasures and our arms ashore:
Those in yon hollow caverns let us lay;
Then rise and follow where I lead the way.
Your fellows live: believe your eyes, and come
To taste the joys of Circe's sacred dome.
With ready speed the joyful crew obey:
Alone Eurylochus persuades their stay.
Whither (he cried) ah whither will ye run?
Seek ye to meet those evils ye should shun?
Will you the terrors of the dome explore,
In swine to grovel, or in lions roar,
Or, wolf-like, howl away the midnight hour
In dreadful watch around the magic bower?
Remember Cyclops, and his bloody deed;
The leader's rashness made the soldiers bleed.
I heard incensed, and first resolved to speed
My flying falchion at the rebel's head.
Dear as he was, by ties of kindred bound,
This hand had stretch'd him breathless on the ground,
But all at once my interposing train
For mercy pleaded, nor could plead in vain.
Leave here the man who dares his prince desert,
Leave to repentance and his own sad heart,
To guard the ship. Seek we the sacred shades
Of Circe's palace, where Ulysses leads.
This with one voice declared, the rising train
Left the black vessel by the murmuring main.
Shame touch'd Eurylochus's alter'd breast,
He fear'd my threats, and follow'd with the rest.
Meanwhile the goddess, with indulgent cares
And social joys, the late transform'd repairs;
The bath, the feast, their fainting soul renews;
Rich in refulgent robes, and dropping balmy dews:
Brightening with joy, their eager eyes behold
Each other's face, and each his story told;
Then gushing tears the narrative confound,
And with their sobs the vaulted roof resound.
When hush'd their passion, thus the goddess cries:
Ulysses, taught by labours to be wise,
Let this short memory of grief suffice.
To me are known the various woes ye bore,
In storms by sea, in perils on the shore;
Forget whatever was in Fortune's power,
And share the pleasures of this genial hour.
Such be your minds as ere ye left your coast,
Or learn'd to sorrow for a country lost.
Exiles and wanderers now, where'er ye go
Too faithful memory renews your woe;
The cause removed, habitual griefs remain,
And the soul saddens by the use of pain.
Her kind entreaty moved the general breast;
Tired with long toil, we willing sunk to rest.
We plied the banquet, and the bowl we crown'd,
Till the full circle of the year came round.

But when the seasons, following in their train,
Brought back the months, the days, and hours again;
As from a lethargy at once they rise,
And urge their chief with animating cries.
Is this, Ulysses, our inglorious lot?
And is the name of Ithaca forgot?
Shall never the dear land in prospect rise,
Or the loved palace glitter in our eyes?
Melting I heard; yet till the sun's decline
Prolong'd the feast, and quaff'd the rosy wine:
But when the shades came on at evening hour,
And all lay slumbering in the dusky bower;
I came a suppliant to fair Circe's bed,
The tender moment seized, and thus I said:
Be mindful, goddess! of thy promise made;
Must sad Ulysses ever be delay'd?
Around their lord my sad companions mourn,
Each breast beats homeward, anxious to return:
If but a moment parted from thy eyes,
Their tears flow round me, and my heart complies.
Go then (she cried,) ah go! yet think not I,
Not Circe, but the Fates, your wish deny.
Ah hope not yet to breathe thy native air!
Far other journey first demands thy care:
To tread the uncomfortable paths beneath,
And view the realms of darkness and of death.
There seek the Theban bard, deprived of sight;
Within, irradiate with prophetic light;
To whom Persephonè, entire and whole,
Gave to retain the unseparated soul:
The rest are forms of empty ether made:
Impassive semblance, and a flitting shade.
Struck at the word, my very heart was dead:
Pensive I sate; my tears bedew'd the bed;
To hate the light and life my soul begun,
And saw that all was grief beneath the sun.
Composed at length, the gushing tears suppress'd,
And my toss'd limbs now wearied into rest,
How shall I tread (I cried) ah, Circe; say,
The dark descent, and who shall guide the way?
Can living eyes behold the realms below?
What bark to waft me, and what wind to blow?
Thy fated road (the magic power replied)
Divine Ulysses! asks no mortal guide.
Rear but the mast, the spacious sail display,
The northern winds shall wing thee on thy way.
Soon shalt thou reach old Ocean's utmost ends,
Where to the main the shelving shore descends;
The barren trees of Proserpine's black woods,
Poplars and willows trembling o'er the floods:
There fix thy vessel in the lonely bay,
And enter there the kingdoms void of day:
Where Phlegethon's loud torrents, rushing down,
Hiss in the flaming gulf of Acheron;
And where, slow rolling from the Stygian bed,
Cocytus' lamentable waters spread:
Where the dark rock o'erhangs the infernal lake,
And mingling streams eternal murmurs make.
First draw thy falchion, and on every side
Trench the black earth a cubit long and wide:
To all the shades around libations pour,
And o'er the ingredients strew the hallow'd flour:
New wine and milk, with honey temper'd, bring,
And living water from the crystal spring.
Then the wan shades and feeble ghosts implore,
With promised offerings on thy native shore;
A barren cow, the stateliest of the isle,
And, heap'd with various wealth, a blazing pile:
These to the rest; but to the seer must bleed
A sable ram, the pride of all thy breed.
These solemn vows and holy offerings paid
To all the phantom nations of the dead,
Be next thy care the sable sheep to place
Full o'er the pit, and hellward turn their face:
But from the infernal rite thine eye withdraw,
And back to Ocean glance with reverend awe.
Sudden shall skim along the dusky glades
Thin airy shoals, and visionary shades.
Then give command the sacrifice to haste,
Let the flay'd victims in the flames be cast,
And sacred vows and mystic song applied
To grisly Pluto and his gloomy bride.
Wide o'er the pool thy falchion waved around
Shall drive the spectres from forbidden ground:
The sacred draught shall all the dead forbear,
Till awful from the shades arise the seer.
Let him, oraculous, the end, the way,
The turns of all thy future fate, display,
Thy pilgrimage to come, and remnant of thy day
So speaking, from the ruddy orient shone
The morn, conspicuous on her golden throne.
The goddess with a radiant tunic dress'd
My limbs, and o'er me cast a silken vest.
Long flowing robes, of purest white, array
The nymph, that added lustre to the day:
A tiar wreath'd her head with many a fold;
Her waist was circled with a zone of gold.
Forth issuing then, from place to place I flew;
Rouse man by man, and animate my crew.
Rise, rise, my mates! 'tis Circe gives command:
Our journey calls us; haste, and quit the land.
All rise and follow, yet depart not all,
For Fate decreed one wretched man to fall.
A youth there was, Elpenor was he named,
Not much for sense, nor much for courage famed;
The youngest of our band, a vulgar soul,
Born but to banquet, and to drain the bowl.
He, hot and careless, on a turret's height
With sleep repair'd the long debauch of night:
The sudden tumult stirr'd him where he lay,
And down he hasten'd, but forgot the way;
Full headlong from the roof the sleeper fell,
And snapp'd the spinal joint and waked in hell.
The rest crowd round me with an eager look,
I met them with a sigh, and thus bespoke:
Already, friends! ye think your toils are o'er,
Your hopes already touch your native shore:
Alas! far otherwise the nymph declares,
Far other journey first demands our cares;
To tread the uncomfortable paths beneath,
The dreary realms of darkness and of death;
To seek Tiresias' awful shade below,
And thence our fortunes and our fates to know.
My sad companions heard in deep despair:
Frantic they tore their manly growth of hair;
To earth they fell: the tears began to rain;
But tears in mortal miseries are vain.
Sadly they fared along the sea-beat shore;
Still heaved their hearts, and still their eyes ran o'er.
The ready victims at our bark we found,
The sable ewe and ram, together bound
For swift as thought the goddess had been there,
And thence had glided, viewless as the air:
The paths of gods what mortal can survey?
Who eyes their motion? who shall trace their way?

BOOK XI.

ARGUMENT.

The Descent into Hell.

Ulysses continues his narration. How he arrived at the land of the Cimmerians, and what ceremonies he performed to invoke the dead. The manner of his descent, and the apparition of the shades: his conversation with Elpenor, and with Tiresias, who informs him in a prophetic manner of his fortunes to come. He meets his mother Anticlea, from whom he learns the state of his family. He sees the shades of the ancient heroines, afterwards of the heroës, and converses in particular with Agamemnon and Achilles. Ajax keeps at a sullen distance, and disdains to answer him. He then beholds Tityus, Tantalus, Sysiphus, Hercules; till he is deterred from further curiosity by the apparition of horrid spectres, and the cries of the wicked in torments.

BOOK XI.

Now to the shores we bend, a mournful train,
Climb the tall bark, and launch into the main:
At once the mast we rear, at once unbind
The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind:
Then pale and pensive stand, with cares oppress'd,
And solemn horror saddens every breast.
A freshning breeze the magic power* supplied,
While the winged vessel flew along the tide;
Our oars we shipp'd: all day the swelling sails
Full from the guiding pilot catch'd the gales.
Now sunk the sun from his aërial height,
And o'er the shaded billows rush'd the night:
When lo! we reach'd old Ocean's utmost bounds,
Where rocks controul his waves with ever-during mounds
There in a lonely land, and gloomy cells,
The dusky nation of Cimmeria dwells;
The sun ne'er views the uncomfortable seats,
When radiant he advances, or retreats:
Unhappy race! whom endless night invades,
Clouds the dull air, and wraps them round in shades.
The ship we moor on these obscure abodes:
Disbark the sheep, an offering to the gods;
And, hellward bending, o'er the beach descry
The doleful passage to the infernal sky.
The victims, vow'd to each Tartarean power
Eurylochus and Dermides bore.
Here open'd hell, all hell I here implored,
And from the scabbard drew the shining sword:
And trenching the black earth on every side,
A cavern form'd, a cubit long and wide.
New wine, with honey-temper'd milk, we bring,
Then living waters from the crystal spring:
O'er these was strew'd the consecrated flour,
And on the surface shone the holy store.
Now the wan shades we hail, the infernal gods,
To speed our course, and waft us o'er the floods:
So shall a barren heifer from the stall
Beneath the knife upon your altars fall;
So in our palace, at our safe return,
Rich with unnumber'd gifts the pile shall burn;
So shall a ram, the largest of the breed,
Black as these regions, to Tiresias bleed.
Thus solemn rites and holy vows we paid
To all the phantom nations of the dead.
Then died the sheep: a purple torrent flow'd,
And all the caverns smoked with streaming blood.

When lo! appear'd along the dusky coasts,
Thin, airy shoals of visionary ghosts:
Fair pensive youths, and soft enamour'd maids:
And wither'd elders, pale and wrinkled shades;
Ghastly with wounds the forms of warriors slain
Stalk'd with majestic port, a martial train:
These and a thousand more swarm'd o'er the ground,
And all the dire assembly shriek'd around.
Astonish'd at the sight, aghast I stood,
And a cold fear ran shivering through my blood;
Straight I command the sacrifice to haste,
Straight the flay'd victims to the flames are cast,
And mutter'd vows, and mystic song applied
To grisly Pluto, and his gloomy bride.
Now swift I waved my falchion o'er the blood;
Back started the pale throngs, and trembling stood.
Round the black trench the gore untasted flows,
Till awful from the shades Tiresias rose.
There wandering through the gloom I first survey'd,
New to the realms of death, Elpenor's shade:
His cold remains all naked to the sky
On distant shores unwept, unburied lie.
Sad at the sight I stand, deep fix'd in woe:
And ere I spoke the tears began to flow.
O say what angry power Elpenor led
To glide in shades, and wander with the dead?
How could thy soul, by realms and seas disjoin'd,
Outfly the nimble sail, and leave the lagging wind?
The ghost replied: To hell my doom I owe,
Dæmous accurst, dire ministers of woe!
My feet, through wine unfaithful to their weight,
Betray'd me tumbling from a towery height;
Staggering I reel'd, and as I reel'd I fell,
Lux'd the neck-joint—my soul descends to hell.
But lend me aid, I now conjure thee lend,
By the soft tie and sacred name of friend!
By thy fond consort! by thy father's cares!
By loved Telemachus's blooming years!
For well I know that soon the heavenly powers
Will give thee back to day, and Circe's shores;
There pious on my cold remains attend,
There call to mind thy poor departed friend!
The tribute of a tear is all I crave,
And the possession of a peaceful grave.
But if, unheard, in vain compassion plead,
Revere the gods, the gods avenge the dead!
A tomb along the watery margin raise,
The tomb with manly arms and trophies grace,
To show posterity Elpenor was.
There high in air, memorial of my name,
Fix the smooth oar, and bid me live to fame.
To whom with tears: These rites, oh mournful shade,
Due to thy ghost, shall to thy ghost be paid.
Still as I spoke the phantom seem'd to moan,
Tear follow'd tear, and groan succeeded groan.
But, as my waving sword the blood surrounds,
The shade withdrew, and mutter'd empty sounds.
There as the wondrous visions I survey'd,
All pale ascends my royal mother's shade:
A queen, to Troy she saw our legions pass;
Now a thin form is all Anticlea was!
Struck at the sight I melt with filial woe,
And down my cheek the pious sorrows flow:
Yet as I shook my falchion o'er the blood,
Regardless of her son the parent stood.
When lo! the mighty Theban I behold;
To guide his steps he bore a staff of gold:

* Circe.

Awful he trod! majestic was his look!
And from his holy lips these accents broke:
Why, mortal, wanderest thou from cheerful day,
To tread the downward melancholy way?
What angry gods to these dark regions led
Thee yet alive, companion of the dead?
But sheath thy poniard, while my tongue relates
Heaven's steadfast purpose, and thy future fates.
While yet he spoke, the prophet I obey'd,
And in the scabbard plunged the glittering blade.
Eager he quaff'd the gore, and then express'd
Dark things to come, the counsels of his breast:
Weary of light, Ulysses here explores
A prosperous voyage to his native shores;
But know—by me unerring Fates disclose
New trains of dangers, and new scenes of woes;
I see, I see, thy bark by Neptune toss'd,
For injured Cyclops, and his eye-ball lost!
Yet to thy woes the god decree an end,
If heaven you please; and how to please attend!
Where on Trinacrian rocks the ocean roars,
Graze numerous herds along the verdant shores.
Though hunger press, yet fly the dangerous prey,
The herds are sacred to the god of day,
Who all surveys with his extensive eye
Above, below, on earth, and in the sky!
Rob not the god; and so propitious gales
Attend thy voyage, and impel thy sails:
But, if his herds ye seize, beneath the waves
I see thy friends o'erwhelm'd in liquid graves!
The direful wreck Ulysses scarce survives!
Ulysses at his country scarce arrives!
Strangers thy guides! nor there thy labours end,
New foes arise, domestic ills attend!
There foul adulterers to thy bride resort,
And lordly gluttons riot in thy court.
But vengeance hastes amain: These eyes behold
The deathful scene, princes on princes roll'd!
That done, a people far from sea explore,
Who ne'er knew salt, or heard the billow roar,
Or saw gay vessel stem the watery plain,
A painted wonder flying on the main.
Bear on thy back an oar: with strange amaze
A shepherd meeting thee, the oar surveys,
And names a van: there fix it on the plain,
To calm the god that holds the watery reign;
A threefold offering to his altar bring,
A bull, a ram, a boar; and hail the ocean king.
But, home return'd, to each ethereal power
Slay the due victim in the genial hour:
So peaceful shalt thou end thy blissful days,
And steal thyself from life by slow decays;
Unknown to pain, in age resign thy breath:
When late stern Neptune points the shaft with death:
To the dark grave retiring as to rest,
Thy people blessing, by thy people bless'd!
Unerring truths, oh man my lips relate;
This is thy life to come, and this is fate.
To whom unmoved: If this the gods prepare,
What heaven ordains, the wise with courage bear.
But say, why wander on the lonely strands,
Unmindful of her son, Anticlea stands?
Why to the ground she bends her downcast eye?
Why is she silent while her son is nigh?
The latent cause, oh sacred seer, reveal!
Nor this, replies the seer, will I conceal.
Know, to the spectres, that thy beverage taste,
The scenes of life recur, and actions past:
They, seal'd with truth, return the sure reply;
The rest, repell'd, a train oblivious fly.
The phantom-prophet ceased, and sunk from sight
To the black palace of eternal night.
Still in the dark abodes of death I stood,
When near Anticlea moved, and drank the blood
Straight all the mother in her soul awakes,
And, owning her Ulysses, thus she speaks.
Comest thou, my son, alive, to realms beneath,
The dolesome realms of darkness and of death?
Comest thou alive from pure, ethereal day?
Dire is the region, dismal is the way;
Here lakes profound, there floods oppose their waves,
There the wide sea with all his billows raves!
Or (since to dust proud Troy submits her towers)
Comest thou a wanderer from the Phrygian shores?
Or say, since honour call'd thee to the field,
Hast thou thy Ithaca, thy bride, beheld?
Source of my life, I cried, from earth I fly
To seek Tiresias in the nether sky,
To learn my doom; for, toss'd from woe to woe,
In every land Ulysses finds a foe:
Nor have these eyes beheld my native shores,
Since in the dust proud Troy submits her towers.
But, when thy soul from her sweet mansion fled,
Say, what distemper gave thee to the dead?
Has life's fair lamp declined by slow decays,
Or swift expired it in a sudden blaze?
Say, if my sire, good old Laërtes, lives?
If yet Telemachus, my son, survives?
Say, by his rule is my dominion awed,
Or crush'd by traitors with an iron rod?
Say, if my spouse maintains her royal trust;
Though tempted, chaste, and obstinately just?
Or if no more her absent lord she wails,
But the false woman o'er the wife prevails:
Thus I, and thus the parent shade returns:
Thee, ever thee, thy faithful consort mourns:
Whether the night descends or day prevails,
Thee she by night, and thee by day bewails.
Thee in Telemachus thy realm obeys;
In sacred groves celestial rites he pays,
And shares the banquet in superior state,
Graced with such honours as become the great.
Thy sire in solitude foments his care:
The court is joyless for thou art not there!
No costly carpets raise his hoary head,
No rich embroidery shines to grace his bed;
Even when keen winter freezes in the skies,
Rank'd with his slaves on earth the monarch lies:
Deep are his sighs, his visage pale, his dress
The garb of woe and habit of distress.
And when the autumn takes his annual round,
The leafy honours scattering on the ground;
Regardless of his years, abroad he lies,
His bed the leaves, his canopy the skies.
Thus cares on cares his painful days consume,
And bow his age with sorrow to the tomb!
For thee, my son, I wept my life away;
For thee through hell's eternal dungeons stray.
Nor came my fate by lingering pains and slow,
Nor bent the silver-shafted queen her bow;
No dire disease bereaved me of my breath;
Thou, thou, my son, wert my disease and death,
Unkindly with my love my son conspired,
For thee I lived, for absent thee expired.

Thrice in my arms I strove her shade to bind,
Thrice through my arm she slipt like empty wind,
Or dreams, the vain illusions of the mind.
Wild with despair I shed a copious tide
Of flowing tears, and thus with sighs replied:
Fliest thou, loved shade, while I thus fondly mourn!
Turn to my arms, to my embraces turn!
Is it, ye powers that smile at human harms!
Too great a bliss to weep within her arms?
Or has hell's queen an empty image sent
That wretched I might even my joys lament?
O son of woe, the pensive shade rejoin'd,
O most inured to grief of all mankind!
'Tis not the queen of hell who thee deceives;
All, all are such, when life the body leaves:
No more the substance of the man remains,
Nor bounds the blood along the purple veins:
These the funereal flames in atoms bear,
To wander with the wind in empty air:
While the impassive soul reluctant flies,
Like a vain dream to these infernal skies.
But from the dark dominions speed thy way,
And climb the steep ascent to upper day,
To thy chaste bride the wondrous story tell,
The woes, the horrors, and the laws of hell.
Thus while she spoke, in swarms hell's empress brings
Daughters and wives of heroes and of kings;
Thick, and more thick they gather round the blood,
Ghost throng'd on ghost (a dire assembly) stood!
Dauntless my sword I seize: the airy crew,
Swift as it flash'd along the gloom, withdrew;
Then shade to shade in mutual forms succeeds,
Her race recounts, and their illustrious deeds.
Tyro began, whom great Salmoneus bred,
The royal partner of fam'd Cretheus' bed.
For fair Enipeus, as from fruitful urns
He pours his watery store, the virgin burns:
Smooth flows the gentle stream with wanton pride,
And in soft mazes rolls a silver tide.
As on his banks the maid enamour'd roves,
The monarch of the deep beholds and loves;
In her Enipeus' form and borrow'd charms,
The amorous god descends into her arms:
Around, a spacious arch of waves he throws,
And high in air the liquid mountain rose:
Thus in surrounding floods conceal'd he proves
The pleasing transport, and completes his loves.
Then, softly sighing, he the fair address'd,
And, as he spoke, her tender hand he press'd.
Hail, happy nymph! no vulgar births are owed
To the prolific raptures of a god:
Lo! when nine times the moon renews her horn,
Two brother heroes shall from thee be born;
Thy early care the future worthies claim,
To point them to the arduous paths of fame;
But in thy breast the important truth conceal,
Nor dare the secret of a god reveal:
For know, thou Neptune view'st! and at my nod
Earth trembles, and the waves confess their god.
He added not, but mounting spurn'd the plain,
Then plunged into the chambers of the main.
Now in the time's full process forth she brings
Jove's dread vicegerents in two future kings;
O'er proud Ioclus Pelias stretch'd his reign,
And godlike Neleus ruled the Pylian plain:
Then, fruitful, to her Cretheus' royal bed
She gallant Pheres and famed Æson bred:
From the same fountain Amythaon rose,
Pleased with the din of war, and noble shout of foes.
There moved Antiopè, with haughty charms,
Who blest the Almighty Thunderer in her arms:
Hence sprung Amphion, hence brave Zethus came,
Founders of Thebes, and men of mighty name;
Though bold in open field, they yet surround
The town with walls, and mound inject on mound;
Here ramparts stood, there towers rose high in air,
And here through seven wide portals rush'd the war.
There with soft step the fair Alcmena trod,
Who bore Alcides to the thundering god:
And Megara, who charm'd the son of Jove,
And soften'd his stern soul to tender love.
Sullen and sour with discontented mien
Jocasta frown'd, the incestuous Theban queen;
With her own son she join'd in nuptial bands,
Though father's blood imbrued his murderous hands:
The gods and men the dire offence detest,
The gods with all their furies rend his breast:
In lofty Thebes he wore the imperial crown,
A pompous wretch! accurst upon a throne.
The wife self-murder'd from a beam depends,
And her foul soul to blackest hell descends:
Thence to her son the choicest plagues she brings,
And the fiends haunt him with a thousand stings.
And now the beauteous Chloris I descry,
A lovely shade, Amphion's youngest joy!
With gifts unnumber'd Neleus sought her arms,
Nor paid too dearly for unequall'd charms;
Great in Orchomenos, in Pylos great,
He sway'd the sceptre with imperial state.
Three gallant sons the joyful monarch told,
Sage Nestor, Periclimenus the bold,
And Chromius last: but of the softer race,
One nymph alone, a miracle of grace.
Kings on their thrones for lovely Pero burn;
The sire denies, and kings rejected mourn.
To him alone the beauteous prize he yields,
Whose arm should ravish from Phylacian fields
The herds of Iphyclus, detain'd in wrong;
Wild, furious herds, unconquerably strong!
This dares a seer, but nought the seer prevails;
In beauty's cause illustriously he fails.
Twelve moons the foe the captive youth detains
In painful dungeons, and coercive chains;
The foe at last, from durance where he lay,
His art revering gave him back to day;
Won by prophetic knowledge, to fulfil
The steadfast purpose of the Almighty will.
With graceful port advancing now I spied
Leda the fair, the godlike Tyndar's bride:
Hence Pollux sprung, who wields with furious sway
The deathful gauntlet, matchless in the fray;
And Castor glorious on the embattled plain
Curbs the proud steeds, reluctant to the rein:
By turns they visit this ethereal sky,
And live alternate, and alternate die:
In hell beneath, on earth, in heaven above,
Reign the twin-gods, the favourite sons of Jove.
There Ephimedia trod the gloomy plain,
Who charm'd the monarch of the boundless main;
Hence Ephialtes, hence stern Otus sprung,
More fierce than giants, more than giants strong:
The earth o'erburden'd groan'd beneath their weight,
None but Orion e'er surpass'd their height:
The wondrous youths had scarce nine winters told,
When high in air, tremendous to behold,

Nine ells aloft they rear'd their towering head,
And full nine cubits broad their shoulders spread.
Proud of their strength, and more than mortal size,
The gods they challenge, and affect the skies:
Heaved on Olympus tottering Ossa stood;
On Ossa, Pelion nods with all his wood.
Such were thy youths! had they to manhood grown,
Almighty Jove had trembled on his throne:
But, ere the harvest of the beard began
To bristle on the chin, and promise man,
His shafts Apollo aim'd; at once they sound,
And stretch the giant monsters o'er the ground.
There mournful Phædra with sad Procris moves,
Both beauteous shades, both hapless in their loves;
And near them walk'd, with solemn pace and slow,
Sad Ariadne, partner of their woe:
The royal Minos Ariadne bred,
She Theseus loved, from Crete with Theseus fled:
Swift to the Dian isle the hero flies,
And towards his Athens bears the lovely prize;
There Bacchus with fierce rage Diana fires,
The goddess aims her shaft, the nymph expires.
There Clymenè and Mera I behold,
There Eriphylè weeps, who loosely sold
Her lord, her honour, for the lust of gold.
But should I all recount, the night would fail,
Unequal to the melancholy tale;
And all-composing rest my nature craves,
Here in the court, or yonder on the waves;
In you I trust, and in the heavenly powers,
To land Ulysses on his native shores.
He ceased; but left so charming on their ear
His voice, that listening still they seem'd to hear.
Till rising up, Aretè silence broke,
Stretch'd out her snowy hand, and thus she spoke:
What wondrous man heaven sends us in our guest!
Through all his woes the hero shines confess'd;
His comely port, his ample frame express
A manly air, majestic in distress.
He, as my guest, is my peculiar care:
You share the pleasure, then in bounty share;
To worth in misery a reverence pay,
And with a generous hand reward his stay;
For since kind heaven with wealth our realm has blessed,
Give it to heaven, by aiding the distress'd.
Then sage Echeneus, whose grave reverend brow
The hand of time had silver'd o'er with snow,
Mature in wisdom rose: Your words, he cries,
Demand obedience, for your words are wise.
But let our king direct the glorious way
To generous acts: our part is to obey.
While life informs these limbs (the king replied,)
Well to deserve, be all my cares employ'd:
But here this night the royal guest detain,
Till the sun flames along the ethereal plain.
Be it my task to send with ample stores
The stranger from our hospitable shores:
Tread you my steps! 'Tis mine to lead the race,
The first in glory, as the first in place.
To whom the prince. This night with joy I stay:
O monarch great in virtue as in sway!
If thou the circling year my stay controul,
To raise a bounty noble as thy soul;
The circling year I wait, with ampler stores
And fitter pomp to hail my native shores:
Then by my realms due homage would be paid;
For wealthy kings are loyally obey'd!
O king! for such thou art, and sure thy blood
Through veins (he cried) of royal fathers flow'd;
Unlike those vagrants who on falsehood live,
Skill'd in smooth tales, and artful to deceive;
Thy better soul abhors the liar's part,
Wise is thy voice, and noble is thy heart.
Thy words like music every breast controul,
Steal through the ear, and win upon the soul;
Soft, as some song divine, thy story flows,
Nor better could the Muse record thy woes.
But say, upon the dark and dismal coast,
Saw'st thou the worthies of the Grecian host?
The godlike leaders who, in battle slain,
Fell before Troy, and nobly press'd the plain?
And lo! a length of night behind remains,
The evening stars still mount the ethereal plains
Thy tale with raptures I could hear thee tell,
Thy woes on earth, the wondrous scenes in hell,
Till in the vault of heaven the stars decay,
And the sky reddens with the rising day.
O worthy of the power the gods assign'd
(Ulysses thus replies) a king in mind!
Since yet the early hour of night allows
Time for discourse, and time for soft repose,
If scenes of misery can entertain,
Woes I unfold, of woes a dismal train.
Prepare to hear of murder and of blood;
Of godlike heroes who uninjured stood
Amidst a war of spears in foreign lands,
Yet bled at home, and bled by female hands.
Now summon'd Proserpine to hell's black hall
The heroine shades; they vanish'd at her call.
When lo! advanced the forms of heroes slain
By stern Ægysthus, a majestic train,
And high above the rest, Atrides press'd the plain.
He quaffed the gore; and straight his soldier knew,
And from his eyes pour'd down the tender dew;
His arms he stretched; his arms the touch deceive,
Nor in the fond embrace, embraces give:
His substance vanish'd, and his strength decay'd,
Now all Atrides is an empty shade.
Moved at the sight, I for a space resign'd
To soft affliction all my manly mind;
At last with tears—O what relentless doom,
Imperial phantom, bow'd thee to the tomb?
Say while the sea, and while the tempest raves,
Has Fate oppress'd thee in the roaring waves,
Or nobly seized thee in the dire alarms
Of war and slaughter, and the clash of arms!
The ghost returns: O chief of human kind
For active courage and a patient mind;
Nor while the sea, nor whilst the tempest raves,
Has Fate oppress'd me on the roaring waves!
Nor nobly seized me in the dire alarms
Of war and slaughter, and the clash of arms
Stabb'd by a murderous hand Atrides died:
A foul adulterer, and a faithless bride;
Even in my mirth, and at the friendly feast,
O'er the full bowl, the traitor stabb'd his guest;
Thus by the gory arm of slaughter falls
The stately ox, and bleeds within the stalls.
But not with me the direful murder ends,
These, these expired! their crime, they were my friends:
Thick as the boars, which some luxurious lord
Kills for the feast, to crown the nuptial board.
When war has thunder'd with its loudest storms
Death thou hast seen in all her ghastly forms;

In duel met her on the listed ground,
When hand to hand they wound return for wound;
But never have thy eyes astonish'd view'd
So vile a deed, so dire a scene of blood.
Even in the flow of joy, when now the bowl
Glows in our veins, and opens every soul,
We groan, we faint; with blood the dome is dyed,
And o'er the pavement floats the dreadful tide—
Her breast all gore, with lamentable cries,
The bleeding innocent Cassandra dies!
Then though pale death froze cold in every vein,
My sword I strive to wield, but strive in vain:
Nor did my traitress wife these eyelids close,
Or decently in death my limbs compose.
O woman, woman, when to ill thy mind
Is bent, all hell contains no fouler fiend:
And such was mine! who basely plunged her sword
Through the fond bosom where she reign'd adored!
Alas! I hoped, the toils of war o'ercome,
To meet soft quiet and repose at home:
Delusive hope! O wife, thy deeds disgrace
The perjured sex, and blacken all the race;
And should posterity one virtuous find,
Name Clytemnestra, they will curse the kind.
O injured shade, I cried, what mighty woes
To thy imperial race from woman rose!
By woman here thou treadst this mournful strand,
And Greece by woman lies a desert land.
Warn'd by my ills beware, the shade replies,
Nor trust the sex that is so rarely wise;
When earnest to explore thy secret breast,
Unfold some trifle, but conceal the rest.
But in thy consort cease to fear a foe,
For thee she feels sincerity of woe:
When Troy first bled beneath the Grecian arms,
She shone unrivall'd with a blaze of charms;
Thy infant son her fragrant bosom press'd,
Hung at her knee, or wanton'd at her breast:
But now the years a numerous train have ran:
The blooming boy is ripen'd into man:
Thy eyes shall see him burn with noble fire,
The sire shall bless his son, the son his sire:
But my Orestes never met these eyes,
Without one look the murder'd father dies;
Then from a wretched friend this wisdom learn,
Even to thy queen disguised, unknown, return:
For since of womankind so few are just,
Think all are false, nor even the faithful trust.
But say, resides my son in royal port,
In rich Orchomenos, or Sparta's court?
Or say in Pyle? for yet he views the light,
Nor glides a phantom through the realms of night.
Then I: Thy suit is vain, nor can I say
If yet he breathes in realms of cheerful day:
Or pale or wan beholds these nether skies:
Truth I revere, for wisdom never lies.
Thus in a tide of tears our sorrows flow,
And add new horror to the realms of woe;
Till side by side along the dreary coast
Advanced Achilles' and Patroclus' ghost,
A friendly pair! near these the Pylian* stray'd,
And towering Ajax, an illustrious shade!
War was his joy, and pleased with loud alarms,
None but Pelides brighter shone in arms.
Through the thick gloom his friend Achilles knew,
And as he speaks the tears descend in dew.

Comest thou alive to view the Stygian bounds,
Where the wan spectres walk eternal rounds:
Nor fear'st the dark and dismal waste to tread,
Throng'd with pale ghosts, familiar with the dead?
To whom with sighs: I pass these dreadful gates
To seek the Theban, and consult the Fates:
For still, distress'd, I rove from coast to coast,
Lost to my friends, and to my country lost.
But sure the eye of Time beholds no name
So blest as thine in all the rolls of fame:
Alive we hail'd thee with our guardian gods,
And dead, thou rulest a king in these abodes.
Talk not of ruling in this dolorous gloom,
Nor think vain words (he cried) can ease my doom.
Rather I choose laboriously to bear
A weight of woes, and breathe the vital air,
A slave to some poor hind that toils for bread,
Than reign the scepter'd monarch of the dead.
But say, if in my steps my son proceeds,
And emulates his godlike father's deeds?
If at the clash of arms, and shout of foes,
Swells his bold heart, his bosom nobly glows?
Say if my sire, the reverend Peleus, reigns
Great in his Pthia, and his throne maintains;
Or, weak and old, my youthful arm demands,
To fix the sceptre steadfast in his hands?
O might the lamp of life rekindled burn,
And death release me from the silent urn!
This arm, that thunder'd o'er the Phrygian plain,
And swell'd the ground with mountains of the slain,
Should vindicate my injured father's fame,
Crush the proud rebel, and assert his claim.
Illustrious shade (I cried,) of Peleus' fates
No circumstance the voice of fame relates:
But hear with pleased attention the renown,
The wars and wisdom of thy gallant son.
With me from Scyros to the field of fame
Radiant in arms the blooming hero came.
When Greece assembled all her hundred states,
To ripen councils, and decide debates,
Heavens! how he charm'd us with a flow of sense,
And won the heart with manly eloquence!
He first was seen of all the peers to rise,
The third in wisdom where they all were wise;
But when, to try the fortune of the day,
Host moved toward host in terrible array,
Before the van, impatient for the fight,
With martial port he strode, and stern delight:
Heaps strew'd on heaps beneath his falchion groan'd,
And monuments of dead deform'd the ground.
The time would fail should I in order tell
What foes were vanquish'd, and what numbers fell:
How, lost through love, Eurypylus was slain,
And round him bled his bold Cetæan train.
To Troy no hero came of nobler line,
Or if of nobler, Memnon, it was thine.
When Ilion in the horse received her doom,
And unseen armies ambush'd in its womb,
Greece gave her latent warriors to my care,
'Twas mine on Troy to pour the imprison'd war;
Then when the boldest bosom beat with fear,
When the stern eyes of heroes dropp'd a tear;
Fierce in his look his ardent valour glow'd,
Flush'd in his cheek, or sallied in his blood;
Indignant in the dark recess he stands,
Pants for the battle, and the war demands:
His voice breathed death, and with a martial air
He grasp'd his sword, and shook his glittering spear.

* Antilochus.

And when the gods our arms with conquest crown'd,
When Troy's proud bulwarks smoked upon the ground,
Greece to reward her soldier's gallant toils,
Heap'd high his navy with unnumber'd spoils.
Thus, great in glory, from the din of war,
Safe he return'd, without one hostile scar;
Though spears in iron tempests rain'd around,
Yet innocent they play'd, and guiltless of a wound.
While yet I spoke, the shade with transport glow'd,
Rose in his majesty, and nobler trod;
With haughty stalk he sought the distant glades
Of warrior kings, and join'd the illustrious shades.
Now, without number, ghost by ghost arose,
All wailing with unutterable woes.
Alone, apart, in discontented mood,
A gloomy shade, the sullen Ajax stood;
For ever sad with proud disdain he pined,
And the lost arms for ever stung his mind;
Though to the contest Thetis gave the laws,
And Pallas, by the Trojans, judged the cause.
O why was I victorious in the strife?
O dear-bought honour with so brave a life!
With him the strength of war, the soldiers' pride,
Our second hope to great Achilles, died!
Touch'd at the sight from tears I scarce refrain,
And tender sorrow thrills in every vein;
Pensive and sad I stand, at length accost
With accents mild the inexorable ghost.
Still burns thy rage? and can brave souls resent
Even after death? Relent, great shade relent!
Perish those arms which by the gods' decree
Accursed our army with the loss of thee!
With thee we fell; Greece wept thy hapless fates,
And shook astonish'd through her hundred states.
Not more, when great Achilles press'd the ground,
And breathed his manly spirit through the wound.
O deem thy fall not owed to man's decree,
Jove hated Greece, and punish'd Greece in thee!
Turn, then, oh peaceful turn, thy wrath controul,
And calm the raging tempest of thy soul.
While yet I speak, the shade disdains to stay,
In silence turns, and sullen stalks away.
Touch'd at his sour retreat, through deepest night,
Through hell's black bounds I had pursued his flight,
And forced the stubborn spectre to reply;
But wondrous visions drew my curious eye.
High on a throne, tremendous to behold,
Stern Minos waves a mace of burnish'd gold;
Around ten thousand thousand spectres stand
Through the wide dome of Dis, a trembling band.
Still as they plead, the fatal lots he rolls,
Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls.
There huge Orion, of portentous size,
Swift through the gloom a giant-hunter flies;
A ponderous mass of brass with direful sway
Aloft he whirls, to crush the savage prey;
Stern beasts in trains that by his truncheon fell,
Now grisly forms, shoot o'er the lawns of hell.
There Tityus large and long, in fetters bound,
O'erspreads nine acres of infernal ground;
Two ravenous vultures, furious for their food,
Scream o'er the fiend, and riot in his blood,
Incessant gore the liver in his breast,
The immortal liver grows, and gives the immortal feast.
For as o'er Panopè's enamell'd plains
Latona journey'd to the Pythian fanes,
With haughty love the audacious monster strove
To force the goddess, and to rival Jove.
There Tantalus along the Stygian bounds
Pours out deep groans (which groans all hell resounds;)
Even in the circling floods refreshment craves,
And pines with thirst amidst a sea of waves;
When to the water he his lip applies,
Back from his lip the treacherous water flies
Above, beneath, around, his hapless head,
Trees of all kinds delicious fruitage spread;
There figs sky-dyed, a purple hue disclose,
Green looks the olive, the pomegranate glows,
There dangling pears exalting scents unfold,
And yellow apples ripen into gold:
The fruit he strives to seize; but blasts arise
Toss it on high, and whirl it to the skies.
I turn'd my eye, and as I turn'd survey'd
A mournful vision! the Sisyphian shade;
With many a weary step, and many a groan,
Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone;
The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the ground.
Again the restless orb his toil renews,
Dust mounts in clouds, and sweat descends in dews.
Now I the strength of Hercules behold,
A towering spectre of gigantic mould,
A shadowy form! for high in heaven's abodes
Himself resides, a god among the gods;
There, in the bright assemblies of the skies,
He nectar quaffs, and Hebè crowns his joys.
Here hovering ghosts, like fowl, his shade surround,
And clang their pinions with terrific sound;
Gloomy as night he stands, in act to throw
The aërial arrow from the twanging bow.
Around his breast a wondrous zone is roll'd,
Where woodland monsters grin in fretted gold.
There sullen lions sternly seem to roar,
The bear to growl, to foam the tusky boar;
There war and havoc and destruction stood,
And vengeful murder red with human blood.
Thus terribly adorn'd the figures shine,
Inimitably wrought with skill divine.
The mighty ghost advanced with awful look,
And turning his grim visage sternly spoke.
O exercised in grief! by arts refined!
O taught to bear the wrongs of base mankind!
Such, such was I! still toss'd from care to care,
While in your world I drew the vital air!
Even I, who from the Lord of Thunders rose,
Bore toils and dangers, and a weight of woes;
To a base monarch still a slave confined
(The hardest bondage to a generous mind!)
Down to these worlds I trod the dismal way,
And dragg'd the three-mouth'd dog to upper day;
Even hell I conquer'd through the friendly aid
Of Maia's offspring and the martial maid.
Thus he, nor deign'd for our reply to stay,
But, turning, stalk'd with giant strides away.
Curious to view the kings of ancient days,
The mighty dead that lived in endless praise,
Resolved I stand; and haply had survey'd
The godlike Theseus, and Pirithous' shade;
But swarms of spectres rose from deepest hell,
With bloodless visage, and with hideous yell,
They scream, they shriek; sad groans and dismal sounds
Stun my scar'd ears, and pierce hell's utmost bounds

No more my heart the dismal din sustains,
And my cold blood hangs shivering in my veins;
Lest Gorgon, rising from the infernal lakes,
With horrors arm'd, and curls of hissing snakes,
Should fix me stiffen'd at the monstrous sight,
A stony image, in eternal night!
Straight from the direful coast to purer air
I speed my flight, and to my mates repair.
My mates ascend the ship; they strike their oars;
The mountains lessen, and retreat the shores:
Swift o'er the waves we fly; the freshening gales
Sing through the shrouds, and stretch the swelling sails.

BOOK XII.

ARGUMENT.

The Sirens, Scylla and Charybdis.

He relates how, after his return from the shades he was sent by Circe on his voyage, by the coast of the Sirens, and by the strait of Scylla and Charybdis: the manner in which he escaped those dangers: how, being cast on the island of Trinacria, his companions destroyed the oxen of the Sun: the vengeance that followed; how all perished by shipwreck except himself, who, swimming on the mast of the ship, arrived on the island of Calypso. With which his narration concludes.

BOOK XII.

Thus o'er the rolling surge the vessel flies,
Till from the waves the Ææan hills arise.
Here the gay morn resides in radiant bowers,
Here keeps her revels with the dancing Hours;
Here Phœbus rising in the ethereal way,
Through heaven's bright portals pours the beamy day.
At once we fix our halsers on the land,
At once descend, and press the desert sand:
There, worn and wasted, lose our cares in sleep
To the hoarse murmurs of the rolling deep.
Soon as the morn restored the day, we paid
Sepulchral honours to Elpenor's shade.
Now by the ax the rushing forest bends,
And the huge pile along the shore ascends,
Around we stand, a melancholy train,
And a loud groan re-echoes from the main.
Fierce o'er the pyre, by fanning breezes spread
The hungry flame devours the silent dead.
A rising tomb, the silent dead to grace,
Fast by the roarings of the main we place;
The rising tomb a lofty column bore,
And high above it rose the tapering oar.
Meantime the goddess our return survey'd
From the pale ghosts, and hell's tremendous shade.
Swift she descends: a train of nymphs divine
Bear the rich viands and the generous wine:
In act to speak the power of magic stands,
And graceful thus accosts the listening bands.
O sons of woe! decreed by adverse fates
Alive to pass through hell's eternal gates!
All, soon or late, are doom'd that path to tread;
More wretched you, twice number'd with the dead!
This day adjourn your cares, exalt your souls,
Indulge the taste, and drain the sparkling bowls;
And when the morn unveils her saffron ray,
Spread your broad sails, and plough the liquid way.
Lo! this night, your faithful guide, explain
Your woes by land, your dangers on the main.
The goddess spoke: in feasts we waste the day,
Till Phœbus downward plunged his burning ray;
Then sable night ascends, and balmy rest
Seals every eye, and calms the troubled breast.
Then, curious, she commands me to relate
The dreadful scenes of Pluto's dreary state.
She sat in silence while the tale I tell,
The wondrous visions, and the laws of hell.
Then thus: The lot of man the gods dispose;
These ills are past: now hear thy future woes.
O prince, attend! some favouring power be kind,
And print the important story on thy mind!
Next, where the Sirens dwell, you plough the seas;
Their song is death, and makes destruction please.
Unblest the man, whom music wins to stay
Nigh the curst shore, and listen to the lay.
No more that wretch shall view the joys of life,
His blooming offspring, or his beauteous wife:
In verdant meads they sport; and wide around
Lie human bones, that whiten all the ground;
The ground polluted floats with human gore,
And human carnage taints the dreadful shore.
Fly swift the dangerous coast: let every ear
Be stopp'd against the song! 'tis death to hear!
Firm to the mast thyself with chains be bound,
Nor trust thy virtue to the enchanting sound.
If, mad with transport, freedom thou demand,
Be every fetter strain'd, and added band to band.
These seas o'erpass'd, be wise! but I refrain
To mark distinct thy voyage o'er the main:
New horrors rise! let prudence be thy guide,
And guard thy various passage through the tide.
High o'er the main two rocks exalt their brow,
The boiling billows thundering roll below;
Through the vast waves the dreadful wonders move,
Hence named Erratic by the gods above.
No bird of air, no dove of swiftest wing,
That bears ambrosia to the ethereal king,
Shuns the dire rocks: in vain she cuts the skies,
The dire rocks meet, and crush her as she flies;
Not the fleet bark, when prosperous breezes play,
Ploughs o'er that roaring surge its desperate way;
O'erwhelm'd it sinks: while round a smoke expires,
And the waves flashing seem to burn with fires.
Scarce the famed Argo, pass'd these raging floods,
The sacred Argo, fill'd with demigods!
Even she had sunk, but Jove's imperial bride
Wing'd her fleet sail, and push'd her o'er the tide.
High in the air the rock its summit shrouds
In brooding tempests, and in rolling clouds:
Loud storms around, and mists eternal rise,
Beat its bleak brow, and intercept the skies.
When all the broad expansion, bright with day,
Glows with the autumnal or the summer ray,
The summer and the autumn glow in vain,
The sky for ever lowers, for ever clouds remain.
Impervious to the step of man it stands,
Though borne by twenty feet, though arm'd with twenty hands;
Smooth as the polish of the mirror rise
The slippery sides, and shoot into the skies.
Full in the centre of this rock display'd,
A yawning cavern casts a dreadful shade:
Nor the fleet arrow from the twanging bow,
Sent with full force, could reach the depth below.
Wide to the west the horrid gulf extends,
And the dire passage down to hell descends

O fly the dreadful sight! expand thy sails,
Ply the strong oar, and catch the nimble gales;
Here Scylla bellows from her dire abodes,
Tremendous pest, abhorr'd by man and gods!
Hideous her voice, and with less terrors roar
The whelps of lions in the midnight hour.
Twelve feet, deform'd and foul, the fiend dispreads;
Six horrid necks she rears, and six terrific heads;
Her jaws grin dreadful with three rows of teeth:
Jaggy they stand, the gaping den of death;
Her parts obscene the raging billows hide;
Her bosom terribly o'erlooks the tide.
When stung with hunger she embroils the flood,
The sea-dog and the dolphin are her food;
She makes the huge leviathan her prey,
And all the monsters of the watery way;
The swiftest racer of the azure plain
Here fills her sails and spreads her oars in vain:
Fell Scylla rises, in her fury roars,
At once six mouths expands, at once six men devours.
Close by, a rock of less enormous height
Breaks the wild waves, and forms a dangerous strait;
Full on its crown a fig's green branches rise,
And shoot a leafy forest to the skies;
Beneath, Charybdis holds her boisterous reign
'Midst roaring whirlpools, and absorbs the main:
Thrice in her gulfs the boiling seas subside,
Thrice in dire thunders she refunds the tide.
Oh, if thy vessel plough the direful waves
When seas retreating roar within her caves,
Ye perish all! though he who rules the main
Lend his strong aid, his aid he lends in vain.
Ah, shun the horrid gulf! by Scylla fly,
'Tis better six to lose, than all to die.
I then: O nymph, propitious to my prayer,
Goddess divine, my guardian power, declare,
Is the foul fiend from human vengeance freed?
Or, if I rise in arms, can Scylla bleed?
Then she: Oh worn by toils, oh broke in fight,
Still are new toils and war thy dire delight?
Will martial flames for ever fire thy mind,
And never, never, be to heaven resign'd?
How vain thy efforts to avenge the wrong!
Deathless the pest! impenetrably strong!
Furious and fell, tremendous to behold!
Even with a look she withers all the bold!
She mocks the weak attempts of human might:
Oh fly her rage! thy conquest is thy flight.
If but to seize thy arms thou make delay,
Again the fury vindicates her prey,
Her six mouths yawn, and six are snatch'd away.
From her foul womb Cratæis gave to air
This dreadful pest! To her direct thy prayer,
To curb the monster in her dire abodes,
And guard thee through the tumult of the floods.
Thence to Trinacria's shore you bend your way,
Where graze thy herds, illustrious source of day!
Seven herds, seven flocks, enrich the sacred plains,
Each herd, each flock, full fifty heads contains:
The wondrous kind a length of age survey,
By breed increase not, nor by death decay.
Two sister goddesses possess the plain,
The constant guardians of the woolly train:
Lampetie fair, and Phaethusa young,
From Phœbus and the bright Neæra sprung:
Here, watchful o'er the flocks, in shady bowers
And flowery meads they waste the joyous hours.
Rob not the god! and so propitious gales
Attend thy voyage, and impel thy sails;
But if thy impious hands the flocks destroy,
The gods, the gods avenge it and ye die!
'Tis thine alone (thy friends and navy lost)
Through tedious toils to view thy native coast
She ceas'd: and now arose the morning ray;
Swift to her dome the goddess held her way.
Then to my mates I measured back the plain,
Climb'd the tall bark, and rush'd into the main:
Then bending to the stroke, their oars they drew
To their broad breasts, and swift the galley flew.
Up sprung a brisker breeze: with freshening gales,
The friendly goddess stretch'd the swelling sails:
We drop our oars; at ease the pilot guides;
The vessel light along the level glides.
When, rising sad and slow, with pensive look,
Thus to the melancholy train I spoke:
Oh friends, oh ever partners of my woes,
Attend while I what heaven foredooms disclose.
Hear all! Fate hangs o'er all; on you it lies
To live or perish! to be safe, be wise!
In flowery meads the sportive Sirens play,
Touch the soft lyre, and tune the vocal lay;
Me, me alone, with fetters firmly bound,
The gods allow to hear the dangerous sound.
Hear and obey: if freedom I demand,
Be every fetter strain'd, be added band to band.
While yet I speak the winged galley flies
And lo! the Siren shores like mists arise.
Sunk were at once the winds: the air above,
And waves below at once forgot to move:
Some dæmon calm'd the air, and smooth'd the deep,
Hush'd the loud winds, and charm'd the waves to sleep.
Now every sail we furl, each oar we ply;
Lash'd by the stroke, the frothy waters fly.
The ductile wax with busy hands I mould,
And cleft in fragments, and the fragments roll'd:
The aërial region now grew warm with day,
The wax dissolved beneath the burning ray;
Then every ear I barr'd against the strain,
And from access of phrenzy lock'd the brain.
Now round the masts my mates the fetters roll'd,
And bound me limb by limb with fold on fold.
Then bending to the stroke, the active train
Plunge all at once their oars, and cleave the main.
While to the shore the rapid vessel flies,
Our swift approach the Siren choir descries;
Celestial music warbles from their tongue,
And thus the sweet deluders tune the song:
Oh stay, oh pride of Greece! Ulysses, stay!
Oh cease thy course, and listen to our lay!
Blest is the man ordain'd our voice to hear,
The song instructs the soul, and charms the ear.
Approach! thy soul shall into raptures rise!
Approach! and learn new wisdom from the wise!
We know whate'er the kings of mighty name
Achieved at Ilion in the field of fame;
Whate'er beneath the sun's bright journey lies,
Oh stay, and learn new wisdom from the wise!
Thus the sweet charmers warbled o'er the main;
My soul takes wing to meet the heavenly strain;
I give the sign, and struggle to be free:
Swift row my mates, and shoot along the sea;
New chains they add, and rapid urge the way,
Till, dying off, the distant sounds decay:
Then, scudding swiftly from the dangerous ground,
The deafen'd ear unlock'd, the chains unbound

Now all at once tremendous scenes unfold;
Thunder'd the deeps, the smoking billows roll'd!
Tumultuous waves embroil the bellowing flood,
All trembling, deafen'd, and aghast we stood!
No more the vessel plough'd the dreadful wave,
Fear seized the mighty, and unnerved the brave;
Each dropt his oar: but swift from man to man
With looks serene I turn'd, and thus began:
Oh friends! oh often tried in adverse storms!
With ills familiar in more dreadful forms!
Deep in the dire Cyclopean den you lay,
Yet safe return'd—Ulysses led the way,
Learn courage hence, and in my care confide:
Lo! still the same Ulysses is your guide.
Attend my words! your oars incessant ply;
Strain every nerve, and bid the vessel fly.
If from yon justling rocks and wavy war
Jove safety grants, he grants it to your care.
And thou, whose guiding hand directs our way,
Pilot, attentive listen and obey!
Bear wide thy course, nor plough those angry waves
Where rolls yon smoke, yon tumbling ocean raves:
Steer by the higher rock; lest whirl'd around
We sink, beneath the circling eddy drown'd.
While yet I speak, at once their oars they seize,
Stretch to the stroke, and brush the working seas.
Cautious the name of Scylla I suppress'd;
That dreadful sound had chill'd the boldest breast.
Meantime, forgetful of the voice divine,
All dreadful bright my limbs in armour shine;
High on the deck I take my dangerous stand,
Two glittering javelins lighten in my hand:
Prepared to whirl the whizzing spear I stay,
Till the fell fiend arise to seize her prey.
Around the dungeon, studious to behold
The hideous pest, my labouring eyes I roll'd;
In vain! the dismal dungeon, dark as night,
Veils the dire monster, and confounds the sight.
Now through the rocks, appall'd with deep dismay,
We bend our course, and stem the desperate way;
Dire Scylla there a scene of horror forms,
And here Charybdis fills the deep with storms.
When the tide rushes from her rumbling caves
The rough rock roars; tumultuous boil the waves;
They toss, they foam, a wild confusion raise,
Like waters bubbling o'er the fiery blaze;
Eternal mists obscure the aërial plain,
And high above the rock she spouts the main:
When in her gulfs the rushing sea subsides,
She drains the ocean with the refluent tides:
The rock rebellows with a thundering sound;
Deep, wondrous deep, below appears the ground.
Struck with despair, with trembling hearts we view'd
The yawning dungeon, and the tumbling flood;
When lo! fierce Scylla stoop'd to seize her prey,
Stretch'd her dire jaws, and swept six men away;
Chiefs of renown! loud-echoing shrieks arise:
I turn and view them quivering in the skies;
They call, and aid with out-stretch'd arms implore:
In vain they call! those arms are stretch'd no more.
As from some rock that overhangs the flood,
The silent fisher casts the insidious food,
With fraudful care he waits the finny prize,
And sudden lifts it quivering to the skies:
So the foul monster lifts her prey on high,
So pant the wretches struggling in the sky;
In the wide dungeon she devours her food,
And the flesh trembles while she churns the blood.
Worn as I am with griefs, with care decay'd,
Never, I never, scene so dire survey'd!
My shivering blood, congeal'd, forgot to flow;
Aghast I stood, a monument of woe!
Now from the rocks the rapid vessel flies,
And the hoarse din like distant thunder dies;
To Sol's bright isle our voyage we pursue,
And now the glittering mountains rise to view.
There sacred to the radiant god of day,
Graze the fair herds, the flocks promiscuous stray:
Then suddenly was heard along the main
To low the ox, to bleat the woolly train.
Straight to my anxious thoughts the sound convey'd
The words of Circe and the Theban shade;
Warn'd by their awful voice these shores to shun,
With cautious fears oppress'd, I thus begun.
O friends! oh ever exercised in care!
Hear heaven's commands, and reverence what ye hear!
To fly these shores the prescient Theban shade
And Circe warns! O be their voice obey'd:
Some mighty woe relentless heaven forbodes:
Fly these dire regions, and revere the gods!
While yet I spoke a sudden sorrow ran
Through every breast, and spread from man to man,
Till wrathful thus Eurylochus began:
O cruel thou! some fury sure has steel'd
That stubborn soul, by toil untaught to yield!
From sleep debarr'd, we sink from woes to woes;
And cruel, enviest thou a short repose?
Still must we restless rove, new seas explore,
The sun descending, and so near the shore?
And lo! the night begins her gloomy reign,
And doubles all the terrors of the main.
Oft in the dead of night loud winds arise,
Lash the wild surge, and bluster in the skies;
Or should the fierce south-west his rage display,
And toss with rising storms the watery way,
Though gods descend from heaven's aërial plain
To lend us aid, the gods descend in vain;
Then while the night displays her awful shade,
Sweet time of slumber! be the night obey'd!
Haste ye to land! and when the morning ray
Sheds her bright beams, pursue the destined way.
A sudden joy in every bosom rose:
So will'd some dæmon, minister of woes!
To whom with grief—O swift to be undone,
Constrain'd I act what wisdom bids me shun.
But yonder herds and yonder flocks forbear;
Attest the heavens, and call the gods to hear:
Content, an innocent repast display,
By Circe given, and fly the dangerous prey.
Thus I: and while to shore the vessel flies,
With hands uplifted they attest the skies;
Then where a fountain's gurgling waters play,
They rush to land, and end in feasts the day:
They feed; they quaff: and now (their hunger fled)
Sigh for their friends devour'd, and mourn the dead;
Nor cease the tears till each in slumber shares
A sweet forgetfulness of human cares.
Now far the night advanced her gloomy reign,
And setting stars roll'd down the azure plain:
When, at the voice of Jove, wild whirlwinds rise,
And clouds and double darkness veil the skies;
The moon, the stars, the bright ethereal host
Seem as extinct, and all their splendours lost;

The furious tempest roars with dreadful sound:
Air thunders, rolls the ocean, groans the ground.
All night it raged: when morning rose, to land
We haul'd our bark, and moor'd it on the strand,
Where in a beauteous grotto's cool recess
Dance the green Nereids of the neighbouring seas.
There while the wild winds whistled o'er the main,
Thus careful I address'd the listening train.
O friends, be wise! nor dare the flocks destroy
Of these fair pastures: if ye touch, ye die.
Warn'd by the high command of heaven, be awed;
Holy the flocks, and dreadful is the god!
That god who spreads the radiant beams of light,
And views wide earth and heaven's unmeasured height.
And now the moon had run her monthly round,
The south-east blustering with a dreadful sound:
Unhurt the beeves, untouch'd the woolly train
Low through the grove, or range the flowery plain:
Then fail'd our food; then fish we make our prey,
Or fowl that, screaming, haunt the watery way.
Till now, from sea or flood no succour found,
Famine and meagre want besieged us round.
Pensive and pale from grove to grove I stray'd,
From the loud storms to find a sylvan shade;
There o'er my hands the living wave I pour;
And heaven and heaven's immortal thrones adore,
To calm the roarings of the stormy main,
And grant me peaceful to my realms again.
Then o'er my eyes the gods soft slumber shed,
While thus Eurylochus arising said:
O friends, a thousand ways frail mortals lead
To the cold tomb, and dreadful all to tread;
But dreadful most, when, by a slow decay,
Pale hunger wastes the manly strength away.
Why cease ye then to implore the powers above,
And offer hecatombs to thundering Jove?
Why seize ye not yon beeves, and fleecy prey?
Arise unanimous; arise and slay:
And if the gods ordain a safe return,
To Phœbus shrines shall rise, and altars burn.
But, should the powers that o'er mankind preside,
Decree to plunge us in the whelming tide,
Better to rush at once to shades below,
Than linger life away, and nourish woe!
Thus he: the beeves around securely stray,
When swift to ruin they invade the prey;
They seize, they kill!—but for the rite divine,
The barley fail'd, and for libations wine.
Swift from the oak they strip the shady pride;
And verdant leaves the flowery cake supplied.
With prayer they now address the ethereal train,
Slay the selected beeves, and flay the slain:
The thighs, with fat involved, divide with art,
Strew'd o'er with morsels cut from every part.
Water, instead of wine, is brought in urns,
And pour'd profanely as the victim burns.
The thighs thus offer'd, and the entrails dress'd,
They roast the fragments, and prepare the feast.
'Twas then soft slumber fled my troubled brain;
Back to the bark I speed along the main.
When lo! an odour from the feast exhales,
Spreads o'er the coast, and scents the tainted gales;
A chilly fear congeal'd my vital blood,
And thus, obtesting heaven, I mourn'd aloud.
O sire of men and gods, immortal Jove!
O all ye blissful powers that reign above!
Why were my cares beguiled in short repose?
O fatal slumber, paid with lasting woes!
A deed so dreadful all the gods alarms,
Vengeance is on the wing, and heaven in arms!
Meantime Lampetie mounts the aërial way,
And kindles into rage the god of day:
Vengeance, ye powers! (he cries,) and thou whose hand
Aims the red bolt, and hurls the writhen brand!
Slain are those herds which I with pride survey,
When through the ports of heaven I pour the day
Or deep in ocean plunge the burning ray.
Vengeance, ye gods! or I the skies forego,
And bear the lamp of heaven to shades below.
To whom the thundering Power: O source of day!
Whose radiant lamp adorns the azure way,
Still may thy beams through heaven's bright portals rise,
The joy of earth, and glory of the skies;
Lo! my red arm I bare, my thunders guide,
To dash the offenders in the whelming tide
To fair Calypso, from the bright abodes,
Hermes convey'd these counsels of the gods
Meantime from man to man my tongue exclaims,
My wrath is kindled, and my soul in flames.
In vain! I view perform'd the direful deed,
Beeves, slain by heaps, along the ocean bleed.
Now heaven gave signs of wrath; along the ground
Crept the raw hides, and with a bellowing sound
Roar'd the dead limbs; the burning entrails groan'd.
Six guilty days my wretched mates employ
In impious feasting, and unhallow'd joy;
The seventh arose, and now the sire of gods
Rein'd the rough storms, and calm'd the tossing floods:
With speed the bark we climb; the spacious sails
Loosed from the yards invite the impelling gales.
Past sight of shore, along the surge we bound,
And all above is sky, and ocean all around;
When lo! a murky cloud the Thunderer forms
Full o'er our heads, and blackens heaven with storms.
Night dwells o'er all the deep: and now outflies
The gloomy West, and whistles in the skies.
The mountain-billows roar! the furious blast
Howls o'er the shroud, and rends it from the mast;
The mast gives way, and crackling as it bends,
Tears up the deck; and all at once descends;
The pilot by the tumbling ruin slain,
Dash'd from the helm, falls headlong in the main.
Then Jove in anger bids his thunders roll,
And forky lightnings flash from pole to pole:
Fierce at our heads his deadly bolt he aims,
Red with uncommon wrath, and wrapt in flames:
Full on the bark it fell; now high, now low,
Toss'd and re-toss'd, it reel'd beneath the blow;
At once into the main the crew it shook:
Sulphureous odours rose, and smouldering smoke.
Like fowl that haunt the floods, they sink, they rise,
Now lost, now seen, with shrieks and dreadful cries,
And strive to gain the bark; but Jove denies.
Firm at the helm I stand, when fierce the main
Rush'd with dire noise, and dash'd the sides in twain;
Again impetuous drove the furious blast,
Snapt the strong helm, and bore to sea the mast;
Firm to the mast with cords the helm I bind,
And ride aloft, to Providence resign'd,
Through tumbling billows and a war of wind.
Now sunk the West, and now a southern breeze
More dreadful than the tempest, lash'd the seas.

For on the rocks it bore where Scylla raves,
And dire Charybdis rolls her thundering waves.
All night I drove; and at the dawn of day,
Fast by the rocks beheld the desperate way:
Just when the sea within her gulfs subsides,
And in the roaring whirlpools rush the tides.
Swift from the float I vaulted with a bound,
The lofty fig-tree seized, and clung around:
So to the beam the bat tenacious clings,
And pendant round it clasps his leathern wings.
High in the air the tree its boughs display'd,
And o'er the dungeon cast a dreadful shade:
All unsustain'd between the wave and sky,
Beneath my feet the whirling billows fly.
What time the judge forsakes the noisy bar,
To take repast, and stills the wordy war,
Charybdis, rumbling from her inmost caves,
The mast refunded on her refluent waves.
Swift from the tree, the floating mast to gain,
Sudden I dropp'd amidst the flashing main;
Once more undaunted on the ruin rode,
And oar'd with labouring arms along the flood.
Unseen I pass'd by Scylla's dire abodes;
So Jove decreed (dread sire of men and gods.)
Then nine long days I plough'd the calmer seas,
Heaved by the surge, and wafted by the breeze.
Weary and wet the Ogygian shores I gain,
When the tenth sun descended to the main.
There, in Calypso's ever-fragrant bowers,
Refresh'd I lay, and joy beguiled the hours.
My following fates to thee, O king, are known,
And the bright partner of thy royal throne.
Enough: in misery can words avail?
And what so tedious as a twice-told tale?

BOOK XIII.

ARGUMENT.

The Arrival of Ulysses in Ithaca.

Ulysses takes leave of Alcinous and Arete, and embarks in the evening. Next morning the ship arrives at Ithaca; where the sailors, as Ulysses is yet sleeping, lay him on the shore with all his treasures. On their return, Neptune changes their ship into a rock. In the meantime Ulysses awaking, knows not his native Ithaca, by reason of a mist which Pallas had cast round him. He breaks into loud lamentations; till the goddess appearing to him in the form of a shepherd, discovers the country to him, and points out the particular places. He then tells a feigned story of his adventures, upon which she manifests herself, and they consult together of the measures to be taken to destroy the suitors. To conceal his return, and disguise his person the more effectually, she changes him into the figure of an old beggar.

BOOK XIII.

He ceased; but left so pleasing on their ear
His voice, that listening still they seem'd to hear.
A pause of silence hush'd the shady rooms:
The grateful conference then the king resumes.
Whatever toils the great Ulysses pass'd,
Beneath this happy roof they end at last;
No longer now from shore to shore to roam,
Smooth seas and gentle winds invite him home.
But hear me, princes! whom these walls enclose,
For whom my chanter sings, and goblet flows.
With wine unmix'd (an honour due to age,
To cheer the grave, and warm the poet's rage;)
Though labour'd gold and many a dazzling vest
Lie heap'd already for our godlike guest;
Without new treasures let him not remove,
Large, and expressive of the public love:
Each peer a tripod, each a vase bestow,
A general tribute which the state shall owe.
This sentence pleased: then all their steps address'd
To seperate mansions and retire to rest.
Now did the rosy-finger'd morn arise,
And shed her sacred light along the skies.
Down to the haven and the ships in haste
They bore the treasures, and in safety placed.
The king himself the vases ranged with care;
Then bade his followers to the feast repair.
A victim ox beneath the sacred hand
Of great Alcinoüs falls, and stains the sand.
To Jove the Eternal (power above all powers!
Who wings the wind, and darkens heaven with showers)
The flames ascend: till evening they prolong
The rites more sacred made by heavenly song:
For in the midst, with public honours graced
Thy lyre divine, Demodocus! was placed.
All, but Ulysses, heard with fix'd delight:
He sate, and eyed the sun, and wish'd the night:
Slow seem'd the sun to move, the hours to roll,
His native home deep-imaged in his soul.
As the tired ploughman spent with stubborn toil,
Whose oxen long have torn the furrow'd soil,
Sees with delight the sun's declining ray,
When home with feeble knees he bends his way
To late repast, (the day's hard labour done,)
So to Ulysses welcome set the sun;
Then instant to Alcinoüs and the rest
(The Scheran states) he turn'd and thus address'd;
O thou the first in merit and command!
And you the peers and princes of the land!
May every joy be yours! nor this the least,
When due libation shall have crown'd the feast,
Safe to my home to send your happy guest.
Complete are now the bounties you have given,
Be all those bounties but confirm'd by heaven!
So may I find, when all my wanderings cease,
My consort blameless, and my friends in peace.
On you be every bliss; and every day,
In home felt joys, delighted roll away:
Yourselves, your wives, your long-descending race,
May every god enrich with every grace!
Sure fix'd on virtue may your nation stand,
And public evil never touch the land!
His words well weigh'd, the general voice approved
Benign, and instant his dismission moved.
The monarch to Pontonous gave the sign,
To fill the goblet high with rosy wine:
Great Jove the Father, first (he cried) implore;
Then send the stranger to his native shore.
The luscious wine the obedient herald brought:
Around the mansion flow'd the purple draught:
Each from his seat to each immortal pours,
Whom glory circles in the Olympian bowers.
Ulysses sole with air majestic stands,
The bowl presenting to Arete's hands;
Then thus: O queen, farewell! be still possess'd
Of dear remembrance, blessing still and bless'd.

Till age and death shall gently call thee hence,
(Sure fate of every mortal excellence!)
Farewell! and joys successive ever spring
To thee, to thine, the people, and the king!
Thus he; then, parting, prints the sandy shore
To the fair port: a herald march'd before,
Sent by Alcinoüs; of Aretè's train
Three chosen maids attend him to the main;
This does a tunic and white vest convey,
A various casket that, of rich inlay,
And bread and wine the third. The cheerful mates
Safe in the hollow poop dispose the cates:
Upon the deck soft painted robes they spread,
With linen cover'd, for the hero's bed.
He climb'd the lofty stern; then gently press'd
The swelling couch and lay composed to rest.
Now placed in order, the Phæacian train
Their cables loose, and launch into the main:
At once they bend, and strike their equal oars,
And leave the sinking hills and lessening shores.
While on the deck the chief in silence lies,
And pleasing slumbers steal upon his eyes.
As fiery coursers in the rapid race
Urged by fierce drivers through the dusty space,
Toss their high heads, and scour along the plain;
So mounts the bounding vessel o'er the main.
Back to the stern the parted billows flow,
And the black ocean foams and roars below.
Thus with spread sails the winged galley flies;
Less swift an eagle cuts the liquid skies;
Divine Ulysses was her sacred load,
A man in wisdom equal to a god!
Much danger, long and mighty toils he bore,
In storms by sea, and combats on the shore:
All which soft sleep now banish from his breast,
Wrapt in a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest.
But when the morning star with early ray
Flamed in the front of heaven, and promised day;
Like distant clouds the mariner descries
Fair Ithaca's emerging hills arise.
Far from the town a spacious port appears,
Sacred to Phorcy's power, whose name it bears;
Two craggy rocks projecting to the main,
The roaring winds tempestuous to restrain;
Within the waves in softer murmurs glide,
And ships secure without their halsers ride.
High at the head, a branching olive grows,
And crowns the pointed cliffs with shady boughs.
Beneath a gloomy grotto's cool recess
Delights the Nereids of the neighbouring seas,
Where bowls and urns were form'd of living stone,
And massy beams in native marble shone;
On which the labours of the nymphs were roll'd,
Their webs divine of purple mix'd with gold.
Within the cave the clustering bees attend
Their waxen works, or from the roof depend.
Perpetual waters o'er the pavement glide:
Two marble doors unfold on either side;
Sacred the south, by which the gods descend;
But mortals enter at the northern end.
Thither they bent, and haul their ship to land,
(The crooked keel divides the yellow sand;)
Ulysses, sleeping on his couch, they bore,
And gently placed him on the rocky shore.
His treasures next Alcinoüs' gifts, they laid
In the wild olive's unfrequented shade,
Secure from theft; then launch'd the bark again,
Resumed their oars, and measured back the main.
Nor yet forgot old Ocean's dread supreme
The vengeance vow'd for eyeless Polypheme.
Before the throne of mighty Jove he stood;
And sought the secret counsels of the god.
Shall then no more, O sire of gods! be mine
The rights and honours of a power divine?
Scorn'd even by man, and (oh severe disgrace!)
By soft Phæacians, my degenerate race!
Against yon destined head in vain I swore,
And menaced vengeance, ere he reach'd his shore;
To reach his natal shore was thy decree;
Mild I obey'd, for who shall war with thee?
Behold him landed careless and asleep,
From all the eluded dangers of the deep;
Lo where he lies, amidst a shining store
Of brass, rich garments, and refulgent ore;
And bears triumphant to his native isle
A prize more worth than Ilion's noble spoil.
To whom the Father of the immortal powers,
Who swells the clouds, and gladdens earth with showers:
Can mighty Neptune thus of man complain?
Neptune tremendous o'er the boundless main!
Revered and awful even in heaven's abodes,
Ancient and great! a god above the gods!
If that low race offend thy power divine
(Weak, daring creatures!) is not vengeance thine?
Go then, the guilty at thy will chastise.
He said. The shaker of the earth replies:
This then I doom: to fix the gallant ship
A mark of vengeance on the sable deep;
To warn the thoughtless self-confiding train,
No more unlicensed thus to brave the main.
Full in their port a shady hill shall rise,
If such thy will.—We will it, Jove replies.
Even when with transport blackening all the strand,
The swarming people hail their ship to land,
Fix her for ever, a memorial stone:
Still let her seem to sail, and seem alone:
The trembling cloud shall see the sudden shade
Of whelming mountains overhang their head!
With that the god whose earthquakes rock the ground,
Fierce to Phæacia cross'd the vast profound.
Swift as a swallow sweeps the liquid way,
The winged pinnace shot along the sea.
The god arrests her with a sudden stroke,
And roots her down, an everlasting rock.
Aghast the Scherians stand in deep surprise;
All press to speak, all question with their eyes.
What hands unseen the rapid bark restrain?
And yet it swims, or seems to swim, the main!
Thus they, unconscious of the deed divine:
Till great Alcinoüs rising own'd the sign.
Behold the long-predestined day! (he cries;)
O certain faith of ancient prophecies!
These ears have heard my royal sire disclose
A dreadful story, big with future woes;
How moved with wrath, that careless we convey
Promiscuous every guest to every bay,
Stern Neptune raged; and how by his command
Firm rooted in the surge a ship should stand,
(A monument of wrath;) and mound on mound
Should hide our walls, or whelm beneath the ground.
The Fates have follow'd as declared the seer.
Be humbled, nations! and your monarch hear.
No more unlicensed brave the deeps; no more
With every stranger pass from shore to shore:

On angry Neptune now for mercy call;
To his high name let twelve black oxen fall.
So may the god reverse his purposed will,
Nor o'er our city hang the dreadful hill.
The monarch spoke: they trembled and obey'd.
Forth on the sands the victim oxen led:
The gather'd tribes before the altars stand,
And chiefs and rulers, a majestic band.
The king of ocean all the tribes implore;
The blazing altars redden all the shore.
Meanwhile Ulysses in his country lay,
Released from sleep, and round him might survey
The solitary shore and rolling sea.
Yet had his mind through tedious absence lost
The dear resemblance of his native coast;
Besides, Minerva, to secure her care,
Diffused around a veil of thicken'd air:
For so the gods ordain'd, to keep unseen
His royal person from his friends and queen;
Till the proud suitors for their crimes afford
An ample vengeance to their injured lord.
Now all the land another prospect bore,
Another port appear'd, another shore,
And long-continued ways, and winding floods,
And unknown mountains, crown'd with unknown woods
Pensive and slow, with sudden grief oppress'd,
The king arose, and beat his careful breast,
Cast a long look o'er all the coast and main,
And sought, around, his native realm in vain:
Then with erected eyes stood fix'd in woe,
And as he spoke, the tears began to flow.
Ye gods, he cried, upon what barren coast,
In what new region is Ulysses toss'd?
Possess'd by wild barbarians, fierce in arms?
Or men whose bosom tender pity warms?
Where shall this treasure now in safety lie?
And whither, whither its sad owner fly?
Ah why did I Alcinoüs' grace implore?
Ah why forsake Phæacia's happy shore?
Some juster prince perhaps had entertain'd,
And safe restored me to my native land.
Is this the promised, long-expected coast,
And this the faith Phæacia's rulers boast?
Oh righteous gods! of all the great, how few
Are just to heaven, and to their promise true!
But he, the power to whose all-seeing eyes
The deeds of men appear without disguise,
'Tis his alone to avenge the wrongs I bear;
For still the oppress'd are his peculiar care.
To count these presents, and from thence to prove
Their faith, is mine: the rest belongs to Jove.
Then on the sands he ranged his wealthy store,
The gold, the vests, the tripods number'd o'er:
All these he found, but still in error lost
Disconsolate he wanders on the coast,
Sighs for his country, and laments again
To the deaf rocks, and hoarse resounding main.
When lo! the guardian goddess of the wise,
Celestial Pallas, stood before his eyes:
In show a youthful swain, of form divine,
Who seem'd descended from some princely line.
A graceful robe her slender body dress'd:
Around her shoulders flew the waving vest,
Her decent hand a shining javelin bore,
And painted sandals on her feet she wore.
To whom the king: Whoe'er of human race
Thou art, that wander'st in this desert place!
With joy to thee, as to some god I bend,
To thee my treasures and myself commend.
O tell a wretch in exile doom'd to stray,
What air I breathe, what country I survey?
The fruitful continent's extremest bound,
Or some fair isle which Neptune's arm surround?
From what fair clime (said she) remote from fame
Arrivest thou here a stranger to our name?
Thou seest an island, not to those unknown
Whose hills are brighten'd by the rising sun,
Nor those that placed beneath his utmost reign
Behold him sinking in the western main.
The rugged soil allows no level space
For flying chariots or the rapid race;
Yet, not ungrateful to the peasant's pain,
Suffices fulness to the swelling grain:
The loaded trees their various fruits produce,
And clustering grapes afford a generous juice:
Woods crown our mountains, and in every grove
The bounding goats and frisking heifers rove:
Soft rains and kindly dews refresh the field,
And rising springs eternal verdure yield.
Even to those shores is Ithaca renown'd,
Where Troy's majestic ruins strew the ground.
At this, the chief with transport was possess'd,
His panting heart exulted in his breast:
Yet, well dissembling his untimely joys,
And veiling truth in plausible disguise,
Thus, with an air sincere, in fiction bold,
His ready tale the inventive hero told:
Oft have I heard in Crete, this island's name:
For 'twas from Crete, my native soil, I came:
Self-banish'd thence. I sail'd before the wind,
And left my children and my friends behind;
From fierce Idomeneus' revenge I flew,
Whose son, the swift Orsilochus, I slew.
(With brutal force he seized my Trojan prey,
Due to the toils of many a bloody day.)
Unseen I 'scaped, and, favour'd by the night,
In a Phœnician vessel took my flight,
For Pyle or Elis bound: but tempests toss'd,
And raging billows drove us on your coast.
In dead of night an unknown port we gain'd,
Spent with fatigue, and slept secure on land.
But ere the rosy morn renew'd the day,
While in the embrace of pleasing sleep I lay,
Sudden, invited by auspicious gales,
They land my goods, and hoist their flying sails.
Abandon'd here my fortune I deplore,
A hapless exile on a foreign shore.
Thus while he spoke, the blue-eyed maid began
With pleasing smiles to view the godlike man:
Then changed her form: and now, divinely bright,
Jove's heavenly daughter stood confess'd to sight;
Like a fair virgin in her beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in the illustrious labours of the loom.
O still the same Ulysses! she rejoin'd,
In useful craft successfully refined!
Artful in speech, in action, and in mind!
Sufficed it not, that, thy long labours past,
Secure thou seest thy native shore at last?
But this to me? who, like thyself, excel
In arts of counsel, and dissembling well:
To me? whose wit exceeds the powers divine,
No less than mortals are surpass'd by thine.
Know'st thou not me? who made thy life my care,
Through ten years' wandering, and through ten years' war;

Who taught thee arts, Alcinoüs to persuade,
To raise his wonder and engage his aid;
And now appear, thy treasures to protect,
Conceal thy person, thy designs direct,
And tell what more thou must from Fate expect:
Domestic woes far heavier to be borne!
The pride of fools and slaves' insulting scorn.
But thou be silent, nor reveal thy state;
Yield to the force of unresisted fate,
And bear unmoved the wrongs of base mankind,
The last, and hardest, conquest of the mind.
Goddess of wisdom! Ithacus replies,
He who discerns thee must be truly wise,
So seldom view'd, and ever in disguise!
When the bold Argives led their warring powers,
Against proud Ilion's well-defended towers,
Ulysses was thy care, celestial maid!
Graced with thy sight, and favour'd with thy aid:
But when the Trojan piles in ashes lay,
And bound for Greece we plough'd the watery way;
Our fleet dispersed and driven from coast to coast,
Thy sacred presence from that hour I lost;
Till I beheld thy radiant form once more,
And heard thy counsels on Phæacia's shore.
But, by the almighty author of thy race,
Tell me, oh tell, is this my native place?
For much I fear, long tracts of land and sea
Divide this coast from distant Ithaca;
The sweet delusion kindly you impose,
To soothe my hopes, and mitigate my woes.
Thus he. The blue-eyed goddess thus replies.
How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wise!
Who, versed in fortune, fear the flattering show,
And taste not half the bliss the gods bestow.
The more shall Pallas aid thy just desires,
And guard the wisdom which herself inspires.
Others, long absent from their native place.
Straight seek their home, and fly with eager pace
To their wives' arms, and children's dear embrace.
Not thus Ulysses: he decrees to prove
His subjects' faith, and queen's suspected love;
Who mourn'd her lord twice ten revolving years,
And wastes the days in grief, the nights in tears.
But Pallas knew (thy friends and navy lost)
Once more 'twas given thee to behold thy coast:
Yet how could I with adverse Fate engage,
And mighty Neptune's unrelenting rage?
Now lift thy longing eyes, while I restore
The pleasing prospect of thy native shore.
Behold the port of Phorcys! fenced around
With rocky mountains, and with olives crown'd:
Behold the gloomy grot! whose cool recess
Delights the Nereids of the neighbouring seas:
Whose now-neglected altars in thy reign
Blush'd with the blood of sheep and oxen slain.
Behold! where Neritus the clouds divides,
And shakes the waving forests on his sides.
So spake the goddess; and the prospect clear'd,
The mists dispersed, and all the coast appear'd.
The king with joy confess'd his place of birth,
And on his knees salutes his mother earth;
Then, with his suppliant hands upheld in air
Thus to the sea-green sisters sends his prayer:
All hail! ye virgin daughters of the main!
Ye streams, beyond my hopes beheld again!
To you once more your own Ulysses bows;
Attend his transports, and receive his vows!
If Jove prolong my days, and Pallas crown
The growing virtues of my youthful son,
To you shall rites divine be ever paid,
And grateful offerings on your altars laid.
Thus then Minerva. From that anxious breast
Dismiss those cares, and leave to heaven the rest
Our task be now thy treasured stores to save,
Deep in the close recesses of the cave:
Then future means consult—She spoke, and trod
The shady grot, that brighten'd with the god.
The closest caverns of the grot she sought;
The gold, the brass, the robes, Ulysses brought:
These in the secret gloom the chief disposed;
The entrance with a rock the goddess closed.
Now, seated in the olive's sacred shade,
Confer the hero and the martial maid.
The goddess of the azure eyes began:
Son of Laërtes! much-experienced man!
The suitor-train thy earliest care demand,
Of that luxurious race to rid the land:
Three years thy house their lawless rule has seen,
And proud addresses to the matchless queen.
But she thy absence mourns from day to day,
And inly bleeds, and silent wastes away:
Elusive of the bridal hour, she gives
Fond hopes to all, and all with hopes deceives.
To this Ulysses. Oh, celestial maid!
Praised be thy counsel, and thy timely aid:
Else had I seen my native walls in vain,
Like great Atrides, just restored and slain.
Vouchsafe the means of vengeance to debate,
And plan with all thy arts the scene of fate:
Then, then be present, and my soul inspire,
As when we wrapt Troy's heaven-built walls in fire
Though leagued against me hundred heroes stand,
Hundreds shall fall, if Pallas aid my hand.
She answer'd: In the dreadful day of fight
Know, I am with thee, strong in all my might,
If thou but equal to thyself be found,
What gasping numbers then shall press the ground!
What human victims stain the feastful floor!
How wide the pavements float with guilty gore!
It fits thee now to wear a dark disguise,
And secret walk unknown to mortal eyes.
For this, my hand shall wither every grace
And every elegance of form and face,
O'er thy smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread,
Turn hoar the auburn honours of thy head;
Disfigure every limb with coarse attire,
And in thy eyes extinguish all the fire;
Add all the wants and the decays of life;
Estrange thee from thy own; thy son, thy wife;
From the loathed object every sight shall turn,
And the blind suitors their destruction scorn.
Go first the master of thy herds to find,
True to his charge, a loyal swain and kind
For thee he sighs: and to the royal heir
And chaste Penelope extends his care.
At the Coracian rock he now resides,
Where Arethusa's sable water glides;
The sable water and the copious mast
Swell the fat herd; luxuriant, large repast!
With him rest peaceful in the rural cell,
And all you ask his faithful tongue shall tell.
Me into other realms my cares convey,
To Sparta, still with female beauty gay;
For know, to Sparta thy loved offspring came,
To learn thy fortunes from the voice of Fame.

At this the father, with a father's care.
Must he too suffer? he, oh goddess! bear
Of wanderings and of woes a wretched share?
Through the wild ocean plough the dangerous way,
And leave his fortunes and his house a prey?
Why wouldst not thou, oh all-enlighten'd mind!
Inform him certain, and protect him, kind?
To whom Minerva. Be thy soul at rest;
And know, whatever heaven ordains, is best.
To Fame I sent him, to acquire renown;
To other regions is his virtue known:
Secure he sits, near great Atrides placed;
With friendships strengthen'd, and with honours graced.
But lo! an ambush waits his passage o'er;
Fierce foes insidious intercept the shore;
In vain; far sooner all the murderous brood
This injured land shall fatten with their blood.
She spake, then touch'd him, with her powerful wand:
The skin shrunk up, and wither'd at her hand;
A swift old age o'er all his members spread;
A sudden frost was sprinkled on his head;
Nor longer in the heavy eye-ball shined
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
His robe, which spots indelible besmear,
In rags dishonest flutters with the air:
A stag's torn hide is lapt around his reins:
A rugged staff his trembling hand sustains;
And at his side a wretched scrip was hung,
Wide-patch'd, and knotted to a twisted thong.
So look'd the chief, so moved: to mortal eyes
Object uncouth! a man of miseries!
While Pallas, cleaving the wide fields of air,
To Sparta flies, Telemachus her care.

BOOK XIV.

ARGUMENT.

The Conversation with Eumæus.

Ulysses arrives in disguise at the house of Eumæus where he is received, entertained, and lodged with the utmost hospitality. The several discourses of that faithful old servant, with the feigned story told by Ulysses to conceal himself, and other conversations on various subjects, take up this entire book.

BOOK XIV.

But he, deep-musing, o'er the mountains stray'd
Through mazy thickets of the woodland shade,
And cavern'd ways, the shaggy coast along,
With cliffs and nodding forests overhung.
Eumæus at his sylvan lodge he sought,
A faithful servant, and without a fault.
Ulysses found him busied as he sate
Before the threshold of his rustic gate;
Around the mansion in a circle shone
A rural portico of rugged stone;
(In absence of his lord, with honest toil
His own industrious hands had raised the pile.)
The wall was stone, from neighbouring quarries borne,
Encircled with a fence of native thorn,
And strong with pales, by many a weary stroke
Of stubborn labour, hewn from heart of oak:
Frequent and thick. Within the space were rear'd
Twelve ample cells, the lodgments of his herd.
Full fifty pregnant females each contain'd;
The males without (a smaller race) remain'd;
Doom'd to supply the suitors' wasteful feast,
A stock by daily luxury decreased;
Now scarce four hundred left. These to defend,
Four savage dogs, a watchful guard, attend.
Here sate Eumæus, and his cares applied
To form strong buskins of well-season'd hide.
Of four assistants who his labour share,
Three now were absent on the rural care;
The fourth drove victims to the suitor-train:
But he, of ancient faith, a simple swain,
Sigh'd, while he furnish'd the luxurious board,
And wearied heaven with wishes for his lord.
Soon as Ulysses near the inclosure drew,
With open mouths the furious mastiffs flew:
Down sate the sage, and cautious to withstand,
Let fall the offensive truncheon from his hand.
Sudden the master runs; aloud he calls;
And from his hasty hand the leather falls;
With showers of stones he drives them far away;
The scattering dogs around at distance bay.
Unhappy stranger! (thus the faithful swain
Began with accents gracious and humane)
What sorrow had been mine, if at my gate
Thy reverend age had met a shameful fate!
Enough of woes already have I known;
Enough my master's sorrows and my own.
While here (ungrateful task!) his herds I feed,
Ordain'd for lawless rioters to bleed;
Perhaps, supported at another's board,
Far from his country roams my hapless lord!
Or sigh'd in exile forth his latest breath,
Now cover'd with the eternal shade of death!
But enter this my homely roof, and see
Our woods not void of hospitality.
Then tell me whence thou art, and what the share
Of woes and wanderings thou wert born to bear?
He said, and, seconding the kind request,
With friendly step precedes his unknown guest.
A shaggy goat's soft hide beneath him spread,
And with fresh rushes heap'd an ample bed:
Joy touch'd the hero's tender soul, to find
So just reception from a heart so kind:
And, oh, ye gods! with all your blessings grace
(He thus broke forth) this friend of human race!
The swain replied. It never was our guise
To slight the poor, or aught humane despise;
For Jove unfolds our hospitable door,
'Tis Jove that sends the stranger and the poor.
Little, alas! is all the good I can;
A man oppress'd, dependent, yet a man;
Accept such treatment as a swain affords,
Slave to the insolence of youthful lords!
Far hence is by unequal gods removed
That man of bounties, loving and beloved!
To whom whate'er his slave enjoys is owed,
And more, had Fate allow'd, had been bestow'd:
But Fate condemn'd him to a foreign shore;
Much have I sorrow'd, but my master more.
Now cold he lies, to death's embrace resign'd:
Ah, perish Helen! perish all her kind!
For whose cursed cause, in Agamemnon's name,
He trod so fatally the paths of Fame.
His vest succinct then girding round his waist,
Forth rush'd the swain with hospitable haste.
Straight to the lodgements of his herd he run,
Where the fat porkers slept beneath the sun:

Of two, his cutlass launch'd the spouting blood;
These quarter'd, singed, and fix'd on forks of wood,
All hasty on the hissing coals he threw;
And, smoking, back the tasteful viands drew,
Broachers and all; then on the board display'd
The ready meal, before Ulysses laid
With flour imbrown'd; next mingled wine yet new,
And luscious as the bees' nectareous dew:
Then sate companion of the friendly feast,
With open look; and thus bespoke his guest.
Take with free welcome what our hands prepare,
Such food as falls to simple servants' share;
The best our lords consume; those thoughtless peers,
Rich without bounty, guilty without fears;
Yet sure the gods their impious acts detest,
And honour justice and the righteous breast.
Pirates and conquerors of harden'd mind,
The foes of peace, and scourges of mankind,
To whom offending men are made a prey
When Jove in vengeance gives a land away:
Even these, when of their ill-got spoils possess'd,
Find sure tormentors in the guilty breast:
Some voice of god close whispering from within,
"Wretch! this is villany, and this is sin."
But these, no doubt, some oracle explore,
That tells the great Ulysses is no more.
Hence springs their confidence, and from our sighs
Their rapine strengthens, and their riots rise:
Constant as Jove the night and day bestows,
Bleeds a whole hecatomb, a vintage flows.
None match'd this hero's wealth, of all who reign
O'er the fair islands of the neighbouring main.
Nor all the monarchs whose far dreaded sway
The wide-extended continents obey:
First, on the main-land, of Ulysses' breed,
Twelve herds, twelve flocks, on ocean's margin feed;
As many stalls for shaggy goats are rear'd;
As many lodgments for the tusky herd;
Those foreign keepers guard: and here are seen
Twelve herds of goats that graze our utmost green;
To native pastors is their charge assign'd,
And mine the care to feed the bristly kind:
Each day the fattest bleeds of either herd,
All to the suitors' wasteful board preferr'd.
Thus he, benevolent: his unknown guest
With hunger keen devours the savoury feast;
While schemes of vengeance ripen in his breast.
Silent and thoughtful while the board he ey'd,
Eumæus pours on high the purple tide;
The king with smiling looks his joy express'd,
And thus the kind inviting host address'd:
Say now, what man is he, the man deplored,
So rich, so potent, whom you style your lord?
Late with such affluence and possessions bless'd,
And now in honour's glorious bed at rest?
Whoever was the warrior, he must be
To Fame no stranger, nor perhaps to me;
Who (so the gods, and so the fates ordain'd)
Have wander'd many a sea, and many a land.
Small is the faith the prince and queen ascribe
(Replied Eumæus) to the wandering tribe.
For needy strangers still to flattery fly,
And want too oft betrays the tongue to lie.
Each vagrant traveller, that touches here,
Deludes with fallacies the royal ear,
To dear remembrance makes his image rise,
And calls the springing sorrows from her eyes.
Such thou may'st be. But he whose name you crave
Moulders in earth, or welters on the wave,
Or food for fish or dogs his relics lie,
Or torn by birds and scatter'd through the sky;
So perish'd he: and left (for ever lost)
Much woe to all, but sure to me the most.
So mild a master never shall I find;
Less dear the parents whom I left behind;
Less soft my mother, less my father kind.
Not with such transport would my eyes run o'er,
Again to hail them in their native shore,
As loved Ulysses once more to embrace,
Restored and breathing in his natal place.
That name for ever dread, yet ever dear,
Even in his absence I pronounce with fear:
In my respect, he bears a prince's part:
But lives a very brother in my heart.
Thus spoke the faithful swain, and thus rejoin'd
The master of his grief, the man of patient mind.
Ulysses, friend! shall view his old abodes,
(Distrustful as thou art,) nor doubt the gods.
Nor speak I rashly, but with faith averr'd,
And what I speak attesting heaven has heard.
If so, a cloak and vesture be my meed:
Till his return no title shall I plead,
Though certain be my news, and great my need.
Who want itself can force untruths to tell,
My soul detests him as the gates of hell.
Thou first be witness, hospitable Jove,
And every god inspiring social love!
And witness every household power that waits
Guard of these fires, and angel of these gates!
Ere the next moon decrease, or this decay,
His ancient realms Ulysses shall survey;
In blood and dust each proud oppressor mourn,
And the lost glories of his house return.
Nor shall that meed be thine, nor ever more
Shall loved Ulysses hail this happy shore,
(Replied Eumæus:) to the present hour
Now turn thy thought, and joys within our power.
From sad reflection let my soul repose;
The name of him awakes a thousand woes.
But guard him, gods! and to these arms restore!
Not his true consort can desire him more;
Not old Laërtes, broken with despair:
Not young Telemachus, his blooming heir.
Alas, Telemachus! my sorrows flow
Afresh for thee, my second cause of woe!
Like some fair plant set by a heavenly hand,
He grew, he flourish'd, and he bless'd the land;
In all the youth his father's image shined,
Bright in his person, brighter in his mind.
What man, or god, deceived his better sense,
Far on the swelling seas to wander hence?
To distant Pylos hapless he is gone,
To seek his father's fate, and find his own!
For traitors wait his way, with dire design
To end at once the great Arcesian line.
But let us leave him to their wills above;
The fates of men are in the hands of Jove.
And now, my venerable guest! declare
Your name, your parents, and your native air;
Sincere from whence begun your course relate,
And to what ship I owe the friendly freight?
Thus he: and thus (with prompt invention bold)
The cautious chief his ready story told.
On dark reserve what better can prevail,
Or from the fluent tongue produce the tale,

Than when two friends, alone, in peaceful place
Confer, and wines and cates the table grace;
But most, the kind inviter's cheerful face?
Thus might we sit, with social goblets crown'd,
Till the whole circle of the year goes round;
Not the whole circle of the year would close
My long narration of a life of woes.
But such was heaven's high will! know then, I came
From sacred Crete, and from a sire of fame:
Castor Hylacides (that name he bore,)
Beloved and honour'd in his native shore;
Bless'd in his riches, in his children more.
Sprung of a handmaid, from a bought embrace,
I shared his kindness with his lawful race;
But when that fate which all must undergo
From earth removed him to the shades below,
The large domain his greedy sons divide,
And each was portion'd as the lots decide.
Little, alas! was left my wretched share
Except a house, a covert from the air:
But what by niggard Fortune was denied,
A willing widow's copious wealth supplied.
My valour was my plea, a gallant mind
That, true to honour, never lagg'd behind:
(The sex is ever to a soldier kind.)
Now wasting years my former strength confound,
And added woes have bow'd me to the ground;
Yet by the stubble you may guess the grain,
And mark the ruins of no vulgar man.
Me, Pallas gave to lead the martial storm,
And the fair ranks of battle to deform;
Me, Mars inspired to turn the foe to flight,
And tempt the secret ambush of the night.
Let ghastly Death in all his forms appear,
I saw him not, it was not mine to fear.
Before the rest I raised my ready steel;
The first I met, he yielded, or he fell.
But works of peace my soul disdain'd to bear,
The rural labour, or domestic care.
To raise the mast, the missile dart to wing,
And send swift arrows from the bounding string,
Were arts the gods made grateful to my mind;
Those gods, who turn (to various ends design'd)
The various thoughts and talents of mankind.
Before the Grecians touch'd the Trojan plain,
Nine times commander, or by land or main,
In foreign fields I spread my glory far,
Great in the praise, rich in the spoils of war:
Thence charged with riches, as increased in fame,
To Crete return'd an honourable name.
But when great Jove that direful war decreed,
Which roused all Greece, and made the mighty bleed;
Our states myself and Idomen employ
To lead their fleets, and carry death to Troy.
Nine years we warr'd; the tenth saw Ilion fall:
Homeward we sail'd, but heaven dispersed us all.
One only month my wife enjoy'd my stay;
So will'd the god who gives and takes away.
Nine ships I mann'd, equipp'd with ready stores,
Intent to voyage to the Ægyptian shores;
In feast and sacrifice my chosen train
Six days consumed: the seventh we plough'd the main.
Crete's ample fields diminish to our eye;
Before the Boreal blast the vessels fly;
Safe through the level seas we sweep our way;
The steerman governs, and the ships obey;
The fifth fair morn we stem the Ægyptian tide,
And tilting o'er the bay the vessels ride:
To anchor there my fellows I command,
And spies commission to explore the land.
But, sway'd by lust of gain, and headlong will,
The coasts they ravage, and the natives kill.
The spreading clamour to their city flies,
And horse and foot in mingled tumult rise.
The reddening dawn reveals the circling fields,
Horrid with bristly spears, and glancing shields
Jove thunder'd on their side. Our guilty head
We turn'd to flight; the gathering vengeance spread
On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lie dead.
I then explored my thought, what course to prove
(And sure the thought was dictated by Jove:)
Oh, had he left me to that happier doom,
And saved a life of miseries to come!
The radiant helmet from my brows unlaced,
And low on earth my shield and javelin cast,
I meet the monarch with a suppliant's face,
Approach his chariot, and his knees embrace.
He heard, he saved, he placed me at his side;
My state he pitied, and my tears he dried,
Restrain'd the rage the vengeful foe express'd,
And turn'd the deadly weapons from my breast.
Pious! to guard the hospitable rite,
And fearing Jove whom mercy's works delight.
In Ægypt thus with peace and plenty bless'd,
I lived (and happy still had lived) a guest.
On seven bright years successive blessings wait;
The next changed all the colour of my fate.
A false Phœnician, of insidious mind,
Versed in vile arts, and foe to human kind,
With semblance fair invites me to his home;
I seized the proffer (ever fond to roam:)
Domestic in his faithless roof I staid,
Till the swift sun his annual circle made.
To Lybia then he meditates the way;
With guileful art a stranger to betray,
And sell to bondage in a foreign land:
Much doubting, yet compell'd, I quit the strand
Through the mid seas the nimble pinnace sails
Aloof from Crete, before the northern gales;
But when remote her chalky cliffs we lost,
And far from ken of any other coast,
When all was wild expanse of sea and air;
Then doom'd high Jove due vengeance to prepare.
He hung a night of horrors o'er their head
(The shaded ocean blacken'd as it spread;)
He launch'd the fiery bolt; from pole to pole
Broad burst the lightnings, deep the thunders roll;
In giddy rounds the whirling ship is toss'd,
And all in clouds of smothering sulphur lost.
As from a hanging rock's tremendous height,
The sable crows with intercepted flight
Drop headlong: scarr'd, and black with sulphurous hue,
So from the deck are hurl'd the ghastly crew.
Such end the wicked found! but Jove's intent
Was yet to save the oppress'd and innocent.
Placed on the mast, (the last resource of life)
With winds and waves I held unequal strife;
For nine long days the billows tilting o'er,
The tenth soft wafts me to Thesprotia's shore.
The monarch's son a shipwreck'd wretch relieved,
The sire with hospitable rites received,
And in his palace like a brother placed,
With gifts of price and gorgeous garments graced.

While here I sojourn'd, oft I heard the fame
How late Ulysses to the country came,
How loved, how honour'd, in this court he stay'd,
And here his whole collected treasure laid;
I saw myself the vast unnumber'd store
Of steel elaborate, and refulgent ore,
And brass high heap'd amidst the regal dome;
Immense supplies for ages yet to come!
Meantime he voyaged to explore the will
Of Jove, on high Dodona's holy hill,
What means might best his safe return avail,
To come in pomp, or bear a secret sail?
Full oft has Phidon, whilst he pour'd in wine,
Attesting solemn all the powers divine,
That soon Ulysses would return, declared,
The sailors waiting, and the ships prepared.
But first the king dismiss'd me from his shores,
For fair Dulichium crown'd with fruitful stores;
To good Acastus' friendly care consign'd:
But other counsels pleased the sailors' mind:
New frauds were plotted by the faithless train,
And misery demands me once again.
Soon as remote from shore they plough the wave,
With ready hands they rush to seize their slave;
Then with these tatter'd rags they wrap me round
(Stript of my own,) and to the vessel bound.
At eve, at Ithaca's delightful land
The ship arrived: forth-issuing on the sand
They sought repast; while, to the unhappy kind,
The pitying gods themselves my chains unbind.
Soft I descended, to the sea applied
My naked breast, and shot along the tide.
Soon pass'd beyond their sight, I left the flood
And took the spreading shelter of the wood.
Their prize escaped, the faithless pirates mourn'd;
But deem'd inquiry vain, and to their ship return'd.
Screen'd by protecting gods from hostile eyes,
They led me to a good man and a wise,
To live beneath thy hospitable care,
And wait the woes heaven dooms me yet to bear.
Unhappy guest! whose sorrows touch my mind!
(Thus good Eumæus with a sigh rejoin'd,)
For real sufferings since I grieve sincere,
Check not with fallacies the springing tear;
Nor turn the passion into groundless joy
For him, whom heaven has destined to destroy.
Oh! had he perish'd on some well-fought day,
Or in his friend's embraces died away!
That grateful Greece with streaming eyes might raise
Historic marbles to record his praise;
His praise, eternal on the faithful stone,
And with transmissive honours graced his son.
Now, snatch'd by harpies to the dreary coast,
Sunk is the hero, and his glory lost!
While pensive in this solitary den,
Far from gay cities and the ways of men,
I linger life: nor to the court repair,
But when the constant queen commands my care;
Or when to taste her hospitable board,
Some guest arrives, with rumours of her lord;
And these indulge their want, and those their woe,
And here the tears, and there the goblets flow.
By many such have I been warn'd; but chief
By one Ætolian robb'd of all belief,
Whose hap it was to this our roof to roam,
For murder banish'd from his native home.
He swore, Ulysses on the coast of Crete
Staid but a season to refit his fleet;
A few revolving months should waft him o'er,
Fraught with bold warriors, and a boundless store.
O thou! whom age has taught to understand,
And heaven has guided with a favouring hand,
On god or mortal to obtrude a lie
Forbear, and dread to flatter, as to die
Not for such ends my house and heart are free,
But dear respect to Jove, and charity.
And why, oh swain of unbelieving mind!
(Thus quick replied the wisest of mankind)
Doubt you my oath? yet more my faith to try,
A solemn compact let us ratify,
And witness every power that rules the sky:
If here Ulysses from his labours rest,
Be then my prize a tunic and a vest;
And, where my hopes invite me, straight transport,
In safety to Dulichium's friendly court.
But if he greets not thy desiring eye,
Hurl me from yon dread precipice on high;
The due reward of fraud and perjury.
Doubtless, oh guest! great laud and praise were mine,
(Replied the swain, for spotless faith divine,)
If, after social rites and gifts bestow'd,
I stain'd my hospitable hearth with blood.
How would the gods my righteous toils succeed,
And bless the hand that made a stranger bleed?
No more—the approaching hours of silent night
First claim refection, then to rest invite;
Beneath our humble cottage let us haste,
And here, unenvied, rural dainties taste.
Thus communed these; while to their lowly dome
The full-fed swine return'd with evening home;
Compell'd, reluctant, to their several sties,
With din obstreperous, and ungrateful cries.
Then to the slaves—Now from the herd the best
Select in honour of our foreign guest:
With him let us the genial banquet share,
For great and many are the griefs we bear;
While those who from our labours heap their board,
Blaspheme their feeder and forget their lord.
Thus speaking, with despatchful hand he took
A weighty ax, and cleft the solid oak:
This on the earth he piled; a boar full fed,
Of five years age, before the pile was led:
The swain, whom acts of piety delight,
Observant of the gods, begins the rite:
First shears the forehead of the bristly boar,
And suppliant stands, invoking every power
To speed Ulysses to his native shore.
A knotty stake then aiming at his head,
Down dropt he groaning, and the spirit fled.
The scorching flames climb round on every side:
Then the singed members they with skill divide;
On these, in rolls of fat involved with art,
The choicest morsels lay from every part.
Some in the flames bestrew'd with flour they threw;
Some cut in fragments from the forks they drew:
These while on several tables they dispose,
A priest himself the blameless rustic rose;
Expert the destined victim to dispart
In seven just portions, pure of hand and heart.
One sacred to the nymphs apart they lay;
Another to the winged son of May;
The rural tribe in common share the rest
The king the chine, the honour of the feast,
Who sate delighted at his servant's board;
The faithful servant joy'd his unknown lord

Oh be thou dear (Ulysses cried) to Jove,
As well thou claim'st a grateful stranger's love!
Be then thy thanks (the bounteous swain replied)
Enjoyment of the good the gods provide.
From God's own hand descend our joys and woes;
These he decrees, and he but suffers those:
All power is his, and whatsoe'er he wills,
The will itself, omnipotent, fulfils.
This said, the first-fruits to the gods he gave;
Then pour'd of offer'd wine the sable wave:
In great Ulysses' hand he placed the bowl,
He sate, and sweet refection cheer'd his soul.
The bread from canisters Mesaulius gave
(Eumæus' proper treasure bought this slave,
And led from Taphos, to attend his board,
A servant added to his absent lord;)
His task it was the wheaten loaves to lay,
And from the banquet take the bowls away.
And now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
And each betakes him to his couch to rest.
Now came the night, and darkness cover'd o'er
The face of things: the winds began to roar;
The driving storm the watery west wind pours,
And Jove descends in deluges of showers.
Studious of rest and warmth, Ulysses lies,
Forseeing from the first the storm would rise;
In mere necessity of coat and cloak,
With artful preface to his host he spoke.
Hear me, my friends! who this good banquet grace;
'Tis sweet to play the fool in time and place,
And wine can of their wits the wise beguile,
Make the sage frolic, and the serious smile,
The grave in merry measures frisk about,
And many a long-repented word bring out.
Since to be talkative I now commence,
Let wit cast off the sullen yoke of sense.
Once I was strong (would heaven restore those days!)
And with my betters claim'd a share of praise.
Ulysses, Menelaus, led forth a band,
And join'd me with them ('twas their own command:)
A deathful ambush for the foe to lay,
Beneath Troy walls by night we took our way:
There, clad in arms, along the marshes spread,
We made the ozier-fringed bank our bed.
Full soon the inclemency of heaven I feel,
Nor had these shoulders covering, but of steel.
Sharp blew the north; snow whitening all the fields
Froze with the blast, and gathering glazed our shields:
There all but I, well fenced with cloak and vest,
Lay cover'd by their ample shields at rest.
Fool that I was! I left behind my own;
The skill of weather and of winds unknown,
And trusted to my coat and shield alone!
When now was wasted more than half the night,
And the stars faded at approaching light;
Sudden I jogg'd Ulysses, who was laid
Fast by my side, and shivering thus I said:
Here longer in this field I cannot lie;
The winter pinches, and with cold I die,
And die ashamed (oh wisest of mankind,)
The only fool who left his cloak behind.
He thought and answer'd: hardly waking yet,
Sprung in his mind a momentary wit
(That wit, which or in council, or in fight,
Still met the emergence, and determined right.)
Hush thee, he cried (soft whispering in my ear,)
Speak not a word, lest any Greek may hear—
And then (supporting on his arm his head)
Hear me, companions! (thus aloud he said;)
Methinks too distant from the fleet we lie:
Even now a vision stood before my eye,
And sure the warning vision was from high:
Let from among us some swift courier rise,
Haste to the general, and demand supplies.
Up started Thoas straight, Andræmon's son,
Nimbly he rose, and cast his garment down;
Instant, the racer vanish'd off the ground;
That instant in his cloak I wrapt me round:
And safe I slept, till brightly-dawning shone
The morn conspicuous on her golden throne.
Oh were my strength as then, as then my age!
Some friend would fence me from the winter's rage
Yet, tatter'd as I look, I challenged then
The honours and the offices of men:
Some master, or some servant, would allow
A cloak and vest—but I am nothing now!
Well hast thou spoke (rejoin'd the attentive swain;)
Thy lips let fall no idle word or vain!
Nor garment shalt thou want, nor ought beside,
Meet for the wandering suppliant to provide.
But in the morning take thy clothes again,
For here one vest suffices every swain;
No change of garments to our hinds is known:
But when return'd, the good Ulysses' son
With better hand shall grace with fit attires
His guest, and send thee where thy soul desires.
The honest herdsman rose, as this he said,
And drew before the hearth the stranger's bed:
The fleecy spoils of sheep, a goat's rough hide
He spreads; and adds a mantle thick and wide;
With store to heap above him, and below,
And guard each quarter as the tempests blow.
There lay the king and all the rest supine;
All but the careful master of the swine:
Forth hasted he to tend his bristly care;
Well arm'd, and fenced against nocturnal air;
His weighty falchion o'er his shoulder tied;
His shaggy cloak a mountain goat supplied:
With his broad spear, the dread of dogs and men,
He seeks his lodging in the rocky den.
There to the tusky herd he bends his way,
Where, screen'd from Boreas, high o'erarch'd they lay

BOOK XV.

ARGUMENT.

The Return of Telemachus.

The goddess Minerva commands Telemachus in a vision to return to Ithaca. Pisistratus and he take leave of Menelaus, and arrive at Pylos, where they part; and Telemachus sets sail, after having received on board Theoclymenus the soothsayer. The scene then changes to the cottage of Eumæus, who entertains Ulysses with a recital of his adventures. In the meantime Telemachus arrives on the coast, and sending the vessel to the town, proceeds by himself to the lodge of Eumæus.

BOOK XV.

Now had Minerva reach'd those ample plains,
Famed for the dance, where Menelaüs reigns;
Anxious she flies to great Ulysses' heir,
His instant voyage challenged all her care.

Beneath the royal portico display'd,
With Nestor's son Telemachus was laid;
In sleep profound the son of Nestor lies:
Not thine, Ulysses! Care unseal'd his eyes:
Restless he grieved, with various fears oppress'd,
And all thy fortune roll'd within his breast.
When, O Telemachus! (the goddess said)
Too long in vain, too widely hast thou stray'd,
Thus leaving careless thy paternal right
The robber's prize, the prey to lawless might.
On fond pursuits neglectful while you roam,
Even now the hand of rapine sacks the dome.
Hence to Atrides; and his leave implore
To launch thy vessel for thy natal shore:
Fly while thy mother virtuous yet withstands
Her kindred's wishes, and her sire's commands;
Through both, Eurymachus pursues the dame,
And with the noblest gifts asserts his claim.
Hence therefore, while thy stores thy own remain;
Thou know'st the practice of the female train,
Lost in the children of the present spouse,
They slight the pledges of their former vows;
Their love is always with the lover past;
Still the succeeding flame expels the last.
Let o'er thy house some chosen maid preside,
Till heaven decrees to bless thee with a bride.
But now thy more attentive ears incline,
Observe the warnings of a power divine;
For thee their snares the suitor lords shall lay
In Samos' sands, or straits of Ithaca;
To seize thy life shall lurk the murderous band,
Ere yet thy footsteps press thy native land.
No—sooner far their riot and their lust
All-covering earth shall bury deep in dust!
Then distant from the scatter'd islands steer,
Nor let the night retard thy full career;
Thy heavenly guardian shall instruct the gales
To smooth thy passage and supply thy sails;
And when at Ithaca thy labour ends,
Send to the town the vessel with thy friends;
But seek thou first the master of the swine,
(For still to thee his loyal thoughts incline;)
There pass the night: while he his course pursues
To bring Penelope the wish'd-for news,
That thou, safe sailing from the Pylian strand,
Art come to bless her in thy native land.
Thus spoke the goddess and resumed her flight
To the pure regions of eternal light.
Meanwhile Pisistratus he gently shakes,
And with these words the slumbering youth awakes.
Rise, son of Nestor; for the road prepare,
And join the harness'd coursers to the car
What cause, he cried, can justify our flight,
To tempt the dangers of forbidding night?
Here wait we rather, till approaching day
Shall prompt our speed, and point the ready way.
Nor think of flight before the Spartan king
Shall bid farewell, and bounteous presents bring;
Gifts, which to distant ages safely stored,
The sacred act of friendship shall record.
Thus he. But when the dawn bestreak'd the east,
The king from Helen rose, and sought his guest.
As soon as his approach the hero knew,
The splendid mantle round him first he threw,
Then o'er his ample shoulders whirl'd the cloak,
Respectful met the monarch, and bespoke.
Hail, great Atrides, favour'd of high Jove!
Let not thy friends in vain for licence move.
Swift let us measure back the watery way,
Nor check our speed, impatient of delay.
If with desire so strong thy bosom glows,
Ill, said the king, should I thy wish oppose;
For oft in others freely I reprove
The ill-timed efforts of officious love;
Who love too much, hate in the like extreme,
And both the golden mean alike condemn.
Alike he thwarts the hospitable end,
Who drives the free, or stays the hasty friend:
True friendship's laws are by this rule express'd,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.
Yet stay, my friends, and in your chariot take
The noblest presents that our love can make;
Meantime commit we to our women's care
Some choice domestic viands to prepare;
The traveller, rising from the banquet gay,
Eludes the labours of the tedious way.
Then if a wider course shall rather please
Through spacious Argos and the realms of Greece,
Atrides in his chariot shall attend;
Himself thy convoy to each royal friend:
No prince will let Ulysses' heir remove
Without some pledge some monument of love:
These will the caldron, these the tripod give,
From those the well-pair'd mules we shall receive,
Or bowl emboss'd whose golden figures live.
To whom the youth, for prudence famed, replied:
O monarch, care of heaven! thy people's pride!
No friend in Ithaca, my place supplies,
No powerful hands are there, no watchful eyes
My stores exposed, and fenceless house demand
The speediest succour from my guardian hand;
Lest, in a search too anxious and too vain
Of one lost joy, I loose what yet remain.
His purpose when the generous warrior heard,
He charged the household cates to be prepared.
Now with the dawn, from his adjoining home,
Was Boëthœdes Eteoneus come;
Swift as the word he forms the rising blaze,
And o'er the coals the smoking fragments lays.
Meantime the king, his son, and Helen, went
Where the rich wardrobe breath'd a costly scent.
The king selected from the glittering rows
A bowl; the prince a silver beaker chose.
The beauteous queen revolved with careful eyes
Her various textures of unnumber'd dyes,
And chose the largest; with no vulgar art
Her own fair hands embroider'd every part
Beneath the rest it lay divinely bright,
Like radiant Hesper o'er the gems of night.
Then with each gift they hasten'd to their guest,
And thus the king Ulysses' heir address'd.
Since fix'd are thy resolves, may thundering Jove
With happiest omens thy desires approve!
This silver bowl, whose costly margins shine
Enchased with gold, this valued gift be thine;
To me this present, of Vulcanian frame,
From Sidon's hospitable monarch came;
To thee we now consign the precious load,
The pride of kings, and labour of a god.
Then gave the cup, while Megapenthe brought
The silver vase with living sculpture wrought.
The beauteous queen, advancing next, display'd
The shining veil, and thus endearing said.
Accept, dear youth, this monument of love,
Long since, in better days, by Helen wove:

Safe in thy mother's care the vesture lay,
To deck thy bride, and grace the nuptial day.
Meantime may'st thou with happiest speed regain
Thy stately palace, and thy wide domain.
She said, and gave the veil; with grateful look
The prince the variegated present took.
And now, when through the royal dome they pass'd,
High on a throne the king each stranger placed.
A golden ewer the attendant damsel brings,
Replete with water from the crystal springs;
With copious streams the shining vase supplies
A silver laver of capacious size.
They wash. The tables in fair order spread,
The glittering canisters are crown'd with bread;
Viands of various kinds allure the taste,
Of choicest sort and savour; rich repast!
Whilst Eteoneus portions out the shares,
Atrides' son the purple draught prepares.
And now (each sated with the genial feast,
And the short rage of thirst and hunger ceased)
Ulysses' son, with his illustrious friend,
The horses join, the polish'd car ascend
Along the court the fiery steeds rebound,
And the wide portal echoes to the sound.
The king precedes; a bowl with fragrant wine
(Libation destined to the powers divine)
His right hand held: before the steeds he stands,
Then mix'd with prayers, he utters these commands.
Farewell, and prosper, youths! let Nestor know
What grateful thoughts still in this bosom glow,
For all the proofs of his paternal care,
Through the long dangers of the ten years war.
Ah! doubt not our report (the prince rejoin'd)
Of all the virtues of thy generous mind.
And oh! return'd might we Ulysses meet!
To him thy presents show, thy words repeat:
How will each speech his grateful wonder raise!
How will each gift indulge us in thy praise!
Scarce ended thus the prince, when on the right
Advanced the bird of Jove: auspicious sight!
A milk-white fowl his clinching talons bore,
With care domestic pamper'd at the floor.
Peasants in vain with threatening cries pursue,
In solemn speed the bird majestic flew
Full dexter to the car: the prosperous sight
Fill'd every breast with wonder and delight.
But Nestor's son the cheerful silence broke,
And in these words the Spartan chief bespoke.
Say if to us the gods these omens send,
Or fates peculiar to thyself portend?
Whilst yet the monarch paused, with doubts oppress'd,
The beauteous queen relieved his labouring breast.
Hear me, she cried, to whom the gods have given
To read this sign, the mystic sense of heaven
As thus the plumy sovereign of the air
Left on the mountain's brow his callow care,
And wander'd through the wide ethereal way
To pour his wrath on yon luxurious prey;
So shall thy godlike father, toss'd in vain
Through all the dangers of the boundless main
Arrive (or is perchance already come)
From slaughter'd gluttons to release the dome.
Oh! if this promised bliss by thundering Jove
(The prince replied) stand fix'd in fate above,
To thee, as to some god, I'll temples raise,
And crown thy altars with the costly blaze.

He said; and, bending o'er his chariot, flung
Athwart the fiery steeds the smarting thong;
The bounding shafts upon the harness play,
Till night descending intercepts the way.
To Diocles at Pheræ they repair,
Whose boasted sire was sacred Alpheus' heir;
With him all night the youthful strangers stay'd,
Nor found the hospitable rites unpaid.
But soon as morning from her orient bed
Had tinged the mountains with her earliest red,
They join'd the steeds, and on the chariot sprung,
The brazen portals in their passage rung.
To Pylos soon they came: when thus begun
To Nestor's heir Ulysses' godlike son:
Let not Pisistratus in vain be press'd,
Nor unconsenting hear his friend's request;
His friend by long hereditary claim,
In toils his equal, and in years the same.
No farther from our vessel, I implore,
The coursers drive; but lash them to the shore.
Too long thy father would his friend detain;
I dread his proffer'd kindness urged in vain.
The hero paused and ponder'd this request,
While love and duty warr'd within his breast.
At length resolved, he turn'd his ready hand,
And lash'd his panting coursers to the strand.
There, while within the poop with care he stored
The regal presents of the Spartan lord,
With speed begone (said he;) call every mate,
Ere yet to Nestor I the tale relate:
'Tis true, the fervour of his generous heart
Brooks no repulse, nor couldst thou soon depart:
Himself will seek thee here, nor wilt thou find
In words alone, the Pylian monarch kind.
But when, arrived, he thy return shall know,
How will his breast with honest fury glow!
This said, the sounding strokes his horses fire,
And soon he reach'd the palace of his sire.
Now (cried Telemachus) with speedy care
Hoist every sail, and every oar prepare.
Swift as the word his willing mates obey,
And seize their seats, impatient for the sea.
Meantime the prince with sacrifice adores
Minerva, and her guardian aid implores;
When lo! a wretch ran breathless to the shore,
New from his crime, and reeking yet with gore.
A seer he was, from great Melampus sprung,
Melampus, who in Pylos flourish'd long,
Till, urged by wrongs, a foreign realm he chose,
Far from the hateful cause of all his woes.
Neleus his treasures one long year detains;
As long he groan'd in Philacus's chains:
Meantime what anguish and what rage combined,
For lovely Pero rack'd his labouring mind!
Yet 'scaped he death; and vengeful of his wrong
To Pylos drove the lowing herds along;
Then (Neleus vanquish'd, and consign'd the fair
To Bias' arms) he sought a foreign air;
Argos the rich for his retreat he chose,
There form'd his empire; there his palace rose.
From him Antiphates and Mantius came:
The first begot Oïcleus great in fame,
And he Amphiaraus, immortal name!
The people's saviour and divinely wise,
Beloved by Jove, and him who gilds the skies;
Yet short his date of life! by female pride he dies.
From Mantius Clitus, whom Aurora's love
Snatch'd for his beauty to the thrones above;

And Polyphidos, on whom Phœbus shone
With fullest rays, Amphiaraus now gone:
In Hyperesia's groves he made abode,
And taught mankind the counsels of the god.
From him sprung Theoclymenus, who found
(The sacred wine yet foaming on the ground)
Telemachus: whom, as to heaven he press'd
His ardent vows, the stranger thus address'd:
O thou! That dost thy happy course prepare
With pure libations and with solemn prayer;
By that dread power to whom thy vows are paid;
By all the lives of these; thy own dear head,
Declare sincerely to no foe's demand
Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land.
Prepare then, said Telemachus, to know
A tale from falsehood free, not free from woe.
From Ithaca, of royal birth I came,
And great Ulysses (ever honour'd name!)
Was once my sire, though now for ever lost,
In Stygian gloom he glides a pensive ghost!
Whose fate inquiring through the world we rove;
The last, the wretched proof of filial love.
The stranger then. Nor shall I aught conceal,
But the dire secret of my fate reveal.
Of my own tribe an Argive wretch I slew;
Whose powerful friends the luckless deed pursue
With unrelenting rage, and force from home
The blood-stain'd exile, ever doom'd to roam.
But bear, oh bear me o'er yon azure flood:
Receive the suppliant! spare my destined blood!
Stranger (replied the prince) securely rest
Affianced in our faith, henceforth our guest.
Thus affable Ulysses godlike heir
Takes from the stranger's hand the glittering spear:
He climbs the ship, ascends the stern with haste,
And by his side the guest accepted placed.
The chief his orders gives; the obedient band
With due observance wait the chief's command;
With speed the mast they rear, with speed unbind
The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind.
Minerva calls: the ready gales obey
With rapid speed to whirl them o'er the sea.
Crunus they pass'd, next Chalcis roll'd away,
When thickening darkness closed the doubtful day:
The silver Phæa's glittering rills they lost
And skimm'd along by Elis sacred coast.
Then cautious through the rocky reaches wind,
And, turning sudden, shun the death design'd.
Meantime the king, Eumæus, and the rest,
Sate in the cottage, at their rural feast:
The banquet pass'd, and satiate every man,
To try his host, Ulysses thus began.
Yet one night more, my friends, indulge your guest
The last I purpose in your walls to rest:
To-morrow for myself I must provide,
And only ask your counsel and a guide;
Patient to roam the street, by hunger led,
And bless the friendly hand that gives me bread.
There in Ulysses' roof I may relate
Ulysses' wanderings to his royal mate
Or, mingling with the suitors' haughty train,
Not undeserving, some support obtain.
Hermes to me his various gifts imparts
Patron of industry and manual arts:
Few can with me in dextrous works contend,
The pyre to build, the stubborn oak to rend;
To turn the tasteful viand o'er the flame,
Or foam the goblet with a purple stream.
Such are the tasks of men of mean estate
Whom fortune dooms to serve the rich and great.
Alas! (Eumæus with a sigh rejoin'd)
How sprung a thought so monstrous in thy mind?
If on that godless race thou would'st attend,
Fate owes thee sure a miserable end!
Their wrongs and blasphemies ascend the sky,
And pull descending vengeance from on high.
Not such, my friend, the servants of their feast,
A blooming train in rich embroidery dress'd,
With earth's whole tribute the bright table bends,
And smiling round celestial youth attends.
Stay then: no eye askance beholds thee here
Sweet is thy converse to each social ear.
Well pleased, and pleasing, in our cottage rest,
Till good Telemachus accepts his guest.
With genial gifts, and change of fair attires,
And safe conveys thee where thy soul desires.
To him the man of woes. O gracious Jove!
Reward this stranger's hospitable love,
Who knows the son of sorrow to relieve,
Cheers the sad heart, nor lets affliction grieve.
Of all the ills unhappy mortals know,
A life of wanderings is the greatest woe:
On all their weary ways wait care and pain,
And pine and penury, a meagre train.
To such a man since harbour you afford,
Relate the farther fortunes of your lord;
What cares his mother's tender breast engage,
And sire, forsaken on the verge of age;
Beneath the sun prolong they yet their breath?
Or range the house of darkness and of death?
To whom the swain. Attend what you inquire;
Laërtes lives, the miserable sire,
Lives, but implores of every power to lay
The burden down, and wishes for the day.
Torn from his offspring in the eve of life,
Torn from the embraces of his tender wife,
Sole, and all comfortless, he wastes away
Old age, untimely posting ere his day.
She too, sad mother! for Ulysses lost
Pined out her bloom, and vanish'd to a ghost.
(So dire a fate, ye righteous gods! avert,
From every friendly, every feeling heart!)
While yet she was, though clouded o'er with grief,
Her pleasing converse minister'd relief:
With Climene, her youngest daughter, bred,
One roof contain'd us, and one table fed.
But when the softly stealing pace of time,
Crept on from childhood into youthful prime,
To Samos' isle she sent the wedded fair;
Me to the fields to tend the rural care;
Array'd in garments her own hands had wove,
Nor less the darling object of her love.
Her hapless death my brighter days o'ercast,
Yet providence deserts me not at last;
My present labours food and drink procure,
And more, the pleasure to relieve the poor.
Small is the comfort from the queen to hear
Unwelcome news, or vex the royal ear;
Blank and discountenanced the servants stand,
Nor dare to question where the proud command:
No profit springs beneath usurping powers;
Want feeds not there, where luxury devours;
Nor harbours charity where riot reigns:
Proud are the lords, and wretched are the swains.
The suffering chief at this began to melt;
And, oh Eumæus! thou (he cries) hast felt

The spite of fortune too! her cruel hand
Snatch'd thee an infant from thy native land!
Snatch'd from thy parents' arms, thy parents' eyes,
To early wants! a man of miseries!
Thy whole sad story, from its first, declare:
Sunk the fair city by the rage of war,
Where once thy parents dwelt? or did they keep,
In humbler life, the lowing herds and sheep?
So left perhaps, to tend the fleecy train,
Rude pirates seized, and shipp'd thee o'er the main?
Doom'd a fair prize to grace some prince's board,
The worthy purchase of a foreign lord.
If then my fortunes can delight my friend,
A story fruitful of events attend:
Another's sorrow may thy ear enjoy,
And wine the lengthen'd intervals employ.
Long nights the now declining year bestows;
A part we consecrate to soft repose,
A part in pleasing talk we entertain;
For too much rest itself becomes a pain.
Let those, whom sleep invites, the call obey,
Their cares resuming with the dawning day:
Here let us feast, and to the feast be join'd
Discourse, the sweeter banquet of the mind;
Review the series of our lives, and taste
The melancholy joy of evils past:
For he who much has suffer'd, much will know;
And pleased remembrance builds delight on woe.
Above Ortygia lies an isle of fame,
Far hence remote, and Syria is the name,
(Their curious eyes, inscribed with wonder, trace
The sun's diurnal, and his annual race;)
Not large, but fruitful; stored with grass, to keep
The bellowing oxen and the bleating sheep;
Her sloping hills the mantling vines adorn,
And her rich valleys wave with golden corn.
No want, no famine, the glad natives know,
Nor sink by sickness to the shades below;
But when a length of years unnerves the strong,
Apollo comes, and Cynthia comes along.
They bend the silver bow with tender skill,
And, void of pain, the silent arrows kill.
Two equal tribes this fertile land divide,
Where two fair cities rise with equal pride.
But both in constant peace one prince obey,
And Ctesius there, my father, holds the sway.
Freighted, it seems, with toys of every sort
A ship of Sidon anchor'd in our port;
What time it chanced the palace entertain'd,
Skill'd in rich works, a woman of their land:
This nymph, where anchor'd the Phœnician train,
To wash her robes descending to the main,
A smooth tongued sailor won her to his mind;
(For love deceives the best of womankind.)
A sudden trust from sudden liking grew;
She told her name, her race, and all she knew.
I too (she cried) from glorious Sidon came,
My father Arybas of wealthy fame:
But, snatch'd by pirates from my native place,
The Taphians sold me to this man's embrace.
Haste then (the false designing youth replied,)
Haste to thy country: love shall be thy guide:
Haste to thy father's house, thy father's breast;
For still he lives, and lives with riches bless'd.
"Swear first (she cried) ye sailors! to restore
A wretch in safety to her native shore."
Swift as she ask'd, the ready sailors swore.
She then proceeds: Now let our compact made
Be nor by signal nor by word betray'd,
Nor near me any of your crew descried,
By road frequented, or by fountain side.
Be silence still our guard. The monarch's spies
(For watchful aid is ready to surmise)
Are still at hand; and this, reveal'd, must be
Death to yourselves, eternal chains to me.
Your vessel loaded, and your traffic past,
Dispatch a wary messenger with haste;
Then gold and costly treasures will I bring,
And more, the infant offspring of the king.
Him, child-like wandering forth, I lead away
(A noble prize!) and to your ship convey.
Thus spoke the dame, and homeward took the road.
A year they traffic, and their vessel load.
Their stores complete, and ready now to weigh,
A spy was sent their summons to convey:
An artist to my father's palace came,
With gold and amber chains, elaborate frame:
Each female eye the glittering links employ;
They turn, review, and cheapen every toy.
He took the occasion, as they stood intent,
Gave her the sign and to his vessel went.
She straight pursued, and seized my willing arm;
I follow'd smiling, innocent of harm.
Three golden goblets in the porch she found,
(The guest not enter'd, but the table crown'd;)
Hid in her fraudful bosom these she bore:
Now set the sun, and darken'd all the shore
Arriving then, where tilting on the tides
Prepared to launch the freighted vessel rides,
Aboard they heave us, mount their decks, and sweep
With level oar along the grassy deep.
Six calmy days, and six smooth nights we sail,
And constant Jove supplied the gentle gale.
The seventh, the fraudful wretch (no cause descried,)
Touch'd by Diana's vengeful arrow, died.
Down dropp'd the caitiff-corse, a worthless load,
Down to the deep; there roll'd, the future food
Of fierce sea-wolves, and monsters of the flood.
An helpless infant I remain'd behind;
Thence borne to Ithaca by wave and wind;
Sold to Laërtes by divine command,
And now adopted to a foreign land.
To him the king. Reciting thus thy cares,
My secret soul in all thy sorrow shares;
But one choice blessing (such is Jove's high will)
Has sweeten'd all thy bitter draught of ill:
Torn from thy country to no hapless end,
The gods have, in a master, given a friend.
Whatever frugal nature needs is thine
(For she needs little,) daily bread and wine.
While I, so many wanderings past, and woes,
Live but on what thy poverty bestows.
So pass'd in pleasing dialogue away
The night; then down to short repose they lay;
Till radiant rose the messenger of day.
While in the port of Ithaca the band
Of young Telemachus approach'd the land:
Their sails they loosed, they lash'd the mast aside,
And cast their anchors, and the cables tied:
Then on the breezy shore descending, join
In grateful banquet o'er the rosy wine.
When thus the prince: Now each his course pursue;
I to the fields, and to the city you.

Long absent hence, I dedicate this day
My swains to visit, and the works survey.
Expect me with the morn, to pay the skies
Our debt of safe return in feast and sacrifice.
Then Theoclymenus. But who shall lend,
Meantime protection to thy stranger friend?
Straight to the queen and palace shall I fly,
Or yet more distant, to some lord apply?
The prince. Renown'd in days of yore
Has stood our father's hospitable door;
No other roof a stranger should receive,
Nor other hands than ours the welcome give.
But in my absence riot fills the place,
Nor bears the modest queen a stranger's face;
From noiseful revel far remote she flies,
But rarely seen, or seen with weeping eyes.
No—let Eurymachus receive my guest,
Of nature courteous, and by far the best;
He woos the queen with more respectful flame,
And emulates her former husband's fame:
With what success, 'tis Jove's alone to know,
And the hoped nuptials turn to joy or woe.
Thus speaking, on the right up-soar'd in air
The hawk, Apollo's swift-wing'd messenger:
His deathful pounces tore a trembling dove;
The clotted feathers, scatter'd from above,
Between the hero and the vessel pour
Thick plumage, mingled with a sanguine shower.
The observing augur took the prince aside,
Seized by the hand, and thus, prophetic, cried:
Yon bird that dexter cuts the aërial road,
Rose ominous, nor flies without a god:
No race but thine shall Ithaca obey,
To thine for ages, heaven decrees the sway.
Succeed the omens, gods! (the youth rejoin'd;)
Soon shall my bounties speak a grateful mind,
And soon each envied happiness attend
The man, who calls Telemachus his friend.
Then to Peiræus—Thou whom time has proved
A faithful servant, by thy prince beloved!
Till we returning shall our guest demand,
Accept this charge with honour at our hand.
To this Peiræus: Joyful I obey,
Well pleased the hospitable rites to pay.
The presence of thy guest shall best reward
(If long thy stay) the absence of my lord.
With that, their anchors he commands to weigh,
Mount the tall bark, and launch into the sea.
All, with obedient haste, forsake the shores,
And placed in order, spread their equal oars.
Then from the deck the prince his sandals takes;
Poised in his hand the pointed javelin shakes.
They part; while, lessening from the hero's view,
Swift to the town the well-row'd galley flew:
The hero trod the margin of the main,
And reach'd the mansion of his faithful swain.

BOOK XVI.

ARGUMENT.

The Discovery of Ulysses to Telemachus.

Telemachus arriving at the lodge of Eumæus, sends him to carry Penelope the news of his return. Minerva appearing to Ulysses, commands him to discover himself to his son. The princes, who had lain in ambush to intercept Telemachus in his way, their project being defeated, return to Ithaca.

Soon as the morning blush'd along the plains,
Ulysses and the monarch of the swains,
Awake the sleeping fires, their meal prepare,
And forth to pasture send the bristly care.
The prince's near approach the dogs descry,
And fawning round his feet confess their joy.
Their gentle blandishment the king survey'd,
Heard his resounding step, and instant said:
Some well-known friend (Eumæus) bends this way:
His steps I bear; the dogs familiar play.
While yet he spoke, the prince advancing drew
Nigh to the lodge, and now appear'd in view.
Transported from his seat Eumæus sprung,
Dropp'd the full bowl, and round his bosom hung;
Kissing his cheek, his hand, while from his eye
The tears rain'd copious in a shower of joy.
As some fond sire who ten long winters grieves,
From foreign climes an only son receives
(Child of his age,) with strong paternal joy
Forward he springs, and clasps the favourite boy:
So round the youth his arms Eumæus spread,
As if the grave had given him from the dead.
And is it thou? my ever dear delight!
Oh art thou come to bless my longing sight!
Never, I never hoped to view this day,
When o'er the waves you plough'd the desperate way.
Enter, my child! Beyond my hopes restored,
O give these eyes to feast upon their lord.
Enter, oh seldom seen! for lawless powers
Too much detain thee from these sylvan bowers.
The prince replied. Eumæus, I obey:
To seek thee, friend, I hither took my way.
But say, if in the court the queen reside
Severely chaste, or if commenced a bride?
Thus he: and thus the monarch of the swains:
Severely chaste Penelope remains;
But, lost to every joy, she wastes the day
In tedious cares, and weeps the night away.
He ended, and (receiving as they pass
The javelin, pointed with a star of brass,)
They reach'd the dome; the dome with marble shined;
His seat Ulysses to the prince resign'd.
Not so—(exclaim'd the prince, with decent grace)
For me this house shall find an humbler place;
To usurp the honours due to silver hairs
And reverend strangers, modest youth forbears.
Instant the swain the spoils of beasts supplies,
And bids the rural throne with oziers rise.
There sate the prince: the feast Eumæus spread,
And heap'd the shining canisters with bread.
Thick o'er the board the plenteous viands lay,
The frugal remnants of the former day.
Then in a bowl he tempers generous wines,
Around whose verge a mimic ivy twines
And now, the rage of thirst and hunger fled,
Thus young Ulysses to Eumæus said:
Whence, father, from what shore this stranger, say?
What vessel bore him o'er the watery way?
To human step our land impervious lies,
And round the coast circumfluent oceans rise.
The swain returns. A tale of sorrows hear:
In spacious Crete he drew his natal air;
Long doom'd to wander o'er the land and main,
For heaven has wove his thread of life with pain

Half-breathless 'scaping to the land he flew
From Threspot mariners, a murderous crew.
To thee, my son, the suppliant I resign;
I gave him my protection, grant him thine.
Hard task, he cries, thy virtue gives thy friend,
Willing to aid, unable to defend.
Can strangers safely in the court reside,
Midst the swell'd insolence of lust and pride?
Even I unsafe: the queen in doubt to wed,
Or pay due honours to the nuptial bed?
Perhaps she weds regardless of her fame,
Deaf to the mighty Ulyssean name:
However, stranger! from our grace receive
Such honours as befit a prince to give;
Sandals, a sword and robes, respect to prove,
And safe to sail with ornaments of love:
Till then, thy guest amid the rural train,
Far from the court, from danger far, detain.
'Tis mine with food the hungry to supply,
And clothe the naked from the inclement sky.
Here dwell in safety from the suitors' wrongs,
And the rude insults of ungovern'd tongues.
For shouldst thou suffer, powerless to relieve,
I must behold it, and can only grieve.
The brave encompass'd by an hostile train,
O'erpower'd by numbers, is but brave in vain.
To whom, while anger in his bosom glows,
With warmth replies the man of mighty woes:
Since audience mild is deign'd, permit my tongue
At once to pity and resent thy wrong.
My heart weeps blood to see a soul so brave
Live to base insolence of power a slave.
But tell me, dost thou, prince, dost thou behold,
And hear their midnight revels uncontroll'd?
Say, do thy subjects in bold faction rise,
Or priests in fabled oracles advise?
Or are thy brothers, who should aid thy power,
Turn'd mean deserters in the needful hour?
O that I were from great Ulysses sprung,
Or that these wither'd nerves like thine were strung!
Or, heavens! might he return! and soon appear
(He shall, I trust; a hero scorns despair:)
Might he return, I yield my life a prey
To my worst foe, if that avenging day
Be not their last; but should I lose my life
Oppress'd by numbers in the glorious strife,
I choose the nobler part, and yield my breath,
Rather than bear dishonour worse than death;
Than see the hand of violence invade
The reverend stranger and the spotless maid;
Than see the wealth of kings consumed in waste,
The drunkards revel, and the gluttons feast.
Thus he, with anger flashing from his eye,
Sincere the youthful hero made reply:
Nor leagued in factious arms my subjects rise,
Nor priests in fabled oracles advise:
Nor are my brothers, who should aid my power,
Turn'd mean deserters in the needful hour.
Ah me! I boast no brother; heaven's dread king
Gives from our stock an only branch to spring:
Alone Laërtes reign'd Arcesius' heir,
Alone Ulysses drew the vital air;
And I alone the bed connubial graced,
An unbless'd offspring of a sire unbless'd!
Each neighbouring realm, conducive to our woe,
Sends forth her peers, and every peer a foe:
The court proud Samos and Dulichium fills,
And lofty Zacinth crown'd with shady hills.
Even Ithaca and all her lords invade
The imperial sceptre, and the regal bed.
The queen averse to love, yet awed by power,
Seems half to yield, yet flies the bridal hour:
Meantime their licence uncontroll'd I bear;
Even now they envy me the vital air:
But heaven will sure revenge, and gods there are.
But go, Eumæus! to the queen impart
Our safe return, and ease a mother's heart.
Yet secret go: for numerous are my foes,
And here at least I may in peace repose.
To whom the swain. I hear, and I obey:
But old Laërtes weeps his life away,
And deems thee lost: shall I my speed employ
To bless his age, a messenger of joy?
The mournful hour that tore his son away,
Sent the sad sire in solitude to stray:
Yet busied with his slaves, to ease his woe,
He dress'd the vine, and bade the garden blow,
Nor food nor wine refused: but since the day
That you to Pylos plough'd the watery way,
Nor wine nor food he tastes: but sunk in woes,
Wild springs the vine, no more the garden blows:
Shut from the walks of men, to pleasure lost,
Pensive and pale he wanders, half a ghost.
Wretched old man! (with tears the prince returns)
Yet cease to go—what man so bless'd but mourns?
Were every wish indulged by favouring skies,
This hour would give Ulysses to my eyes.
But to the queen with speed despatchful bear
Our safe return, and back with speed repair;
And let some handmaid of her train resort
To good Laërtes in his rural court.
While yet he spoke, impatient of delay,
He braced his sandals on, and strode away:
Then from the heavens the martial goddess flies,
Through the wide fields of air and cleaves the skies:
In form, a virgin in soft beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in the illustrious labours of the loom.
Alone to Ithaca she stood display'd,
But unapparent as a viewless shade
Escaped Telemachus: (the powers above,
Seen or unseen, o'er earth at pleasure move;)
The dogs intelligent confess'd the tread
Of power divine, and howling, trembling, fled.
The goddess, beckoning, waves her deathless hands:
Dauntless the king before the goddess stands.
Then why (she said) O favour'd of the skies,
Why to thy godlike son this long disguise?
Stand forth reveal'd; with him thy cares employ
Against thy foes; be valiant and destroy:
Lo! I descend in that avenging hour,
To combat by thy side, thy guardian power.
She said, and o'er him waves her wand of gold;
Imperial robes his manly limbs infold;
At once with grace divine his form improves,
At once with majesty enlarged he moves;
Youth flush'd his reddening cheek, and from his brows
A length of hair in sable ringlets flows;
His blackening chin receives a deeper shade;
Then from his eyes upsprung the warrior maid
The hero re-ascends: the prince o'erawed
Scarce lifts his eyes, and bows as to a god.
Then with surprise (surprise chastised with fears)
How art thou changed! (he cried)—a god appears!
Far other vests thy limbs majestic grace,
Far other glories lighten from thy face!

If heaven be thy abode, with pious care
Lo! I the ready sacrifice prepare:
Lo! gifts of labour'd gold adorn thy shrine,
To win thy grace: O save us power divine!
Few are my days, Ulysses made reply,
Nor I, alas! descendant of the sky.
I am thy father. O my son! my son!
That father, for whose sake thy days have run
One scene of wee; to endless cares consign'd,
And outraged by the wrongs of base mankind.
Then rushing to his arms, he kiss'd his boy
With the strong raptures of a parent's joy.
Tears bathe his cheek, and tears the ground bedew:
He strain'd him close, as to his breast he grew.
(Ah me! exclaims the prince with fond desire)
Thou art not—no, thou canst not be my sire.
Heaven such illusion only can impose,
By the false joy to aggravate my woes
Who but a god can change the general doom,
And give to wither'd age a youthful bloom.
Late, worn with years, in weeds obscene you trod;
Now, cloth'd in majesty, you move a god!
Forbear, he cried; for heaven reserve that name,
Give to thy father but a father's claim
Other Ulysses shalt thou never see,
I am Ulysses, I, my son, am he.
Twice ten sad years o'er earth and ocean tost,
'Tis given at length to view my native coast.
Pallas, unconquer'd maid, my frame surrounds
With grace divine; her power admits no bounds;
She o'er my limbs old age and wrinkles shed;
Now strong as youth, magnificent I tread.
The gods with ease frail man depress or raise,
Exalt the lowly, or the proud debase.
He spoke, and sate. The prince with transport flew,
Hung round his neck, while tears his cheek bedew:
Nor less the father pour'd a social flood:
They wept abundant, and they wept aloud.
As the bold eagle with fierce sorrow stung,
Or parent vulture, mourns her ravish'd young;
They cry, they scream, their unfledged brood a prey
To some rude churl, and borne by stealth away:
So they aloud: and tears in tides had run,
Their grief unfinish'd with the setting sun;
But checking the full torrent in its flow,
The prince thus interrupts the solemn woe.
What ship transported thee, O father, say,
And what bless'd hands have oar'd thee on the way?
All, all (Ulysses instant made reply)
I tell thee all, my child, my only joy!
Phæacians bore me to the port assign'd,
A nation ever to the stranger kind;
Wrapp'd in the embrace of sleep, the faithful train
O'er seas convey'd me to my native reign:
Embroider'd vestures, gold, and brass, are laid
Conceal'd in caverns in the sylvan shade.
Hither, intent the rival route to slay,
And plan the scene of death, I bend my way:
So Pallas wills—but thou, my son, explain
The names and numbers of the audacious train;
'Tis mine to judge if better to employ
Assistant force, or singly to destroy.
O'er earth (returns the prince) resounds thy name,
Thy well-tried wisdom, and thy martial fame,
Yet at thy words I start, in wonder lost:
Can we engage, not decads, but an host?
Can we alone in furious battle stand,
Against that numerous and determined band?
Hear then their numbers; from Dulichium came
Twice twenty-six, all peers of mighty name;
Six are their menial train: twice twelve the boast
Of Samos; twenty from Zacynthus' coast;
And twelve our country's pride; to these belong
Medon and Phemius skill'd in heavenly song.
Two sewers from day to day the revels wait,
Exact of taste, and serve the feast in state.
With such a foe the unequal fight to try,
Were by false courage unrevenged to die.
Then what assistant powers you boast, relate,
Ere yet we mingle in the stern debate.
Mark well my voice, Ulysses straight replies;
What need of aids, if favour'd by the skies?
If shielded to the dreadful fight we move,
By mighty Pallas, and by thundering Jove?
Sufficient they (Telemachus rejoin'd)
Against the banded powers of all mankind:
They, high enthroned above the rolling clouds,
Wither the strength of man, and awe the gods.
Such aids expect, he cries, when strong in might
We rise terrific to the task of fight.
But thou, when morn salutes the aërial plain,
The court revisit and the lawless train:
Me thither in disguise Eumæus leads,
An aged medicant in tatter'd weeds.
There, if base scorn insult my reverend age,
Bear it, my son! repress thy rising rage.
If outraged, cease that outrage to repel:
Bear it, my son! howe'er thy heart rebel.
Yet strive by prayer and counsel to restrain
Their lawless insults, though thou strive in vain;
For wicked ears are deaf to wisdom's call,
And vengeance strikes whom heaven has doom'd to fall,
Once more attend; when she* whose power inspires
The thinking mind, my soul to vengeance fires;
I give the sign; that instant, from beneath,
Aloft convey the instruments of death,
Armour and arms; and if mistrust arise,
Thus veil the truth in plausible disguise;
"These glittering weapons, ere he sail'd to Troy,
Ulysses view'd with stern heroic joy;
Then, beaming o'er the illumined wall they shone;
Now dust dishonours, all their lustre gone.
I bear them hence (so Jove my soul inspires,)
From the pollution of the fuming fires;
Lest when the bowl inflames, in vengeful mood
Ye rush to arms, and stain the feast with blood:
Oft ready swords in luckless hour incite
The hand of wrath, and arm it for the fight."
Such be the plea, and by the plea deceive;
For Jove infatuates all, and all believe.
Yet leave for each of us a sword to wield,
A pointed javelin, and a fenceful shield.
But by my blood that in thy bosom glows,
By that regard a son his father owes;
The secret, that thy father lives, retain
Lock'd in thy bosom from the household train:
Hide it from all; even from Eumæus hide,
From my dear father, and my dearer bride.
One care remains, to note the loyal few
Whose faith yet lasts among the menial crew;
And noting, ere we rise in vengeance, prove
Who loves his prince; for sure you merit love.

* Minerva.

To whom the youth: To emulate I aim
The brave and wise, and my great father's fame.
But re-consider, since the wisest err,
Vengeance resolved, 'tis dangerous to defer.
What length of time must we consume in vain,
Too curious to explore the menial train?
While the proud foes, industrious to destroy
Thy wealth in riot, the delay enjoy.
Suffice it in this exigence alone
To mark the damsels that attend the throne:
Dispersed the youth reside; their faith to prove
Jove grants henceforth, if thou hast spoke from Jove.
While in debate they waste their hours away,
The associates of the prince repass'd the bay;
With speed they guide the vessel to the shores;
With speed debarking, land the naval stores:
Then, faithful to their charge, to Clytius bear,
And trust the presents to his friendly care.
Swift to the queen a herald flies to impart
Her son's return, and ease a parent's heart;
Lest a sad prey to ever-musing cares,
Pale grief destroy what time awhile forbears.
The uncautious herald with impatience burns,
And cries aloud: Thy son, oh queen, returns;
Eumæus sage approach'd the imperial throne,
And breath'd his mandate to her ear alone,
Then measured back the way.—The suitor band,
Stung to the soul, abash'd, confounded stand:
And issuing from the dome, before the gate,
With clouded looks, a pale assembly sate.
At length Eurymachus. Our hopes are vain;
Telemachus in triumph sails the main.
Haste, rear the mast, the swelling shroud display;
Haste, to our ambush'd friends the news convey!
Scarce had he spoke, when, turning to the strand,
Amphinomus survey'd the associate band;
Full to the bay within the winding shores
With gather'd sails they stood, and lifted oars.
O friends! he cried, elate with rising joy,
See to the port secure the vessel fly!
Some god has told them, or themselves survey
The bark escaped; and measure back their way.
Swift at the word descending to the shores,
They moor the vessel and unlade the stores:
Then moving from the strand, apart they sate,
And full and frequent form'd a dire debate.
Lives then the boy? he lives (Antinoüs cries)
The care of gods and favourite of the skies.
All night we watch'd, till with her orient wheels
Aurora flamed above the eastern hills,
And from the lofty brow of rocks by day
Took in the ocean with a broad survey:
Yet safe he sails! the powers celestial give
To shun the hidden snares of death, and live.
But die he shall, and thus condemn'd to bleed,
Be now the scene of instant death decreed.
Hope ye success? undaunted crush the foe,
Is he not wise? know this, and strike the blow.
Wait ye, till he to arms in council draws
The Greeks, averse too justly to our cause?
Strike, ere, the states convened, the foe betray
Our murderous ambush on the watery way.
Or choose ye vagrant from their rage to fly
Outcasts of earth, to breathe an unknown sky?
The brave prevent misfortune; then be brave,
And bury future danger in his grave.
Returns he? ambush'd we'll his walk invade,
Or where he hides in solitude and shade;
And give the palace to the queen a dower,
Or him she blesses in the bridal hour.
But if submissive you resign the sway,
Slaves to a boy, go, flatter and obey.
Retire we instant to our native reign,
Nor be the wealth of kings consumed in vain!
Then wed whom choice approves; the queen be given
To some blest prince, the prince decreed by heaven.
Abash'd, the suitor train his voice attends;
Till from his throne Amphinomus ascends,
Who o'er Dulichium stretch'd his spacious reign,
A land of plenty, bless'd with every grain;
Chief of the numbers who the queen address'd,
And though displeasing, yet displeasing least:
Soft were his words! his actions wisdom sway'd;
Graceful awhile he paused, then mildly said:
O friends, forbear! and be the thought withstood!
'Tis horrible to shed imperial blood!
Consult we first the all-seeing powers above,
And the sure oracles of righteous Jove.
If they assent, even by this hand he dies;
If they forbid, I war not with the skies.
He said: the rival train his voice approved,
And rising instant to the palace moved.
Arrived, with wild tumultuous noise they sate,
Recumbent on the shining thrones of state.
Then Medon conscious of their dire debates,
The murderous counsel to the queen relates.
Touch'd at the dreadful story she descends;
Her hasty steps a damsel train attends.
Full where the dome its shining valves expands,
Sudden before the rival powers she stands;
And veiling decent, with a modest shade,
Her cheek, indignant to Antinoüs said:
O void of faith; of all bad men the worst;
Renown'd for wisdom, by the abuse accursed;
Mistaking Fame proclaims thy generous mind;
Thy deeds denote thee of the basest kind.
Wretch! to destroy a prince that friendship gives,
While in his guest his murderer he receives;
Nor dread superior Jove, to whom belong
The cause of suppliants, and revenge of wrong.
Hast thou forgot (ingrateful as thou art)
Who saved thy father with a friendly part?
Lawless he ravaged with his martial powers
The Taphian pirates on Thesprotia's shores;
Enraged, his life, his treasures they demand;
Ulysses saved him from the avenger's hand.
And wouldst thou evil for his good repay?
His bed dishonour and his house betray?
Afflict his queen, and with a murderous hand
Destroy his heir?—but cease, 'tis I command.
Far hence those fears, (Eurymachus replied,)
O prudent princess! bid thy soul confide.
Breathes there a man who dares that hero slay,
While I behold the golden light of day?
No: by the righteous powers of heaven I swear,
His blood in vengeance smokes upon my spear.
Ulysses, when my infant days I led,
With wine sufficed me, and with dainties fed:
My generous soul abhors the ungrateful part,
And my friend's son lives dearest to my heart:
Then fear no mortal arm; if heaven destroy,
We must resign: for man is born to die.
Thus smooth he ended, yet his death conspired;
Then sorrowing, with sad step the queen retired,
With streaming eyes, all comfortless deplored,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of her lord.

Nor ceased till Pallas bid her sorrows fly,
And in soft slumbers seal'd her flowing eye.
And now Eumæus, at the evening hour,
Came late returning to his sylvan bower.
Ulysses and his son had dress'd with art
A yearling boar, and gave the gods their part.
Holy repast! That instant from the skies
The martial goddess to Ulysses flies:
She waves her golden wand, and re-assumes
From every feature every grace that blooms:
At once his vestures change; at once she sheds
Age o'er his limbs, that tremble as he treads.
Lest to the queen the swain with transport fly
Unable to contain the unruly joy.
When near he drew, the prince breaks forth: Proclaim
What tidings, friend? what speaks the voice of fame?
Say, if the suitors measure back the main,
Or still in ambush thirst for blood in vain?
Whether, he cries, they measure back the flood,
Or still in ambush thirst in vain for blood,
Escaped my care; where lawless suitors sway,
Thy mandate borne, my soul disdain'd to stay:
But from the Hermean height I cast a view,
Where to the port a bark high-bounding flew;
Her freight a shining band: with martial air
Each poised his shield, and each advanced his spear;
And, if aright these searching eyes survey,
The eluded suitors stem the watery way.
The prince well pleased to disappoint their wiles,
Steals on his sire a glance, and secret smiles.
And now a short repast prepared, they fed
Till the keen rage of craving hunger fled:
Then to repose withdrawn, apart they lay,
And in soft sleep forgot the cares of day.

BOOK XVII.

ARGUMENT.

Telemachus returning to the city, relates to Penelope the sum of his travels. Ulysses is conducted by Eumæus to the palace, where his old dog Argus acknowledges his master, after an absence of twenty years, and dies with joy. Eumæus returns into the country, and Ulysses remains among the suitors, whose behaviour is described.

BOOK XVII.

Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with roseate light the dewy lawn;
In haste the prince arose, prepared to part;
His hand impatient grasps the pointed dart;
Fair on his feet the polish'd sandals shine,
And thus he greets the master of the swine.
My friend, adieu; let this short stay suffice;
I haste to meet my mother's longing eyes,
And end her tears, her sorrows, and her sighs.
But thou, attentive, what we order heed:
This hapless stranger to the city lead:
By public bounty let him there be fed,
And bless the hand that stretches forth the bread.
To wipe the tears from all afflicted eyes,
My will may covet, but my power denies.
If this raise anger in the stranger's thought,
The pain of anger punishes the fault:
The very truth I undisguised declare;
For what so easy as to be sincere?
To this Ulysses: What the prince requires
Of swift removal, seconds my desires.
To want like mine the peopled town can yield
More hopes of comfort than the lonely field:
Nor fits my age to till the labour'd lands,
Or stoop to tasks a rural lord demands.
Adieu! but since this ragged garb can bear
So ill the inclemencies of morning air,
A few hours space permit me here to stay;
My steps Eumæus shall to town convey,
With riper beams when Phœbus warms the day.
Thus he: nor aught Telemachus replied,
But left the mansion with a lofty stride:
Schemes of revenge his pondering breast elate,
Revolving deep the suitors' sudden fate.
Arriving now before the imperial hall,
He props his spear against the pillar'd wall;
Then like a lion o'er the threshold bounds;
The marble pavement with his step resounds
His eye first glanced where Euryclea spreads
With furry spoils of beasts the splendid beds:
She saw, she wept, she ran with eager pace,
And reach'd her master with a long embrace.
All crowded round, the family appears
With wild entrancement and extatic tears;
Swift from above descends the royal fair,
(Her beauteous cheeks the blush of Venus wear,
Chasten'd with coy Diana's pensive air;)
Hangs o'er her son, in his embraces dies;
Rains kisses on his neck, his face, his eyes:
Few words she spoke, though much she had to say;
And scarce those few, for tears, could force their way.
Light of my eyes! he comes! unhoped for joy!
Has heaven from Pylos brought my lovely boy?
So snatch'd from all our cares!—Tell, hast thou known
Thy father's fate? and tell me all thy own.
Oh dearest! most revered of womankind!
Cease with those tears to melt a manly mind,
(Replied the prince;) nor be our fates deplored,
From death and treason to thy arms restored.
Go bathe, and, robed in white, ascend the towers,
With all thy handmaids thank the immortal powers;
To every god vow hecatombs to bleed,
And call Jove's vengeance on their guilty deed:
While to the assembled council I repair;
A stranger sent by heaven attends me there;
My new-accepted guest I haste to find,
Now to Peiræus' honour'd charge consign'd.
The matron heard, nor was his word in vain.
She bathed; and, robed in white, with all her train,
To every god vow'd hecatombs to bleed,
And call'd Jove's vengeance on the guilty deed.
Arm'd with his lance, the prince then pass'd the gate;
Two dogs behind, a faithful guard, await;
Pallas his form with grace divine improves:
The gazing crowd admires him as he moves:
Him, gathering round, the haughty suitors greet
With semblance fair, but inward deep deceit.
Their false addresses generous he denied,
Pass'd on, and sate by faithful Mentor's side;
With Antiphus, and Halitherses sage
(His father's counsellors revered for age.)
Of his own fortunes, and Ulysses' fame,
Much ask'd the seniors; till Peiræus came.
The stranger-guest pursued him close behind;
Whom when Telemachus beheld, he join'd.

He (when Peiræus ask'd for slaves to bring
The gifts and treasures of the Spartan king)
Thus thoughtful answer'd: Those we shall not move,
Dark and unconscious of the will of Jove:
We know not yet the full event of all:
Stabb'd in his palace if your prince must fall,
Us, and our house, if treason must o'erthrow,
Better a friend possess them than a foe;
If death to these and vengeance heaven decrees,
Riches are welcome then, not else to me.
Till then, retain the gifts.—The hero said,
And in his hand the willing stranger led.
Then disarray'd, the shining bath they sought,
(With ungents smooth, of polish'd marble wrought;
Obedient handmaids with assistant toil
Supply the limpid wave and fragrant oil:
Then o'er their limbs refulgent robes they threw,
And fresh from bathing to their seats withdrew;
The golden ewer a nymph attendant brings,
Replenish'd from the pure translucent springs;
With copious streams that golden ewer supplies
A silver laver of capacious size.
They wash: the table, in fair order spread,
Is piled with viands and the strength of bread.
Full opposite, before the folding gate,
The pensive mother sits in humble state;
Lowly she sate, and with dejected view
The fleecy threads her ivory fingers drew.
The prince and strangers shared the genial feast,
Till now the rage of thirst and hunger ceased.
When thus the queen. My son! my only friend!
Say, to my mournful couch shall I ascend?
(The couch deserted now a length of years;
The couch for ever wate'd with my tears;)
Say, wilt thou not (ere yet the suitor crew
Return, and riot shakes our walls anew,)
Say, wilt thou not the least account afford?
The least glad tidings of my absent lord?
To her the youth. We reach'd the Pylian plains,
Where Nestor, shepherd of his people, reigns.
All arts of tenderness to him are known,
Kind to Ulysses race as to his own;
No father with a fonder grasp of joy
Strains to his bosom his long-absent boy.
But all unknown, if yet Ulysses breathe,
Or glide a spectre in the realms beneath;
For farther search, his rapid steeds transport
My lengthen'd journey to the Spartan court.
There Argive Helen I beheld, whose charms
(So heaven decreed) engaged the great in arms.
My cause of coming told, he thus rejoin'd;
And still his words live perfect in my mind.
Heavens! would a soft inglorious dastard train
An absent hero's nuptial joys profane!
So with her young amid the woodland shades,
A timorous hind the lion's court invades,
Leaves in that fatal lair her tender fawns,
And climbs the cliff, or feeds along the lawns;
Meantime returning, with remorseless sway
The monarch savage rends the panting prey;
With equal fury and with equal fame,
Shall great Ulysses reassert his claim.
O Jove! supreme! whom men and gods revere!
And thou whose lustre gilds the rolling sphere,
With power congenial join'd, propitious aid
The chief adopted by the martial maid!
Such to our wish the warrior soon restore,
As when, contending on the Lesbian shore,
His prowess, Philomelides confest,
And loud acclaiming Greeks the victor blest:
Then soon the invaders of his bed and throne,
Their love presumptuous shall by death atone.
Now what you question of my ancient friend,
With truth I answer; thou the truth attend.
Learn what I heard the sea-born seer* relate,
Whose eye can pierce the dark recess of fate.
Sole in an isle imprison'd by the main,
The sad survivor of his numerous train,
Ulysses lies: detain'd by magic charms,
And prest unwilling in Calypso's arms.
No sailors there, no vessels to convey,
Nor oars to cut the immeasurable way.—
This told Atrides, and he told no more;
Then safe I voyaged to my native shore.
He ceased; nor made the pensive queen reply,
But droop'd her head and drew a secret sigh.
When Theoclymenus the seer began;
O suffering consort of the suffering man!
What human knowledge could, those kings might tell;
But I the secrets of high heaven reveal.
Before the first of gods be this declared,
Before the board whose blessings we have shared;
Witness the genial rites, and witness all
This house holds sacred in her ample wall!
Even now this instant, great Ulysses laid
At rest, or wandering in his country's shade,
Their guilty deeds, in hearing and in view,
Secret revolves! and plans the vengeance due.
Of this sure auguries the gods bestow'd,
When first our vessel anchor'd in your road.
Succeed those omens, heaven! (the queen rejoin'd)
So shall our bounties speak a grateful mind,
And every envied happiness attend
The man who calls Penelope his friend.
Thus communed they; while in the marble court
(Scene of their insolence) the lords resort;
Athwart the spacious square each tries his art
To whirl the disk, or aim the missile dart.
Now did the hour of sweet repast arrive,
And from the field the victim flock they drive:
Medon the herald (one who pleased them best,
And honour'd with a portion of their feast)
To bid the banquet, interrupts their play:
Swift to the hall they haste; aside they lay
Their garments, and succinct the victims slay.
Then sheep, and goats, and bristly porkers bled,
And the proud steer was o'er the marble spread.
While thus the copious banquet they provide;
Along the road conversing side by side,
Proceed Ulysses and the faithful swain:
When thus, Eumæus, generous and humane
To town, observant of our lord's behest,
Now let us speed; my friend, no more my guest!
Yet like myself I wish thee here preferr'd,
Guard of the flock, or keeper of the herd.
But much to raise my master's wrath I fear;
The wrath of princes ever is severe.
Then heed his will, and be our journey mad
While the broad beams of Phœbus are display'd,
Or ere brown evening spreads her chilly shade.
Just thy advice, (the prudent chief rejoin'd)
And such as suits the dictate of my mind.
Lead on; but help me to some staff to stay
My feeble step, since rugged is the way.

* Proteus.

Across his shoulders then the scrip he flung,
Wide-patch'd, and fasten'd by a twisted thong.
A staff Eumæus gave. Along the way
Cheerly they fare: behind, the keepers stay;
These with their watchful dogs (a constant guard)
Supply his absence and attend the herd.
And now his city strikes the monarch's eyes,
Alas! how changed! a man of miseries;
Propt on a staff, a beggar old and bare,
In rags dishonest, fluttering with the air!
Now pass'd the rugged road, they journey down
The cavern'd way descending to the town,
Where from the rock, with liquid drops distils
A limpid fount, that, spread in parting rills,
Its current thence to serve the city brings:
An useful work, adorn'd by ancient kings.
Neritus, Ithacus, Polyctor there,
In sculptured stone immortalized their care;
In marble urns received it from above,
And shaded with a green surrounding grove;
Where silver alders in high arches twined,
Drink the cool stream, and tremble to the wind.
Beneath, sequester'd to the nymphs, is seen
A mossy altar, deep embower'd in green;
Where constant vows by travellers are paid,
And holy horrors solemnize the shade.
Here with his goats (not vow'd to sacred flame
But pamper'd luxury) Melanthius came:
Two grooms attend him. With an envious look
He eyed the stranger, and imperious spoke:
The good old proverb how this pair fulfil!
One rogue is usher to another still.
Heaven with a secret principle endued
Mankind, to seek their own similitude.
Where goes the swineherd with that ill-look'd guest?
That giant-glutton, dreadful at a feast!
Full many a post have those broad shoulders worn,
From every great man's gate repulsed with scorn:
To no brave prize aspired the worthless swain,
'Twas but for scraps he ask'd, and ask'd in vain.
To beg, than work, he better understands,
Or we, perhaps, might take him off thy hands.
For any office could the slave be good,
To cleanse the fold, or help the kids to food,
If any labour those big joints could learn;
Some whey, to wash his bowels he might earn.
To cringe, to whine, his idle hands to spread,
Is all, by which that graceless maw is fed.
Yet hear me! if thy impudence but dare
Approach yon walls, I prophesy thy fare:
Dearly, full dearly, shalt thou buy thy bread,
With many a footstool thundering at thy head.
He thus: nor insolent of word alone,
Spurn'd with his rustic heel his king unknown;
Spurn'd, but not moved; he like a pillar stood,
Nor stirr'd an inch, contemptuous, from the road:
Doubtful, or with his staff to strike him dead,
Or greet the pavement with his worthless head.
Short was that doubt: to quell his rage inured,
The hero stood self-conquer'd, and endured.
But hateful of the wretch, Eumæus heaved
His hands obtesting, and this prayer conceived.
Daughters of Jove! who from the ethereal bowers
Descend to swell the springs, and feed the flowers!
Nymphs of this fountain! to whose sacred names
Our rural victims mount in blazing flames;
To whom Ulysses' piety preferr'd
The yearly firstlings of his flock and herd;
Succeed my wish, your votary restore;
Oh, be some god his convoy to our shore!
Due pains shall punish then this slave's offence,
And humble all his airs of insolence,
Who, proudly stalking, leaves the herds at large,
Commences courtier, and neglects his charge.
What mutters he? (Melanthius sharp rejoins;)
This crafty miscreant big with dark designs?
The day shall come: nay, 'tis already near,
When, slave! to sell thee at a price too dear,
Must be my care; and hence transport thee o'er,
A load and scandal to this happy shore.
Oh! that as surely great Apollo's dart,
Or some brave suitor's sword, might pierce the heart
Of the proud son; as that we stand this hour
In lasting safety from the father's power!
So spoke the wretch; but, shunning farther fray,
Turn'd his proud step, and left them on their way.
Straight to the feastful palace he repair'd,
Familiar enter'd, and the banquet shared;
Beneath Eurymachus, his patron lord,
He took his place, and plenty heap'd the board.
Meantime they heard, soft-circling in the sky,
Sweet airs ascend, and heavenly minstrelsy;
(For Phemius to the lyre attuned the strain:)
Ulysses hearken'd, then address the swain
Well may this palace admiration claim,
Great, and respondent to the master's fame!
Stage above stage the imperial structure stands,
Holds the chief honours, and the town commands:
High walls and battlements the courts inclose,
And the strong gates defy a host of foes.
Far other cares its dwellers now employ;
The throng'd assembly and the feast of joy:
I see the smokes of sacrifice aspire,
And hear (what graces every feast) the lyre.
Then thus Eumæus. Judge we which were best;
Amidst yon revellers a sudden guest
Choose you to mingle, while behind I stay?
Or I first entering introduce the way?
Wait for a space without, but wait not long;
This is the house of violence and wrong:
Some rude insult thy reverend age may bear:
For like their lawless lords the servants are.
Just is, oh friend! thy caution, and addrest
(Replied the chief) to no unheedful breast;
The wrongs and injuries of base mankind
Fresh to my sense, and always in my mind.
The bravely-patient to no fortune yields
On rolling oceans, and in fighting fields,
Storms have I past, and many a stern debate;
And now in humbler scene submit to fate.
What cannot want? The best she will expose,
And I am learn'd in all her train of woes;
She fills with navies, hosts, and loud alarms
The sea, the land, and shakes the world with arms!
Thus near the gates conferring as they drew,
Argus, the dog, his ancient master knew;
He, not unconscious of the voice and tread,
Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head;
Bred by Ulysses, nourish'd at his board,
But, ah! not fated long to please his lord!
To him, his swiftness and his strength were vain;
The voice of glory call'd him o'er the main.
Till then, in every sylvan chase renown'd,
With Argus, Argus, rung the woods around;
With him the youth pursued the goat or fawn,
Or traced the mazy leveret o'er the lawn,

Now left to man's ingratitude he lay,
Unhoused, neglected in the public way:
And where on heaps the rich manure was spread,
Obscene with reptiles, took his sordid bed.
He knew his lord: he knew, and strove to meet;
In vain he strove to crawl, and kiss his feet;
Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes,
Salute his master, and confess his joys.
Soft pity touch'd the mighty master's soul;
Adown his cheek a tear unbidden stole,
Stole unperceived: he turn'd his head and dried
The drop humane: then thus impassion'd cried:
What noble beast in this abandon'd state
Lies here all helpless at Ulysses' gate?
His bulk and beauty speak no vulgar praise:
If, as he seems, he was in better days,
Some care his age deserves; or was he prized
For worthless beauty? therefore now despised:
Such dogs and men there are, mere things of state,
And always cherish'd by their friends the great.
Not Argus so, (Eumæus thus rejoin'd,)
But served a master of a nobler kind,
Who never, never, shall behold him more!
Long, long since perish'd on a distant shore!
Oh, had you seen him, vigorous, bold, and young,
Swift as a stag, and as a lion strong:
Him no fell savage on the plain withstood,
None 'scaped him bosom'd in the gloomy wood;
His eye how piercing, and his scent how true,
To wind the vapour in the tainted dew!
Such, when Ulysses left his natal coast:
Now years unnerve him, and his lord is lost!
The women keep the generous creature bare,
A sleek and idle race is all their care:
The master gone, the servants what restrains?
Or dwells humanity where riot reigns?
Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.
This said, the honest herdsman strode before:
The musing monarch pauses at the door:
The dog, whom Fate had granted to behold
His lord, when twenty tedious years had roll'd,
Takes a last look, and, having seen him, dies;
So closed for ever faithful Argus' eyes!
And now Telemachus, the first of all,
Observ'd Eumæus entering in the hall;
Distant he saw, across the shady dome;
Then gave à sign, and beckon'd him to come:
There stood an empty seat, where late was placed,
In order due, the steward of the feast,
(Who now was busied carving round the board)
Eumæus took, and plac'd it near his lord,
Before him instant was the banquet spread,
And the bright basket piled with loaves of bread.
Next came Ulysses lowly at the door
A figure despicable, old and poor,
In squalid vests, with many a gaping rent,
Propt on a staff, and trembling as he went.
Then resting on the threshold of the gate,
Against a cypress pillar lean'd his weight,
(Smooth'd by the workman to a polish'd plain:)
The thoughtful son beheld, and call'd his swain:
These viands, and this bread, Eumæus! bear,
And let yon mendicant our plenty share:
Then let him circle round the suitor's board,
And try the bounty of each gracious lord.
Bold let him ask, encouraged thus by me;
How ill, alas! do want and shame agree!
His lord's command the faithful servant bears:
The seeming beggar answers with his prayers.
Blest be Telemachus! in every deed
Inspire him, Jove! in every wish succeed!
This said, the portion from his son convey'd,
With smiles receiving on his scrip he laid.
Long as the minstrel swept the sounding wire,
He fed, and ceased when silence held the lyre.
Soon as the suitors from the banquet rose,
Minerva prompts the man of mighty woes
To tempt their bounties with a suppliant's art,
And learn the generous from the ignoble heart;
(Not but his soul, resentful as humane,
Dooms to full vengeance all the offending train:)
With speaking eyes, and voice of plaintive sound,
Humble he moves, imploring all around.
The proud feel pity, and relief bestow,
With such an image touch'd of human woe;
Inquiring all, their wonder they confess,
And eye the man majestic in distress.
While thus they gaze, and question with their eyes,
The bold Melanthius to their thought replies.
My lords! this stranger of gigantic port
The good Eumæus usher'd to your court.
Full well I mark'd the features of his face,
Though all unknown his clime, or noble race.
And is this present, swineherd! of thy hand?
Bring'st thou these vagrants to infest the land?
(Returns Antinoüs with retorted eye:)
Objects uncouth, to check the genial joy?
Enough of these our court already grace,
Of giant stomach, and of famish'd face.
Such guests Eumæus to his country brings,
To share our feast, and lead the life of kings.
To whom the hospitable swain rejoin'd:
Thy passion, prince, belies thy knowing mind.
Who calls, from distant nations to his own,
The poor, distinguish'd by their wants alone?
Round the wide world are sought those men divine
Who public structures raise, or who design;
Those to whose eyes the gods their ways reveal,
Or bless with salutary arts to heal;
But chief to poets such respect belongs,
By rival nations courted for their songs;
These states invite, and mighty kings admire,
Wide as the sun displays his vital fire.
It is not so with want! how few that feed
A wretch unhappy, merely for his need!
Unjust to me, and all that serve the state,
To love Ulysses is to raise thy hate.
For me, suffice the approbation won
Of my great mistress, and her godlike son.
To him Telemachus. No more incense
The man by nature prone to insolence:
Injurious minds just answers but provoke—
Then turning to Antinoüs, thus he spoke:
Thanks to thy care! whose absolute command
Thus drives the stranger from our court and land.
Heaven bless its owner with a better mind!
From envy free, to charity inclined.
This both Penolope and I afford:
Then, prince! be bounteous of Ulysses' board.
To give another's is thy hand so slow?
So much more sweet to spoil than to bestow?

Whence, great Telemachus! this lofty strain?
(Antinoüs cries, with insolent disdain:)
Portions like mine if every suitor gave,
Our walls this twelvemonth should not see the slave.
He spoke; and lifting high above the board
His ponderous footstool, shook it at his lord.
The rest with equal hand conferr'd the bread;
He fill'd his scrip, and to the threshold sped;
But first before Antinoüs stopt, and said—
Bestow, my friend! thou dost not seem the worst
Of all the Greeks, but prince-like and the first;
Then, as in dignity, be first in worth,
And I shall praise thee through the boundless earth.
Once I enjoy'd in luxury of state
Whate'er gives man the envied name of great;
Wealth, servants, friends, were mine in better days,
And hospitality was then my praise:
In every sorrowing soul I pour'd delight,
And poverty stood smiling in my sight.
But Jove, all-governing, whose only will
Determines fate, and mingles good with ill,
Sent me (to punish my pursuit of gain)
With roving pirates o'er the Egyptian main;
By Egypt's silver flood our ships we moor;
Our spies commission'd straight the coast explore;
But impotent of mind, with lawless will
The country ravage, and the natives kill.
The spreading clamour to their city flies,
And horse and foot in mingled tumult rise:
The reddening dawn reveals the hostile fields,
Horrid with bristly spears, and gleaming shields:
Jove thunder'd on their side: our guilty head
We turn'd to flight; the gathering vengeance spread
On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lay dead.
Some few the foe in servitude detain;
Death ill exchanged for bondage and for pain!
Unhappy me a Cyprian took aboard,
And gave to Dmetor, Cyprus' haughty lord:
Hither, to 'scape his chains, my course I steer,
Still curst by fortune, and insulted here!
To whom Antinoüs thus his rage exprest:
What god has plagued us with this gormand guest?
Unless at distance, wretch! thou keep behind,
Another isle, than Cyprus more unkind,
Another Egypt, shalt thou quickly find.
From all thou begg'st, a bold audacious slave;
Nor all can give so much as thou canst crave.
Nor wonder I, at such profusion shown;
Shameless they give, who give what's not their own.
The chief, retiring: Souls, like that in thee,
Ill suit such forms of grace and dignity.
Nor will that hand to utmost need afford
The smallest portion of a wasteful board,
Whose luxury whole patrimonies sweeps,
Yet starving want, amidst the riot, weeps.
The haughty suitor with resentment burns,
And, sourly smiling, this reply returns:
Take that, ere yet thou quit this princely throng,
And dumb for ever be thy slanderous tongue!
He said, and high the whirling tripod flung.
His shoulder-blade received th' ungentle shock;
He stood, and mov'd not, like a marble rock;
But shook his thoughtful head, nor more complain'd;
Sedate of soul, his character sustain'd,
And inly form'd revenge: then back withdrew;
Before his feet the well-fill'd scrip he threw,
And thus with semblance mild address'd the crew.
May what I speak your princely minds approve,
Ye peers and rivals in this noble love!
Not for the hurt I grieve, but for the cause.
If, when the sword our country's quarrel draws,
Or if defending what is justly dear,
From Mars impartial some broad wound we bear;
The generous motive dignifies the scar.
But for mere want, how hard to suffer wrong?
Want brings enough of other ills along!
Yet, if injustice never be secure,
If fiends revenge, and gods assert the poor,
Death shall lay low, the proud aggressor's head,
And make the dust Antinoüs' bridal bed.
Peace wretch! and eat thy bread without offence,
(The suitor cried) or force shall drag thee hence,
Scourge through the public street, and cast thee there,
A mangled carcass for the hounds to tear.
His furious deed the general anger moved,
All, even the worst, condemn'd: and some reproved.
Was ever chief for wars like these renown'd?
Ill fits the stranger and the poor to wound.
Unblest thy hand! if in this low disguise
Wander, perhaps, some inmate of the skies:
They (curious oft to mortal actions) deign,
In forms like these, to round the earth and main,
Just and unjust recording in their mind,
And with sure eyes inspecting all mankind.
Telemachus, absorpt in thought severe,
Nourish'd deep anguish, though he shed no tear;
But the dark brow of silent sorrow shook;
While thus his mother to her virgins spoke:
"On him and his may the bright god of day
That base, inhospitable blow repay!"
The nurse replies: "If Jove receives my prayer,
Not one survives to breathe to-morrow's air."
All, all are foes, and mischief is their end:
Antinoüs most to gloomy death a friend:
(Replies the queen) the stranger begg'd their grace
And melting pity softened every face;
From every other hand redress he found,
But fell Antinoüs answer'd with a wound.
Amidst her maids thus spoke the prudent queen,
Then bade Eumæus call the pilgrim in.
Much of the experienced man I long to hear,
If or his certain eye, or listening ear,
Have learn'd the fortunes of my wandering lord?
Thus she, and good Eumæus took the word.
A private audience if thy grace impart,
The stranger's words may ease the royal heart.
His sacred eloquence in balm distils,
And the sooth'd heart with secret pleasure fills.
Three days have spent their beams, three nights have run
Their silent journey since his tale begun,
Unfinish'd yet: and yet I thirst to hear,
As when some heaven-taught poet charms the ear,
(Suspending sorrow with celestial strain
Breathed from the gods to soften human pain)
Time steals away with unregarded wing,
And the soul hears him, though he cease to sing.
Ulysses late he saw, on Cretan ground,
(His father's guest,) for Minos' birth renown'd.
He now but waits the wind, to waft him o'er,
With boundless treasure, from Thespротia's shore.
To this the queen. The wanderer let me hear,
While yon luxurious race indulge their cheer,

Devour the grazing ox, and browzing goat,
And turn my generous vintage down their throat.
For where 's an arm like thine, Ulysses! strong,
To curb wild riot, and to punish wrong?
She spoke. Telemachus then sneezed aloud;
Constrain'd, his nostrils echo'd through the crowd.
The smiling queen the happy omen blest:
"So may these impious fall, by Fate oppress!"
Then to Eumæus: Bring the stranger, fly!
And if my questions meet a true reply,
Graced with a decent robe he shall retire,
A gift in season which his wants require.
Thus spoke Penelope. Eumæus flies
In duteous haste, and to Ulysses cries,
The queen invites thee, venerable guest!
A secret instinct moves her troubled breast,
Of her long absent lord from thee to gain
Some light, and soothe her soul's eternal pain.
If true, if faithful thou, her grateful mind
Of decent robes a present has design'd:
So finding favour in the royal eye,
Thy other wants her subjects shall supply.
Fair truth alone (the patient man replied)
My words shall dictate, and my lips shall guide.
To him, to me, one common lot was given,
In equal woes, alas! involved by heaven.
Much of his fates I know; but check'd by fear
I stand; the hand of violence is here:
Here boundless wrongs the starry skies invade,
And injured suppliants seek in vain for aid.
Let for a space the pensive queen attend,
Nor claim my story till the sun descend;
Then in such robes as suppliants may require,
Composed and cheerful by the genial fire,
When loud uproar and lawless riot cease,
Shall her pleased ear receive my words in peace.
Swift to the queen returns the gentle swain:
And say, (she cries,) does fear, or shame, detain
The cautious stranger? With the begging kind
Shame suits but ill. Eumæus thus rejoin'd:
He only asks a more propitious hour,
And shuns (who would not?) wicked men in power;
At evening mild (meet season to confer)
By turns to question, and by turns to hear.
Whoe'er this guest (the prudent queen replies)
His every step and every thought is wise;
For men like these on earth he shall not find
In all the miscreant race of human kind.
Thus she. Eumæus all her words attends,
And, parting, to the suitor powers descends;
There seeks Telemachus, and thus apart
In whispers breathes the fondness of his heart.
The time, my lord, invites me to repair
Hence to the lodge; my charge demands my care,
These sons of murder thirst thy life to take;
O guard it, guard it, for thy servant's sake!
Thanks to my friend, he cries; but now the hour
Of night draws on, go seek the rural bower;
But first refresh: and at the dawn of day
Hither a victim to the gods convey.
Our life to heaven's immortal powers we trust,
Safe in their care, for heaven protects the just.
Observant of his voice, Eumæus sate
And fed recumbent on a chair of state.
Then instant rose, and as he moved along,
'Twas riot all amid the suitor throng.
They feast, they dance, and raise the mirthful song,
Till now, declining toward the close of day,
The sun obliquely shot his dewy ray.

BOOK XVIII.

ARGUMENT.

The Fight of Ulysses and Irus.

The beggar Irus insults Ulysses: the suitors promote the quarrel, in which Irus is worsted, and miserably handled. Penelope descends, and receives the presents of the suitors. The dialogue of Ulysses with Eurymachus.

BOOK XVIII.

While fix'd in thought the pensive hero sate,
A mendicant approach'd the royal gate;
A surly vagrant of the giant kind,
The stain of manhood, of a coward mind.
From feast to feast, insatiate to devour
He flew, attendant on the genial hour
Him on his mother's knees, when babe he lay,
She named Arnæus on his natal day;
But Irus his associates call'd the boy,
Practised the common messenger to fly;
Irus, a name expressive of the employ.
From his own roof, with meditated blows,
He strove to drive the man of mighty woes.
Hence, dotard! hence, and timely speed thy way,
Lest dragg'd in vengeance thou repent thy stay;
See how with nods assent you princely train!
But honouring age, in mercy I refrain;
In peace away! lest, if persuasions fail,
This arm with blows more eloquent prevail.
To whom, with stern regard: O insolence,
Indecently to rail without offence!
What bounty gives without a rival share;
I ask, what harms not thee, to breathe this air;
Alike on alms we both precarious live;
And canst thou envy when the great relieve?
Know, from the beauteous heavens all riches flow,
And what man gives, the gods by man bestow;
Proud as thou art, henceforth no more be proud,
Lest I imprint my vengeance in thy blood;
Old as I am, should once my fury burn,
How wouldst thou fly, nor even in thought return!
Mere woman-glutton! (thus the churl replied;)
A tongue so flippant, with a throat so wide!
Why cease I, gods! to dash those teeth away,
Like some vile boar's, that greedy of his prey
Uproots the bearded corn? Rise, try the fight,
Gird well thy loins, approach, and feel my might;
Sure of defeat, before the peers engage;
Unequal fight, when youth contends with age!
Thus in a wordy war their tongues display
More fierce intents, preluding to the fray;
Antinoüs hears, and in a jovial vein,
Thus with loud laughter to the suitor-train.
This happy day in mirth, my friends, employ,
And lo! the gods conspire to crown our joy.
See ready for the fight, and hand to hand,
Yon surly mendicants contentious stand:
Why urge we not to blows? Well pleased they spring
Swift from their seats, and thickening form a ring.
To whom Antinoüs. Lo! enrich'd with blood,
A kid's well-fatted entrails (tasteful food)
On glowing embers lie; on him bestow
The choicest portion who subdues his foe;

Grant him unrivall'd in these walls to stay,
The sole attendant on the genial day.
The lords applaud: Ulysses then with art,
And fears well feign'd, disguised his dauntless heart:
Worn as I am with age, decay'd with woe;
Say, is it baseness to decline the foe?
Hard conflict! when calamity and age
With vigorous youth, unknown to cares, engage!
Yet, fearful of disgrace, to try the day,
Imperious hunger bids, and I obey;
But swear, impartial arbiters of right,
Swear to stand neutral, while we cope in fight.
The peers assent; when straight his sacred head
Telemachus upraised, and sternly said:
Stranger, if prompted to chastise the wrong
Of this bold insolent, confide, be strong?
The injurious Greek that dares attempt a blow,
That instant makes Telemachus his foe;
And these my friends* shall guard the sacred ties
Of hospitality, for they are wise.
Then, girding his strong loins, the king prepares
To close in combat, and his body bares:
Broad spread his shoulders, and his nervous thighs
By just degrees, like well-turn'd columns, rise;
Ample his chest, his arms are round and long,
And each strong joint Minerva knits more strong
(Attendant on her chief:) the suitor-crowd
With wonder gaze, and gazing speak aloud;
Irus! alas! shall Irus be no more?
Black fate impends, and this the avenging hour!
Gods! how his nerves a matchless strength proclaim,
Swell o'er his well-strung limbs, and brace his frame!
Then pale with fears, and sickening at the sight,
They dragg'd the unwilling Irus to the fight;
From his blank visage fled the coward blood,
And his flesh trembled as aghast he stood:
O that such baseness should disgrace the light!
O hide it death, in everlasting night!
(Exclaims Antinoüs;) can a vigorous foe
Meanly decline to combat age and woe?
But hear me, wretch! if recreant in the fray
That huge bulk yield this ill-contested day,
Instant thou sail'st to Echetus resign'd;
A tyrant, fiercest of the tyrant kind,
Who casts thy mangled ears and nose a prey
To hungry dogs, and lops the man away.
While with indignant scorn he sternly spoke,
In every joint the trembling Irus shook.
Now front to front each frowning champion stands,
And poises high in air his adverse hands.
The chief yet doubts, or to the shades below
To fell the giant at one vengeful blow,
Or save his life; and soon his life to save
The king resolves, for mercy sways the brave.
That instant Irus, his huge arm extends,
Full on his shoulders the rude weight descends;
The sage Ulysses, fearful to disclose
The hero latent in the man of woes,
Check'd half his might; yet rising to the stroke,
His jaw-bone dash'd, the crashing jaw-bone broke:
Down dropt he stupid from the stunning wound;
His feet extended, quivering, beat the ground;
His mouth and nostrils spout a purple flood;
His teeth all shatter'd, rush inmix'd with blood.
The peers transported, as outstretch'd he lies,
With bursts of laughter rend the vaulted skies;
Then dragg'd along, all bleeding from the wound,
His length of carcase trailing prints the ground;
Raised on his feet, again he reels, he falls,
Till propp'd, reclining on the palace walls;
Then to his hand a staff the victor gave,
And thus with just reproach address'd the slave.
There terrible, affright the dogs, and reign
A dreaded tyrant o'er the bestial train!
But mercy to the poor and stranger show,
Lest heaven in vengeance send some mightier woe.
Scornful he spoke, and o'er his shoulder flung
The broad patch'd scrip; the scrip in tatters hung,
Ill join'd, and knotted to a twisted thong.
Then, turning short, disdain'd a further stay;
But to the palace measured back the way.
There as he rested, gathering in a ring,
The peers with smiles addrest their unknown king:
Stranger, may Jove and all the aërial powers,
With every blessing crown thy happy hours!
Our freedom to thy prowess'd arm we owe
From bold intrusion of thy coward foe;
Instant the flying sail the slave shall wing
To Echetus, the monster of a king.
While pleased he hears, Antinoüs bears the food,
A kid's well-fatted entrails, rich with blood:
The bread from canisters of shining mould
Amphinomus; and wines that laugh in gold:
And oh! (he mildly cries) may heaven display
A beam of glory o'er thy future day!
Alas, the brave too oft is doom'd to bear
The gripes of poverty and stings of care.
To whom with thought mature the king replies;
The tongue speaks wisely, when the soul is wise;
Such was thy father! in imperial state,
Great without vice, that oft attends the great;
Nor from the sire art thou, the son, declined;
Then hear my words, and grave them in thy mind!
Of all that breathes, or grov'ling creeps on earth,
Most man is vain! calamitous by birth:
To-day, with power elate, in strength he blooms;
The haughty creature on that power presumes:
Anon from heaven a sad reverse he feels;
Untaught to bear, 'gainst heaven the wretch rebels;
For man is changeful, as his bliss or woe;
Too high when prosperous, when distrest too low.
There was a day, when with the scornful great
I swell'd in pomp and arrogance of state:
Proud of that power that to high birth belongs;
And used that power to justify my wrongs.
Then let not man be proud; but firm of mind,
Bear the best humbly, and the worst resign'd;
Be dumb when heaven afflicts! unlike yon train
Of haughty spoilers, insolently vain;
Who make their queen and all her wealth a prey:
But vengeance and Ulysses wing their way.
O may'st thou, favour'd by some guardian power,
Far, far be distant in that deathful hour!
For sure I am, if stern Ulysses breathe,
These lawless riots end in blood and death.
Then to the gods the rosy juice he pours,
And the drain'd goblet to the chief restores.
Stung to the soul, o'ercast with holy dread,
He shook the graceful honours of his head;
His boding mind the future woe forestalls,
In vain! by great Telemachus he falls,
For Pallas seals his doom: all sad he turns
To join the peers; resumes his throne, and mourns,

* Antinous and Eurymachus.

Meanwhile Minerva with instinctive fires
Thy soul, Penelope, from heaven inspires,
With flattering hopes the suitors to betray,
And seem to meet, yet fly, the bridal day;
Thy husband's wonder, and thy son's to raise;
And crown the mother and the wife with praise.
Then, while the streaming sorrow dims her eyes,
Thus with a transient smile the matron cries:
Euronymè! to go where riot reigns
I feel an impulse, though my soul disdains;
To my loved son the snares of death to show,
And in the traitor-friend unmask the foe;
Who, smooth of tongue, in purpose insincere,
Hides fraud in smiles, while death is ambush'd there.
Go, warn thy son, nor be the warning vain,
(Replied the sagest of the royal train:)
But bathed, anointed, and adorn'd, descend;
Powerful of charms, bid every grace attend
The tide of flowing tears awhile suppress;
Tears but indulge the sorrow, not repress.
Some joy remains: to thee a son is given,
Such, as in fondness, parents ask of heaven.
Ah me! forbear, returns the queen, forbear,
Oh! talk not, talk not of vain beauty's care:
No more I bathe, since he no longer sees
Those charms, for whom alone I wish to please:
The day that bore Ulysses from this coast,
Blasted the little bloom these cheeks could boast.
But instant bid Autonoë descend,
Instant Hippodamè our steps attend;
Ill suits it female virtue, to be seen
Alone, indecent, in the walks of men.
Then while Euronymè the mandate bears,
From heaven Minerva shoots with guardian cares:
O'er all her senses, as the couch she prest,
She pours a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest,
With every beauty every feature arms,
Bids her cheeks glow, and lights up all her charms,
In her love-darting eyes awake the fires
(Immortal gifts! to kindle soft desires:)
From limb to limb an air majestic sheds,
And the pure ivory o'er her bosom spreads.
Such Venus shines, when with a measured bound
She smoothly gliding swims the harmonious round,
When with the Graces in the dance she moves,
And fires the gazing gods with ardent loves.
Then to the skies her flight Minerva bends,
And to the queen the damsel train descends:
Waked at their steps, her flowing eyes unclose;
The tear she wipes, and thus renews her woes.
Howe'er 'tis well; that sleep awhile can free
With soft forgetfulness, a wretch like me!
Oh! were it given to yield this transient breath,
Send, oh Diana! send the sleep of death!
Why must I waste a tedious life in tears,
Nor bury in the silent grave my cares?
O my Ulysses! ever-honour'd name!
For thee I mourn till death dissolves my frame.
Thus wailing, slow and sadly she descends,
On either hand a damsel train attends:
Full where the dome its shining valves expands,
Radiant before the gazing peers she stands;
A veil translucent o'er her brow display'd,
Her beauty seems, and only seems to shade.
Sudden she lightens in their dazzled eyes,
And sudden flames in every bosom rise:
They send their eager souls with every look,
Till silence thus the imperial matron broke:

Oh why, my son, why now no more appears
That warmth of soul that urged thy younger years?
Thy riper days no growing worth impart,
A man in stature, still a boy in heart!
Thy well-knit frame unprofitably strong,
Speaks thee a hero, from a hero sprung:
But the just gods in vain those gifts bestow,
O wise alone in form, and brave in show!
Heavens! could a stranger feel oppression's hand
Beneath thy roof, and couldst thou tamely stand?
If thou the stranger's righteous cause decline,
His is the sufferance, but the shame is thine.
To whom with filial awe, the prince returns:
That generous soul with just resentment burns;
Yet taught by time, my heart has learn'd to glow
For others' good and melt at others' woe;
But impotent these riots to repel,
I bear their outrage, though my soul rebel;
Helpless amid the snares of death I tread,
And numbers leagued in impious union dread
But now no crime is theirs: this wrong proceeds
From Irus, and the guilty Irus bleeds.
O would to Jove! or her whose arms display
The shield of Jove, or him who rules the day
That yon proud suitors, who licentious tread
These courts, within these courts like Irus bled:
Whose loose head tottering, as with wine opprest,
Obliquely drops, and nodding knocks his breast;
Powerless to move, his staggering feet deny
The coward wretch the privilege to fly.
Then to the queen Eurymachus replies:
O justly loved, and not more fair than wise!
Should Greece through all her hundred states survey,
Thy finish'd charms, all Greece would own thy sway:
In rival crowds, contest the glorious prize,
Dispeopling realms to gaze upon thy eyes:
O woman! loveliest of the lovely kind,
In body perfect, and complete in mind.
Ah me, returns the queen, when from this shore
Ulysses sail'd, then beauty was no more!
The gods decreed these eyes no more should keep
Their wonted grace, but only serve to weep.
Should he return whate'er my beauties prove,
My virtues last; my brightest charm is love.
Now, grief, thou all art mine! the gods o'ercast
My soul with woes, that long, ah long must last!
Too faithfully my heart retains the day
That sadly tore my royal lord away:
He grasp'd my hand, and, oh my spouse! I leave
Thy arms (he cried,) perhaps to find a grave:
Fame speaks the Trojans bold; they boast the skill
To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill,
To dart the spear, and guide the rushing car
With dreadful inroad through the walks of war.
My sentence is gone forth, and 'tis decreed
Perhaps by righteous heaven that I must bleed!
My father, mother, all I trust to thee;
To them, to them transfer the love of me:
But, when my son grows man, the royal sway
Resign, and happy be thy bridal day!
Such were his words; and Hymen now prepares
To light his torch, and give me up to cares;
The afflictive hand of wrathful Jove to bear:
A wretch the most complete that breathes the air!
Fall'n even below the rights to woman due!
Careless to please, with insolence ye woo!
The generous lovers studious to succeed,
Bid their whole herds and flocks in banquets bleed;

By precious gifts the vow sincere display:
You, only you, make her ye love your prey.
Well-pleased Ulysses hears his queen deceive
The suitor-train, and raise a thirst to give:
False hopes she kindles, but those hopes betray,
And promise, yet elude, the bridal day.
While yet she speaks, the gay Antinoüs cries,
Offspring of kings, and more than woman wise!
'Tis right: 'tis man's prerogative to give,
And custom bids thee without shame receive;
Yet never, never, from thy dome we move,
Till Hymen lights the torch of spousal love.
The peers despatch'd their heralds to convey
The gifts of love; with speed they take the way.
A robe Antinoüs gives of shining dyes,
The varying hues in gay confusion rise
Rich from the artist's hand! Twelve clasps of gold
Close to the lessening waist the vest infold;
Down from the swelling loins the vest unbound
Floats in bright waves redundant o'er the ground.
A bracelet rich with gold, with amber gay,
That shot effulgence like the solar ray,
Eurymachus presents; and ear-rings bright,
With triple stars, that cast a trembling light.
Pisander bears a necklace wrought with art:
And every peer, expressive of his heart,
A gift bestows: this done, the queen ascends,
And slow behind her damsel train attends.
Then to the dance they form the vocal strain,
Till Hesperus leads forth the starry train;
And now he raises, as the day-light fades,
His golden circlet in the deepening shades:
Three vases heap'd with copious fires display
O'er all the palace a fictitious day;
From space to space the torch wide-beaming burns,
And sprightly damsels trim the rays by turns.
To whom the king: Ill suits your sex to stay
Alone with men! ye modest maids away!
Go, with the queen the spindle guide; or cull
(The partners of her cares) the silver wool;
Be it my task the torches to supply
Even till the morning lamp adorns the sky;
Even till the morning, with unwearied care,
Sleepless I watch; for I have learn'd to bear.
Scornful they heard: Melantho, fair and young,
(Melantho from the loins of Dolius sprung,
Who with the queen her years an infant led,
With the soft fondness of a daughter bred)
Chiefly derides; regardless of the cares
Her queen endures, polluted joys she shares
Nocturnal with Eurymachus: with eyes
That speak disdain, the wanton thus replies:
Oh! whither wanders thy distemper'd brain,
Thou bold intruder on a princely train?
Hence to the vagrant's rendezvous repair:
Or shun in some black forge the midnight air.
Proceeds this boldness from a turn of soul,
Or flows licentious from the copious bowl?
Is it that vanquish'd Irus swells thy mind?
A foe may meet thee of a braver kind,
Who, shortening with a storm of blows thy stay,
Shall send thee howling all in blood away!
To whom with frowns: O impudent in wrong!
Thy lord shall curb that insolence of tongue;
Know, to Telemachus I tell the offence;
The scourge, the scourge shall lash thee into sense.
With conscious shame they hear the stern rebuke,
Nor longer durst sustain the sovereign look.
Then to the servile task the monarch turns
His royal hands: each torch refulgent burns
With added day: meanwhile in museful mood,
Absorpt in thought, on vengeance fix'd he stood.
And now the martial maid, by deeper wrongs
To rouse Ulysses points the suitor's tongues:
Scornful of age, to taunt the virtuous man,
Thoughtless and gay, Eurymachus began.
Hear me (he cries,) confederates and friends!
Some god, no doubt, this stranger kindly sends;
The shining baldness of his head survey,
It aids our torch-light, and reflects the ray.—
Then to the king that levell'd haughty Troy:
Say, if large hire can tempt thee to employ
Those hands in work; to tend the rural trade,
To dress the walk, and form the embowering shade?
So food and raiment constant will I give:
But idly thus thy soul prefers to live,
And starve by strolling, not by work to thrive.
To whom incensed: Should we, O prince, engage
In rival tasks beneath the burning rage
Of summer suns; were both constrain'd to wield
Foodless the scythe along the burden'd field;
Or should we labour while the ploughshare wounds,
With steers of equal strength, the allotted grounds;
Beneath my labours, how thy wondering eyes
Might see the sable field at once arise!
Should Jove dire war unloose, with spear and shield,
And nodding helm, I tread the ensanguined field,
Fierce in the van: then wouldst thou,—say,—
Misname me glutton, in that glorious day?
No, thy ill-judging thoughts the brave disgrace;
'Tis thou injurious art, not I am base:
Proud to seem brave among a coward train!
But know, thou art not valorous, but vain.
Gods! should the stern Ulysses rise in might,
These gates would seem too narrow for thy flight.
While yet he speaks, Eurymachus replies,
With indignation flashing from his eyes:
Slave, I with justice might deserve the wrong,
Should I not punish that opprobrious tongue
Irreverent to the great, and uncontroll'd,
Art thou from wine, or innate folly, bold?
Perhaps, these outrages from Irus flow,
A worthless triumph o'er a worthless foe!
He said: and with full force a footstool threw:
Whirl'd from his arm, with erring rage it flew;
Ulysses cautious of the vengeful foe,
Stoops to the ground and disappoints the blow.
Not so a youth who deals the goblet round,
Full on his shoulder it inflicts a wound,
Dash'd from his hand the sounding goblet flies,
He shrieks, he reels, he falls, and breathless lies.
Then wild uproar and clamour mount the sky,
Till mutual thus the peers indignant cry;
O had this stranger sunk to realms beneath,
To the black realms of darkness and of death,
Ere yet he trod these shores! to strife he draws
Peer against peer; and what the weighty cause?
A vagabond! for him the great destroy
In vile ignoble jars, the feast of joy?
To whom the stern Telemachus uprose;
Gods! what wild folly from the goblet flows!
Whence this unguarded openness of soul,
But from the licence of the copious bowl?
Or heaven delusion sends: but hence, away!
Force I forbear, and without force obey.

Silent, abash'd, they hear the stern rebuke,
Till thus Amphinomus the silence broke.
True are his words, and he whom truth offends,
Not with Telemachus, but truth contends;
Let not the hand of violence invade
The reverend stranger, or the spotless maid;
Retire we hence! but crown with rosy wine
The flowing goblet to the powers divine!
Guard he his guest beneath whose roof he stands:
This justice, this the social rite demands.
The peers assent; the goblet Mulius crown'd
With purple juice, and bore in order round;
Each peer successive his libation pours
To the blest gods who fill the aërial bowers;
Then swill'd with wine, with noise the crowds obey,
And rushing forth tumultuous reel away.

BOOK XIX.

ARGUMENT.

The Discovery of Ulysses to Eurydea.

Ulysses and his son remove the weapons out of the armory. Ulysses in conversation with Penelope, gives a fictitious account of his adventures; then assures her he had formerly entertained her husband in Crete; and describes exactly his person and dress, affirms to have heard of him in Phæacia and Thesprotia, and that his return is certain, and within a month. He then goes to bathe, and is attended by Eurydea, who discovers him to be Ulysses by the scar upon his leg, which he formerly received in hunting the wild boar on Parnassus. The poet inserts a digression, relating that accident, with all its particulars.

BOOK XIX.

Consulting secret with the blue-eyed maid,
Still in the dome divine Ulysses stay'd:
Revenge mature for act, inflamed his breast;
And thus the son the fervent sire addrest.
Instant convey those steely stores of war
To distant rooms, disposed with secret care:
The cause demanded by the suitor train,
To soothe their fears a specious reason feign:
Say, since Ulysses left his natal coast,
Obscene with smoke, their beamy lustre lost,
His arms deform the roof they wont adorn;
From the glad walls inglorious lumber torn.
Suggest that Jove the peaceful thought inspired,
Lest they by sight of swords to fury fired,
Dishonest wounds or violence of soul,
Defame the bridal feast and friendly bowl.
The prince obedient to the sage command,
To Eurydea thus: The female band
In their apartments keep; secure the doors;
These swarthy arms among the covert stores
Are seemlier hid; my thoughtless youth they blame,
Imbrown'd with vapour of the smouldering flame.
In happy hour, (pleased Eurydea cries,)
Tutor'd by early woes, grow early wise!
Inspect with sharpen'd sight and frugal care,
Your patrimonial wealth, a prudent heir;
But who the lighted taper will provide
(The female train retired) your toils to guide?
Without infringing hospitable right,
This guest (he cried) shall bear the guiding light:
I cheer no lazy vagrants with repast;
They share the meal that earn it e'er they taste.

He said; from female ken she strait secures
The purposed deed, and guards the bolted doors:
Auxiliar to his son, Ulysses bears
The plumy-crested helms and pointed spears,
With shields indented deep in glorious wars.
Minerva viewless on her charge attends,
And with her golden lamp his toil befriends.
Not such the sickly beams, which unsincere
Gild the gross vapour of this nether sphere!
A present deity the prince confess'd,
And rapt with exstacy the sire address'd:
What miracle thus dazzles with surprise!
Distinct in rows the radiant columns rise:
The walls, where'er my wondering sight I turn,
And roofs, amidst a blaze of glory burn!
Some visitant of pure ethereal race,
With his bright presence deigns the dome to grace.
Be calm, replies the sire; to none impart,
But oft revolve the vision in thy heart:
Celestials, mantled in excess of light,
Can visit, unapproach'd by mortal sight.
Seek thou repose; whilst here I sole remain
To explore the conduct of the female train:
The pensive queen, perchance, desires to know
The series of my toils, to soothe her woe.
With tapers flaming day his train attends,
His bright alcove the obsequious youth ascends:
Soft slumberous shades his drooping eyelids close,
Till on her eastern shade Aurora glows.
While forming plans of death, Ulysses stay'd,
In council secret with the martial maid;
Attendant nymphs in beauteous order wait
The queen, descending from her bower of state.
Her cheeks the warmer blush of Venus wear,
Chasten'd with coy Diana's pensive air.
An ivory seat with silver ringlets graced,
By famed Icmalius wrought, the menials placed:
With ivory silver'd thick the footstool shone,
O'er which the panther's various hide was thrown
The sovereign seat with graceful air she press'd;
To different tasks their toil the nymphs address'd
The golden goblets some, and some restored
From stains of luxury the polish'd board:
These to remove the expiring embers came,
While those with unctuous fir foment the flame.
'Twas then Melantho with imperious mien
Renew'd the attack, incontinent of spleen:
Avaunt, she cried, offensive to my sight!
Deem not in ambush here to lurk by night,
Into the woman state a squint to pry;
A day-devourer, and an evening spy!
Vagrant, begone! before this blazing brand
Shall urge—and waved it hissing in her hand.
The insulted hero rolls his wrathful eyes,
And, why so turbulent of soul? he cries;
Can these lean shrivel'd limbs unnerved with age,
These poor but honest rags enkindle rage?
In crowds we wear the badge of hungry fate;
And beg, degraded from superior state!
Constrain'd a rent-charge on the rich I live!
Reduced to crave the good I once could give:
A palace, wealth and slaves, I late possess'd,
And all that makes the great be call'd the bless'd;
My gate an emblem of my open soul,
Embraced the poor, and dealt a bounteous dole.
Scorn not the sad reverse, injurious maid!
'Tis Jove's high will, and be his well obey'd!

Nor think thyself exempt; that rosy prime
Must share the general doom of withering time:
To some new channel soon, the changeful tide
Of royal grace the offended queen may guide:
And her loved lord unplume thy towering pride.
Or were he dead, 'tis wisdom to beware;
Sweet blooms the prince beneath Apollo's care;
Your deeds with quick impartial eye surveys;
Potent to punish what he cannot praise.
Her keen reproach had reach'd the sovereign's ear.
Loquacious insolent! she cries, forbear;
To thee the purpose of my soul I told:
Venial discourse, unblamed with him to hold;
The storied labours of my wandering lord,
To soothe my grief he haply may record;
Yet him, my guest, thy venom'd rage hath stung;
Thy head shall pay the forfeit of thy tongue!
But thou on whom my palace cares depend,
Euronymé, regard the stranger-friend:
A seat, soft spread with furry spoils, prepare;
Due-distant for us both to speak and hear.
The menial fair obeys with duteous haste:
A seat adorn'd with furry spoils she placed:
Due-distant for discourse the hero sate;
When thus the sovereign from her chair of state:
Reveal, obsequious to my first demand,
Thy name, thy lineage, and thy natal land.
He thus: O queen! whose far-resounding fame
Is bounded only by the starry frame,
Consummate pattern of imperial sway,
Whose pious rule a warlike race obey!
In wavy gold thy summer vales are dress'd;
Thy autumns bend with copious fruit oppress'd:
With flocks and herds each grassy plain is stored;
And fish of every fin thy seas afford:
Their affluent joys the grateful realms confess,
And bless the Power that still delights to bless.
Gracious permit this prayer, imperial dame!
Forbear to know my lineage, or my name:
Urge not this breast to heave, these eyes to weep;
In sweet oblivion let my sorrows sleep!
My woes awaked will violate your ear;
And to this gay censorious train appear
A winy vapour melting in a tear.
Their gifts the gods resumed (the queen rejoin'd,)
Exterior grace, and energy of mind,
When the dear partner of my nuptial joy,
Auxiliar troops combined, to conquer Troy.
My lord's protecting hand alone would raise
My drooping verdure, and extend my praise!
Peers from the distant Samian shore resort:
Here with Dulichians join'd, besiege the court:
Zacynthus, green with ever-shady groves,
And Ithaca, presumptuous boast their loves:
Obtruding on my choice a second lord,
They press the Hymenæan rite abhorr'd.
Misrule thus mingling with domestic cares,
I live regardless of my state affairs;
Receive no stranger-guest, no poor relieve;
But ever, for my lord, in secret grieve!—
This art, instinct by some celestial power,
I tried, elusive of the bridal-hour:
"Ye peers, I cry, who press to gain a heart,
Where dead Ulysses claims no future part;
Rebate your loves, each rival suit suspend,
Till this funereal web my labours end:
Cease, till to good Laërtes I bequeath
A pall of state, the ornament of death.
For when to fate he bows, each Grecian dame
With just reproach were licensed to defame;
Should he, long honour'd in supreme command,
Want the last duties of a daughter's hand."
The fiction pleased; their loves I long elude,
The night still ravell'd what the day renew'd:
Three years successful in my art conceal'd,
My ineffectual fraud the fourth reveal'd:
Befriended by my own domestic spies,
The woof unwrought the suitor-train surprise.
From nuptial rites they now no more recede,
And fear forbids to falsify the brede.
My anxious parents urge a speedy choice,
And to their suffrage gain the filial voice.
For rule mature, Telemachus deplores,
His dome dishonour'd, and exhausted stores.—
But, stranger! as thy days seem full of fate,
Divide discourse, in turn thy birth relate:
Thy port asserts thee of distinguish'd race;
No poor unfather'd product of disgrace.
Princess! he cries, renew'd by your command,
The dear remembrance of my native land,
Of secret grief unseals the fruitful source:
And tears repeat their long-forgotten course!
So pays the wretch whom fate constrains to roam,
The dues of nature to his natal home!
But inward on my soul let sorrow prey,
Your sovereign will my duty bids obey.
Crete awes the circling waves, a fruitful soil!
And ninety cities crown the sea-born isle:
Mix'd with her genuine sons, adopted names
In various tongues avow their various claims:
Cydonians, dreadful with the bended yew,
And bold Pelasgi boast a native's due:
The Dorians plumed amid the files of war,
Her foodful glebe with fierce Achaians share;
Cnossus, her capital of high command;
Where scepter'd Minos, with impartial hand,
Divided right; each ninth revolving year,
By Jove received in council to confer.
His son Deucalion bore successive sway;
His son who gave me first to view the day!
The royal bed an elder issue blest,
Idomeneus, whom Ilian fields attest
Of matchless deeds: untrain'd to martial toil,
I lived inglorious in my native isle,
Studious of peace, and Ethon is my name.
'Twas then to Crete the great Ulysses came;
For elementary war and wintry Jove,
From Malea's gusty cape his navy drove
To bright Lucina's fane; the shelfy coast
Where loud Amnisus in the deep is lost.
His vessels moor'd, (an incommodious port!)
The hero speeded to the Cnossian court:
Ardent the partner of his arms to find,
In leagues of long commutual friendship join'd.
Vain hope! ten suns had warm'd the western strand,
Since my brave brother with his Cretan band
Had sail'd for Troy: but to the genial feast
My honour'd roof received the royal guest:
Beeves for his train the Cnossian peers assign,
A public treat, with jars of generous wine.
Twelve days while Boreas vex'd the aerial space,
My hospitable dome he deign'd to grace:
And when the north had ceased her stormy roar,
He wing'd his voyage to the Phrygian shore.
Thus the famed hero perfected in wiles,
With fair similitude of truth beguiles

The queen's attentive ear: dissolved in woe,
From her bright eyes the tears unbounded flow,
As snows collected on the mountain freeze,
When milder regions breathe a vernal breeze.
The fleecy pile obeys the whispering gales,
Ends in a stream, and murmurs through the vales:
So, melted with the pleasing tale he told,
Down her fair cheek the copious torrent roll'd:
She to her present lord laments him lost.
And views that object which she wants the most!
Withering at heart, to see the weeping fair,
His eyes look stern and cast a gloomy stare;
Of horn the stiff, relentless balls appear,
Or globes of iron fix'd in either sphere;
Firm wisdom interdicts the softening tear.
A speechless interval of grief ensues,
Till thus the queen the tender theme renews.
Stranger! that e'er thy hospitable roof
Ulysses graced, confirm by faithful proof;
Delineate to my view my warlike lord,
His form, his habit, and his train record.
'Tis hard, he cries, to bring to sudden sight
Ideas that have wing'd their distant flight;
Rare on the mind those images are traced,
Whose footsteps twenty winters have defaced:
But what I can, receive.—In ample mode,
A robe of military purple flow'd
O'er all his frame: illustrious on his breast.
The double-clasping gold the king confest.
In the rich woof a hound, Mosaic drawn,
Bore on full stretch, and seized a dappled fawn
Deep in the neck his fangs indent their hold;
They pant and struggle in the moving gold.
Fine as a filmy web beneath it shone
A vest, that dazzled like a cloudless sun:
The female train who round him throng'd to gaze,
In silent wonder sigh'd unwilling praise.
A sabre, when the warrior press'd to part,
I gave, enamell'd with Vulcanian art;
A mantle purple-tinged, and radiant vest,
Dimension'd equal to his size, exprest
Affection grateful to my honour'd guest.
A favourite herald in his train I knew,
His visage solemn, sad, of sable hue:
Short woolly curls o'erfleeced his bending head,
O'er which a promontory shoulder spread;
Eurybates! in whose large soul alone
Ulysses viewed an image of his own.
His speech the tempest of her grief restored;
In all he told she recognised her lord;
But when the storm was spent in plenteous showers,
A pause inspiriting her languish'd powers,
O thou, she cried, whom first inclement fate
Made welcome to our hospitable gate;
With all thy wants the name of poor shall end:
Henceforth live honour'd, my domestic friend!
The vest much envied on your native coast,
And regal robe with figured gold embost,
In happier hours my artful hand employ'd,
When my loved lord this blissful bower enjoy'd:
The fall of Troy, erroneous and forlorn,
Doom'd to survive, and never to return!
Then he, with pity touch'd: O royal dame!
Your ever-anxious mind, and beauteous frame,
From the devouring rage of grief reclaim.
I not the fondness of your soul reprove
For such a lord! who crown'd your virgin love
With the dear blessing of a fair increase;
Himself adorn'd with more than mortal grace:
Yet while I speak, the mighty woe suspend;
Truth forms my tale; to pleasing truth attend:
The royal object of your dearest care,
Breathes in no distant clime the vital air:
In rich Thesprotia, and the nearer bound
Of Thessaly, his name I heard renown'd:
Without retinue, to that friendly shore
Welcomed with gifts of price, a sumless store!
His sacrilegious train, who dared to prey
On herds devoted to the god of day,
Were doom'd by Jove, and Phœbus' just decree,
To perish in the rough Trinacrian sea.
To better fate the blameless chief ordain'd,
A floating fragment of the wreck regain'd,
And rode the storm; till, by the billows tost,
He landed on the fair Phæacian coast.
That race, who emulate the life of gods,
Receive him joyous to their blest abodes:
Large gifts confer, a ready sail command,
To speed his voyage to the Grecian strand
But your wise lord (in whose capacious soul
High schemes of power in just succession roll)
His Ithaca refused from favouring Fate,
Till copious wealth might guard his regal state.
Phedon the fact affirm'd, whose sovereign sway
Thresprotian tribes, a duteous race, obey;
And bade the gods this added truth attest,
(While pure libations crown'd the genial feast,)
That anchor'd in his port the vessels stand,
To waft the hero to his natal land.
I for Dulichium urge the watery way,
But first the Ulyssean wealth survey:
So rich the value of a store so vast
Demands the pomp of centuries to waste!
The darling object of your royal love
Was journied thence to Dodonean Jove,
By the sure precept of the sylvan shrine,
To form the conduct of his great design:
Irresolute of soul, his state to shroud
In dark disguise, or come, a king avow'd?
Thus lives your lord; nor longer doom'd to roam:
Soon will he grace his dear paternal dome.
By Jove, the source of good, supreme in power!
By the blest genius of this friendly bower!
I ratify my speech: before the sun
His annual longitude of heaven hath run;
When the pale empress of yon starry train
In the next month renews her faded wane,
Ulysses shall assert his rightful reign.
What thanks! what boon! replied the queen, are due,
When time shall prove the storied blessing true?
My lord's return should fate no more retard,
Envy shall sicken at thy vast reward.
But my prophetic tears, alas! presage,
The wounds of Destiny's relentless rage.
I long must weep, nor will Ulysses come,
With royal gifts to send thee honour'd home!—
Your other task, ye menial train forbear:
Now wash the stranger, and the bed prepare:
With splendid palls the downy fleece adorn:
Uprising early with the purple morn,
His sinews shrunk with age, and stiff with toil,
In the warm bath foment with fragrant oil.
Then with Telemachus the social feast
Partaking free, my sole invited guest;

Whoe'er neglects to pay distinction due,
The breach of hospitable right may rue.
The vulgar of my sex I most exceed
In real fame, when most humane my deed;
And vainly to the praise of queen aspire
If, stranger, I permit that mean attire
Beneath the feastful bower. A narrow space
Confines the circle of our destined race;
'Tis ours with good the scanty round to grace.
Those who to cruel wrong their state abuse,
Dreaded in life, the mutter'd curse pursues;
By death disrobed of all their savage powers,
Then licensed rage her hateful prey devours.
But he whose in-born worth his acts commend,
Of gentle soul, to human race a friend,
The wretched he relieves diffuse his fame,
And distant tongues extol the patron-name.
Princess, he cried, in vain your bounties flow
On me, confirm'd and obstinate in woe,
When my loved Crete received my final view,
And from my weeping eyes her cliffs withdrew,
These tatter'd weeds (my decent robe resign'd)
I chose, the livery of my woeful mind!
Nor will my heart-corroding cares abate
With splendid palls, and canopies of state:
Low-couch'd on earth, the gift of sleep I scorn,
And catch the glances of the waking morn.
The delicacy of your courtly train
To wash a wretched wanderer would disdain;
But if, in tract of long experience tried,
And sad similitude of woes allied,
Some wretch reluctant views aërial light,
To her mean hand assign the friendly rite.
Pleased with this wise reply, the queen rejoin'd:
Such gentle manners, and so sage a mind,
In all who grâced this hospitable bower
I ne'er discern'd before this social hour.
Such servant as your humble choice requires,
To light received the lord of my desires,
New from the birth: and with a mother's hand
His tender bloom to manly growth sustain'd:
Of matchless prudence, and a duteous mind:
Though now to life's extremest verge declined,
Of strength superior to the task assign'd.—
Rise, Euryclea! with officious care,
For the poor friend the cleansing bath prepare:
This debt his correspondent fortunes claim,
Too like Ulysses, and perhaps the same!
Thus old with woes my fancy paints him now!
For age untimely marks the careful brow.
Instant, obsequious to the mild command,
Sad Euryclea rose: with trembling hand
She veils the torrent of her tearful eyes;
And thus impassion'd to herself replies:
Son of my love, and monarch of my cares!
What pangs for thee this wretched bosom bears!
Are thus by Jove who constant beg his aid
With pious deed, and pure devotion, paid?
He never dared defraud the sacred fane,
Of perfect hecatombs in order slain:
There oft implored his tutelary power,
Long to protract the sad sepulchral hour;
That, form'd for empire with paternal care,
His realm might recognise an equal heir.
O destined head! The pious vows are lost;
His God forgets him on a foreign coast!—
Perhaps, like thee, poor guest! in wanton pride
The rich insult him, and the young deride!
Conscious of worth reviled, thy generous mind
The friendly rite of purity declined;
My will concurring with my queen's command,
Accept the bath from this obsequious hand.
A strong emotion shakes my anguish'd breast:
In thy whole form Ulysses seems express'd:
Of all the wretched harbour'd on our coast,
None imaged e'er like thee my master lost.
Thus half discover'd through the dark disguise,
With cool composure feign'd, the chief replies:
You join your suffrage to the public vote;
The same you think, have all beholders thought.
He said: replenish'd from the purest springs,
The laver straight with busy care she brings:
In the deep vase that shone like burnish'd gold,
The boiling fluid temperates the cold.
Meantime revolving in his thoughtful mind
The scar, with which his manly knee was sign'd;
His face averting from the crackling blaze,
His shoulders intercept the unfriendly rays:
Thus cautious, in the obscure he hoped to fly
The curious search of Euryclea's eye.
Cautious in vain! nor ceased the dame to find,
The scar with which his manly knee was sign'd.
This on Parnassus (combating the boar)
With glancing rage the tusky savage tore.
Attended by his brave maternal race,
His grandsire sent him to the sylvan chace,
Autolycus the bold: (a mighty name
For spotless faith and deeds of martial fame:
Hermes, his patron-god, those gifts bestow'd,
Whose shrine with weanling lambs he wont to load.)
His course to Ithaca this hero sped,
When the first product of Laërtes' bed
Was new disclosed to birth: the banquet ends,
When Euryclea from the queen descends,
And to his fond embrace the babe commends.
"Receive, she cries, your royal daughter's son;
And name the blessing that your prayers have won.
Then thus the hoary chief: My victor arms
Have awed the realms around with dire alarms:
A sure memorial of my dreaded fame
The boy shall bear; Ulysses be his name!
And when with filial love the youth shall come
To view his mother's soil, my Delphic dome
With gifts of price shall send him joyous home.
Lured with the promised boon, when youthful prime
Ended in man, his mother's natal clime
Ulysses sought; with fond affection dear
Amphithea's arms received the royal heir:
Her ancient lord* an equal joy possess'd;
Instant he bade prepare the genial feast:
A steer to form the sumptuous banquet bled,
Whose stately growth five flowery summers fed.
His sons divide, and roast with artful care
The limbs; then all the tasteful viands share.
Nor ceased discourse, (the banquet of the soul)
Till Phœbus, wheeling to the western goal,
Resign'd the skies, and night revolved the pole.
Their drooping eyes the slumberous shade oppress'd,
Sated they rose, and all retired to rest.
Soon as the morn, new-robed in purple light,
Pierced with her golden shafts the rear of night,
Ulysses and his brave maternal race,
The young Autolyci, assay the chace

* Autolycus.

Parnassus, thick perplex'd with horrid shades,
With deep-mouth'd hounds the hunter-troop invades:
What time the sun, from ocean's peaceful stream,
Darts o'er the lawn his horizontal beam.
The pack impatient snuff the tainted gale
The thorny wilds the woodmen fierce assail;
And, foremost of the train, his cornel spear
Ulysses waved, to rouse the savage war.
Deep in the rough recesses of the wood,
A lofty copse, the growth of ages, stood;
Nor winter's boreal blast, nor thunderous shower,
Nor solar ray, could pierce the shady bower.
With wither'd foliage strew'd, a heapy store!
The warm pavilion of a dreadful boar.
Roused by the hounds' and hunters' mingling cries,
The savage from his leafy shelter flies:
With fiery glare his sanguine eye-balls shine,
And bristles high impale his horrid chine.
Young Ithacus advanced, defies the foe,
Poising his lifted lance in act to throw;
The savage renders vain the wound decreed,
And springs impetuous with opponent speed!
His tusks oblique he aim'd, the knee to gore:
Aslope they glanced, the sinewy fibres tore,
And bared the bone: Ulysses, undismay'd,
Soon with redoubled force the wound repaid;
To the right shoulder-joint the spear applied,
His further flank with seeming purple dyed;
On earth he rush'd, with agonizing pain: '
With joy and vast surprise, the applauding train
View'd his enormous bulk extended on the plain.
With bandage firm Ulysses' knee they bound;
Then chanting mystic lays, the closing wound
Of sacred melody confess'd the force;
The tides of life regain'd their azure course.
Then back they led the youth with loud acclaim;
Autolycus, enamour'd with his fame,
Confirm'd the cure: and from the Delphic dome
With added gifts return'd him glorious home.
He safe at Ithaca with joy received,
Relates the chace, and early praise achieved.
Deep o'er his knee inseam'd remain'd the scar;
Which noted token of the woodland war
When Euryclea found, the ablution ceased:
Down dropp'd the leg, from her slack hand released;
The mingled fluids from the vase redound;
The vase reclining floats the floor around!
Smiles dew'd with tears the pleasing strife express'd
Of grief and joy alternate in her breast.
Her fluttering words in melting murmurs died;
At length abrupt—My son!—my king!—she cried.
His neck with fond embrace infolding fast,
Full on the queen her raptured eye she cast,
Ardent to speak the monarch safe restored:
But studious to conceal her royal lord,
Minerva fix'd her mind on views remote,
And from the present bliss abstracts her thought.
His hand to Euryclea's mouth applied,
Art thou foredoom'd my pest? the hero cried:
Thy milky founts my infant lips have drain'd:
And have the Fates thy babbling age ordain'd
To violate the life thy youth sustain'd?
An exile have I told, with weeping eyes,
Full twenty annual suns in distant skies:
At length return'd, some god inspires thy breast
To know thy king, and here I stand confess'd.
This heaven-discover'd truth to thee consign'd,
Reserve, the treasure of thy inmost mind:
Else, if the gods my vengeful arm sustain,
And prostrate to my sword the suitor-train,
With their lewd mates, thy undistinguish'd age
Shall bleed a victim to vindictive rage.
Then thus rejoin'd the dame, devoid of fear:
What words, my son, have pass'd thy lips severe?
Deep in my soul the trust shall lodge secured;
With ribs of steel, and marble heart, immured.
When heaven, auspicious to thy right avow'd,
Shall prostrate to thy sword the suitor-crowd;
The deeds I'll blazon of the menial fair;
The lewd to death devote, the virtuous spare.
Thy aid avails me not, the chief replied;
My own experience shall their doom decide;
A witness-judge precludes a long appeal:
Suffice it then thy monarch to conceal.
He said: obsequious, with redoubled pace,
She to the fount conveys the exhausted vase:
The bath renew'd, she ends the pleasing toil
With plenteous unction of ambrosial oil.
Adjusting to his limbs the tatter'd vest,
His former seat received the stranger-guest;
Whom thus with pensive air the queen addrest:
Though night, dissolving grief in grateful ease,
Your drooping eyes with soft oppression seize,
Awhile, reluctant to her pleasing force,
Suspend the restful hour with sweet discourse.
The day (ne'er brighten'd with a beam of joy!)
By menials, and domestic cares employ:
And, unattended by sincere repose,
The night assists by ever-wakeful woes:
When nature 's hush'd beneath her brooding shade,
My echoing griefs the starry vault invade.
As when the months are clad in flowery green,
Sad Philomel, in bowery shades unseen,
To vernal airs attunes her varied strains:
And Itylus sounds warbling o'er the plains:
Young Itylus, his parent's darling joy!
Whom chance misled the mother to destroy;
Now doom'd a wakeful bird to wail the beauteous boy;
So in nocturnal solitude forlorn,
A sad variety of woes I mourn
My mind, reflective, in a thorny maze
Devious from care to care incessant strays.
Now, wavering doubt succeeds to long despair;
Shall I my virgin nuptial-vow revere?
And joining to my son's my menial train,
Partake his councils, and assist his reign?
Or since, mature in manhood, he deplores
His dome dishonour'd, and exhausted stores,
Shall I, reluctant! to his will accord;
And from the peers select the noblest lord;
So by my choice avow'd, at length decide
These wasteful love-debates, a mourning bride?
A visionary thought I'll now relate;
Illustrate, if you know, the shadow'd fate.
A team of twenty geese (a snow-white train!)
Fed near the limpid lake with golden grain,
Amuse my pensive hours. The bird of Jove
Fierce from his mountain-eyrie downward drove;
Each favourite fowl he pounced with deathful sway,
And back triumphant winged his airy way.
My pitying eyes effused a plenteous stream,
To view their death thus imaged in a dream:
With tender sympathy to soothe my soul,
A troop of matrons, fancy-form'd, condole.
But whilst with grief and rage my bosom burn'd,
Sudden the tyrant of the skies return'd:

Perch'd on the battlements he thus began
(In form an eagle, but in voice a man:)
O queen! no vulgar vision of the sky
I come, prophetic of approaching joy:
View in this plumy form thy victor-lord;
These geese (a glutton race) by thee deplored,
Portend the suitors fated to my sword.
This said, the pleasing feather'd omen ceased.
When from the downy bands of sleep released,
Fast by the limpid lake my swan-like train
I found, insatiate of the golden grain.
The vision self-explain'd (the chief replies)
Sincere reveals the sanction of the skies;
Ulysses speaks his own return decreed;
And by his sword the suitors sure to bleed.
Hard is the task, and rare, the queen rejoin'd,
Impending destinies in dreams to find;
Immured within the silent bower of sleep,
Two portals firm the various phantoms keep:
Of ivory one; whence flit, to mock the brain,
Of winged lies a light fantastic train:
The gate opposed pellucid valves adorn,
And columns fair incased with polish'd horn:
Where images of truth for passage wait,
With visions manifest of future fate.
Not to this troop, I fear, that phantom soar'd,
Which spoke Ulysses to his realm restored:
Delusive semblance!—but my remnant life
Heaven shall determine in a gameful strife:
With that famed bow Ulysses taught to bend,
For me the rival archers shall contend.
As on the listed field he used to place
Six beams, opposed to six in equal space;
Elanced afar by his unerring art,
Sure through six circlets flew the whizzing dart.
So, when the sun restores the purple day,
Their strength and skill the suitors shall assay:
To him the spousal honour is decreed,
Who through the rings directs the feather'd reed.
Torn from these walls (where long the kinder powers
With joy and pomp have wing'd my youthful hours!)
On this poor breast no dawn of bliss shall beam;
The pleasure past supplies a copious theme
For many a dreary thought, and many a doleful dream!
Propose the sportive lot, the chief replies,
Nor dread to name yourself the bowyer's prize:
Ulysses will surprise the unfinish'd game
Avow'd, and falsify the suitors' claim.
To whom with grace serene the queen rejoin'd:
In all thy speech what pleasing force I find!
O'er my suspended woe thy words prevail;
I part reluctant from the pleasing tale,
But heaven, that knows what all terrestrials need,
Repose to night, and toil to day decreed;
Grateful vicissitude! yet me withdrawn,
Wakeful to weep and watch the tardy dawn
Establish'd use enjoins; to rest and joy
Estranged, since dear Ulysses sail'd to Troy!
Meantime instructed is the menial tribe
Your couch to fashion as yourself prescribe.
Thus affable, her bower the queen ascends;
The sovereign step a beauteous train attends:
There imaged to her soul Ulysses rose;
Down her pale cheek new-streaming sorrow flows:
Till soft oblivious shade Minerva spread,
And o'er her eyes ambrosial slumber shed.

BOOK XX.

ARGUMENT.

While Ulysses lies in the vestibule of the palace, he is witness to the disorders of the women. Minerva comforts him, and casts him asleep. At his waking he desires a favourable sign from Jupiter, which is granted. The feast of Apollo is celebrated by the people, and the suitors banquet in the palace. Telemachus exerts his authority amongst them; notwithstanding which, Ulysses is insulted by Ctesippus, and the rest continue in their excesses. Strange prodigies are seen by Theoclymenus, the augur, who explains them to the destruction of the wooers.

BOOK XX.

An ample hide divine Ulysses spread,
And form'd of fleecy skins his humble bed:
(The remnants of the spoil the suitor-crowd
In festival devour'd, and victims vow'd.)
Then o'er the chief, Eurynomè the chaste
With duteous care a downy carpet cast:
With dire revenge his thoughtful bosom glows,
And, ruminating wrath, he scorns repose.
As thus pavilion'd in the porch he lay,
Scenes of lewd loves his wakeful eyes survey,
Whilst to nocturnal joys impure, repair,
With wanton glee, the prostituted fair.
His heart with rage this new dishonour stung,
Wavering his thoughts in dubious balance hung;
Or instant should he quench the guilty flame
With their own blood, and intercept the shame;
Or to their lust indulge a last embrace,
And let the peers consummate the disgrace:
Round his swoln heart the murmurous fury rolls;
As o'er her young the mother mastiff growls,
And bays the stranger groom: so wrath comprest
Recoiling, mutter'd thunder in his breast.
Poor suffering heart! he cried, support the pain
Of wounded honour, and thy rage restrain.
Not fiercer woes thy fortitude could foil,
When the brave partners of thy ten years' toil
Dire Polypheme devour'd: I then was freed
By patient prudence from the death decreed.
Thus anchor'd safe on reason's peaceful coast,
Tempests of wrath his soul no longer tost;
Restless his body rolls, to rage resign'd:
As one who long with pale-eyed famine pined,
The savoury cates on glowing embers cast,
Incessant turns, impatient for repast:
Ulysses so, from side to side devolved,
In self-debate the suitors' doom resolved.
When, in the form of mortal nymph array'd,
From heaven descends the Jove-born martial maid;
And hovering o'er his head in view confess'd,
The goddess thus her favourite care address'd:
Oh thou, of mortals most inured to woes!
Why roll those eyes unfriended of repose?
Beneath thy palace-roof forget thy care:
Blest in thy queen! blest in thy blooming heir!
Whom, to the gods when suppliant fathers bow,
They name the standard of their dearest vow.
Just is thy kind reproach (the chief rejoin'd,)
Deeds full of fate distract my various mind,
In contemplation wrapp'd. This hostile crew
What single arm hath power to subdue?
Or if, by Jove's and thy auxiliar aid,
They're doom'd to bleed: O say, celestial maid!

Where shall Ulysses shun, or how sustain,
Nations embattled to revenge the slain?
Oh, impotence of faith! Minerva cries,
If man on frail unknowing man relies:
Doubt ye the gods? Lo, Pallas' self descends,
Inspires thy counsels, and thy toils attends.
In me affianced, fortify thy breast,
Though myriads leagued thy rightful claim contest:
My sure divinity shall bear the shield,
And edge thy sword to reap the glorious field.
Now, pay the debt to craving nature due,
Her faded powers with balmy rest renew.
She ceased: ambrosial slumber closed his eyes;
His care dissolves in visionary joys:
The goddess, pleased, regains her natal skies.
Not so the queen; the downy bands of sleep
By grief relax'd, she waked again to weep:
A gloomy pause ensued of dumb despair;
Then thus her fate invoked, with fervent prayer:
Diana! speed thy deathful ebon dart,
And cure the pangs of this convulsive heart.
Snatch me, ye whirlwinds! far from human race,
Tost through the void illimitable space:
Or if dismounted from the rapid cloud,
Me with his whelming wave let Ocean shroud!
So, Pandarus, thy hopes, three orphan-fair,
Were doom'd to wander through the devious air:
Thyself untimely, and thy consort died,
But four celestials both your cares supplied.
Venus in tender delicacy rears
With honey, milk, and wine, their infant years:
Imperial Juno to their youth assign'd
A form majestic, and sagacious mind:
With shapely growth Diana graced their bloom,
And Pallas taught the texture of the loom.
But whilst, to learn their lots in nuptial love,
Bright Cytherea sought the bower of Jove,
(The god supreme, to whose eternal eye
The registers of fate expanded lie;)
Wing'd Harpies snatch the unguarded charge away,
And to the Furies bore a grateful prey.
Be such my lot! Or thou, Diana, speed
Thy shaft, and send me joyful to the dead:
To seek my lord among the warrior-train,
Ere second vows my bridal faith profane.
When woes the waking sense alone assail,
Whilst Night extends her soft oblivious veil,
Of other wretches' care the torture ends:
No truce the warfare of my heart suspends!
The night renews the day-distracting theme,
And airy terrors sable every dream.
The last alone a kind illusion wrought,
And to my bed my loved Ulysses brought,
In manly bloom, and each majestic grace,
As when for Troy he left my fond embrace:
Such raptures in my beating bosom rise,
I deem it sure a vision of the skies.
Thus, whilst Aurora mounts her purple throne,
In audible laments she breathes her moan
The sounds assault Ulysses' wakeful ear:
Misjudging of the cause a sudden fear
Of his arrival known, the chief alarms;
He thinks the queen is rushing to his arms.
Upspringing from his couch, with active haste
The fleece and carpet in the dome he placed:
(The hide, without, imbibed the morning air;)
And thus the gods invoked with ardent prayer:
Jove, and ethereal thrones! with heaven to friend
If the long series of my woes shall end;
Of human race now rising from repose,
Let one a blissful omen here disclose:
And, to confirm my faith, propitious Jove,
Vouchsafe the sanction of a sign above.
Whilst lowly thus the chief adoring bows,
The pitying god his guardian aid avows.
Loud from a sapphire sky his thunder sounds;
With springing hope the hero's heart rebounds.
Soon, with consummate joy to crown his prayer,
An omen'd voice invades his ravish'd ear.
Beneath a pile that close the dome adjoin'd,
Twelve female slaves the gift of Ceres grind;
Task'd for the royal board to bolt the bran
From the pure flour (the growth and strength of man:)
Discharging to the day the labour due,
Now early to repose the rest withdrew;
One maid, unequal to the task assign'd,
Still turn'd the toilsome mill with anxious mind;
And thus in bitterness of soul divined:
Father of gods and men, whose thunders roll
O'er the cerulean vault, and shake the pole:
Whoe'er from heaven has gain'd this rare ostent
(Of granted vows a certain signal sent)
In this blest moment of accepted prayer,
Piteous, regard a wretch consumed with care!
Instant, O Jove! confound the suitor-train,
For whom o'ertoil'd I grind the golden grain;
Far from this dome the lewd devourers cast,
And be this festival decreed their last!
Big with their doom denounced in earth and sky,
Ulysses' heart dilates with secret joy.
Meantime the menial train with unctuous wood
Heap'd high the genial hearth, Vulcanian food:
When, early dress'd, advanced the royal heir:
With manly grasp he waved a martial spear,
A radiant sabre graced his purple zone,
And on his foot the golden sandal shone.
His steps impetuous to the portal press'd,
And Euryclea thus he there address'd.
Say thou, to whom my youth its nurture owes,
Was care for due reflection and repose
Bestow'd the stranger-guest? Or waits he grieved,
His age not honour'd, nor his wants relieved?
Promiscuous grace on all the queen confers;
(In woes bewilder'd, oft the wisest errs.)
The wordy vagrant to the dole aspires,
And modest worth with noble scorn retires.
She thus: O cease that ever-honour'd name
To blemish now: it ill deserves your blame.
A bowl of generous wine sufficed the guest:
In vain the queen the night-refection prest;
Nor would he court repose in downy state,
Unbless'd, abandon'd to the rage of Fate!
A hide beneath the portico was spread,
And fleecy skins composed a humble bed:
A downy carpet cast with duteous care,
Secured him from the keen nocturnal air.
His cornel javelin poised, with regal port,
To the sage Greeks convened in Themis' court,
Forth-issuing from the dome the prince repair'd;
Two dogs of chase, a lion-hearted guard,
Behind him sourly stalk'd. Without delay
The dame divides the labour of the day;

Thus urging to the toil the menial train:
What marks of luxury the marble stain!
Its wonted lustre let the floor regain;
The seats with purple clothe in order due;
And let the abstersive spunge the board renew;
Let some refresh the vase's sullied mould;
Some bid the goblets boast their native gold:
Some to the spring, with each a jar repair,
And copious waters pure for bathing bear:
Dispatch! for soon the suitors will assay,
The lunar feast-rites to the god of day.
She said: with duteous haste a bevy fair
Of twenty virgins to the spring repair:
With varied toils the rest adorn the dome.
Magnificent, and blithe, the suitors come.
Some wield the sounding axe; the dodder'd oaks
Divide, obedient to the forceful strokes.
Soon from the fount, with each a brimming urn
(Eumæus in the train,) the maids return.
Three porkers for the feast, all brawny-chined,
He brought; the choicest of the tusky kind:
In lodgements first secure his care he view'd,
Then to the king his friendly speech renew'd;
Now say sincere, my guest! the suitor-train
Still treat they worth with lordly dull disdain?
Or speaks their deed a bounteous mind humane?
Some pitying god (Ulysses sad replied)
With vollied vengeance blast their towering pride!
No conscious blush, no sense of right, restrains
The tides of lust that swell their boiling veins:
From vice to vice their appetites are tost,
All cheaply sated at another's cost!
While thus the chief his woes indignant told,
Melanthius, master of the bearded fold,
The goodliest goats of all the royal herd
Spontaneous to the suitors' feast preferr'd:
Two grooms assistant bore the victims bound;
With quavering cries the vaulted roofs resound:
And to the chief austere aloud began
The wretch unfriendly to the race of man.
Here, vagrant, still! offensive to my lords!
Blows have more energy than airy words;
These arguments I'll use: nor conscious shame,
Nor threats, thy bold intrusion will reclaim:
On this high feast the meanest vulgar boast
A plenteous board! hence! seek another host!
Rejoinder to the churl the king disdain'd,
But shook his head, and rising wrath restrain'd.
From Cephalenia, cross the surgy main
Philætius late arrived, a faithful swain.
A steer ungrateful to the bull's embrace,
And goats he brought, the pride of all their race,
Imported in a shallop not his own:
The dome re-echo'd to their mingled moan.
Straight to the guardian of the bristly kind
He thus began, benevolent of mind:
What guest is he, of such majestic air?
His lineage and paternal clime declare:
Dim through the eclipse of fate, the rays divine
Of sovereign state with faded splendour shine.
If monarchs by the gods are plunged in woe,
To what abyss are we foredoom'd to go!
Then affable he thus the chief address'd,
Whilst with pathetic warmth his hand he press'd:
Stranger, may fate a milder aspect show,
And spin thy future with a whiter clue!
O Jove! for ever deaf to human cries;
The tyrant, not the father of the skies!
Unpiteous of the race thy will began!
The fool of fate, thy manufacture, man,
With penury, contempt, repulse, and care,
The galling load of life is doom'd to bear.
Ulysses from his state a wanderer still,
Upbraids thy power, thy wisdom, or thy will!
O monarch ever dear!—O man of woe;—
Fresh flow my tears, and shall for ever flow!
Like thee, poor stranger-guest, denied his home!
Like thee, in rags obscure decreed to roam!
Or, haply perish'd on some distant coast,
In Stygian gloom he glides, a pensive ghost!
O, grateful for the good his bounty gave,
I'll grieve till sorrow sink me to the grave!
His kind protecting hand my youth preferr'd,
The regent of his Cephalenian herd:
With vast increase beneath my care it spreads;
A stately breed! and blackens far the meads.
Constrain'd, the choicest beeves I thence import
To cram these cormorants that crowd his court;
Who in partition seek his realm to share;
Nor human right, nor wrath divine revere.
Since here resolved oppressive these reside,
Contending doubts my anxious heart divide;
Now to some foreign clime inclined to fly,
And with the royal herd protection buy:
Then, happier thoughts return the nodding scale,
Light mounts despair, alternate hopes prevail;
In opening prospects of ideal joy,
My king returns; the proud usurpers die.
To whom the chief: In thy capacious mind
Since daring zeal with cool debate is join'd;
Attend a deed already ripe in fate:
Attest, oh Jove! the truth I now relate!
This sacred truth attest, each genial power,
Who bless the board, and guard this friendly bower!
Before thou quit the dome (nor long delay)
Thy wish produced in act, with pleased survey,
Thy wondering eyes shall view; his rightful reign
By arms avowed Ulysses shall regain,
And to the shades devote the suitor-train.
O Jove supreme! the raptured swain replies,
With deeds consummate soon the promised joys!
These aged nerves, with new-born vigour strung,
In that blest cause should emulate the young—
Assents Eumæus to the prayer addrest;
And equal ardours fire his loyal breast.
Meantime the suitors urge the prince's fate,
And deathful arts employ the dire debate:
When in his airy tour, the bird of Jove
Truss'd with his sinewy pounce a trembling dove:
Sinister to their hope! This omen eyed
Amphinomus, who thus presaging cried:
The gods from force and fraud the prince defend:
O peers! the sanguinary scheme suspend:
Your future thought let sable fate employ;
And give the present hour to genial joy.
From council straight the assenting peerage ceased,
And in the dome prepared the genial feast.
Disrobed, their vests apart in order lay,
Then all with speed succinct the victims slay;
With sheep and shaggy goats the porkers bled,
And the proud steer was on the marble spread.
With fire prepared, they deal the morsels round,
Wine, rosy-bright, the brimming goblets crown'd,
By sage Eumæus borne; the purple tide
Melanthius from an ample jar supplied:

High canisters of bread Philætius placed;
And eager all devour the rich repast.
Disposed apart, Ulysses shares the treat;
A trivet table, and ignobler seat,
The prince appoints; but to his sire assigns
The tasteful inwards, and nectareous wines.
Partake, my guest, he cried, without controul
The social feast, and drain the cheering bowl:
Dread not the railer's laugh, nor ruffian's rage;
No vulgar roof protects thy honour'd age;
This dome a refuge to thy wrongs shall be,
From my great sire too soon devolved to me!
Your violence and scorn, ye suitors cease,
Lest arms avenge the violated peace.
Awed by the prince, so haughty, brave, and young,
Rage gnaw'd the lip, amazement chain'd the tongue.
Be patient, peers! at length Antinoüs cries;
The threats of vain imperious youth despise:
Would Jove permit the meditated blow,
That stream of eloquence should cease to flow.
Without reply vouchsafed, Antinoüs ceased;
Meanwhile the pomp of festival increased:
By heralds rank'd, in marshall'd order move
The city tribes, to pleased Apollo's grove:
Beneath the verdure of which awful shade,
The lunar hecatomb, they grateful laid;
Partook the sacred feast, and ritual honours paid.
But the rich banquet, in the dome prepared
(A humble sideboard set) Ulysses shared
Observant of the prince's high behest,
His menial train attend the stranger-guest;
Whom Pallas with unpardoning fury fired
By lordly pride and keen reproach inspired.
A Samian peer, more studious than the rest
Of vice, who teem'd with many a dead-born jest,
And urged, for title to a consort queen,
Unnumber'd acres arable and green,
(Ctesippus named;) this lord Ulysses eyed,
And thus burst out the imposthumate with pride.
The sentence I propose, ye peers attend;
Since due regard must wait the prince's friend,
Let each a token of esteem bestow:
This gift acquits the dear respect I owe;
With which he nobly may discharge his seat,
And pay the menials for the master's treat.
He said; and of the steer before him placed,
That sinewy fragment at Ulysses cast,
Where to the pastern-bone, by nerves combined,
The well-horned foot indissolubly join'd;
Which whizzing high, the wall unseemly sign'd.
The chief indignant grins a ghastly smile;
Revenge and scorn within his bosom boil:
When thus the prince with pious rage inflamed:
Had not the inglorious wound thy malice aim'd
Fall'n guiltless of the mark, my certain spear
Had made thee buy the brutal triumph dear:
Nor should thy sire a queen his daughter boast;
The suitor, now, had vanish'd in a ghost:
No more, ye lewd compeers, with lawless power
Invade my dome, my herds and flocks devour;
For genuine worth, of age mature to know,
My grape shall redden, and my harvest grow.
Or, if each other's wrongs ye still support,
With rapes and riot to profane my court,
What single arm with numbers can contend?
On me let all your lifted swords descend,
And with my life such vile dishonours end.

A long cessation of discourse ensued,
By gentle Agelaüs thus renew'd:
A just reproof, ye peers! your rage restrain
From the protected guest, and menial train:
And, prince! to stop the source of future ill,
Assent yourself, and gain the royal will.
Whilst hope prevail'd to see your sire restored,
Of right the queen refused a second lord:
But who so void of faith, so blind to fate,
To think he still survives to claim the state?
Now press the sovereign dame with warm desire
To wed, as wealth or worth her choice inspire:
The lord selected to the nuptial joys,
Far hence will lead the long-contested prize:
Whilst in paternal pomp with plenty bless'd,
You reign, of this imperial dome possess'd.
Sage and serene Telemachus replies:
By him, at whose behest the thunder flies,
And by the name on earth I most revere,
By great Ulysses and his woes, I swear!
(Who never must review his dear domain;
Enroll'd, perhaps, in Pluto's dreary train,)
Whene'er her choice the royal dame avows,
My bridal gifts shall load the future spouse:
But from this dome my parent queen to chase!
From me, ye gods! avert such dire disgrace.
But Pallas clouds with intellectual gloom
The suitors' souls, insensate of their doom!
A mirthful frenzy seized the fated crowd;
The roofs resound with causeless laughter loud:
Floating in gore, portentous to survey!
In each discolour'd vase the viands lay:
Then down each cheek the tears spontaneous flow,
And sudden sighs precede approaching woe.
In vision rapt, the Hyperesian seer*
Uprose, and thus divined vengeance near.
O race to death devote! with Stygian shade
Each destined peer impending fates invade:
With tears your wan distorted cheeks are drown'd;
With sanguine drops the walls are rubied round:
Thick swarms the spacious hall with howling ghosts,
To people Orcus, and the burning coasts!
Nor gives the sun his golden orb to roll,
But universal night usurps the pole!
Yet warn'd in vain, with laughter loud elate
The peers reproach the sure divine of Fate:
And thus Eurymachus: the dotard's mind
To every sense is lost, to reason blind:
Swift from the dome conduct the slave away;
Let him in open air behold the day.
Tax not (the heaven-illumined seer rejoin'd)
Of rage, or folly, my prophetic mind.
No clouds of error dim the ethereal rays,
Her equal power each faithful sense obeys.
Unguided hence my trembling steps I bend,
Far hence, before yon hovering deaths descend;
Lest the ripe harvest of revenge begun,
I share the doom ye suitors cannot shun.
This said, to sage Piræus sped the seer,
His honour'd host, a welcome inmate there.
O'er the protracted feast the suitors sit,
And aim to wound the prince with pointless wit:
Cries one, with scornful leer and mimic voice,
Thy charity we praise, but not thy choice:
Why such profusion of indulgence shown
To this poor timorous, toil-detesting drone?

* Theoclymenus.

That other feeds on planetary schemes,
And pays his host with hideous noon-day dreams.
But, prince! for once at least believe a friend,
To some Sicilian mart these courtiers send,
Where if they yield their freight across the main,
Dear sell the slaves! demand no greater gain.
Thus jovial they: but nought the prince replies:
Full on his sire he rolls his ardent eyes;
Impatient straight to flesh his virgin-sword:
From the wise chief he waits the deathful word.
Nigh, in her bright alcove, the pensive queen
To see the circle sate, of all unseen.
Sated at length they rise, and bid prepare
An eve-repast, with equal cost and care;
But vengeful Pallas, with preventing speed
A feast proportion'd to their crimes decreed:
A feast of death! the feasters doom'd to bleed!

BOOK XXI.

ARGUMENT.

The Bending of Ulysses' Bow.

Penelope, to put an end to the solicitation of the suitors, proposes to marry the person who shall first bend the bow of Ulysses, and shoot through the ringlets. After their attempts have proved ineffectual, Ulysses, taking Eumæus and Philætius apart, discovers himself to them; then returning, desires leave to try his strength at the bow, which, though refused with indignation by the suitors, Penelope and Telemachus cause it to be delivered to his hands. He bends it immediately, and shoots through all the rings. Jupiter at the same instant thunders from heaven: Ulysses accepts the omen, and gives a sign to Telemachus, who stands ready armed at his side.

BOOK XXI.

And Pallas now to raise the rivals' fires,
With her own art Penelope inspires:
Who now can bend Ulysses' bow, and wing
The well-aim'd arrow through the distant ring
Shall end the strife, and win the imperial dame—
But discord and black death await the game.
The prudent queen the lofty stair ascends,
At distance due a virgin-train attends;
A brazen key she held, the handle turn'd,
With steel and polish'd elephant adorn'd:
Swift to the inmost room she bent her way,
Where, safe reposed, the royal treasures lay;
There shone high heap'd the labour'd brass and ore,
And there the bow which great Ulysses bore;
And there the quiver, where now guiltless slept
Those winged deaths that many a matron wept.
This gift, long since when Sparta's shores he trod,
On young Ulysses Iphitus bestow'd:
Beneath Orchilochus's roof they met;
One loss was private, one a public debt;
Messena's state from Ithaca detains
Three hundred sheep, and all the shepherd swains;
And to the useful prince to urge the laws,
The king and elders trust their common cause.
But Iphitus employ'd on other cares,
Search'd the wide country for his wandering mares,
And mules, the strongest of the labouring kind;
Hapless to search! more hapless still to find!
For journeying on to Hercules, at length
That lawless wretch, that man of brutal strength,
Deaf to heaven's voice, the social right transgress'd:
And for the beauteous mares destroy'd his guest
He gave the bow; and on Ulysses' part,
Received a pointed sword, and missile dart
Of luckless friendship on a foreign shore
Their first, last pledges! for they met no more.
The bow, bequeath'd by this unhappy hand,
Ulysses bore not from his native land;
Nor in the front of battle taught to bend,
But kept in dear memorial of his friend.
Now gently winding up the fair ascent,
By many an easy step the matron went;
Then o'er the pavement glides with grace divine
(With polish'd oak the level pavements shine;)
The folding gates a dazzling light display'd,
With pomp of various architrave o'erlaid.
The bolt, obedient to the silken string,
Forsakes the staple as she pulls the ring;
The wards respondent to the key turn round;
The bars fall back: the flying valves resound;
Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring,
So roar'd the lock when it released the spring.
She moves majestic through the wealthy room,
Where treasured garments cast a rich perfume;
There from the column where aloft it hung,
Reach'd, in its splendid case, the bow unstrung;
Across her knees she laid the well-known bow
And pensive sate, and tears began to flow.
To full satiety of grief she mourns,
Then silent to the joyous hall returns,
To the proud suitors bears in pensive state
The unbended bow, and arrows wing'd with fate.
Behind, her train the polish'd coffer brings,
Which held the alternate brass and silver rings.
Full in the portal the chaste queen appears,
And with her veil conceals the coming tears:
On either side awaits a virgin fair;
While thus the matron, with majestic air:
Say you, whom these forbidden walls inclose,
For whom my victims bleed, my vintage flows;
If these neglected, faded charms can move?
Or is it but a vain pretence, you love?
If I the prize, if me you seek to wife,
Hear the conditions, and commence the strife.
Who first Ulysses' wondrous bow shall bend,
And though twelve ringlets the fleet arrow send,
Him will I follow, and forsake my home,
For him forsake this loved, this wealthy dome,
Long, long the scene of all my past delight,
And still to last, the vision of my night!
Graceful she said, and bade Eumæus show
The rival peers the ringlets and the bow.
From his full eyes the tears unbidden spring,
Touch'd at the dear memorials of his king.
Philætius too relents, but secret shed
The tender drops. Antinoüs saw and said:
Hence to your fields, ye rustics! hence away,
Nor stain with grief the pleasures of the day:
Nor to the royal heart recall in vain
The sad remembrance of a perish'd man.
Enough her precious tears already flow—
Or share the feast with due respect, or go
To weep abroad, and leave us to the bow:
No vulgar task! Ill suits this courtly crew
That stubborn horn which brave Ulysses drew.
I well remember (for I gazed him o'er
While yet a child,) what majesty he bore!

And still (all infant as I was) retain
The port, the strength, the grandeur of the man.
He said, but in his soul fond joys arise,
And his proud hopes already win the prize.
To speed the flying shaft through every ring,
Wretch! is not thine: the arrows of the king
Shall end those hopes, and fate is on the wing!
Then thus Telemachus: Some god, I find,
With pleasing phrenzy has possess'd my mind;
When a loved mother threatens to depart,
Why with this ill-timed gladness leaps my heart?
Come then, ye suitors! and dispute a prize
Richer than all the Achaian state supplies,
Than all proud Argos, or Mycæna knows,
Than all our isles or continents inclose:
A woman matchless, and almost divine,
Fit for the praise of every tongue but mine.
No more excuses then, no more delay;
Haste to the trial—Lo! I lead the way.
I too may try, and if this arm can wing
The feather'd arrow through the destined ring,
Then if no happier knight the conquest boast,
I shall not sorrow for a mother lost:
But, blest in her, possess these arms alone,
Heir of my father's strength, as well as throne.
He spoke: then, rising, his broad sword unbound,
And cast his purple garment on the ground.
A trench he open'd; in a line he placed
The level axes, and the points made fast;
(His perfect skill the wondering gazers eyed,
The game as yet unseen, as yet untried.)
Then, with a manly pace, he took his stand;
And grasp'd the bow, and twang'd it in his hand.
Three times, with beating heart, he made essay;
Three times, unequal to the task, gave way;
A modest boldness on his cheek appear'd:
And thrice he hoped, and thrice again he fear'd.
The fourth had drawn it. The great sire with joy
Beheld, but with a sign forbade the boy.
His ardour straight the obedient prince suppress'd,
And, artful, thus the suitor-train address'd:
Oh lay the cause on youth yet immature!
(For Heaven forbid such weakness should endure!)
How shall this arm, unequal to the bow,
Retort an insult, or a repel foe?
But you! whom Heaven with better nerves has bless'd,
Accept the trial, and the prize contest.
He cast the bow before him, and apart
Against the polish'd quiver propp'd the dart.
Resuming then his seat, Epitheus' son
The bold Antinous to the rest begun:
From where the goblet first begins to flow,
From right to left in order take the bow,
And prove your several strengths.—The princes heard,
And first Leiodes, blameless priest, appear'd:
The eldest born of Œnops' noble race,
Who next the goblet held his holy place;
He, only he, of all the suitor-throng,
Their deeds detested, and abjured the wrong.
With tender hands the stubborn horn he strains,
The stubborn horn resisted all his pains!
Already in despair he gives it o'er:
Take it who will, he cries, I strive no more.
What numerous deaths attend this fatal bow!
What souls and spirits shall it send below!
Better, indeed to die, and fairly give
Nature her debt than disappointed live,
With each new sun to some new hope a prey,
Yet still to-morrow falser than to-day.
How long in vain Penelope we sought!
This bow shall ease us of that idle thought,
And send us with some humbler wife to live,
Whom gold shall gain, or destiny shall give.
Thus speaking, on the floor the bow he placed
(With rich inlay the various floor was graced;)
At distance far the feather'd shaft he throws,
And to the seat returns from whence he rose.
To him Antinoüs thus with fury said:
What words ill-omen'd from thy lips have fled?
Thy coward function ever is in fear;
Those arms are dreadful which thou canst not bear.
Why should this bow be fatal to the brave?
Because the priest is born a peaceful slave.
Mark then what others can—He ended there,
And bade Melanthius a vast pile prepare;
He gives it instant flame, then fast beside
Spreads o'er an ample board a bullock's hide.
With melted lard they soak the weapon o'er,
Chafe every knot, and supple every pore.
Vain all their art, and all their strength as vain;
The bow inflexible resists their pain.
The force of great Eurymachus alone
And bold Antinoüs, yet untried, unknown:
Those only now remain'd; but those confess'd
Of all the train the mightiest and the best.
Then from the hall, and from the noisy crew,
The masters of the herd and flock withdrew.
The king observes them, he the hall forsakes,
And, past the limits of the court, o'ertakes.
Then thus with accent mild Ulysses spoke:
Ye faithful guardians of the herd and flock!
Shall I the secret of my breast conceal,
Or, (as my soul now dictates) shall I tell?
Say, should some favouring god restore again
The lost Ulysses to his native reign,
How beat your hearts? what aid would you afford
To the proud suitors, or your ancient lord?
Philætius thus: O were thy words not vain!
Would mighty Jove restore that man again!
These aged sinews, with new vigour strung,
In his blest cause should emulate the young.
With equal vows Eumæus too implored
Each power above, with wishes for his lord.
He saw their secret souls, and thus began:
Those vows the gods accord, behold the man!
Your own Ulysses! twice ten years detain'd
By woes and wanderings from this hapless land:
At length he comes; but comes despised, unknown,
And finding faithful, you, and you alone.
All else have cast him from their very thought,
Even in their wishes and their prayers forgot!
Hear then, my friends: If Jove this arm succeed
And give yon impious revellers to bleed,
My care shall be to bless your future lives
With large possessions and with faithful wives;
Fast by my palace shall your domes ascend,
And each on young Telemachus attend,
And each be call'd his brother and my friend.
To give you firmer faith, now trust your eye;
Lo! the broad scar indented on my thigh,
When with Autolycus's sons, of yore,
On Parnass' top I chased the tusky boar.
His ragged vest then drawn aside disclosed
The sign conspicuous, and the scar exposed:

Eager they view'd; with joy they stood amazed:
With tearful eyes o'er all their master gazed:
Around his neck their longing arms they cast,
His head, his shoulders, and his knees embraced:
Tears follow'd tears: no word was in their power;
In solemn silence fell the kindly shower.
The king too weeps, the king too grasps their hands,
And moveless, as a marble fountain, stands.
Thus had their joy wept down the setting sun,
But first the wise man ceased, and thus begun:
Enough—on other cares your thoughts employ,
For danger waits on all untimely joy.
Full many foes, and fierce, observe us near;
Some may betray, and yonder walls may hear.
Re-enter then, not all at once, but stay
Some moments you, and let me lead the way.
To me, neglected as I am, I know
The haughty suitors will deny the bow;
But thou, Eumæus, as 'tis borne away,
Thy master's weapon to his hand convey.
At every portal let some matron wait,
And each lock fast the wall-compacted gate:
Close let them keep whate'er invades their ear;
Though arms, or shouts, or dying groans they hear.
To thy strict charge, Philætius we consign
The court's main gate: to guard that pass be thine.
This said, he first return'd: the faithful swains
At distance follow, as their king ordains.
Before the flames Eurymachus now stands,
And turns the bow, and chafes it with his hands:
Still the tough bow unmoved. The lofty man
Sigh'd from his mighty soul, and thus began:
I mourn the common cause; for, oh, my friends
On me, on all, what grief, what shame attends!
Not the lost nuptials can affect me more,
(For Greece has beauteous dames on every shore,)
But baffled thus! confess'd so far below
Ulysses strength, as not to bend his bow!
How shall all ages our attempt deride!
Our weakness scorn! Antinoüs thus replied:
Not so, Eurymachus: that no man draws
The wondrous bow, attend another cause.
Sacred to Phœbus is the solemn day,
Which thoughtless we in games would waste away;
Till the next dawn this ill-timed strife forego,
And here leave fixed the ringlets in a row.
Now bid the sewer approach, and let us join
In due libations, and in rites divine,
So end our night: before the day shall spring,
The choicest offerings let Melanthius bring;
Let them to Phœbus' name the fatted thighs
Feed the rich smokes, high curling to the skies.
So shall the patron of these arts bestow
(For his the gift) the skill to bend the bow.
They heard well-pleased: the ready heralds bring
The cleansing waters from the limpid spring:
The goblet high with rosy wine they crown'd,
In order circling to the peers around.
That rite complete, uprose the thoughtful man
And thus his meditated scheme began:
If what I ask, your noble minds approve,
Ye peers and rivals in the royal love!
Chief, if it hurt not great Antinoüs' ear
(Whose sage decision I with wonder hear,)
And if Eurymachus the motion please;
Give Heaven this day, and rest the bow in peace.
To-morrow let your arms dispute the prize,
And take it he, the favour'd of the skies!
But, since till then this trial you delay,
Trust it one moment to my hands to-day:
Fain would I prove, before your judging eyes,
What once I was, whom wretched you despise;
If yet this arm its ancient force retain;
Or if my woes (a long continued train)
And wants and insults, make me less than man.
Rage flash'd in lightning from the suitors' eyes,
Yet mix'd with terror at the bold emprise.
Antinoüs then: O miserable guest!
Is common sense quite banish'd from thy breast?
Sufficed it not, within the palace placed,
To sit distinguish'd with our presence graced,
Admitted here with princes to confer,
A man unknown, a needy wanderer?
To copious wine this insolence we owe,
And much thy betters wine can overthrow:
The great Eurytion, when this phrenzy stung,
Pirithoüs' roofs with frantic riot rung;
Boundless the Centaur raged; till one and all
The heroes rose, and dragg'd him from the hall;
His nose they shorten'd, and his ears they slit,
And sent him sober'd home with better wit.
Hence with long war the double race was cursed,
Fatal to all, but to the aggressor first.
Such Fate I prophecy our guest attends,
If here this interdicted bow he bends:
Nor shall these walls such insolence contain;
The first fair wind transports him o'er the main
Where Echetus to death the guilty brings
(The worst of mortals, even the worst of kings.)
Better than that, if thou approve our cheer;
Cease the mad strife, and share our bounty here.
To this the queen her just dislike express'd;
'Tis impious, prince, to harm the stranger-guest,
Base to insult who bears a suppliant's name,
And some respect Telemachus may claim.
What if the immortals on the man bestow
Sufficient strength to draw the mighty bow?
Shall I, a queen, by rival chiefs adored,
Accept a wandering stranger for my lord?
A hope so idle never touch'd his brain:
Then ease your bosoms of a fear so vain.
Far be he banish'd from this stately scene
Who wrongs his princess with a thought so mean.
O fair! and wisest of so fair a kind!
(Respectful thus Eurymachus rejoin'd,)
Moved by no weak surmise, but sense of shame,
We dread the all-arraigning voice of Fame:
We dread the censure of the meanest slave,
The weakest woman: all can wrong the brave.
'Behold what wretches to the bed pretend
Of that brave chief, whose bow they could not bend!
In came a beggar of the strolling crew,
And did what all those princes could not do.'
Thus will the common voice our deed defame,
And thus posterity upbraid our name.
To whom the queen: If fame engage your views,
Forbear those acts which infamy pursues:
Wrong and oppression no renown can raise;
Know, friend! that virtue is the path to praise.
The stature of our guest, his port, his face,
Speak him descended from no vulgar race.
To him the bow, as he desires, convey;
And to his hand if Phœbus give the day,
Hence, to reward his merit, he shall bear
A two-edged falchion, and a shining spear,

Embroider'd sandals, a rich cloak and vest,
A safe conveyance to his port of rest.
O royal mother! ever honour'd name!
Permit me, (cries Telemachus,) to claim
A son's just right. No Grecian prince but I
Has power this bow to grant, or to deny.
Of all that Ithaca's rough hills contain,
And all wide Elis' courser-breeding plain,
To me alone my father's arms descend;
And mine alone they are, to give or lend.
Retire, oh queen! thy household task resume,
Tend, with thy maids, the labours of the loom;
The bow, the darts, and arms of chivalry,
These cares to man belong, and most to me.
Mature beyond his years, the queen admired
His sage reply, and with her train retired;
There in her chamber as she sate apart,
Revolved his words, and placed them in her heart.
On her Ulysses then she fix'd her soul;
Down her fair cheek the tears abundant roll,
Till gentle Pallas, piteous of her cries,
In slumber closed her silver-streaming eyes.
Now through the press the bow Eumæus bore,
And all was riot, noise, and wild uproar.
Hold! lawless rustic! whither wilt thou go?
To whom, insensate, dost thou bear the bow?
Exiled for this to some sequester'd den,
Far from the sweet society of men,
To thy own dogs a prey thou shalt be made;
If Heaven and Phœbus lend the suitors aid.
Thus they. Aghast he laid the weapon down,
But bold Telemachus thus urged him on.
Proceed, false slave, and slight their empty words;
What! hopes the fool to please so many lords?
Young as I am, thy prince's vengeful hand
Stretch'd forth in wrath, shall drive thee from the land.
Oh! could the vigour of this arm as well
The oppressive suitors from my walls expel!
Then what a shoal of lawless men should go
To fill with tumult the dark courts below!
The suitors with a scornful smile survey
The youth, indulging in the genial day.
Eumæus, thus encouraged, hastes to bring
The strifeful bow, and gives it to the king.
Old Euryclea calling them aside,
Hear what Telemachus enjoins (he cried:)
At every portal let some matron wait,
And each lock fast the well-compacted gate;
And if unusual sounds invade their ear,
If arms, or shouts, or dying groans they hear,
Let none to call or issue forth presume,
But close attend the labours of the loom.
Her prompt obedience on his order waits;
Closed in an instant were the palace gates.
In the same moment forth Philætius flies,
Secures the court, and with a cable ties
The utmost gate (the cable, strongly wrought
Of Byblos' reed, a ship from Egypt brought;)
Then unperceived and silent at the board
His seat he takes; his eyes upon his lord.
And now his well-known bow the master bore,
Turn'd on all sides, and view'd it o'er and o'er;
Lest time or worms had done the weapon wrong,
Its owner absent, and untried so long.
While some deriding—How he turns the bow!
Some other like it sure the man must know,
Or else would copy; or in bows he deals;
Perhaps he makes them, or perhaps he steals.—
Heaven to this wretch, (another cried) be kind!
And bless, in all to which he stands inclined,
With such good fortune as he now shall find
Heedless he heard them: but disdain'd reply,
The bow perusing with exactest eye.
Then, as some heavenly minstrel, taught to sing
High notes responsive to the trembling string,
To some new strain when he adapts the lyre,
Or the dumb lute refits with vocal wire,
Relaxes, strains, and draws them to and fro,
So the great master drew the mighty bow:
And drew with ease. One hand aloft display'd
The bending horns, and one the string essay'd.
From his essaying hand the string let fly,
Twang'd short and sharp like the shrill swallow's cry,
A general horror ran through all the race,
Sunk was each heart, and pale was every face.
Signs from above ensued: the unfolding sky
In lightning burst; Jove thunder'd from on high.
Fired at the call of heaven's Almighty Lord,
He snatch'd the shaft that glitter'd on the board:
(Fast by, the rest lay sleeping in the sheath,
But soon to fly the messengers of death.)
Now sitting as he was, the cord he drew,
Through every ringlet levelling his view;
Then notch'd the shaft, released, and gave it wing;
The whizzing arrow vanish'd from the string,
Sung on direct, and threaded every ring.
The solid gate its fury scarcely bounds;
Pierced through and through, the solid gate resounds.
Then to the prince: Nor have I wrought thee shame:
Nor err'd this hand unfaithful to its aim;
Nor proved the toil too hard; nor have I lost
That ancient vigour, once my pride and boast.
Ill I deserved these haughty peers' disdain;
Now let them comfort their dejected train,
In sweet repast their present hour employ,
Nor wait till evening for the genial joy:
Then to the lute's soft voice prolong the night;
Music, the banquet's most refined delight.
He said, then gave a nod; and at the word
Telemachus girds on his shining sword.
Fast by his father's side he takes his stand;
The beamy javelin lightens in his hand.

BOOK XXII.

ARGUMENT.

The Death of the Suitors.

Ulysses begins the slaughter of the suitors by the death of Antinoüs. He declares himself, and lets fly his arrows at the rest. Telemachus assists, and brings arms for his father, himself, Eumæus, and Philætius. Melanthius does the same for the wooers. Minerva encourages Ulysses in the shape of Mentor. The suitors are all slain, only Medon and Phemius are spared. Melanthius and the unfaithful servants are executed. The rest acknowledge their master with all demonstrations of joy.

BOOK XXII.

Then fierce the hero o'er the threshold strode;
Stript of his rags, he blazed out like a god.
Full in their face the lifted bow he bore,
And quiver'd deaths, a formidable store:
Before his feet the rattling shower he threw,
And thus, terrific, to the suitor crew:

One venturous game this hand has won to-day,
Another, princes! yet remains to play;
Another mark our arrow must attain.
Phœbus, assist! nor be the labour vain.
Swift as the word the parting arrow sings,
And bears thy fate, Antinoüs, on its wings:
Wretch that he was, of unprophetic soul!
High in his hands, he rear'd the golden bowl!
Even then to drain it lengthen'd out his breath;
Changed to the deep, the bitter draught of death:
For fate who fear'd amidst a feastful band?
And fate to numbers, by a single hand?
Full through his throat Ulysses' weapon pass'd,
And pierced the neck. He falls and breathes his last.
The tumbling goblet the wide floor o'erflows,
A stream of gore burst spouting from his nose;
Grim in convulsive agonies he sprawls:
Before him spurn'd, the loaded table falls,
And spreads the pavement with a mingled flood
Of floating meats, and wine, and human blood.
Amazed, confounded, as they saw him fall,
Uprose the throngs tumultuous round the hall;
O'er all the dome they cast a haggard eye,
Each look'd for arms: in vain; no arms were nigh.
Aim'st thou at princes? (all amazed they said;)
Thy last of games unhappy hast thou play'd;
Thy erring shaft has made our bravest bleed,
And death, unlucky guest, attends thy deed.
Vultures shall tear thee—Thus incensed they spoke,
While each to chance ascribed the wondrous stroke,
Blind as they were: for death even now invades
His destined prey, and wraps them all in shades.
Then grimly frowning, with a dreadful look,
That wither'd all their hearts, Ulysses spoke:
Dogs, ye have had your day! ye fear'd no more
Ulysses vengeful from the Trojan shore;
While, to your lust and spoil a guardless prey
Our house, our wealth, our helpless handmaids lay:
Not so content, with bolder phrenzy fired,
Even to our bed presumptuous you aspired:
Laws, or divine, or human, fail'd to move,
Or shame of men, or dread of gods above;
Heedless alike of infamy or praise,
Or Fame's eternal voice in future days:
The hour of vengeance, wretches, now is come,
Impending fate is yours, and instant doom.
Thus dreadful he. Confused the suitors stood,
From their pale cheeks recedes the flying blood:
Trembling they sought their guilty heads to hide,
Alone the bold Eurymachus replied:
If, as thy words import, (he thus began,)
Ulysses lives, and thou the mighty man,
Great are thy wrongs, and much thou hast sustain'd
In thy spoil'd palace, and exhausted land;
The cause and author of those guilty deeds,
Lo! at thy feet unjust Antinoüs bleeds.
Not love, but wild ambition was his guide;
To slay thy son, thy kingdoms to divide,
These were his aims; but juster Jove denied.
Since cold in death the offender lies, oh spare
Thy suppliant people, and receive their prayer!
Brass, gold, and treasures, shall the spoil defray,
Two hundred oxen every prince shall pay:
The waste of years refunded in a day.
Till then thy wrath is just.—Ulysses burn'd
With high disdain, and sternly thus return'd:
All, all the treasures that enrich'd our throne
Before your rapines, join'd with all your own,
If offer'd, vainly should for mercy call,
'Tis you that offer, and I scorn them all;
Your blood is my demand, your lives the prize,
Till pale as yonder wretch each suitor lies.
Hence with those coward terms; or fight or fly;
This choice is left you, to resist or die:
And die I trust ye shall.—He sternly spoke:
With guilty fears the pale assembly shook.
Alone Eurymachus exhorts the train;
Yon archer, comrades will not shoot in vain:
But from the threshold shall his darts be sped,
(Whoe'er he be) till every prince lie dead?
Be mindful of yourselves, draw forth your swords,
And to his shafts obtend these ample boards
(So need compels.) Then, all united, strive
The bold invader from his post to drive;
The city roused shall to our rescue haste,
And this mad archer soon have shot his last.
Swift as spoke, he drew his traitor sword,
And like a lion rush'd against his lord:
The wary chief the rushing foe represt,
Who met the point, and forced it in his breast:
His failing hand deserts the lifted sword,
And prone he falls extended o'er the board!
Before him wide, in mix'd effusion roll
The untasted viands, and the jovial bowl.
Full through his liver pass'd the mortal wound,
With dying rage his forehead beats the ground;
He spurn'd the seat with fury as he fell,
And the fierce soul to darkness dived, and hell.
Next bold Amphinomus his arms extends
To force the pass; the godlike man defends.
Thy spear, Telemachus, prevents the attack,
The brazen weapon driving through his back,
Thence through his breast its bloody passage tore,
Flat falls he thundering on the marble floor.
And his crush'd forehead marks the stone with gore.
He left his javelin in the dead, for fear
The long encumbrance of the weighty spear
To the fierce foe advantage might afford,
To rush between, and use the shorten'd sword.
With speedy ardour to his sire he flies,
And, arm, great father! arm, (in haste, he cries;)
Lo hence I run for other arms to wield,
For missile javelins, and for helm and shield;
Fast by our side let either faithful swain
In arms attend us, and their part sustain.
Haste, and return, (Ulysses made reply)
While yet the auxiliary shafts this hand supply;
Lest thus alone, encounter'd by an host,
Driven from the gate, the important pass be lost.
With speed Telemachus obeys, and flies
Where piled in heaps the royal armour lies;
Four brazen helmets, eight refulgent spears,
And four broad bucklers to his sire he bears:
At once in brazen panoply they shone,
At once each servant braced his armour on;
Around their king a faithful guard they stand,
While yet each shaft flew deathful from his hand:
Chief after chief expired at every wound,
And swell'd the bleeding mountain on the ground.
Soon as his store of flying fates was spent,
Against the wall he set the bow unbent;
And now his shoulders bear the massy shield,
And now his hands two beamy javelins wield:
He frowns beneath his nodding plume, that play'd
O'er the high crest, and cast a dreadful shade.

There stood a window near, whence looking down
From o'er the porch appear'd the subject town.
A double strength of valves secured the place,
A high and narrow, but the only pass:
The cautious king, with all-preventing care,
To guard that outlet, placed Eumæus there:
When Agelaüs thus: Has none the sense
To mount yon window, and alarm from thence
The neighbour town? the town shall force the door,
And this bold archer soon shall shoot no more.
Melanthius then: That outlet to the gate
So near adjoins, that one may guard the strait.
But other methods of defence remain;
Myself with arms can furnish all the train;
Stores from the royal magazine I bring,
And their own darts shall pierce the prince and king.
He said; and mounting up the lofty stairs,
Twelve shields, twelve lances, and twelve helmets bears:
All arm, and sudden round the hall appears
A blaze of bucklers, and a wood of spears.
The hero stands oppress'd with mighty woe;
On every side he sees the labour grow:
Oh, curst event! and oh, unlook'd-for aid!
Melanthius or the women have betray'd—
Oh, my dear son!—The father with a sigh,
Then ceased; the filial virtue made reply:
Falsehood is folly, and 'tis just to own
The fault committed: this was mine alone;
My haste neglected yonder door to bar,
And hence the villain has supplied their war.
Run, good Eumæus, then, and (what before
I thoughtless err'd in) well secure that door:
Learn, if by female fraud this deed were done,
Or (as my thought misgives) by Dolius' son.
While yet they spoke, in quest of arms again
To the high chamber stole the faithless swain,
Not unobserved. Eumæus watchful eyed,
And thus address'd Ulysses near his side:
The miscreant we suspected takes that way;
Him, if this arm be powerful, shall I slay?
Or drive him hither, to receive the meed
From thy own hand, of this detested deed?
Not so (replied Ulysses;) leave him there;
For us sufficient is another care;
Within the structure of this palace wall
To keep enclosed his masters till they fall:
Go you, and seize the felon; backward bind
His arms and legs, and fix a plank behind;
On this his body by strong cords extend,
And on a column near the roof suspend:
So studied tortures his vile days shall end.
The ready swains obey'd with joyful haste.
Behind the felon unperceived they pass'd,
As round the room in quest of arms he goes;
(The half-shut door conceal'd his lurking foes:)
One hand sustain'd a helm, and one the shield,
Which old Laërtes wont in youth to wield,
Cover'd with dust, with dryness chapt and worn,
The brass corroded, and the leather torn.
Thus laden, o'er the threshold as he stepp'd,
Fierce on the villain from each side they leap'd,
Back by the hair the trembling dastard drew,
And down reluctant on the pavement threw.
Active and pleased the zealous swains fulfil
At every point their master's rigid will;
First, fast behind, his hands and feet they bound,
Then straiten'd cords involved his body round;
So drawn aloft, athwart the column tied,
The howling felon swung from side to side.
Eumæus scoffing then with keen disdain:
There pass thy pleasing night, oh gentle swain!
On that soft pillow, from that envied height,
First may'st thou see the springing dawn of light;
So timely rise, when morning streaks the east,
To drive thy victims to the suitors' feast.
This said, they left him, tortured as he lay,
Secured the door, and hasty strode away:
Each, breathing death, resumed his dangerous post
Near great Ulysses; four against a host.
When lo! descending to her hero's aid,
Jove's daughter Pallas, war's triumphant maid:
In Mentor's friendly form she join'd his side:
Ulysses saw, and thus with transport cried:
Come, ever welcome, and thy succour lend;
Oh every sacred name in one! my friend!
Early we loved, and long our loves have grown:
Whate'er through life's whole series I have done,
Or good, or grateful, now to mind recall,
And, aiding this one hour, repay it all.
Thus he; but pleasing hopes his bosom warm,
Of Pallas latent in the friendly form.
The adverse host the phantom-warrior eyed,
And first, loud threatening Agelaüs cried:
Mentor, beware, nor let that tongue persuade
Thy frantic arm to lend Ulysses aid;
Our force successful shall our threat make good,
And with the sire and son's commix thy blood.
What hopest thou here? Thee first the sword shall slay,
Then lop thy whole posterity away;
Far hence thy banish'd consort shall we send;
With his, thy forfeit lands and treasures blend;
Thus, and thus only, shalt thou join thy friend.
His barbarous insult even the goddess fires,
Who thus the warrior to revenge inspires:
Art thou Ulysses? where then shall we find
The patient body and the constant mind?
That courage, once the Trojans' daily dread,
Known nine long years, and felt by heroes dead?
And where that conduct, which revenged the lust
Of Priam's race, and laid proud Troy in dust?
If this, when Helen was the cause, were done,
What for thy country now, thy queen, thy son?
Rise then in combat, at my side attend;
Observe what vigour gratitude can lend,
And foes how weak, opposed against a friend!
She spoke; but willing longer to survey
The sire and son's great acts, withheld the day;
By farther toils decreed the brave to try,
And level poised the wings of victory;
Then with a change of form eludes their sight,
Perch'd like a swallow on a rafter's height,
And unperceived enjoys the rising fight.
Damastor's son, bold Agelaüs, leads
The guilty war; Eurynomus succeeds;
With these, Pisander, great Polictor's son,
Sage Polybus, and stern Amphymedon,
With Demoptolemus: these six survive;
The best of all the shafts had left alive.
Amidst the carnage, desperate as they stand,
Thus Agelaüs roused the lagging band:
The hour is come, when yon fierce man no more
With bleeding princes shall bestrew the floor.
Lo! Mentor leaves him with an empty boast;
The four remain, but four against a host.

Let each at once discharge the deadly dart,
One sure of six shall reach Ulysses' heart:
The rest must perish their great leader slain:
Thus shall one stroke the glory lost regain.
Then all at once their mingled lances threw,
And thirsty all of one man's blood they flew;
In vain! Minerva turn'd them with her breath,
And scatter'd short or wide the points of death!
With deaden'd sound one on the threshold falls,
One strikes the gate, one rings against the walls:
The storm past innocent. The godlike man
Now loftier trod, and dreadful thus began:
'Tis now (brave friends) our turn, at once to throw
(So speed them heaven) our javelins at the foe:
That impious race to all their past misdeeds
Would add our blood; injustice still proceeds.
He spoke: at once their fiery lances flew;
Great Demoptolemus, Ulysses slew;
Euryades received the prince's dart;
The goatherd's quiver'd in Pisander's heart:
Fierce Elatus by thine, Eumæus falls;
Their fall in thunder echoes round the walls.
The rest retreat; the victors now advance,
Each from the dead resumes his bloody lance.
Again the foe discharge the steely shower;
Again made frustrate by the virgin-power.
Some turn'd by Pallas, on the threshold fall,
Some wound the gate, some ring against the wall;
Some weak, or ponderous with the brazen head,
Drop harmless on the pavement, sounding dead.
Then bold Amphimedon his javelin cast;
Thy hand Telemachus it lightly razed;
And from Ctesippus' arm the spear elanced
On good Eumæus' shield and shoulder glanced:
Not lessen'd of their force (so slight the wound)
Each sung along, and dropp'd upon the ground.
Fate doom'd thee next, Eurymadus, to bear
Thy death, ennobled by Ulysses' spear.
By the bold son Amphimedon was slain,
And Polybus renown'd the faithful swain.
Pierced through the breast the rude Ctesippus bled,
And thus Philætius gloried o'er the dead:
There end thy pompous vaunts and high disdain;
Oh sharp in scandal, voluble and vain!
How weak is mortal pride! To heaven alone
The event of actions and our fates are known:
Scoffer, behold what gratitude we bear:
The victim's heel is answer'd with his spear.
Ulysses brandish'd high his vengeful steel,
And Damastorides that instant fell;
Fast by, Leocritus expiring lay,
The prince's javelin tore its bloody way
Through all his bowels: down he tumbles prone,
His batter'd front and brains besmear the stone.
Now Pallas shines confess'd! aloft she spreads
The arm of vengeance o'er their guilty heads;
The dreadful ægis blazes in their eye:
Amazed they see, they tremble and they fly:
Confused, distracted, through the rooms they fling:
Like oxen madden'd by the breeze's sting,
When sultry days, and long, succeed the gentle spring.
Not half so keen fierce vultures of the chace
Stoop from the mountains on the feather'd race,
When, the wide field extended snares beset,
With conscious dread they shun the quivering net:
No help, no flight; but wounded every way,
Headlong they drop; the fowlers seize the prey.
On all sides thus they double wound on wound,
In prostrate heaps the wretches beat the ground:
Unmanly shrieks precede each dying groan,
And a red deluge floats the reeking stone.
Leiodes first before the victor falls:
The wretched augur thus for mercy calls:
O gracious hear, nor let thy suppliant bleed:
Still undishonour'd, or by word or deed,
Thy house, for me, remains; by me repress'd,
Full oft we check'd the injustice of the rest:
Averse they heard me when I counsell'd well,
Their hearts were harden'd, and they justly fell.
Oh, spare an augur's consecrated head,
Nor add the blameless to the guilty dead.
Priest as thou art! for that detested band
Thy lying prophecies deceived the land:
Against Ulysses have thy vows been made,
For them thy daily orisons were paid:
Yet more, even to our bed thy pride aspires:
One common crime one common fate requires.
Thus speaking, from the ground the sword he took
Which Agelaüs' dying hand forsook:
Full through his neck the weighty falchion sped:
Along the pavement roll'd the muttering head.
Phemius alone, the hand of vengeance spared,
Phemius the sweet, the heaven-instructed bard.
Beside the gate the reverend minstrel stands;
The lyre now silent trembling in his hands;
Dubious to supplicate the chief, or fly
To Jove's inviolable altar nigh.
Where oft Laërtes holy vows had paid,
And oft Ulysses smoking victims laid.
His honour'd harp with care he first set down,
Between the laver and the silver throne;
Then prostrate stretch'd before the dreadful man,
Persuasive, thus, with accent soft began:
O king! to mercy be thy soul inclined,
And spare the poet's ever-gentle kind.
A deed like this thy future fame would wrong,
For dear to gods and men is sacred song.
Self-taught I sing: by Heaven and Heaven alone
The genuine seeds of poesy are sown:
And (what the gods bestow) the lofty lay,
To gods alone and godlike worth we pay.
Save then the poet, and thyself reward;
'Tis thine to merit, mine is to record.
That here I sung, was force, and not desire:
This hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire;
And let thy son attest, nor sordid pay,
Nor servile flattery stain'd the moral lay.
The moving words Telemachus attends,
His sire approaches, and the bard defends.
Oh mix not, father, with those impious dead
The man divine; forbear that sacred head;
Medon, the herald, too, our arms may spare,
Medon, who made my infancy his care;
If yet he breathes, permit thy son to give
Thus much to gratitude, and bid him live.
Beneath a table, trembling with dismay,
Couch'd close to earth, unhappy Medon lay,
Wrapp'd in a new slain ox's ample hide:
Swift at the word he cast his screen aside,
Sprung to the prince, embraced his knees with tears,
And thus with grateful voice address'd his ears:
O prince! oh friend! lo here thy Medon stands:
Ah stop the hero's unresisted hands,
Incensed too justly by that impious brood,
Whose guilty glories now are set in blood.

To whom Ulysses, with a pleasing eye:
Be bold, on friendship and my son rely:
Live, an example for the world to read,
How much more safe the good than evil deed:
Thou, with the heaven-taught bard, in peace resort
From blood and carnage to yon open court:
Me other work requires—With timorous awe
From the dire scene the exempted two withdraw,
Scarce sure of life, look round, and trembling move
To the bright altars of Protector Jove.
Meanwhile Ulysses search'd the dome, to find
If yet there live of all the offending kind.
Not one! complete the bloody tale he found,
All steep'd in blood, all gasping on the ground.
So, when by hollow shores the fisher-train
Sweep with their arching nets the hoary main,
And scarce the meshy toils the copious draught contain,
All naked of their element, and bare,
The fishes pant, and gasp in thinner air;
Wide o'er the sands are spread the stiffening prey,
Till the warm sun exhales their soul away.
And now the king commands his son to call
Old Euryclea to the deathful hall:
The son observant not a moment stays;
The aged governess with speed obeys;
The sounding portals instant they display;
The matron moves, the prince directs the way.
On heaps of death the stern Ulysses stood,
All black with dust, and cover'd thick with blood.
So the grim lion from the slaughter comes,
Dreadful he glares, and terribly he foams,
His breast with marks of carnage painted o'er,
His jaws all dropping with the bull's black gore.
Soon as her eyes the welcome object met,
The guilty fall'n, the mighty deed complete;
A scream of joy her feeble voice essay'd:
The hero check'd her, and composedly said—
Woman, experienced as thou art, controul
Indecent joy, and feast thy secret soul.
To insult the dead, is cruel and unjust;
Fate and their crime have sunk them to the dust.
Nor heeded these the censure of mankind,
The good and bad were equal in their mind.
Justly the price of worthlessness they paid,
And each now wails, an unlamented shade.
But thou sincere! O Euryclea, say,
What maids dishonour us, and what obey?
Then she: In these thy kingly walls remain
(My son) full fifty of the handmaid train,
Taught by my care, to cull the fleece or weave,
And servitude with pleasing tasks deceive;
Of these, twice six pursue their wicked way,
Nor me, nor chaste Penelope obey;
Nor fits it that Telemachus command
(Young as he is) his mother's female band.
Hence to the upper chambers let me fly,
Where slumbers soft now close the royal eye;
There wake her with the news—the matron cried.
Not so (Ulysses more sedate replied.)
Bring first the crew who wrought these guilty deeds.
In haste the matron parts: the king proceeds:
Now to dispose the dead, the care remains
To you, my son, and you, my faithful swains.
The offending females to that task we doom,
To wash, to scent, and purify the room.
These (every table cleansed, and every throne
And all the melancholy labour done)
Drive to yon court, without the palace wall,
There the revenging sword shall smite them all;
So with the suitors let them mix in dust,
Stretch'd in a long oblivion of their lust.
He said: the lamentable train appear,
Each vents a groan, and drops a tender tear:
Each heaved her mournful burden, and beneath
The porch deposed the ghastly heap of death.
The chief severe, compelling each to move,
Urged the dire task imperious from above:
With thirsty sponge they rub the tables o'er
(The swains unite their toil;) the walls, the floor
Wash'd with the effusive wave, are purged of gore;
Once more the palace set in fair array,
To the base court the females take their way;
There compass'd close between the dome and wall
(Their life's last scene) they trembling wait their fall.
Then thus the prince: To these shall we afford
A fate so pure, as by the martial sword?
To these, the nightly prostitutes to shame,
And base revilers of our house and name?
Thus speaking, on the circling wall he strung
A ship's tough cable, from a column hung;
Near the high top he strain'd it strongly round,
Whence no contending foot could reach the ground.
Their heads above connected in a row,
They beat the air with quivering feet below;
Thus on some tree hung struggling in the snare,
The doves or thrushes flap their wings in air.
Soon fled the soul impure, and left behind
The empty corse to waver with the wind.
Then forth they led Melanthius, and began
Their bloody work; they lopp'd away the man,
Morsel for dogs! then trimm'd with brazen shears
The wretch, and shorten'd of his nose and ears;
His hands and feet last felt the cruel steel:
He roar'd, and torments gave his soul to hell.
They wash, and to Ulysses take their way,
So ends the bloody business of the day.
To Euryclea then address'd the king:
Bring hither fire, and hither sulphur bring,
To purge the palace: then the queen attend,
And let her with her matron-train descend;
The matron-train, with all the virgin-band,
Assemble here to learn their lord's command.
Then Euryclea: Joyful I obey,
But cast those mean dishonest rags away;
Permit me first the royal robes to bring:
Ill suits this garb the shoulders of a king.
Bring sulphur straight and fire, (the monarch cries,)
She hears, and at the word obedient flies.
With fire and sulphur, cure of noxious fumes,
He purged the walls, and blood-polluted rooms.
Again the matron springs with eager pace,
And spreads her lord's return from place to place.
They hear, rush forth, and instant round him stand,
A gazing throng, a torch in every hand.
They saw, they knew him, and with fond embrace
Each humbly kiss'd his knee, or hand, or face;
He knows them all, in all such truth appears,
Even he indulges the sweet joy of tears.

BOOK XXIII.

ARGUMENT.

Euryclea awakens Penelope with the news of Ulysses's return and the death of the suitors. Penelope scarce credits her; but supposes some god has punished them, and descends from her apartment in doubt. At the first interview of Ulysses and Penelope, she is quite unsatisfied. Minerva restores him to the beauty of his youth; but the queen continues incredulous, till by some circumstances she is convinced, and falls into all the transports of passion and tenderness. They recount to each other all that has passed during their long separation. The next morning Ulysses, arming himself and his friends, goes from the city to visit his father.

BOOK XXIII.

Then to the queen, as in repose she lay,
The nurse with eager rapture speeds her way;
The transports of her faithful heart supply
A sudden youth, and give her wings to fly.
And sleeps my child? the reverend matron cries:
Ulysses lives! arise, my child, arise!
At length appears the long-expected hour!
Ulysses comes! the suitors are no more!
No more they view the golden light of day!
Arise, and bless thee with the glad survey!
Touch'd at her words, the mournful queen rejoin'd,
Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind?
The righteous powers, who tread the starry skies,
The weak enlighten, and confound the wise,
And human thought, with unresisted sway,
Depress or raise, enlarge or take away:
Truth, by their high decree, thy voice forsakes,
And folly with the tongue of wisdom speaks.
Unkind, the fond illusion to impose!
Was it to flatter or deride my woes?
Never did I a sleep so sweet enjoy,
Since my dear lord left Ithaca for Troy.
Why must I wake to grieve, and curse thy shore,
O Troy?—may never tongue pronounce thee more!
Begone! another might have felt our rage,
But age is sacred, and we spare thy age.
To whom with warmth: My soul a lie disdains:
Ulysses lives, thy own Ulysses reigns:
That stranger, patient of the suitors' wrongs,
And the rude licence of ungovern'd tongues,
He, he is thine. Thy son his latent guest
Long knew, but lock'd the secret in his breast;
With well concerted art to end his woes,
And burst at once in vengeance on the foes.
While yet she spoke, the queen in transport sprung
Swift from the couch, and round the matron hung:
Fast from her eye descends the rolling tear.
Say, once more say, is my Ulysses here?
How could that numerous and outrageous band
By one be slain, though by a hero's hand?
I saw it not, she cried, but heard alone,
When death was busy, a loud dying groan;
The damsel-train turn'd pale at every wound;
Immured we sate, and catch'd each passing sound;
When death had seized her prey, thy son attends,
And at his nod the damsel-train descends:
There, terrible in arms, Ulysses stood,
And the dead suitors almost swam in blood:
Thy heart had leap'd the hero to survey,
Stern as the surly lion o'er his prey,
Glorious in gore!—now with sulphureous fires
The dome he purges, now the flame aspires;
Heap'd lie the dead without the palace walls—
Haste, daughter, haste, thy own Ulysses calls!
Thy every wish the bounteous gods bestow;
Enjoy the present good, and former woe.
Ulysses lives, his vanquish'd foes to see;
He lives to thy Telemachus and thee!
Ah, no! with sighs Penelope rejoin'd,
Excess of joy disturbs thy wandering mind:
How blest this happy hour, should he appear,
Dear to us all, to me supremely dear!
Ah, no! some god the suitors' deaths decreed,
Some god descends, and by his hand they bleed;
Blind! to contemn the stranger's righteous cause,
And violate all hospitable laws!
The good they hated, and the powers defied;
But Heaven is just, and by a god they died.
For never must Ulysses view this shore;
Never! the loved Ulysses is no more!
What words (the matron cries) have reach'd my ears?
Doubt we his presence, when he now appears?
Then hear conviction: Ere the fatal day
That forced Ulysses o'er the watery way,
A boar, fierce rushing in the sylvan war,
Plough'd half his thigh; I saw, I saw the scar,
And wild with transport had reveal'd the wound;
But ere I spoke, he rose, and check'd the sound.
Then, daughter, haste away! and if a lie
Flow from this tongue, then let thy servant die!
To whom with dubious joy the queen replies,
Wise is thy soul, but errors seize the wise;
The works of gods what mortal can survey?
Who knows their motives, who shall trace their way?
But learn we instant how the suitors trod
The paths of death, by man, or by a god.
Thus speaks the queen, and no reply attends,
But with alternate joy and fear descends;
At every step debates her lord to prove;
Or, rushing to his arms, confess her love!
Then gliding through the marble valves, in state
Opposed, before the shining sire she sate.
The monarch by a column high enthroned
His eye withdrew, and fix'd it on the ground;
Curious to hear his queen the silence break:
Amazed she sate, and impotent to speak;
O'er all the man her eyes she rolls in vain,
Now hopes, now fears, now knows, then doubts again,
At length Telemachus—Oh, who can find
A woman like Penelope unkind?
Why thus in silence? why with winning charms
Thus slow to fly with rapture to his arms?
Stubborn the breast that with no transport glows,
When twice ten years are pass'd of mighty woes;
To softness lost, to spousal love unknown,
The gods have form'd that rigid heart of stone.
O my Telemachus! the queen rejoin'd,
Distracting fears confound my labouring mind;
Powerless to speak, I scarce uplift my eyes,
Nor dare to question; doubts on doubts arise.
Oh deign he, if Ulysses, to remove
These boding thoughts, and what he is, to prove!
Pleased with her virtuous fears, the king replies,
Indulge, my son, the cautions of the wise;
Time shall the truth to sure remembrance bring;
This garb of poverty belies the king.

No more.—This day our deepest care requires,
Cautious to act what thought mature inspires.
If one man's blood, though mean, distain our hands,
The homicide retreats to foreign lands;
By us, in heaps the illustrious peerage falls,
The important deed our whole attention calls.
Be that thy care, Telemachus replies;
The world conspires to speak Ulysses wise;
For wisdom all is thine! lo, I obey,
And dauntless follow where you lead the way;
Nor shalt thou in the day of danger find
Thy coward son degenerate lag behind
Then instant to the bath (the monarch cries)
Bid the gay youth and sprightly virgins rise,
Thence all descend in pomp and proud array,
And bid the dome resound the mirthful lay;
While the sweet lyrist airs of rapture sings,
And forms the dance responsive to the strings.
That hence the eluded passengers may say,
Lo! the queen weds! we hear the spousal lay!
The suitors' death, unknown, 'till we remove
Far from the court, and act inspired by Jove.
Thus spoke the king; the observant train obey,
At once they bathe, and dress in proud array:
The lyrist strikes the string; gay youths advance,
And fair zoned damsels form the sprightly dance.
The voice, attuned to instrumental sounds,
Ascends the roof, the vaulted roof rebounds:
Not unobserved: the Greeks eluded say,
Lo! the queen weds, we hear the spousal lay!
Inconstant! to admit the bridal hour.
Thus they—but nobly chaste she weds no more.
Meanwhile the wearied king the bath ascends!
With faithful cares Eurynomè attends,
O'er every limb a shower of fragrance sheds;
Then, drest in pomp, magnificent he treads.
The warrior-goddess gives his frame to shine
With majesty enlarged, and grace divine.
Back from his brows in wavy ringlets fly
His thick large locks of hyacinthine dye.
As by some artist to whom Vulcan gives
His heavenly skill, a breathing image lives;
By Pallas taught, he frames the wonderous mould
And the pale silver glows with fusile gold:
So Pallas his heroic form improves
With bloom divine, and like a god he moves!
More high he treads, and issuing forth in state,
Radiant before his gazing consort sate.
And, oh my queen! he cries; what power above
Has steel'd that heart, averse to spousal love?
Canst thou, Penelope, when Heaven restores
Thy lost Ulysses to his native shores,
Canst thou, oh cruel! unconcern'd survey
Thy lost Ulysses, on this signal day?
Haste, Eurycleа, and dispatchful spread
For me, and me alone, the imperial bed;
My weary nature craves the balm of rest;
But Heaven with adamant has arm'd her breast.
Ah no! she cries, a tender heart I bear,
A foe to pride, no adamant is there;
And now, even now it melts! for sure I see
Once more Ulysses my beloved in thee!
Fix'd in my soul, as when he sail'd to Troy,
His image dwells: then haste the bed of joy!
Haste, from the bridal bower the bed translate,
Framed by his hand, and be it drest in state!
Thus speaks the queen, still dubious, with disguise;
Touch'd at her words, the king with warmth replies:
Alas for this! what mortal strength can move
The enormous burden; who but heaven above?
It mocks the weak attempts of human hands;
But the whole earth must move, if heaven commands,
Then hear sure evidence, while we display
Words seal'd with sacred truth, and truth obey;
This hand the wonder framed; an olive spread
Full in the court it's ever-verdant head.
Vast as some mighty column's bulk, on high
The huge trunk rose, and heaved into the sky;
Around the tree I raised a nuptial bower,
And roof'd defensive of the storm and shower;
The spacious valve, with art inwrought, conjoins
And the fair dome with polish'd marble shines.
I lopp'd the branchy head; aloft in twain
Sever'd the bole, and smooth'd the shining grain;
Then posts, capacious of the frame, I raise,
And bore it, regular, from space to space:
Athwart the frame, at equal distance lie
Thongs of tough hides, that boast a purple dye;
Then polishing the whole, the finish'd mould
With silver shone, with elephant, and gold.
But if o'erturn'd by rude, ungovern'd hands,
Or still inviolate the olive stands,
'Tis thine, oh queen, to say; and now impart,
If fears remain, or doubts distract thy heart?
While yet he speaks, her powers of life decay,
She sickens, trembles, falls, and faints away.
At length, recovering, to his arms she flew,
And strain'd him close, as to his breast she grew:
The tears pour'd down amain; and, oh, she cries,
Let not against thy spouse thine anger rise!
O versed in every turn of human art,
Forgive the weakness of a woman's heart!
The righteous powers, that mortal lots dispose,
Decree us to sustain a length of woes,
And from the flower of life the bliss deny
To bloom together, fade away, and die.
O let me, let me not thine anger move,
That I forbore, thus, thus to speak my love:
Thus in fond kisses, while the transport warms,
Pour out my soul, and die within thy arms!
I dreaded fraud! Men, faithless men betray
Our easy faith, and make the sex their prey:
Against the fondness of my heart I strove;
'Twas caution, oh my lord! not want of love.
Like me had Helen fear'd, with wanton charms
Ere the fair mischief set two worlds in arms;
Ere Greece rose dreadful in the avenging day;
Thus had she fear'd, she had not gone astray
But Heaven, averse to Greece, in wrath decreed
That she should wander, and that Greece should bleed:
Blind to the ills that from injustice flow,
She colour'd all our wretched lives with woe.
But why these sorrows when my lord arrives?
I yield, I yield! my own Ulysses lives!
The secrets of the bridal bed are known
To thee, to me, to Actoris alone,
(My father's present in the spousal hour,
The sole attendant on our genial bower.)
Since what no eye hath seen thy tongue reveal'd,
Hard and distrustful as I am, I yield.
Touch'd to the soul, the king with rapture hears,
Hangs round her neck, and speaks his joy in tears.
As, to the shipwreck'd mariner, the shores
Delightful rise, when angry Neptune roars;

Then, when the surge in thunder mounts the sky,
And gulf'd in crowds at once the sailors die;
If one more happy, while the tempest raves,
Outlives the tumult of conflicting waves,
All pale, with ooze deform'd, he views the strand,
And plunging forth with transport grasps the land:
The ravish'd queen with equal rapture glows,
Clasps her loved lord, and to his bosom grows.
Nor had they ended till the morning ray,
But Pallas backward held the rising day,
The wheels of night retarding, to detain
The gay Aurora in the wavy main;
Whose flaming steeds, emerging through the night,
Beam o'er the eastern hills with streaming light.
At length Ulysses with a sigh replies:
Yet Fate, yet cruel Fate repose denies;
A labour long, and hard, remains behind;
By heaven above, by hell beneath enjoin'd;
For, to Tiresias through the eternal gates
Of hell I trode, to learn my future fates.
But end we here—the night demands repose,
Bedeck'd the couch! and peace awhile, my woes.
To whom the queen. Thy word we shall obey,
And deck the couch; far hence be woes away;
Since the just gods, who tread the starry plains
Restore thee safe, since my Ulysses reigns.
But what those perils Heaven decrees, impart:
Knowledge may grieve, but fear distracts the heart.
To this the king. Ah, why must I disclose
A dreadful story of approaching woes?
Why in this hour of transport wound thy ears,
When thou must learn what I must speak with tears?
Heaven, by the Theban ghost, thy spouse decrees,
Torn from thy arms, to sail a length of seas;
From realm to realm, a nation to explore,
Who ne'er knew salt, or heard the billows roar,
Nor saw gay vessel stem the surgy plain,
A painted wonder, flying on the main:
An oar my hand must bear; a shepherd eyes
The unknown instrument with strange surprise,
And calls a corn-van: this upon the plain
I fix, and hail the monarch of the main;
Then bathe his altars with the mingled gore
Of victims vow'd, a ram, a bull, a boar;
Thence swift re-sailing to my native shores,
Due victims slay to all the ethereal powers.
Then Heaven decrees, in peace, to end my days,
And steal myself from life by slow decays;
Unknown to pain, in age resign my breath,
When late stern Neptune points the shaft of death;
To the dark grave retiring as to rest,
My people blessing, by my people blest.
Such future scenes the all-righteous powers display
By their dread seer,* and such my future day.
To whom thus firm of soul: If ripe for death,
And full of days, thou gently yield thy breath;
While Heaven a kind release from ills foreshows,
Triumph, thou happy victor of thy woes!
But Euryclea, with dispatchful care,
And sage Eurynomè, the couch prepare:
Instant they bid the blazing torch display
Around the dome an artificial day:
Then to repose her steps the matron bends,
And to the queen Eurynomè descends!
A torch she bears, to light with guiding fires
The royal pair; she guides them, and retires;
Then instant his fair spouse Ulysses led
To the chaste love-rites of the nuptial bed.
And now the blooming youths and sprightly fair
Cease the gay dance, and to their rest repair;
But in discourse the king and consort lay,
While the soft hours stole unperceived away:
Intent he hears Penelope disclose
A mournful story of domestic woes,
His servants' insults, his invaded bed,
How his whole flocks and herds exhausted bled,
His generous wines dishonour'd shed in vain,
And the wild riots of the suitor-train.
The king alternate a dire tale relates,
Of wars, of triumphs, and disastrous fates;
All he unfolds: his listening spouse turns pale
With pleasing horror at the dreadful tale:
Sleepless devours each word; and hears how slain
Cicons on Cicons swell the ensanguined plain;
How to the land of Lote unblest he sails;
And images the rills and flowery vales:
How dash'd like dogs, his friends the Cyclops tore
(Not unrevenged,) and quaff'd the spouting gore;
How the loud storms in prison bound, he sails
From friendly Æolus with prosperous gales;
Yet fate withstands! a sudden tempest roars,
And whirls him groaning from his native shores:
How on the barbarous Læstrigonian coast,
By savage hands his fleet and friends he lost;
How scarce himself surviv'd: he paints the bower,
The spells of Circè, and her magic power;
His dreadful journey to the realms beneath,
To seek Tiresias in the vales of death;
How in the doleful mansions he survey'd
His royal mother, pale Anticlea's shade;
And friends in battle slain, heroic ghosts!
Then how, unharm'd, he past the Siren coasts,
The justling rocks where fierce Charybdis raves,
And howling Scylla whirls her thunderous waves,
The cave of death! How his companions slay
The oxen sacred to the god of day,
Till Jove in wrath the rattling tempest guides,
And whelms the offenders in the roaring tides:
How struggling through the surge he reach'd the shores
Of fair Ogygia, and Calypso's bowers;
Where the gay blooming nymph constrain'd his stay,
With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay;
And promised, vainly promised, to bestow
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe;
How saved from storms Phæacia's coast he trod
By great Alcinoüs honour'd as a god,
Who gave him last his country to behold,
With change of raiment, brass and heaps of gold.
He ended, sinking into sleep, and shares
A sweet forgetfulness of all his cares.
Soon as soft slumber eased the toils of day,
Minerva rushes through the aërial way,
And bids Aurora with her golden wheels
Flame from the ocean o'er the eastern hills:
Up rose Ulysses from the genial bed,
And thus with thought mature the monarch said:
My queen, my consort! through a length of years
We drank the cup of sorrow mix'd with tears;
Thou, for thy lord: while me the immortal powers
Detain'd reluctant from my native shores.
Now, bless'd again by heaven, the queen display,
And rule our palace with an equal sway.

* Tiresias.

Be it my care, by loans, or martial toils,
To throng my empty folds with gifts or spoils.
But now I haste to bless Laërtes eyes
With sight of his Ulysses ere he dies;
The good old man, to wasting woes a prey,
Weeps a sad life in solitude away.
But hear, though wise! This morning shall unfold
The deathful scene, on heroes heroes roll'd.
Thou with thy maids within the palace stay,
From all the scene of tumult far away!
He spoke, and sheath'd in arms incessant flies
To wake his son, and bid his friends arise.
To arms! aloud he cries: his friends obey,
With glittering arms their manly limbs array,
And pass the city gate; Ulysses leads the way.
Now flames the rosy dawn, but Pallas shrouds
The latent warriors in a veil of clouds.

BOOK XXIV.

ARGUMENT.

The souls of the suitors are conducted by Mercury to the infernal shades. Ulysses in the country goes to the retirement of his father Laërtes; he finds him busied in his garden all alone: the manner of his discovery to him is beautifully described. They return together to his lodge, and the king is acknowledged by Dolius and the servants. The Ithacensians, led by Eupithes, the father of Antinoüs, rise against Ulysses, who gives them battle, in which Eupithes is killed by Laërtes: and the goddess Pallas makes a lasting peace between Ulysses and his subjects, which concludes the Odyssey.

BOOK XXIV.

Cyllenius now to Pluto's dreary reign
Conveys the dead, a lamentable train!
The golden wand, that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye,
That drives the ghosts to realms of night or day,
Points out the long uncomfortable way.
Trembling the spectres glide, and plaintive vent
Thin, hollow screams, along the deep descent:
As in the cavern of some rifted den,
Where flock nocturnal bats, and birds obscene;
Cluster'd they hang, till at some sudden shock
They move, and murmurs run through all the rock:
So cowering fled the sable heaps of ghosts,
And such a scream fill'd all the dismal coasts.
And now they reach the earth's remotest ends,
And now the gates where evening Sol descends,
And Leucas' rock, and Ocean's utmost streams,
And now pervade the dusky land of dreams,
And rest at last, where souls unbodied dwell
In ever-flowering meads of Asphodel.
The empty forms of men inhabit there,
Impassive semblance, images of air!
Nought else are all that shined on earth before;
Ajax and great Achilles are no more!
Yet still a master-ghost, the rest he awed,
The rest ador'd him, towering as he trod;
Still at his side is Nestor's son survey'd,
And loved Patroclus still attends his shade.
New as they were to that infernal shore,
The suitors stopp'd, and gazed the hero o'er.
When, moving slow, the regal form they view'd
Of great Atrides; him in pomp pursued
And solemn sadness through the gloom of hell,
The train of those who by Ægysthus fell.

O mighty chief! (Pelides thus began)
Honour'd by Jove above the lot of man!
King of a hundred kings! to whom resign'd
The strongest, bravest, greatest of mankind,
Comest thou the first, to view this dreary state?
And was the noblest, the first mark of Fate?
Condemn'd to pay the great arrear so soon,
The lot which all lament, and none can shun!
Oh! better hadst thou sunk in Trojan ground,
With all thy full-blown honours cover'd round!
Then grateful Greece with streaming eyes might raise
Historic marbles to record thy praise:
Thy praise eternal on the faithful stone,
Had with transmissive glories graced thy son.
But heavier fates were destined to attend:
What man is happy, till he knows his end?
O son of Peleus! greater than mankind!
(Thus Agamemnon's kingly shade rejoin'd)
Thrice happy thou, to press the martial plain
Midst heaps of heroes in thy quarrel slain:
In clouds of smoke raised by the noble fray,
Great and terrific even in death you lay,
And deluges of blood flow'd round you every way.
Nor ceased the strife till Jove himself opposed,
And all in tempests the dire evening closed.
Then to the fleet we bore thy honour'd load,
And decent on the funeral bed bestow'd:
Then unguents sweet and tepid streams we shed;
Tears flow'd from every eye, and o'er the dead
Each clipp'd the curling honours of his head.
Struck at the news, thy azure mother came;
The sea-green sisters waited on the dame:
A voice of loud lament through all the main
Was heard; and terror seized the Grecian train:
Back to their ships the frighted host had fled;
But Nestor spoke, they listen'd and obey'd:
(From old experience Nestor's counsel springs,
And long vicissitudes of human things.)
'Forbear your flight: fair Thetis from the main
To mourn Achilles leads her azure train.'
Around thee stands the daughters of the deep,
Robe thee in heavenly vests, and round thee weep.
Round thee, the Muses, with alternate strain,
In ever-consecrating verse, complain.
Each warlike Greek the moving music hears,
And iron-hearted heroes melt in tears.
Till seventeen nights and seventeen days return'd,
All that was mortal or immortal mourn'd.
To flames we gave thee, the succeeding day,
And fatted sheep, and sable oxen slay;
With oil and honey blaze the augmented fires,
And, like a god adorn'd, thy earthly part expires.
Unnumber'd warriors round the burning pile
Urge the fleet courser's or the racer's toil;
Thick clouds of dust o'er all the circle rise,
And the mix'd clamour thunders in the skies.
Soon as absorpt in all embracing flame
Sunk what was mortal of thy mighty name,
We then collect thy snowy bones, and place
With wines and unguents in a golden vase;
(The vase to Thetis Bacchus gave of old,
And Vulcan's art enrich'd the sculptured gold:)
There we thy relics, great Achilles! blend
With dear Patroclus, thy departed friend:
In the same urn a separate space contains
Thy next beloved, Antilochus' remains.
Now all the sons of warlike Greece surround
Thy destined tomb, and cast a mighty mound:

High on the shore the growing hill we raise,
That wide the extended Hellespont surveys:
Where all from age to age, who pass the coast,
May point Achilles' tomb, and hail the mighty ghost.
Thetis herself to all our peers proclaims
Heroic prizes and exequial games;
The gods assented; and around thee lay
Rich spoils and gifts that blazed against the day.
Oft have I seen with solemn funeral games
Heroes and kings committed to the flames;
But strength of youth, or valour of the brave,
With nobler contest ne'er renown'd a grave.
Such were the games by azure Thetis given,
And such thy honours, oh beloved of heaven!
Dear to mankind thy fame survives, nor fades
Its bloom eternal in the Stygian shades.
But what to me avail my honours gone,
Successful toils, and battles bravely won?
Doom'd by stern Jove at home to end my life,
By curst Ægysthus, and a faithless wife!
Thus they: while Hermes o'er the dreary plain
Led the sad numbers by Ulysses slain.
On each majestic form they cast a view,
And timorous pass'd, and awfully withdrew.
But Agamemnon, through the gloomy shade,
His ancient host Amphimedon survey'd;
Son of Melanthius! (he began) O say!
What cause compell'd so many, and so gay,
To tread the downward, melancholy way?
Say could one city yield a troop so fair?
Were all these partners of one native air?
Or did the rage of stormy Neptune sweep
Your lives at once, and whelm beneath the deep?
Did nightly thieves, or pirates' cruel hands,
Drench with your blood your pillaged country's sands?
Or well defending some beleaguer'd wall,
Say, for the public did ye greatly fall?
Inform thy guest: for such I was of yore
When our triumphant navies touch'd your shore;
Forced a long month the wintry seas to bear,
To move the great Ulysses to the war.
O king of men! I faithful shall relate
'Replied Amphimedon) our hapless fate.
Ulysses absent our ambitious aim
With rival loves pursued his royal dame;
Her coy reserve, and prudence mix'd with pride,
Our common suit nor granted, nor denied;
But close with inward hate our deaths design'd;
Versed in all arts of wily womankind.
Her band, laborious, in delusion spread
A spacious loom, and mix'd the various thread.
Ye peers (she cried) who press to gain my heart,
Where dead Ulysses claims no more a part,
Yet a short space your rival suit suspend,
Till this funereal web my labours end:
Cease, till to good Laërtes I bequeath
A task of grief, his ornaments of death:
Lest, when the Fates his royal ashes claim,
The Grecian matrons taint my spotless fame:
Should he, long honour'd with supreme command,
Want the last duty of a daughter's hand.
The fiction pleased, our generous train complies,
Nor fraud mistrusts in virtue's fair disguise.
The work she plied, but studious of delay,
Each following night reversed the toils of day.
Unheard, unseen, three years her arts prevail;
The fourth, her maid reveal'd the amazing tale,
And show'd, as unperceived we took our stand,
The backward labours of her faithless hand.
Forced, she completes it; and before us lay
The mingled web whose gold and silver ray
Display'd the radiance of the night and day.
Just as she finish'd her illustrious toil,
Ill fortune led Ulysses to our isle.
For in a lonely nook, beside the sea,
At an old swine-herd's rural lodge he lay:
Thither his son from sandy Pyle repairs,
And speedy lands, and secretly confers.
They plan our future ruin, and resort
Confederate to the city and the court.
First came the son; the father next succeeds,
Clad like a beggar, whom Eumæus leads;
Propt on a staff, deform'd with age and care,
And hung with rags that flutter'd in the air.
Who could Ulysses in that form behold?
Scorn'd by the young, forgotten by the old,
Ill-used by all! to every wrong resign'd,
Patient he suffer'd with a constant mind.
But, when arising in his wrath to obey
The will of Jove, he gave the vengeance way:
The scatter'd arms that hung around the dome
Careful he treasured in a private room:
Then to her suitors bade his queen propose
The archer's strife, the source of future woes,
And omen of our death! In vain we drew
The twanging string, and tried the stubborn yew:
To none it yields but great Ulysses hands;
In vain we threat; Telemachus commands;
The bow he snatch'd and in an instant bent;
Through every ring the victor arrow went.
Fierce on the threshold then in arms he stood;
Pour'd forth the darts that thirsted for our blood,
And frown'd before us, dreadful as a god!
First bleeds Antinoüs: thick the shafts resound,
And heaps on heaps the wretches strew the ground:
This way, and that we turn, we fly, we fall;
Some god assisted, and unmanned us all:
Ignoble cries precede the dying groans;
And batter'd brains and blood besmear the stones.
Thus, great Atrides: thus Ulysses drove
The shades thou seest, from yon fair realms above:
Our mangled bodies now deform'd with gore,
Cold and neglected, spread the marble floor:
No friend to bathe our wounds! or tears to shed
O'er the pale corse! the honours of the dead.
O blest Ulysses! (thus the king express'd!
His sudden rapture) in thy consort bless'd!
Not more thy wisdom than her virtue shined
Not more thy patience than her constant mind.
Icarius' daughter, glory of the past,
And model to the future age, shall last:
The gods, to honour her fair fame shall raise
(Their great reward) a poet in her praise.
Not such, oh Tyndarus! thy daughter's deed,
By whose dire hand her king and husband bled;
Her shall the Muse to infamy prolong,
Example dread, and theme of tragic song!
The general sex shall suffer in her shame,
And even the best that bears a woman's name.
Thus, in the regions of eternal shade,
Conferr'd the mournful phantoms of the dead;
While from the town, Ulysses and his band
Pass'd to Laërtes' cultivated land.
The ground himself had purchased with his pain,
And labour made the rugged soil a plain.

There stood his mansion of the rural sort,
With useful buildings round the lowly court;
Where the few servants that divide his care
Took their laborious rest, and homely fare;
And one Sicilian matron, old and sage,
With constant duty tends his drooping age.
Here now arriving, to his rustic band
And martial son, Ulysses gave command.
Enter the house, and of the bristly swine
Select the largest to the powers divine.
Alone, and unattended, let me try
If yet I share the old man's memory:
If those dim eyes can yet Ulysses know,
(Their light and dearest object long ago;)
Now changed with time, with absence and with woe.
Then to his train he gives his spear and shield;
The house they enter; and he seeks the field,
Thro' rows of shade, with various fruitage crown'd,
The labour'd scenes of richest verdure round.
Nor aged Dolius, nor his sons were there,
Nor servants, absent on another care:
To search the woods for sets of flowery thorn,
Their orchard bounds to strengthen and adorn.
But all alone the hoary king he found;
His habit coarse, but warmly wrapp'd around;
His head, that bow'd with many a pensive care,
Fenced with a double cap of goatskin hair:
His buskins old, in former service torn,
But well repair'd; and gloves against the thorn.
In this array the kingly gardener stood,
And clear'd a plant, encumber'd with its wood.
Beneath a neighbouring tree, the chief divine
Gazed o'er his sire, retracing every line,
The ruins of himself! now worn away
With age, yet still majestic in decay!
Sudden his eyes released their watery store;
The much-enduring man could bear no more.
Doubtful he stood, if instant to embrace
His aged limbs, to kiss his reverend face,
With eager transport to declare the whole,
And pour at once the torrent of his soul—
Not so: his judgment takes the winding way
Of question distant, and of soft essay:
More gentle methods on weak age employs:
And moves the sorrows to enhance the joys.
Then, to his sire, with beating heart he moves,
And with a tender pleasantry reproves:
Who digging round the plant still hangs his head,
Nor aught remits the work, while thus he said;
Great is thy skill, oh father! great thy toil,
Thy careful hand is stamp'd on all the soil;
The squadron'd vineyards well thy art declare,
The olive green, blue fig, and pendant pear;
And not one empty spot escapes thy care.
On every plant and tree thy cares are shown,
Nothing neglected, but thyself alone.
Forgive me, father, if this fault I blame;
Age so advanced may some indulgence claim.
Not for thy sloth I deem thy lord unkind:
Nor speaks thy form a mean or servile mind;
I read a monarch in that princely air,
The same thy aspect, if the same thy care;
Soft sleep, fair garments, and the joys of wine,
These are the rights of age, and should be thine.
Who then thy master, say? and whose the land
So dress'd and managed by thy skilful hand?
But chief, oh tell me! (what I question most)
Is this the far-famed Ithacensian coast?
For so reported the first man I view'd,
(Some surly islander of manners rude,)
Nor further conference vouchsafed to stay;
Heedless he whistled, and pursued his way.
But thou, whom years have taught to understand,
Humanely hear, and answer my demand:
A friend I seek, a wise one and a brave:
Say, lives he yet, or moulders in the grave?
Time was (my fortunes then were at the best)
When at my house I lodged this foreign guest;
He said, from Ithaca's fair isle he came,
And old Laërtes was his father's name.
To him, whatever to a guest is owed
I paid, and hospitable gifts bestow'd:
To him seven talents of pure ore I told,
Twelve cloaks, twelve vests, twelve tunics stiff with gold;
A bowl, that rich with polish'd silver flames,
And, skill'd in female works, four lovely dames.
At this the father, with a father's fears:
(His venerable eyes bedimm'd with tears:)
This is the land; but ah! thy gifts are lost,
For godless men, and rude, possess the coast:
Sunk is the glory of this once famed shore!
Thy ancient friend, oh stranger, is no more!
Full recompense thy bounty else had borne;
For every good man yields a just return:
So civil rights demand; and who begins
The track of friendship, not pursuing, sins.
But tell me, stranger, be the truth confess'd,
What years have circled since thou saw'st that guest?
That hapless guest, alas! for ever gone!
Wretch that he was! and that I am! my son!
If ever man to misery was born,
'Twas his to suffer, and 'tis mine to mourn!
Far from his friends, and from his native reign,
He lies a prey to monsters of the main;
Or savage beasts his mangled relics tear,
Or screaming vultures scatter through the air:
Nor could his mother funeral unguents shed;
Nor wail'd his father o'er the untimely dead:
Nor his sad consort, on the mournful bier,
Seal'd his cold eyes, or dropp'd a tender tear?
But, tell me who thou art? and what thy race?
Thy town, thy parents, and thy native place?
Or, if a merchant in pursuit of gain,
What port received thy vessel from the main?
Or comest thou single, or attend thy train?
Then thus the son: From Alybas I came,
My palace there: Eperitus my name.
Not vulgar born; from Aphidas, the king
Of Polyphemon's royal line, I spring.
Some adverse dæmon from Sicania bore
Our wandering course, and drove us on your shore;
Far from the town, an unfrequented bay
Relieved our wearied vessel from the sea.
Five years have circled since these eyes pursued
Ulysses parting through the sable flood;
Prosperous he sail'd, with dexter auguries,
And all the wing'd good omens of the skies;
Well hoped we then to meet on this fair shore,
Whom Heaven, alas! decreed to meet no more.
Quick through the father's heart these accents ran;
Grief seized at once, and wrapp'd up all the man:
Deep from his soul he sigh'd, and sorrowing spread
A cloud of ashes on his hoary head.
Trembling with agonies of strong delight
Stood the great son, heart-wounded with the sight:

He ran, he seized him with a strict embrace,
With thousand kisses wander'd o'er his face—
I, I am he; oh father, rise! behold
Thy son, with twenty winters now grown old;
Thy son, so long desired, so long detain'd,
Restored, and breathing in his native land:
These floods of sorrow, oh my sire, restrain!
The vengeance is complete; the suitor-train,
Stretch'd in our palace, by these hands lie slain.
Amazed, Laërtes. Give some certain sign
(If such thou art) to manifest thee mine.
Lo, here the wound (he cries) received of yore,
The scar indented by the tusky boar,
When, by thyself, and by Anticlea sent,
To old Autolychus's realms I went.
Yet by another sign thy offspring know;
The several trees you gave me long ago,
While, yet a child, these fields I loved to trace,
And trod thy footsteps with unequal pace;
To every plant in order as we came,
Well-pleased, you told its nature and its name,
Whate'er my childish fancy ask'd, bestow'd;
Twelve pear-trees, bowing with their pendant load,
And ten, that red with blushing apples glow'd;
Full fifty purple figs; and many a row
Of various vines that then began to blow.
A future vintage! when the Hours produce
Their latent buds, and Sol exalts the juice.
Smit with the signs which all his doubts explain,
His heart within him melts; his knees sustain
Their feeble weight no more: his arms alone
Support him, round the loved Ulysses thrown;
He faints, he sinks, with mighty joys oppress'd:
Ulysses clasps him to his eager breast.
Soon as returning life regains its seat,
And his breath lengthens, and his pulses beat;
Yes, I believe (he cries) almighty Jove!
Heaven rules as yet, and gods there are above.
'Tis so—the suitors for their wrongs have paid—
But what shall guard us, if the town invade?
If, while the news through every city flies,
All Ithaca and Cephalenia rise?
To this Ulysses: As the gods shall please
Be all the rest; and set thy soul at ease.
Haste to the cottage by this orchard's side,
And take the banquet which our cares provide:
There wait thy faithful band of rural friends,
And there the young Telemachus attends.
Thus having said, they traced the garden o'er,
And stooping enter'd at the lowly door.
The swains and young Telemachus they found,
The victim portion'd, and the goblet crown'd.
The hoary king, his old Sicilian maid
Perfumed and wash'd, and gorgeously array'd.
Pallas attending gives his frame to shine
With awful port, and majesty divine;
His gazing son admires the godlike grace
And air celestial dawning o'er his face.
What god, he cried, my father's form improves?
How high he treads, and how enlarged he moves!
Oh! would to all the deathless powers on high,
Pallas and Jove, and him who rules the sky!
(Replied the king elated with his praise)
My strength were still, as once in better days
When the bold Cephalens the leaguer form'd,
And proud Nericus trembled as I storm'd.
Such were I now, not absent from your deed
When the last sun beheld the suitors bleed,
This arm had aided yours, this hand bestrown
Our floors with death and push'd the slaughter on;
Nor had the sire been separate from the son.
They communed thus; while homeward bent their way
The swains, fatigued with labours of the day:
Dolius the first, the venerable man;
And next his sons, a long succeeding train,
For due refection to the bower they came,
Call'd by the careful old Sicilian dame,
Who nursed the children, and now tends the sire
They see their lord, they gaze, and they admire.
On chairs and beds in order seated round,
They share the gladsome board; the roofs resound.
While thus Ulysses to his ancient friend:
Forbear your wonder, and the feast attend:
The rites have waited long. The chief commands
Their loves in vain; old Dolius spreads his hands,
Springs to his master with a warm embrace,
And fastens kisses on his hands and face;
Then thus broke out: Oh long, oh daily mourn'd!
Beyond our hopes, and to our wish return'd!
Conducted sure by Heaven! for Heaven alone
Could work this wonder: welcome to thy own!
And joys and happiness attend thy throne!
Who knows thy bless'd, thy wish'd return? oh say,
To the chaste queen shall we the news convey?
Or hears she, and with blessings loads the day?
Dismiss that care, for to the royal bride
Already is it known, (the king replied,
And straight resumed his seat;) while round him bows
Each faithful youth, and breathes out ardent vows:
Then all beneath their father take their place,
Rank'd by their ages, and the banquet grace.
Now flying Fame the swift report had spread
Through all the city, of the suitors dead.
In throngs they rise, and to the palace crowd;
Their sighs are many, and the tumult loud.
Weeping they bear the mangled heaps of slain,
Inhume the natives in their native plain,
The rest in ships are wafted o'er the main.
Then sad in council all the seniors sate,
Frequent and full, assembled to debate:
Amid the circle first Euphites rose,
Big was his eye with tears, his heart with woes:
The bold Antinoüs was his age's pride,
The first who by Ulysses' arrow died.
Down his wan cheek the trickling torrent ran,
As mixing words with sighs he thus began:
Great deeds, oh friends! this wondrous man has wrought,
And mighty blessings to his country brought!
With ships he parted, and a numerous train,
Those, and their ships, he buried in the main.
Now he returns, and first essays his hand
In the best blood of all his native land.
Haste then, and ere to neighbouring Pyle he flies,
Or sacred Elis, to procure supplies;
Arise (or ye for ever fall) arise!
Shame to this age, and all that shall succeed,
If unrevenged your sons and brothers bleed.
Prove that we live, by vengeance on his head,
Or sink at once forgotten with the dead.
Here ceased he: but indignant tears let fall
Spoke when he ceased: dumb sorrow touch'd them all.
When from the palace to the wondering throng
Sage Medon came, and Phemius came along,

(Restless and early sleep's soft bands they broke;)
And Medon first the assembled chiefs bespoke:
Hear me, ye peers and elders of the land,
Who deem this act the work of mortal hand;
As o'er the heaps of death Ulysses strode,
These eyes, these eyes, beheld a present god,
Who now before him, now beside him stood,
Fought as he fought, and mark'd his way with blood;
In vain old Mentor's form the god belied;
Twas Heaven that struck, and Heaven was on his side.
A sudden horror all the assembly shook,
When, slowly rising, Halitherses spoke:
(Reverend and wise, whose comprehensive view
At once the present and the future knew:)
Me too, ye fathers, hear! from you proceed
The ills ye mourn; your own the guilty deed.
Ye gave your sons, your lawless sons, the rein;
(Oft warn'd by Mentor and myself in vain;)
An absent hero's bed they sought to soil,
An absent hero's wealth they made their spoil;
Immoderate riot, and intemperate lust!
The offence was great, the punishment was just.
Weigh then my counsels in an equal scale,
Nor rush to ruin. Justice will prevail.
His moderate words some better minds persuade:
They part, and join him; but the number stay'd.
They storm, they shout, with hasty phrenzy fired,
And second all Eupithes' rage inspired.
They ease their limbs in brass; to arms they run;
The broad effulgence blazes in the sun.
Before the city, and in ample plain,
They meet: Eupithes heads the frantic train.
Fierce for his son, he breathes his threats in air;
Fate hears them not, and Death attends him there.
This pass'd on earth; while in the realms above
Minerva thus to cloud-compelling Jove:
May I presume to search thy secret soul?
Oh Power supreme, oh Ruler of the whole!
Say, hast thou doom'd to this divided state
Or peaceful amity, or stern debate?
Declare thy purpose, for thy will is fate.
Is not thy thought my own? (the god replies
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies;)
Hath not long since thy knowing soul decreed,
The chief's return should make the guilty bleed?
'Tis done, and at thy will the Fates succeed.
Yet hear the issue: since Ulysses' hand
Has slain the suitors, Heaven shall bless the land.
None now the kindred of the unjust shall own;
Forgot the slaughter'd brother and the son:
Each future day increase of wealth shall bring,
And o'er the past Oblivion stretch her wing.
Long shall Ulysses in his empire rest,
His people blessing, by his people bless'd:
Let all be peace.—He said, and gave the nod
That binds the Fates; the sanction of the god:
And prompt to execute the eternal will,
Descended Pallas from the Olympian hill.
Now sat Ulysses at the rural feast,
The rage of hunger and of thirst repress'd:
To watch the foe a trusty spy he sent:
A son of Dolius on the message went,
Stood in the way, and at a glance beheld
The foe approach, embattled on the field.
With backward step he hastens to the bower,
And tells the news. They arm with all their power,
Four friends alone Ulysses' cause embrace,
And six were all the sons of Dolius' race:
Old Dolius too his rusted arms put on;
And, still more old, in arms Laërtes shone.
Trembling with warmth, the hoary heroes stand,
And brazen panoply invests the band.
The opening gates at once their war display:
Fierce they rush forth: Ulysses leads the way.
That moment joins them with celestial aid,
In Mentor's form, the Jove descended maid:
The suffering hero felt his patient breast
Swell with new joy, and thus his son address'd;
Behold, Telemachus! (nor fear the sight,)
The brave embattled, the grim front of fight!
The valiant with the valiant must contend:
Shame not the line whence glorious you descend.
Wide o'er the world their martial fame was spread;
Regard thyself, the living and the dead.
Thy eyes, great father! on this battle cast,
Shall learn from me Penelope was chaste.
So spoke Telemachus! the gallant boy
Good old Laërtes heard with panting joy;
And bless'd! thrice bless'd this happy day he cries,
The day that shows me, ere I close my eyes,
A son and grandson of the Arcesian name
Strive for fair virtue, and contest for fame!
Then thus Minerva in Laërtes' ear:
Son of Arcesius, reverend warrior, hear!
Jove and Jove's daughter first implore in prayer,
Then, whirling high, discharge thy lance in air.
She said, infusing courage with the word.
Jove and Jove's daughter then the chief implored
And, whirling high, dismiss'd the lance in air,
Full at Eupithes drove the deathful spear:
The brass-cheek'd helmet opens to the wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound.
Before the father and the conquering son
Heaps rush on heaps, they fight, they drop, they run.
Now by the sword, and now the javelin fall
The rebel race, and death had swallow'd all;
But from on high the blue-eyed virgin cried;
Her awful voice detain'd the headlong tide:
Forbear, ye nations, your mad hands forbear
From mutual slaughter: Peace descends to spare.
Fear shook the nations: at the voice divine
They drop their javelins, and their rage resign.
All scatter'd round their glittering weapons lie;
Some fall to earth, and some confusedly fly
With dreadful shouts Ulysses pour'd along,
Swift as an eagle, as an eagle strong.
But Jove's red arm the burning thunder aims;
Before Minerva shot the livid flames;
Blazing they fell, and at her feet expired;
Then stopp'd the goddess, trembled, and retired.
Descended from the gods! Ulysses, cease;
Offend not Jove obey, and give the peace.
So Pallas spoke: the mandate from above
The king obey'd. The virgin-seed of Jove,
In Mentor's form, confirm'd the full accord,
And willing nations knew their lawful lord.

END OF THE ODYSSEY.

POSTSCRIPT.

BY MR. POPE.

I CANNOT dismiss this work without a few observations on the character and style of it. Whoever reads the Odyssey with an eye to the Iliad, expecting to find it of the same character or of the same sort of spirit, will be grievously deceived, and err against the first principles of criticism, which is, to consider the nature of the piece, and the intent of its author. The Odyssey is a moral and political work, instructive to all degrees of men, and filled with images, examples, and precepts of civil and domestic life. Homer is here a person,

'Qui didicit, patriæ quid debeat, et quid amicis.
Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus, et hospes:
Qui quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Plenius et melius Chrysippo et Crantore dicit.

The Odyssey is the reverse of the Iliad, in moral, subject, manner, and style; to which it has no sort of relation, but as the story happens to follow in order of time, and as some of the same persons are actors in it. Yet from this incidental connexion many have been misled to regard it as a contination or second part, and thence to expect a purity of character inconsistent with its nature.

It is no wonder that the common reader should fall into this mistake, when so great a critic as Longinus seems not wholly free from it; although what he has said has been generally understood to import a severer censure of the Odyssey than it really does, if we consider the occasion on which it is introduced, and the circumstances to which it is confined.

'The Odyssey (says he) is an instance how natural it is to a great genius, when it begins to grow old and decline, to delight itself in narrations and fables. For that Homer composed the Odyssey after the Iliad, many proofs may be given,' &c. 'From hence, in my judgment, it proceeds, that as the Iliad was written while his spirit was in its greatest vigour, the whole structure of that work is dramatic and full of action; whereas the greater part of the Odyssey is employed in narration, which is the taste of old age: so that in this latter piece we may compare him to the setting sun, which has still the same greatness, but not the same ardour or force. He speaks not in the same strain; we see no more that sublime of the Iliad, which marches on with a constant pace, without ever being stopped or retarded: there appears no more that hurry, and that strong tide of motions and passions, pouring one after another: there is no more the same fury, or the same volubility of diction, so suitable to action, and all along drawing in such innumerable images of nature. But Homer, like the ocean, is always great, even when he ebbs and retires; even when he is lowest, and loses himself most in narrations and incredible fictions: as instances of this, we cannot forget the descriptions of tempests, the adventures of Ulysses with the Cyclops, and many others. But though all this be age, it is the age of Homer.—And it may be said for the credit of these fictions, that they are beautiful dreams, or if you will, the dreams of Jupiter himself. I spoke of the Odyssey, only to show that the greatest poets, when their genius wants strength and warmth for the pathetic, for the most part employ themselves in painting the manners. This Homer has done in characterising the suitors, and describing their way of life; which is properly a branch of comedy, whose particular business it is to represent the manners of men.'

We must first observe, it is the sublime of which Longinus is writing: that, and not the nature of Homer's poem, is his subject. After having highly extolled the sublimity and fire of the Iliad, he justly observes the Odyssey to have less of those qualities, and to turn more on the side of moral, and reflections on human life. Nor is it his business here to determine, whether the elevated spirit of the one, or the just moral of the other, be the greater excellence in itself.

Secondly, the fire and fury of which he is speaking, cannot well be meant of the general spirit and inspiration which is to run through a whole epic poem, but of that particular warmth and impetuosity necessary in some parts, to image or represent actions or passions, of haste, tumult and violence. It is on occasion of citing some such particular passages in Homer, that Longinus breaks into this reflection; which seems to determine his meaning chiefly to tha sense.

Upon the whole, he affirms the Odyssey to have less sublimity and fire than the Iliad, but he does not say it wants the sublime or wants fire. He affirms it to be a narrative, but not that the narration is defective. He affirms it to abound in fictions, not that those fictions are ill invented, or ill executed. He affirms it to be nice and particular in painting the manners, but not that those manners are ill painted. If Homer has fully in these points accomplished his own design, and done all that the nature of his poem demanded or allowed, it still remained perfect in its kind, and as much a master-piece as the Iliad.

The amount of the passage is this: that in his own particular taste, and with respect to the sublime, Longinus preferred the Iliad: and because the Odyssey was less active and lofty, he judged it the work of the old age of Homer.

If this opinion be true, it will only prove, that Homer's age might determine him in the choice of his subject, not that it affected him in the execution of it; and that which would be a very wrong instance to prove the decay of his imagination, is a very good one to evince the strength of his judgment. For had he (as Madam Dacier observes) composed the Odyssey in his youth, and the Iliad in his age, both must in reason have been exactly the same as they now stand. To blame Homer for his choice of such a subject, as did not admit the same incidents and the same pomp of style as his former, is to take offence at too much variety, and to imagine, that when a man has written one good thing, he must ever after only copy himself.

The Battle of Constantine, and the School of Athens, are both pieces of Raphael: shall we censure the School of Athens as faulty, because it has not the fury and fire of the other? or shall we say that Raphael was grown grave and old, because he chose to represent the manners of old men and philosophers? There is all the silence, tranquillity, and composure in the one, and all the warmth, hurry, and tumult in the other, which the subject of either required: both of them had been imperfect, if they had not been as they are. And let the painter or poet be young or

old, who designs or performs in this manner, it proves him to have made the piece at a time of life when he was master not only of his art, but of his discretion.

Aristotle makes no such distinction between the two poems: he constantly cites them with equal praise, and draws the rules and examples of epic writing equally from both. But it is rather to the Odyssey that Horace gives the preference, in the Epistle to Lollius, and in the Art of Poetry. It is remarkable how opposite his opinion is to that of Longinus: and that the particulars he chooses to extol, are those very fictions, and pictures of the manners, which the other seems least to approve. Those fables and manners are of the very essence of the work: but even without that regard, the fables themselves have both more invention and more instruction, and the manners more moral and exemplar than those of the Iliad.

In some points (and those the most essential to the epic poem) the Odyssey is confessed to excel the Iliad; and principally in the great end of it, the moral. The conduct, turn, and disposition of the fable is also what the critics allow to be the better model for epic writers to follow; accordingly we find much more of the cast of this poem than of the other in the Æneid, and (what next to that is perhaps the greatest example) in the Telemachus. In the manners it is no way inferior: Longinus is so far from finding any defect in these, that he rather taxes Homer with painting them too minutely. As to the narrations, although they are more numerous as the occasions are more frequent, yet they carry no more the marks of old age, and are neither more prolix, nor more circumstantial, than the conversations and dialogues of the Iliad. Not to mention the length of those of Phœnix in the ninth book, and of Nestor in the eleventh (which may be thought in compliance to their characters,) those of Glaucus in the sixth, of Æneas in the twentieth, and some others, must be allowed to exceed any in the whole Odyssey. And that the propriety of style, and the numbers, in the narrations of each are equal, will appear to any who compare them.

To form a right judgment, whether the genius of Homer had suffered any decay; we must consider, in both his poems, such parts as are of a similar nature, and will bear comparison. And it is certain we shall find in each the same vivacity and fecundity of invention, the same life and strength of imagining and colouring, the particular descriptions as highly painted, the figures as bold, the metaphors as animated, and the numbers as harmonious, and as various.

The Odyssey is a perpetual source of poetry: the stream is not the less full for being gentle; though it is true (when we speak only with regard to the sublime) that a river, foaming and thundering in cataracts from rocks and precipices, is what more strikes, amazes, and fills the mind, than the same body of water, flowing afterwards through peaceful vales and agreeable scenes of pasturage.

The Odyssey (as I have before said) ought to be considered according to its own nature and design, not with an eye to the Iliad. To censure Homer, because it is unlike what it was never meant to resemble, is as if a gardener, who had purposely cultivated two beautiful trees of contrary natures, as a specimen of his skill in the several kinds, should be blamed for not bringing them into pairs: when in root, stem, leaf, and flower, each was so entirely different, that one must have been spoiled in the endeavour to match the other.

Longinus, who saw this poem was 'partly of the nature of comedy,' ought not, for that very reason, to have considered it with a view to the Iliad. How little any such resemblance was the intention of Homer, may appear from hence, that, although the character of Ulysses was there already drawn, yet here he purposely turns to another side of it, and shows him not in that full light of glory, but in the shade of common life, with a mixture of such qualities as are requisite for all the lowest accidents of it, struggling with misfortunes, and on a level with the meanest of mankind. As for the other persons, none of them are above what we call the higher comedy: Calypso, though a goddess, is a character of intrigue; The suitors yet more approaching to it; the Phæacians are of the same cast; the Cyclops, Melanthius, and Irus, descend even to droll characters; and the scenes that appear throughout are generally of the comic kind; banquets, revels, sports, loves, and the pursuit of a woman.

From the nature of the poem, we shall form an idea of the style. The diction is to follow the images, and to take its colour from the complexion of the thoughts. Accordingly the Odyssey is not always clothed in the majesty of verse proper to tragedy, but sometimes descends into the plainer narrative, and sometimes even to that familiar dialogue essential to comedy. However, where it cannot support a sublimity, it always preserves a dignity, or at least a propriety.

There is a real beauty in an easy, pure, perspicuous description, even of a low action. There are numerous instances of this both in Homer and Virgil: and perhaps those natural passages are not the least pleasing of their works. It is often the same in history, where the representations of common, or even domestic things, in clear, plain, and natural words, are frequently found to make the liveliest impression on the reader.

The question is, how far a poet, in pursuing the description or image of an action, can attach himself to little circumstances which contribute to form a full, and yet not a confused, idea of a thing.

Epithets are of vast service to this effect, and the right use of these is often the only expedient to render the narration poetical.

The great point of judgment is to distinguish when to speak simply, and when figuratively: but whenever the poet is obliged by the nature of his subject to descend to the lower manner of writing, an elevated style would be affected, and therefore ridiculous; and the more he was forced upon figures and letters to avoid that lowness, the more the image would be broken, and consequently obscure.

One may add, that the use of the grand style on little subjects, is not only ludicrous, but a sort of transgression against the rules of proportion and mechanics: it is using a vast force to lift a feather.

I believe, now I am upon this head, it will be found a just observation, than the low actions of life cannot be put into a figurative style, without being ridiculous; but things natural can. Metaphors raise the latter into dignity, as we see in the Georgics; but throw the former into ridicule, as in the Lutrin. I think this may very well be accounted for: laughter implies censure; inanimate and irrational beings are

not objects of censure, therefore they may be elevated as much as you please, and no ridicule follows: but when rational beings are represented above their real character, it becomes ridiculous in art, because it is vicious in morality. The bees in Virgil, were they rational beings, would be ridiculous by having their actions and manners represented on a level with creatures so superior as men; since it would imply folly or pride, which are the proper objects of ridicule.

The use of pompous expressions for low actions or thoughts, is the true sublime of Don Quixote. How far unfit it is for epic poetry, appears in its being the perfection of the mock epic. It is so far from being the sublime of tragedy, that it is the cause of all bombast, when poets, instead of being (as they imagine) constantly lofty, only preserve throughout a painful equality of fustian; that continued swell of language (which runs indiscriminately even through their lowest characters, and rattles like some mightiness of meaning in the most indifferent subjects) is of a piece with that perpetual elevation of tone which the players have learnt from it; and which is not speaking, but vociferating.

There is still more reason for a variation of style in epic poetry than in tragic, to distinguish between that language of the gods proper to the muse who sings, and is inspired; and that of men, who are introduced speaking only according to nature. Farther, there ought to be a difference of style observed in the speeches of human persons, and those of deities; and again, in those which may be called set harangues or orations, and those which are only conversation or dialogue. Homer has more of the latter than any other poet; what Virgil does by two or three words of narration, Homer still performs by speeches: not only replies, but even rejoinders are frequent in him, a practice almost unknown to Virgil. This renders his poems more animated, but less grave and majestic; and consequently necessitates the frequent use of a lower style. The writers of tragedy lie under the same necessity if they would copy nature; whereas that painted and poetical diction which they perpetually use, would be improper even in orations designed to move with all the arts of rhetoric: this is plain from the practice of Demosthenes and Cicero; and Virgil in those of Drances and Turnus, gives an eminent example, how far removed the style of them ought to be from such an excess of figures and ornaments: which indeed fits only that language of the gods we have been speaking of, or that of a muse under inspiration.

To read through a whole work in this strain, is like travelling all along the ridge of a hill, which is not half so agreeable as sometimes gradually to rise, and sometimes gently to descend, as the way leads, and as the end of the journey directs.

Indeed the true reason that so few poets have imitated Homer in these lower parts, has been the extreme difficulty of preserving that mixture of ease and dignity essential to them. For it is as hard for an epic poem to stoop to the narrative with success, as for a prince to descend to be familiar, without diminution to his greatness.

The sublime style is more easily counterfeited than the natural: something that passes for it, or sounds like it, is common to all false writers: but nature, purity, perspicuity, and simplicity, never walk in the clouds; they are obvious to all capacities, and when they are not evident, they do not exist.

The most plain narration not only admits of these, and of harmony (which are all the qualities of style,) but it requires every one of them to render it pleasing. On the contrary, whatever pretends to a share of the sublime, may pass, notwithstanding any defects in the rest; nay, sometimes without any of them, and gain the admiration of all ordinary readers.

Homer, in his lowest narrations or speeches, is ever easy, flowing, copious, clear, and harmonious. He shows not less invention in assembling the humbler, than the greater, thoughts and images: nor less judgment in proportioning the style and the versification to these, than to the other. Let it be remembered, that the same genius that soared the highest, and from whom the greatest models of the sublime are derived, was also he who stooped the lowest, and gave to the simple narrative its utmost perfection. Which of these was the harder task to Homer himself, I cannot pretend to determine: but to his translator I can affirm (however unequal all his translations must be) that of the latter has been much more difficult.

Whoever expects here the same pomp of verse, and the same ornaments of diction, as in the Iliad, he will, and he ought to be disappointed. Were the original otherwise, it had been an offence against nature; and were the translation so, it were an offence against Homer, which is the same thing.

It must be allowed that there is a majesty and harmony in the Greek language, which greatly contribute to elevate and support the narration. But I must also observe that this is an advantage grown upon the language since Homer's time: for things are removed from vulgarity by being out of use; and if the words we could find in any present language were equally sonorous or musical in themselves, they would still appear less poetical and uncommon than those of a dead one, from this only circumstance, of being in every man's mouth. I may add to this another disadvantage to a translator, from a different cause: Homer seems to have taken upon him the character of an historian, antiquary, divine, and professor of arts and sciences, as well as poet. In one or other of these characters, he descends into many peculiarities, which as a poet only perhaps he would have avoided. All these ought to be preserved by a faithful translator, who in some measure takes the place of Homer; and all that can be expected from him is to make them as poetical as the subject will bear. Many arts therefore are requisite to supply these disadvantages, in order to dignify and solemnize these plainer parts, which hardly admit of any poetical ornaments.

Some use has been made to this end of the style of Milton. A just and moderate mixture of old words may have an effect like the working old abbey stones into a building, which I have sometimes seen to give a kind of venerable air, and yet not destroy the neatness, elegance, and equality, requisite to a new work; I mean, without rendering it too unfamiliar, or remote from the present purity of writing, or from that ease and smoothness, which ought always to accompany narration or dialogue. In reading a style judiciously antiquated, one finds a pleasure not unlike that of travelling on an old Roman way: but then the road must be as good as the way is ancient:

the style must be such in which we may evenly proceed, without being put to short stops by sudden abruptness, or puzzled by frequent turnings and transpositions. No man delights in furrows and stumbling-blocks: and let our love to antiquity be ever so great, a fine ruin is one thing, and a heap of rubbish another. The imitators of Milton, like most other imitators, are not copies but caricatures of their original; they are a hundred times more obsolete and cramp than he, and equally so in all places: whereas it should have been observed of Milton, that he is not lavish of his exotic words and phrases every where alike, but employs them much more where the subject is marvellous, vast, and strange, as in the scenes of heaven, hell, chaos, &c. than where it is turned to the natural and agreeable, as in the pictures of paradise, the loves of our first parents, entertainments of angels, and the like. In general, this unusual style better serves to awaken our ideas in the descriptions and in the imaging and picturesque parts, than it agrees with the lower sorts of narrations, the character of which is simplicity and purity. Milton has several of the latter, where we find not an antiquated, affected, or uncouth word, for some hundred lines together; as in his fifth book, the latter part of the tenth and eleventh books, and in the narration of Michael in the twelfth. I wonder indeed that he, who ventured (contrary to the practice of all other epic poets) to imitate Homer's lowness in the narrative, should not also have copied his plainness and perspicuity in the dramatic parts: since in his speeches (where clearness above all is necessary) there is frequently such transposition and forced construction, that the very sense is not to be discovered without a second or third reading, and in this certainly ought to be no example.

To preserve the true character of Homer's style in the present translation, great pains have been taken to be easy and natural. The chief merit I can pretend to, is, not to have been carried into a more plausible and figurative manner of writing, which would better have pleased all readers, but the judicious ones. My errors had been fewer, had each of those gentleman who joined with me shown as much of the severity of a friend to me, as I did to them, in a strict animadversion and correction. What assistance I received from them, was made known in general to the public in the orignal proposals for this work, and the particulars are specified at the conclusion of it; to which I must add (to be punctually just) some part of the tenth and fifteenth books. The reader will be too good a judge, how much the greater part of it, and consequently of its faults, is chargeable upon me alone. But this I can with integrity affirm, that I have bestowed as much time and pains upon the whole, as were consistent with the indispensable duties and cares of life, and with that wretched state of health which God has been pleased to make my portion. At the least, it is a pleasure to me to reflect, that I have introduced into our language this other work of the greatest and most ancient of poets, with some dignity; and, I hope, with as little disadvantage as the Iliad. And if, after the unmerited success of that translation, any one will wonder why I would enterprize the Odyssey; I think it sufficient to say, that Homer himself did the same, or the world would never have seen it.

I designed to have ended this postscript here: but since I am now taking my leave of Homer, and of all controversy relating to him, I beg leave to be indulged, if I make use of this last opportunity to say a very few words about some reflections which the late Madam Dacier bestowed on the first part of my preface to the Iliad, and which she published at the end of her translation of that poem.*

To write gravely an answer to them, would be too much for the reflections; and to say nothing concerning them, would be too little for the author. It is owing to the industry of that learned lady, that our polite neighbours are become acquainted with many of Homer's beauties, which were hidden from them before in Greek and in Eustathius. She challenges on this account a particular regard from all the admirers of that great poet; and I hope that I shall be thought, as I mean, to pay some part of this debt to her memory, in what I am now writing.

Had these reflections fallen from the pen of an ordinary critic I should not have apprehended their effect, and should therefore have been silent concerning them: but since they are Madam Dacier's, I imagine that they must be of weight; and in a case where I think her reasoning very bad, I respect her authority.

I have fought under Madam Dacier's banner, and have waged war in defence of the divine Homer against all the heretics of the age. And yet it is Madam Dacier who accuses me, and who accuses me of nothing less than betraying our common cause. She affirms that the most declared enemies of this author have never said any thing against him more injurious or more unjust than I. What must the world think of me, after such a judgment passed by so great a critic; the world, who decides so often, and who examines so seldom; the world, who even in matters of literature is almost always the slave of authority? Who will suspect that so much learning should mistake, that so much accuracy should be misled, or that so much candour should be biassed?

All this however has happened; and Madam Dacier's Criticisms on my Preface flow from the very same error, from which so many false criticisms of her countrymen upon Homer have flowed, and which she has so justly and so severely reproved; I mean the error of depending on injurious and unskilful translations.

An indifferent translation may be of some use, and a good one will be of a great deal. But I think that no translation ought to be the ground of criticism, because no man ought to be condemned upon another man's explanation of his meaning: could Homer have had the honour of explaining his before that august tribunal where Monsieur de la Motte presides, I make no doubt but he had escaped many of those severe animadversions with which some French authors have loaded him, and from which even Madam Dacier's translation of the Iliad could not preserve him.

How unhappy was it for me, that the knowledge of our island-tongue was as necessary to Madam Dacier in my case, as the knowledge of Greek was to Monsieur de la Motte in that of our great author; or to any of those whom she styles blind censurers, and blames for condemning what they did not understand

I may say with modesty, that she knew less of my true sense from that faulty translation of part of my

* Second edition, at Paris, 1719.

Preface, than those blind censurers might have known of Homer's even from the translation of la Valterie, which preceded her own.

It pleased me however to find, that her objections were not levelled at the general doctrine, or at any essentials of my Preface, but only at a few particular expressions. She proposed little more than (to use her own phrase) to combat two or three similes; and I hope that to combat a simile is no more than to fight with a shadow, since a simile is no better than the shadow of an argument.

She lays much weight where I laid but little, and examines with more scrupulosity that I writ, or than perhaps the matter requires.

These unlucky similes, taken by themselves, may perhaps render my meaning equivocal to an ignorant translator; or there may have fallen from my pen some expressions, which, taken by themselves, likewise, may to the same person have the same effect. But if the translator had been master of our tongue, the general tenor of my argument, that which precedes and that which follows the passages objected to, would have sufficiently determined him as to the precise meaning of them: and if Madam Dacier had taken up her pen a little more leisurely, or had employed it with more temper, she would not have answered paraphrases of her own, which even the translation will not justify, and which say, more than once, the very contrary to what I have said in the passages themselves.

If any person has curiosity enough to read the whole paragraphs in my Preface, on some mangled parts of which these reflections are made, he will easily discern that I am as orthodox as Madame Dacier herself in those very articles on which she treats me like a heretic; he will easily see that all the difference between us consists in this, that I offer opinions, and she delivers doctrines; that my imagination represents Homer as the greatest of human poets, whereas in hers he was exalted above humanity; infallibility and impeccability were two of his attributes. There was therefore no need of defending Homer against me, who, (if I mistake not) had carried my admiration of him as far as it can be carried, without giving a real occasion of writing in his defence.

After answering my harmless similes, she proceeds to a matter which does not regard so much the honour of Homer, as that of the times he lived in; and here I must confess she does not wholly mistake my meaning, but I think she mistakes the state of the question. She had said, the manners of those times were so much the better, the less they were like ours. I thought this required a little qualification. I confess that in my opinion the world was mended in some points, such as the custom of putting whole nations to the sword, condemning kings and their families to perpetual slavery, and a few others. Madam Dacier judges otherwise in this; but as to the rest, particularly in preferring the simplicity of the ancient world to the luxury of ours, which is the main point contended for, she owns we agree. This I thought was well, but I am so unfortunate that this too is taken amiss, and called adopting or (if you will) stealing her sentiment. The truth is, she might have said her words; for I used them on purpose, being then professedly citing from her: though I might have done the same without intending that compliment for they are also to be found in Eustathius; and the sentiment I believe is that of all mankind. I cannot really tell what to say to this whole remark, only that in the first part of it, Madam Dacier is displeased that I do not agree with her, and in the last that I do: but this is a temper which every polite man should overlook in a lady.

To punish my ingratitude, she resolves to expose my blunders, and selects two which I suppose are the most flagrant, out of the many for which she could have chastised me. It happens that the first of these is, in part the translator's, and in part her own, without any share of mine: she quotes the end of a sentence, and he puts in French what I never wrote in English: 'Homer (I said) opened a new and boundless walk for his imagination, and created a world for himself in the invention of fable;' which he translates, 'Homer crea pour son usage un monde mouvant, en inventant la fable.'

Madam Dacier justly wonders at this nonsense in me, and I in the translator. As to what I meant by Homer's invention of fable, it is afterwards particularly distinguished from that extensive sense in which she took it, by these words: 'If Homer was not the first who introduced the deities (as Herodotus imagines) into the religion of Greece, he seems the first who brought them into a system of machinery, for poetry.'

The other blunder she accuses me of is, the mistaking a passage in Aristotle, and she is pleased to send me back to this philosopher's treatise of Poetry, and to her Preface on the Odyssey for my better instruction. Now though I am saucy enough to think that one may sometimes differ from Aristotle without blundering, and though I am sure one may sometimes fall into an error by following him servilely; yet I own, that to quote an author for what he never said, is a blunder; (but, by the way, to correct an author for what he never said, is somewhat worse than a blunder.) My words were these: 'As there is a greater variety of characters in the Iliad, than in any other poem, so there is of speeches. Every thing in it has manners, as Aristotle expresses it; that is, every thing is acted or spoken; very little passes in narration.' She justly says, that 'Every thing which is acted or spoken, has not necessarily manners, merely because it is acted or spoken.' Agreed: but I would ask the question, whether any thing can have manners which is neither acted or spoken? If not, then the whole Iliad being almost spent in speech and action, almost every thing in it has manners; since Homer has been proved before, in a long paragraph of the Preface, to have excelled in drawing characters and painting manners; and indeed his whole poem is one continued occasion of showing this bright part of his talent.

To speak fairly, it is impossible she could read even the translation and take my sense so wrong as she represents it: but I was first translated ignorantly, and then read partially. My expression indeed was not quite exact; it should have been, 'Every thing has manners, as Aristotle calls them.' But such at fault, methinks, might have been spared; since if one was to look with that disposition she discovers towards me, even on her own excellent writings, one might find some mistakes which no context can re-

dress; as where she makes Eustathius call Cratisthenes the Phliasian, Callisthenes the Physician.* What a triumph might some slips of this sort have afforded to Homer's, hers, and my enemies, from which she was only screened by their happy ignorance! How unlucky had it been, when she insulted Mr. de la Motte for omitting a material passage in the speech of Helen to Hector, Iliad vi.† if some champion for the moderns had by chance understood so much Greek, as to whisper him, that there was no such passage in Homer!

Our concern, zeal, and even jealousy for our great author's honour were mutual; our endeavours to advance it were equal: and I have as often trembled for it in her hands, as she could in mine. It was one of the many reasons I had to wish the longer life of this lady, that I must certainly have regained her good opinion, in spite of all misrepresenting translators whatever. I could not have expected it on any other terms than being approved as great, if not as passionate, an admirer of Homer as herself. For that was the first condition of her favour and friendship; otherwise not one's taste alone, but one's morality had been corrupted, nor would any man's religion have been unsuspected, who did not implicitly believe in an author whose doctrine is so comformable to Holy Scripture. However, as different people have different ways of expressing their belief, some purely by public and general acts of worship, others by a reverend sort of reasoning and inquiry about the grounds of it; it is the same in admiration: some prove it by exclamations, others by respect. I have observed that the loudest huzzas given to a great man in a triumph, proceed not from his friends, but the rabble; and as I have fancied it the same with the rabble of critics, a desire to be distinguished from them has turned me to the more moderate, and I hope, more rational method. Though I am a poet, I would not be an enthusiast; and though I am an Englishman I would not be furiously of a party. I am far from thinking myself that genius, upon whom, at the end of these remarks, Madam Dacier congratulates my country: one capable of 'correcting Homer, and consequently of reforming mankind, and amending this constitution.' It was not to Great Britain this ought to have been applied, since our nation has one happiness for which she might have preferred it to her own, that as much as we abound in other miserable misguided sects, we have at least none of the blasphemers of Homer. We steadfastly and unanimously believe, both his poem, and our constitution, to be the best that ever human wit invented: that the one is not more incapable of amendment than the other; and (old as they both are) we despise any French or Englishman whatever, who shall presume to retrench, to innovate, or to make the least alteration in either. Far therefore from the genius for which Madam Dacier mistook me, my whole desire is but to preserve the humble character of a faithful translator, and a quiet subject.

* Dacier Remarques sur le 4me livre de l'Odyss. p. 467.

† De la Corruption du Gout.

THE

BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.

BY MR. ARCHDEACON PARNELL.

CORRECTED BY MR. POPE.

NAMES OF THE MICE.

Psycarpax, one who plunders granaries.
Troxartes, a bread-eater.
Lychomyle, a licker of meal.
Pternotroctas, a bacon-eater.
Lychopinax, a licker of dishes.
Embasichytros, a creeper into pots.
Lychenor, a name from licking.
Troglodytes, one who runs into holes.
Artophagus, who feeds on bread.
Tyroglyphus, a cheese-scooper.
Pternoglyphus, a bacon-scooper.
Pternophagus, a bacon-eater.
Cnissodioctes, one who follows the steam of kitchens.
Sitophagus, an eater of wheat.
Meridarpax, one who plunders his share.

NAMES OF THE FROGS.

Physignathus, one who swells his cheeks
Peleus, a name from mud.
Hydromeduse, a ruler in the water.
Hypsiboas, a loud bawler.
Pelion, from mud.
Seutlæus, called from the beets.
Polyphonus, a great babbler.
Lymnocharis, one who loves the lake
Crambophagus, a cabbage-eater.
Lymnisius, called from the lake.
Calaminthius, from the herb.
Hydrocharis, who loves the water
Borbocætes, who lies in the mud.
Prassophagus, an eater of garlic.
Pelusius, from mud.
Pelobates, who walks in the dirt.
Prassæus, called from garlic.
Craugasides, from croaking.

BOOK I.

To fill my rising song with sacred fire,
Ye tuneful Nine, ye sweet celestial quire!
From Helicon's imbowering height repair,
Attend my labours, and reward my prayer.
The dreadful toils of raging Mars I write,
The springs of contest, and the fields of fight;
How threatening mice advanced with warlike grace,
And waged dire combats with the croaking race.
Not louder tumults shook Olympus' towers,
When earth-born giants dared immortal powers.
These equal acts an equal glory claim,
And thus the muse records the tale of fame.
Once on a time, fatigued and out of breath,
And just escaped the stretching claws of death,
A gentle mouse, whom cats pursued in vain,
Flies swift of foot across the neighbouring plain,
Hangs o'er a brink, his eager thirst to cool,
And dips his whiskers in the standing pool;
When near a courteous frog advanced his head,
And from the waters, hoarse resounding said:
What art thou, stranger? what the line you boast?
What chance hath cast thee panting on our coast?
With strictest truth let all thy words agree,
Nor let me find a faithless mouse in thee.
If worthy friendship, proffer'd friendship take,
And, entering, view the pleasurable lake:
Range o'er my palace, in my bounty share,
And glad return from hospitable fare.
This silver realm extends beneath my sway,
And me, their monarch, all its frogs obey.
Great Physignathus I, from Peleus' race,
Begot in fair Hydromeduse' embrace,
Where by the nuptial bank that paints his side
The swift Eridanus delights to glide.
Thee too, thy form, thy strength and port proclaim,
A scepter'd king; a son of martial fame;
Then trace thy line, and aid my guessing eyes.
Thus ceased the frog, and thus the mouse replies:
Known to the gods, the men, the birds that fly
Through wild expanses of the midway sky,
My name resounds; and if unknown to thee,
The soul of great Psycarpax lives in me.
Of brave Troxartes' line, whose sleeky down
In love compress'd Lychomyle the brown.
My mother she, and princess of the plains
Where'er her father Pternotroctas reigns:
Born where a cabin lifts its airy shed,
With figs, with nuts, with varied dainties fed.
But since our natures nought in common know,
From what foundation can a friendship grow?

These curling waters o'er thy palace roll;
But man's high food supports my princely soul.
In vain the circled loaves attempt to lie
Conceal'd in flaskets from my curious eye;
In vain the tripe that boasts the whitest hue,
In vain the gilded bacon shuns my view,
In vain the cheeses, offspring of the pail,
Or honey'd cakes which gods themselves regale.
And as in arts I shine, in arms I fight,
Mix'd with the bravest, and unknown to flight.
Though large to mine the human form appear,
Not man himself can smite my soul with fear;
Sly to the bed with silent steps I go,
Attempt his finger, or attack his toe,
And fix indented wounds with dexterous skill;
Sleeping he feels, and only seems to feel.
Yet have we foes which direful dangers cause,
Grim owls with talons arm'd, and cats with claws!
And that false trap, the den of silent fate,
Where death his ambush plants around the bait;
All dreaded these, and dreadful o'er the rest
The potent warriors of the tabby vest:
If to the dark we fly, the dark they trace,
And rend our heroes of the nibbling race.
But me, nor stalks, nor waterish herbs delight,
Nor can the crimson radish charm my sight,
The lake-resounding frogs' selected fare,
Which not a mouse of any taste can bear.
As thus the downy prince his mind express'd,
His answer thus the croaking king addressed:
Thy words luxuriant on thy dainties rove;
And, stranger, we can boast of bounteous Jove:
We sport in water, or we dance on land,
And born amphibious, food from both command.
But trust thyself where wonders ask thy view,
And safely tempt those seas; I'll bear thee through:
Ascend my shoulders, firmly keep thy seat,
And reach my marshy court, and feast in state.
He said, and lent his back; with nimble bound
Leaps the light mouse, and clasps his arms around,
Then wondering floats, and sees with glad survey
The winding banks resemble ports at sea.
But when aloft the curling water rides,
And wets with azure wave his downy sides,
His thoughts grow conscious of approaching woe,
His idle tears with vain repentance flow;
His locks he rends, his trembling feet he rears,
Thick beats his heart with unaccustom'd fears;
He sighs, and chill'd with danger, longs for shore:
His tail extended forms a fruitless oar.
Half drench'd in liquid death, his prayers he spake,
And thus bemoan'd him from the dreadful lake:
So pass'd Europa through the rapid sea,
Trembling and fainting all the venturous way;
With oary feet the bull triumphant rode,
And safe in Crete deposed his lovely load.
Ah safe at last! may thus the frog support
My trembling limbs to reach his ample court.
As thus he sorrows, death ambiguous grows:
Lo! from the deep a water-hydra rose;
He rolls his sanguined eyes, his bosom heaves;
And darts with active rage along the waves.
Confused, the monarch sees his hissing foe,
And dives to shun the sable fates below.
Forgetful frog! the friend thy shoulders bore,
Unskill'd in swimming, floats remote from shore.
He grasps with fruitless hands to find relief,
Supinely falls, and grinds his teeth with grief;
Plunging he sinks, and struggling mounts again,
And sinks, and strives, but strives with fate in vain:
The weighty moisture clogs his airy vest,
And thus the prince his dying rage express'd:
Nor thou that flingst me floundering from thy back,
As from hard rocks rebounds the shattering wrack,
Nor thou shalt 'scape thy due, perfidious king!
Pursued by vengeance on the swiftest wing:
At land thy strength could never equal mine,
At sea to conquer, and by craft was thine.
But heaven has gods, and gods have searching eyes:
Ye mice, ye mice, my great avengers rise!
This said, he sighing gasp'd, and gasping died.
His death the young Lychopinax espied,
As on the flowery brink he pass'd the day,
Bask'd in the beam, and loiter'd life away.
Loud shrieks the mouse, his shrieks the shores repeat;
The nibbling nation learn their hero's fate;
Grief, dismal grief ensues; deep murmurs sound,
And shriller fury fills the deafen'd ground;
From lodge to lodge the sacred heralds run,
To fix their counsel with the rising sun;
Where great Troxartes crown'd in glory reigns,
And winds his lengthening court beneath the plains:
Psycarpax' father, father now no more!
For poor Psycarpax lies remote from shore:
Supine he lies! the silent waters stand,
And no kind billow wafts the dead to land!

BOOK II.

When rosy-finger'd morn had tinged the clouds,
Around their monarch-mouse the nation crowds;
Slow rose the monarch, heaved his anxious breast,
And thus the council, fill'd with rage, address'd:
For lost Psycarpax much my soul endures;
'Tis mine the private grief, the public yours:
Three warlike sons adorn'd my nuptial bed,
Three sons, alas, before their father dead!
Our eldest perish'd by the ravening cat,
As near my court the prince unheedful sat.
Our next, an engine fraught with danger drew,
The portal gaped, the bait was hung in view:
Dire arts assist the trap, the fates decoy,
And men unpitying kill my gallant boy.
The last, his country's hope, his parent's pride,
Plunged in the lake by Physignathus, died.
Rouse all the war, my friends! avenge the deed.
And bleed that monarch, and his nation bleed.
His words in every breast inspired alarms,
And careful Mars supplied their host with arms.
In verdant hulls despoil'd of all their beans,
The buskin'd warriors stalk'd along the plains;
Quills aptly bound their bracing corslet made,
Faced with the plunder of a cat they flay'd;
The lamp's round boss affords an ample shield,
Large shells of nuts their covering helmet yield:
And o'er the region, with reflected rays,
Tall groves of needles for their lances blaze.
Dreadful in arms the marching mice appear:
The wondering frogs perceive the tumult near,
Forsake the waters, thickening form a ring,
And ask, and hearken whence the noises spring:
When near the crowd, disclosed to public view,
The valiant chief Embasichytros drew:
The sacred herald's sceptre graced his hand,
And thus his words express'd his king's command

Ye frogs! the mice, with vengeance fired, advance,
And deck'd in armour shake the shining lance;
Their hapless prince, by Physignathus slain,
Extends incumbent on the watery plain.
Then arm your host, the doubtful battle try;
Lead forth those frogs that have the soul to die.
The chief retires; the crowd the challenge hear,
And proudly swelling, yet perplex'd appear;
Much they resent, yet much their monarch blame,
Who, rising, spoke to clear his tainted fame:
O friends! I never forced the mouse to death,
Nor saw the gaspings of his latest breath.
He, vain of youth, our art of swimming tried,
And venturous in the lake the wanton died;
To vengeance now by false appearance led,
They point their anger at my guiltless head:
But wage the rising war by deep device,
And turn its fury on the crafty mice:
Your king directs the way: my thoughts elate
With hopes of conquest, form designs of fate.
Where high the banks their verdant surface heave,
And the steep sides confine the sleeping wave,
There, near the margin, and in armour bright,
Sustain the first impetuous shocks of fight:
Then where the dancing feather joins the crest,
Let each brave frog his obvious mouse arrest;
Each strongly grasping headlong plunge a foe,
Till countless circles whirl the lake below;
Down sink the mice in yielding waters drown'd;
Loud flash the waters, echoing shores resound:
The frogs triumphant tread the conquer'd plain,
And raise their glorious trophies of the slain.
He spake no more; his prudent scheme imparts
Redoubling ardour to the boldest hearts.
Green was the suit his arming heroes chose,
Around their legs the greaves of mallows close;
Green were the beets about their shoulders laid,
And green the colewort which the target made;
Form'd of the varied shells the waters yield,
Their glossy helmets glisten'd o'er the field;
And tapering sea-reeds for the polish'd spear,
With upright order pierce the ambient air:
Thus dress'd for war, they take the appointed height,
Poise the long arms, and urge the promised fight.
But now, where Jove's irradiate spires arise,
With stars surrounded in ethereal skies,
(A solemn council call'd) the brazen gates
Unbar; the gods assume their golden seats:
The sire superior leans, and points to show
What wondrous combats mortals wage below:
How strong, how large, the numerous heroes stride:
What length of lance they shake with warlike pride;
What eager fire their rapid march reveals!
So the fierce Centaurs ravaged o'er the dales;
And so confirm'd the daring Titans rose,
Heap'd hills on hills, and bade the gods be foes.
This seen, the power his sacred visage rears,
He casts a pitying smile on worldly cares,
And asks what heavenly guardians take the list,
Or who the mice, or who the frogs assist?
Then thus to Pallas: If my daughter's mind
Have join'd the mice, why stays she still behind?
Drawn forth by savoury steams, they wind their way,
And sure attendance round thine altar pay,
Where while the victims gratify their taste,
They sport to please the goddess of the feast.
Thus spake the ruler of the spacious skies;
When thus, resolved, the blue-eyed maid replies:
In vain, my father! all their dangers plead;
To such, thy Pallas never grants her aid.
My flowery wreaths they petulantly spoil,
And rob my crystal lamps of feeding oil:
(Ills following ills) but what afflicts me more,
My veil that idle race profanely tore.
The web was curious, wrought with art divine;
Relentless wretches! all the work was mine:
Along the loom the purple warp I spread,
Cast the light shoot, and cross'd the silver thread.
In this their teeth a thousand breaches tear:
The thousand breaches skilful hands repair;
For which, vile earthly duns thy daughter grieve:
But gods, that use no coin, have none to give;
And learning's goddess never less can owe;
Neglected learning gets no wealth below.
Nor let the frogs to gain my succour sue,
Those clamorous fools have lost my favour too.
For late, when all the conflict ceased at night,
When my stretch'd sinews ach'd with eager fight,
When spent with glorious toil I left the field,
And sunk for slumber on my swelling shield;
Lo from the deep, repelling sweet repose,
With noisy croakings half the nation rose:
Devoid of rest, with aching brows I lay,
Till cocks proclaim'd the crimson dawn of day.
Let all, like me, from either host forbear,
Nor tempt the flying furies of the spear.
Let heavenly blood (or what for blood may flow)
Adorn the conquest of a nobler foe,
Who, wildly rushing, meet the wondrous odds,
Though gods oppose, and brave the wounded gods.
O'er gilded clouds reclined, the danger view,
And be the wars of mortals scenes for you.
So moved the blue-eyed queen; her words persuade;
Great Jove assented, and the rest obey'd.

BOOK III.

Now front to front the marching armies shine,
Halt ere they meet, and form the lengthening line;
The chiefs conspicuous seen, and heard afar,
Give the loud sign to loose the rushing war;
Their dreadful trumpets deep-mouth'd hornets sound,
The sounded charge remurmurs o'er the ground;
Even Jove proclaims a field of horror nigh,
And rolls low thunder through the troubled sky.
First to the fight the large Hypsiboas flew,
And brave Lychenor with a javelin slew;
The luckless warrior fill'd with generous flame,
Stood foremost glittering in the post of fame,
When in his liver struck, the javelin hung;
The mouse fell thundering and the target rung:
Prone to the ground he sinks his closing eye,
And soil'd in dust his lovely tresses lie.
A spear at Pelion, Troglodytes cast,
The missive spear within the bosom past;
Death's sable shades the fainting frog surround,
And life's red tide runs ebbing from the wound.
Embasichytros felt Seutlæus' dart
Transfix and quiver in his panting heart!
But great Artophagus avenged the slain,
And big Seutlæus tumbling loads the plain.
And Polyphonus dies, a frog renown'd
For boastful speech, and turbulence of sound;

Deep through the belly pierced, supine he lay,
And breath'd his soul against the face of day.
The strong Lymnocharis, who view'd with ire
A victor triumph, and a friend expire,
With heaving arms a rocky fragment caught,
And fiercely flung where Troglodytes fought,
A warrior versed in arts of sure retreat,
Yet arts in vain elude impending fate;
Full on his sinewy neck the fragment fell,
And o'er his eye-lids clouds eternal dwell.
Lychenor (second of the glorious name)
Striding advanced, and took no wandering aim;
Through all the frog the shining javelin flies,
And near the vanquished mouse the victor dies.
The dreadful stroke Crambophagus affrights,
Long bred to banquets, less inured to fights;
Heedless he runs, and stumbles o'er the steep,
And, wildly floundering, flashes up the deep:
Lychenor, following, with a downward blow
Reach'd, in the lake, his unrecover'd foe;
Gasping he rolls, a purple stream of blood
Distains the surface of the silver flood;
Through the wide wound the rushing entrails throng,
And slow the breathless carcass floats along.
Lymnisius good Tyroglyphus assails,
Prince of the mice that haunts the flowery vales;
Lost to the milky fares and rural seat,
He came to perish on the bank of fate.
The dread Pternoglyphus demands the fight,
Which tender Calaminthius shuns by flight,
Drops the green target, springing quits the foe,
Glides through the lake, and safely dives below.
The dire Pternophagus divides his way
Through breaking ranks, and leads the dreadful day;
No nibbling prince excell'd in fierceness more;
His parents fed him on the savage boar:
But where his lance the field with blood imbrued,
Swift as he moved Hydrocharis pursued,
'Till fallen in death he lies; a shattering stone
Sounds on his neck, and crushes all the bone;
His blood pollutes the verdure of the plain,
And from his nostrils bursts the gushing brain.
Lychophinax with Borbocætes fights,
A blameless frog, whom humbler life delights;
The fatal javelin unrelenting flies,
And darkness seals the gentle croaker's eyes.
Incensed Prassophagus, with sprightly bound,
Bears Cnissodioctes off the rising ground;
Then drags him o'er the lake, deprived of breath,
And downward plunging, sinks his soul to death.
But now the great Psycarpax shines afar
(Scarce he so great whose loss provoked the war,)
Swift to revenge his fatal javelin fled,
And through the liver struck Pelusius dead;
His freckled corse before the victor fell,
His soul indignant sought the shades of hell.
This saw Pelobates, and from the flood
Lifts with both hands a monstrous mass of mud;
The cloud obscene o'er all the warrior flies,
Dishonours his brown face, and blots his eyes.
Enraged, and wildly sputtering from the shore,
A stone immense of size the warrior bore;
A load for labouring earth, whose bulk to raise,
Asks ten degenerate mice of modern days:
Full to the leg arrives the crushing wound;
The frog supportless writhes upon the ground.
Thus flush'd, the victor wars with matchless force,
'Till loud Craugasides arrests his course:
Hoarse croaking threats precede: with fatal speed
Deep through the belly runs the pointed reed,
Then, strongly tugg'd, return'd imbrued with gore,
And on the pile his reeking entrails bore.
The lame Sitophagus, oppress'd with pain,
Creeps from the desperate dangers of the plain:
And where the ditches rising weeds supply,
To spread their lowly shades beneath the sky;
There lurks the silent mouse relieved of heat,
And, safe imbower'd, avoids the chance of fate.
But here Troxartes, Physignathus there,
Whirl the dire furies of the pointed spear:
Then where the foot around its ankle plies,
Troxartes wounds, and Physignathus flies,
Halts to the pool, a safe retreat to find,
And trails a dangling length of leg behind.
The mouse still urges, still the frog retires,
And half in anguish of the flight expires:
Then pious ardour young Prassæus brings,
Betwixt the fortunes of contending kings:
Lank, harmless frog! with forces hardly grown,
He darts the reed in combats not his own,
Which faintly tinkling on Troxartes' shield,
Hangs at the point, and drops upon the field.
Now nobly towering o'er the rest appears
A gallant prince that far transcends his years,
Pride of his sire, and glory of his house,
And more a Mars in combat than a mouse:
His action bold, robust his ample frame,
And Meridarpax his resounding name.
The warrior singled from the fighting crowd,
Boasts the dire honours of his arms aloud;
Then strutting near the lake, with looks elate,
Threats all its nations with approaching fate.
And such his strength, the silver lakes around
Might roll their waters o'er unpeopled ground.
But powerful Jove, who shows no less his grace
To frogs that perish, than to human race,
Felt soft compassion rising in his soul,
And shook his sacred head, that shook the pole.
Then thus to all the gazing powers began,
The sire of gods, and frogs, and mouse, and man:
What seas of blood I view, what worlds of slain!
An Iliad rising from a day's campaign!
How fierce his javelin, o'er the trembling lakes,
The black furr'd hero, Meridarpax, shakes!
Unless some favouring deity descend,
Soon will the frogs' loquacious empire end.
Let dreadful Pallas wing'd with pity fly,
And make her ægis blaze before his eye:
While Mars, refulgent on his rattling car,
Arrests his raging rival of the war.
He ceased, reclining with attentive head;
When thus the glorious god of combats said:
Nor Pallas, Jove! though Pallas take the field,
With all the terrors of her hissing shield;
Nor Mars himself, though Mars in armour bright
Ascend his car, and wheel amidst the fight;
Not these can drive the desperate mouse afar,
And change the fortunes of the bleeding war.
Let all go forth, all heaven in arms arise;
Or launch thy own red thunder from the skies;
Such ardent bolts as flew that wondrous day,
When heaps of Titans mix'd with mountains lay;
When all the giant race enormous fell;
And huge Enceladus was hurl'd to hell.
'Twas thus th' armipotent advis'd the gods,
When from his throne the cloud-compeller nods;

Deep lengthening thunders run from pole to pole,
Olympus trembles as the thunders roll.
Then swift he whirls the brandish'd bolt around,
And headlong darts it at the distant ground;
The bolt discharg'd, inwrap'd with lightning flies,
And rends its flaming passage through the skies:
Then earth's inhabitants, the nibblers, shake;
And frogs, the dwellers in the waters, quake.
Yet still the mice advance their dread design,
And the last danger threats the croaking line;
Till Jove, that inly mourn'd the loss they bore,
With strange assistance fill'd the frighted shore.
Pour'd from the neighbouring strand, deform'd to view,
They march, a sudden unexpected crew.
Strong suits of armour round their bodies close,
Which like thick anvils blunt the force of blows;
In wheeling marches turn'd, oblique they go;
With harpy claws their limbs divide below:
Fell sheers the passage to the mouth command;
From out the flesh the bones by nature stand
Broad spread their backs, their shining shoulders rise,
Unnumber'd joints distort their lengthen'd thighs;
With nervous cords their hands are firmly brac'd,
Their round black eye-balls in their bosom plac'd;
On eight long feet the wondrous warriors tread,
And either end alike supplies a head.
These to call crabs mere mortal wits agree;
But gods have other names for things than we.
Now, where the jointures from their loins depend,
The heroes' tails with severing grasp they rend.
Here short of feet, depriv'd the power to fly;
There, without hands, upon the field they lie.
Wrench'd from their holds, and scatter'd all around,
The blended lances heap the cumber'd ground.
Helpless amazement, fear pursuing fear,
And mad confusion through their host appear:
O'er the wild waste with headlong flight they go
Or creep conceal'd in vaulted holes below.
But down Olympus to the western seas,
Far-shooting Phœbus drove with fainter rays;
And a whole war (so Jove ordain'd) begun,
Was fought, and ceas'd, in one revolving sun.

THE END.

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